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### 4. Festive supper with a spirit of Sweden

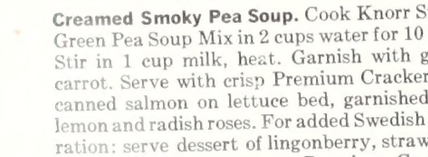
**Creamed Smoky Pea Soup.** Cook Knorr Smoky Green Pea Soup Mix in 2 cups water for 10 mins. Stir in 1 cup milk, heat. Garnish with grated carrot. Serve with crisp Premium Crackers and canned salmon on lettuce bed, garnished with lemon and radish roses. For added Swedish inspiration: serve dessert of lingonberry, strawberry or raspberry preserves on Premium Crackers.

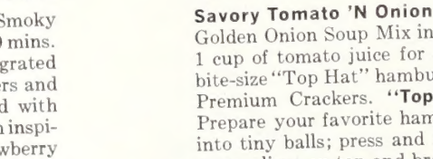
### 5. Party supper with the romance of France

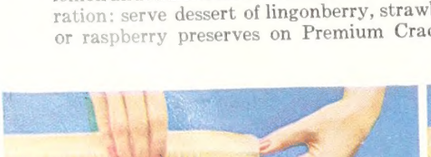
**Savory Tomato 'N Onion Soup.** Cook Knorr Golden Onion Soup Mix in 2 cups of water and 1 cup of tomato juice for 10 mins. Enjoy with bite-size "Top Hat" hamburgers served on crisp Premium Crackers. **"Top Hat" Hamburgers:** Prepare your favorite hamburger recipe. Shape into tiny balls; press and flatten. Place stuffed green olives on top and broil. Serve hot.

### 6. Filling supper with a taste of A

**Spring Vegetable Satin Spread.** Stir 1 Knorr Spring Vegetable Soup Mix into sour cream. Chill 2 hours. Serve as spr Premium Crackers, along with Crab I eggs and grilled Vienna Sausages. **Crab D Eggs:** Mash yolks of 6 hard-cooked eg ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 or 3 drops lemo ½ cup crabmeat. Refill egg halves. Chi



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**1. Quick supper with the zest of Italy**

**Garden Vegetable Soup.** Cook according to directions on box. Enjoy with crackling-crisp Premium Crackers and tasty Italian antipasto. **Antipasto:** Arrange slices of Italian salami, beets, green olives, artichoke hearts and pimiento on bed of lettuce. Top with anchovies. As an extra Italian touch, serve Espresso coffee enhanced with lemon peel or stick of cinnamon.

**2. Gala supper with a dash of Switzerland**

**Swiss Cheese Rarebit.** Mix 1 foil pak Knorr® Cream of Leek Soup Mix and ¼ tsp. dry mustard in top of double boiler. Gradually stir in 2 cups milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring till thickened. Cover; cook 5 mins. Add 2 Tbs. margarine. Add ½ lb. shredded Swiss cheese, stirring till cheese melts. Pour over Premium Crackers. Garnish with cooked shrimp. Serves 4.

**3. Hearty supper with a flavor of Norwa**

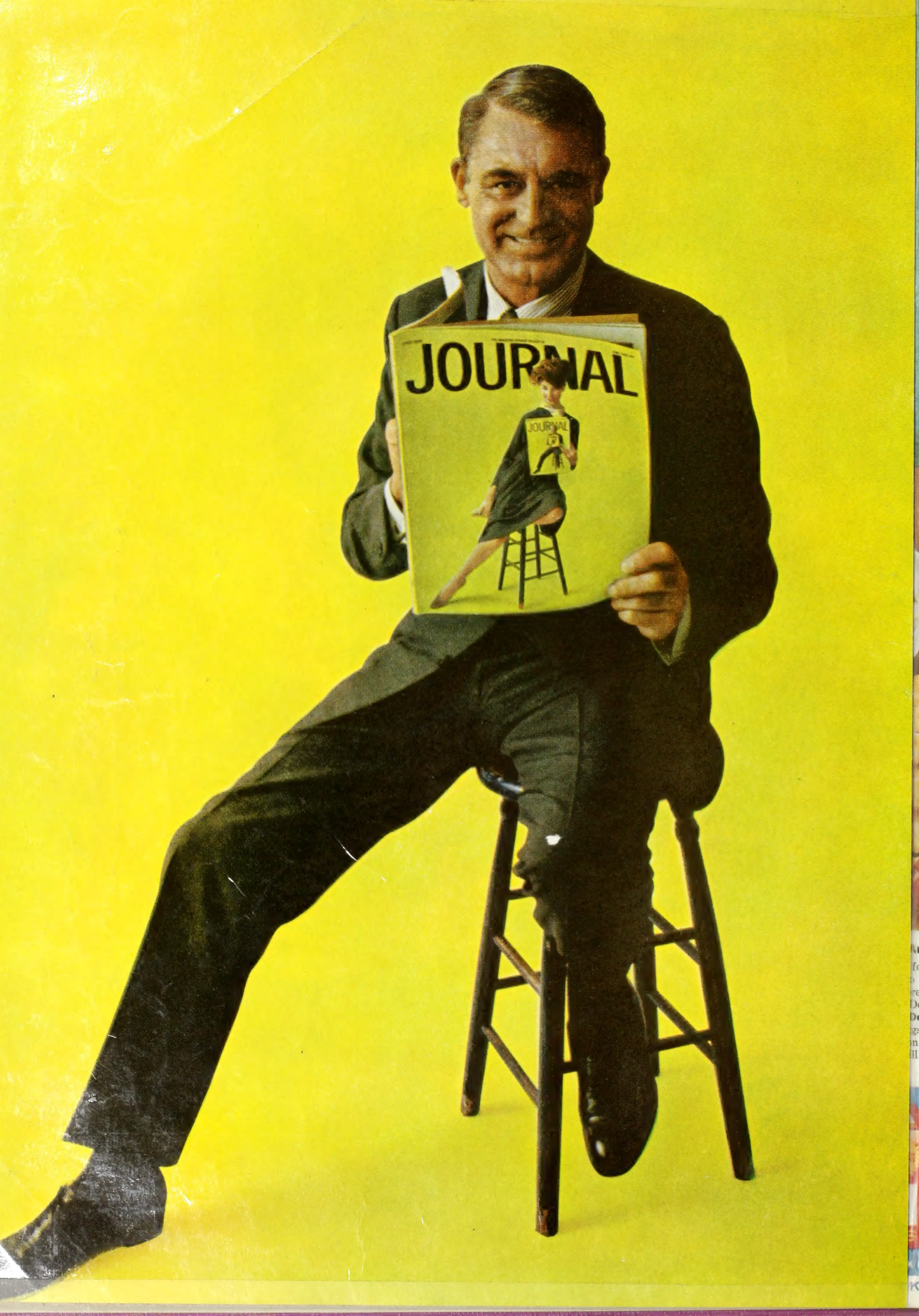
**Hearty Beef Soup.** Cook Knorr Hearty Be Soup Mix as in directions on box. Garnish wit grated egg yolk. Enjoy with tomato aspic an crisp Premium Crackers, spread with **Crunch Cheese Spread:** Mash 3-oz. pkg. crea cheese. Add 2 Tbs. mayonnaise, ⅓ cup eac finely chopped radishes and green pepper, ¼ ts grated onion. Pack into small cup, then unmol

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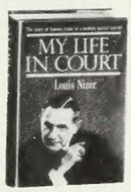

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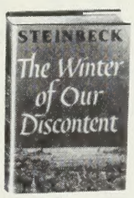

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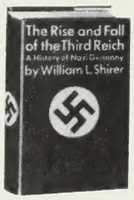

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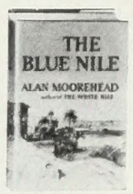

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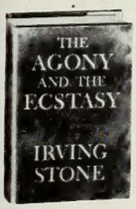

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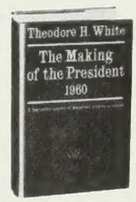

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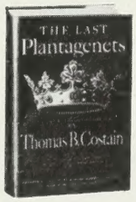

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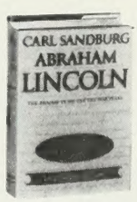

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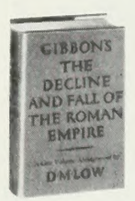

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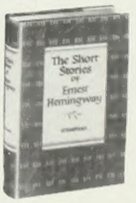

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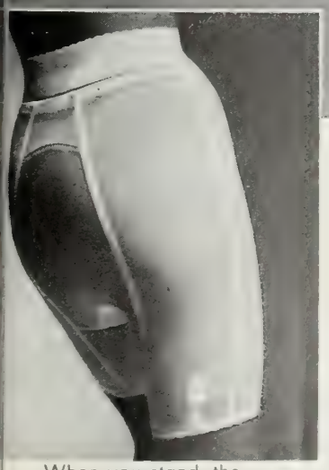
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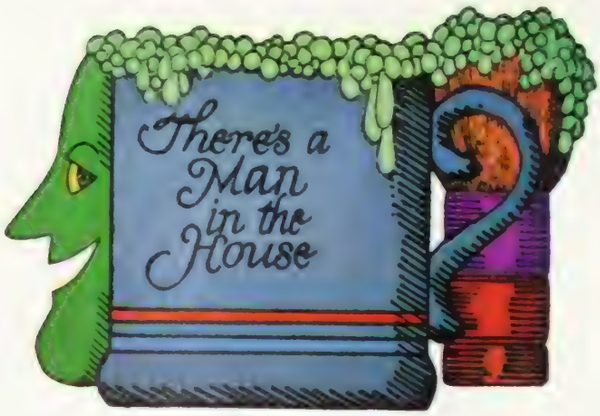
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By HARLAN MILLER

If a wife can manage to look cute or winsome while needling her husband, she can look cute saying anything!

Best test if you should, though married, send Valentines to old flames: Does her name ring a bell, kindle a spark? (But don't ask your wife to address and mail them!)

My Dream Girl doesn't care what color suit I wear so long as it's dark blue. (I suspect she feels her man's costume is part of a woman's accessories.)

Our hometown college has been invited to the College Quiz Bowl, and the coeds rank the Brain Boys higher than a varsity halfback. Yet will the faculty award 'em a sweater and a letter?

One way to whiz around socially in our town is to buy tickets for the various tours of local kitchens, bedrooms and baths. (You satisfy your curiosity under the sweet guise of charity.)

I bought a gallon of homemade wine at the roadside, quite legal, though it can't be sold outside our state. No cheaper than most imported wine; and really quite as good.

At our town's Pancake Palace the newest exotic item on the menu is "chili roll," with the chili wrapped in three pancakes. I hesitate to ask if syrup goes on *that*.

Loneliness is a college ailment, and I hate to see winsome coeds and intrepid collegians dateless on a weekend. Half the population is of the opposite sex, and to study 'em is a big part of an education.

Only way I can let go of a favorite vintage necktie is when I'm asked to send one for auction at a church or club raffle. One brought $7 at a Chautauqua (N.Y.) sale; I doubt it cost $2.50!

"I'm afraid Peter is too late getting his wide-legged pants cut down to the slim style," confides Betty Comfort, shortening her skirts another two inches. "It's time for men's pants to go floppy again."

We spent a brunch discussing with our collegian Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, and it was our best breakfast chatter of the year. My Dream Girl favors our reading the same book the same week.

When I wear chamois elbow pads on the camel's-hair jacket my wife gave me years ago, don't accuse me of imitating an Ivy League college fad. The elbows are worn out.

As I flew across the country in a "flying boxcar" the crew chief opened the big rear door beside me and dumped several boxes of box-lunch trash into the Grand Canyon. My best view! Still plenty of room for discarded razor blades.

Our collegian reports on campuses any color is OK for men provided it's drab. When will undergrads throw off the Wall Street-Ivy League shackles and don brighter garb?

. . . When our redhead's young ones vociferously prefer church to Sunday school,
. . . Or our youngest replaces a dead garage bulb by installing $40 worth of garage, driveway and back-yard illumination,
. . . And my daughter-in-law braids a rag rug to go with her Early Attic furniture,
. . . Or my Lady Love wishes she had written her master's thesis on Cather instead of Edith Wharton,

Then I face each day of married life with expectancy, but without any need to dominate decisions.




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You can grow beautiful, long, strong nails to replace those brittle, chipped ones with all-protein Knox Gelatine. But you must stay with Knox all the way. And that means one envelope of Knox in juice or bouillon, each day for 90 days, long enough for brittle nails to grow out—and strong, new nails to grow in! Medical tests prove Knox works for 7 out of 10 women, but only when you stay with it. So don't let another day go by.

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"The Cat in the Hat" © 1957 Dr. Seuss

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*Excerpt from*
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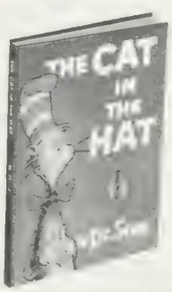
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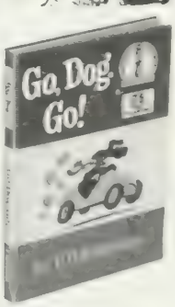
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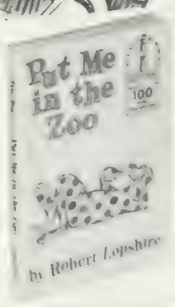
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**THE CAT IN THE HAT**
**By Dr. Seuss**
Mommy was out and there was nothing to do until the magical "Cat in the Hat" walked in to entertain Sally and her brother. Then – oh, what a mess! How the cat fixed it all up before Mommy got back makes a Dr. Seuss story your child will love!




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**23.5 cu. ft.* capacity**
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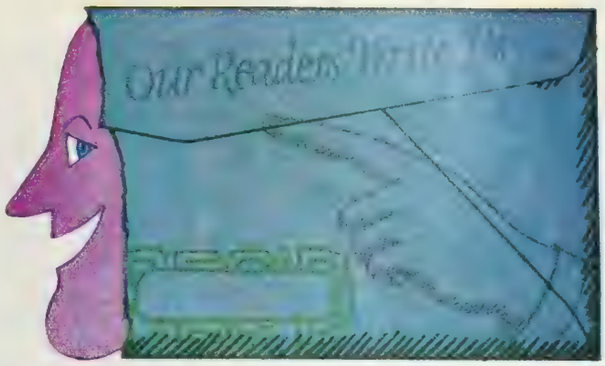
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PROFESSION: POET

*Dear Editors:* Phyllis McGinley has an enthusiastic admirer in me, but let us not be deceived by the sneaky reasoning which she and the *Journal* share. What housewife would not be content to stick to her knitting if, while ironing shirts, she could breed such poems and essays as Miss McGinley has mothered? It's a little like Liz Taylor's saying, "If you will eat an apple a day and walk two miles, you will look like me."

CATHERINE WALSH, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

• *We have just the girl for you. Read Betty Friedan's words on page 24.—ED.*

PROFESSION: OPEN

*Dear Journal:* Recently a reader wrote that her husband lists her occupation on their tax form as "homemaker" instead of "housewife"—a term she despises. In that same little space on our form, *my* husband lists my occupation as "none."

Can This Marriage Be Saved?

NORMA J. TRUE, *Horseheads, N.Y.*

• *We have just the girl for you too. Read Phyllis McGinley's words on page 87.—ED.*

DID SOCIETY FATHER THEM?

*Dear Journal:* I am a Negro mother of two illegitimate children. To those who condemn my transgressions, I suggest: conventionality is not morality; self-righteousness is not religion. ADC mothers pay forever; they are living proof of their sin against society.

I love my children with all the maternal fervor of any mother smug in her married respectability. I am neither a beatnik nor a stereotype in a calico print. My children are clean and well fed. I try to teach them values and love of God. I myself am a product of foster homes—Heaven forbid this for my children.

I don't like the scorn in a schoolteacher's eyes, or being cross-examined by a caseworker who isn't civil. But I live for a little boy's snaggletoothed grin and a little girl's trusting eyes. My children can be salvaged with a good deal of effort. ADC [Aid to Dependent Children] is poor compensation for a father, but it is all we have. May God help us all.

*Name and state withheld*

I was sickened by "*Sometimes Life Just Happens*" (October). Those irresponsible no-good characters made it happen—getting pregnant isn't like catching a cold. It's unfair to ask taxpayers to care for these tramps and their children!

MRS. M. MILLER, *Dayton, Ohio*

As a public-welfare administrator, I have firsthand knowledge of problems faced by unwed mothers on relief rolls, and of the social and economic factors which have affected their lives. So I am especially pleased with Margaret Parton's penetrating and understanding analysis, and I am delighted that the facts she presents will reach the large segment of the public represented by your readership.

RAYMOND M. HILLIARD, *Director, Cook County Department of Public Aid, Chicago, Ill.*

Everyone is entitled to one mistake—but to go on and on!

MRS. J. R. BRIDGINS, *Tucson, Ariz.*

Prevention? Everything is needed, from more alert and effective church folk to mental-health clinics, to aid these women who are rootless and confused, but basically very human.

PAUL T. STEEN, *Executive Director, Community Services Council, Baton Rouge, La.*

• *Letters from social workers and from other concerned readers are still pouring in.—ED.*

TIMELY QUESTION

*DEAR Editor:* Why are the three minutes it takes to beat my cake so much longer than the three minutes I have left to get the children dressed for school?

NATALIE WATERS, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

• *Multiply the buckles on six galoshes (arctic type) by two lost mittens, one broken spectacles frame, three peanut-butter sandwiches and one vacuum bottle with a leak. Add one notebook (behind the sofa), two pencils in daddy's pocket, and . . . oh, well. Subtract three warm kisses, and the cake's in the oven.—ED.*

PARENTS, NOT PADDLES

*Dear Editors:* After much thought, I've come up with 10 rules to prevent juvenile delinquency.

Each week:

1. One trip to church, with mom and dad.

Each day:

2. One "I love you" or "I'm glad you're my son/daughter" per child.
3. One meal with everyone present.
4. One chore per child.

Each year:

5. One excursion with everyone present.
6. One day with dad per child.
7. One day with mom per child.
8. One homemade toy per child.
9. One pair of handknit mittens or a scarf per child.
10. A cookie jar, *always* full.

ANN POWELL, *mother; Toledo, Ohio*

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Woman holds: "Persian Tiles," No. 88. On floor: "Rosemary," No. 945-C

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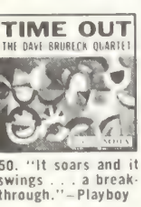



14. Sing It Pretty, Sue; You Remembered Me; 12 in all






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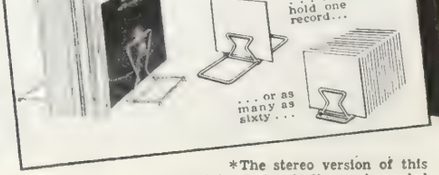

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LEONARD BERNSTEIN N Y PHILHARMONIC
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ISAAC STERN
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JAY MAISEL

# Should Mothers Work?

**A DRASTIC CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE—HALF OF OUR MOTHERS HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO THEIR LAST CHILD BY THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.**

For years I've shied away from writing on the subject of working mothers. It has so many prickly aspects that there is no simple way to tackle it. But the proportion of mothers working has risen steadily, especially since the beginning of World War II, so there's no use my trying to dodge the topic.

Up to about twenty years ago there was a strong prejudice among professional workers in the child-care field against mothers working, certainly against mothers of preschool children working. This rather violent disapproval came from the observation not only of children reared in inadequate orphanages but also of children of working mothers who were left at overcrowded and poorly staffed day nurseries or at the homes of other women who gave them little attention.

In the early decades of this century, before there was aid to dependent children, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, relief, and before it was generally acceptable for mothers to work, a fair proportion of the women who had to seek jobs were those from the lower economic and educational levels whose husbands had deserted, or become invalids, or taken to alcohol, or proved otherwise ineffectual. In other words, many of these families had been unstable from the start, and had become more so. And at that time less was known about the emotional needs of children. Few day nurseries had staffs that were trained in child care. Regulations about how many children could be taken into a nursery or a private home were even less prevalent than they are today. So it was the disorganized families from which the children came and the inadequate substitute care they received—rather than the simple fact that their mothers worked—which produced most of the personality disturbances that used to upset the professional people, and which gave the practice of mothers working a bad reputation.

I don't want to give the impression that all this is a thing of the past. Good child-care facilities are still inadequate in most parts of the country. (European nations such as Sweden, with a lower standard of living, have child-welfare programs that put ours to shame.) Some children are still emotionally neglected and abused. When this happens—in infancy and early childhood particularly—the child's personality is distorted in one way or another. He may become apathetic or demanding or shallow or mean.

Even when a mother has arranged for individual care with a satisfactory sitter, her baby or small child may be quite upset, at least temporarily, by the separation. And if he has to be shifted from one sitter to another, again and again, his emotional development can be seriously disturbed.

But now that so many normal American mothers of stable families have worked (most of them after their children were of school age) and have provided devoted substitutes, we have all seen that they can rear wholesome children too. Obviously the outcome depends on the interplay of many factors. The main ones are the age and temperament of the child, the mother's maturity, the management of the transition, the personality of the substitute, and the continuity of the substitute's care.

If it's essential from a financial point of view for a mother of a young child to work, she is spared some of the doubts and guilt that are apt to trouble the woman who wants a job primarily for her own adjustment. For guilt about leaving the child will cut down on the satisfaction she receives from working, and it will complicate the mother-child relationship.

But it's too simple an alternative to say, "When in doubt, a mother should stay at home with her child." If her work means a great deal to her, she may hold it against the child—consciously or unconsciously—that he is keeping her from it. Without realizing it she may feel that if he requires this much sacrifice from her, she is entitled to expect perfect behavior from him. And since no child can live up to that, she may turn into a cranky parent.

For the woman who feels miserable if unable to work, a part-time job may be a quite satisfactory stopgap at least until her children grow to school age. It takes more ingenuity to find such jobs, but I have the impression that they are becoming commoner these days in certain fields. It is usually a lot easier for a mother to arrange for her child's care for part of the day than for all day. Most nursery-school classes run for a half day. There are more women who can be hired to care for a child (and do the housework) for part of the day. Relatives and friends are more willing to take a child on a part-time basis, whether or not there is pay involved. And the mother usually feels much less guilty. She can have half her cake and eat half too. Certainly in most situations it is better for a small child to have his mother for an appreciable part of the day than for almost none of it.

The question of what makes an outside job more satisfying to many mothers than caring for their children CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

# Why your dentist may recommend Crest at your next checkup




Your dentist would much rather *prevent* cavities than fill them. So he makes a point of advising those preventive measures he believes can help your family.

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One such recommendation may be Crest. Why not ask your dentist about Crest's role at your family's next regular dental checkup.

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# DR. SPOCK: SHOULD MOTHERS WORK?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

all day is a complex one. There are various factors which overlap. In some women, the simple craving for adult company is very important, even if the company is not particularly stimulating. For others, it's the exchange of intelligent conversation. They say they get to feel like idiots after talking "baby talk" all day. I've often suggested that there should be mothers' clubs with an assortment of activities—for them and their children—in all shopping centers and all church houses. I don't believe a human being, female or male, was designed to be isolated in a dwelling with children all day. In most of the "uncivilized" parts of the world mothers are having a very sociable time together while they cook, weave and watch the children. But in America the home is a castle. There are few common meeting places, such as parks, where children and mothers can gather regularly.

A very realistic reason why many women feel like going back to work today, as soon as all their children are in school, is that they are still young and full of energy. At the turn of the century the average age of marriage for the man was twenty-nine and for the woman twenty-six; and they tended to continue to have children at least through their thirties. So a mother was apt to be well up in her forties—and ready to take it easy—when her youngest was in third or fourth grade. Nowadays half our mothers have given birth to their last child by the age of twenty-six. That's a drastic change. And in these sixty years a lot of interesting types of work have opened up for women.

I've gained the impression that the desire to go to work is particularly insistent in the first couple of years after the arrival of the first child. Even the most happy and devoted of young mothers will suddenly get a desperate yearning to go to a college reunion or to a faraway city just to buy some clothes. Then she may find, sad to say, that after making all the preparations and departing in high excitement, she can think of nothing but the baby all the time she's away. This shows how intensely she is wrapped up in him, and why she needs relief. Some beginning mothers give all kinds of unconvincing excuses for wanting a job, and take one that is quite inappropriate. Then in a few weeks or months they realize that it isn't worth all the strains involved. If young women can understand how natural this craving to escape is, they may be able to stave it off with a brief trip or two.

Quite a few mothers say that they work to help meet the payments on the house and its equipment, or to give their children special advantages, even though their husbands are earning ordinary salaries. This is a difficult explanation to analyze. A couple of generations ago mothers didn't work for this reason, partly because their husbands would have considered this a reflection on their ability to support their families. Families didn't buy houses and other expensive things until fathers could afford them out of their own incomes. Obviously people's ideas about what's necessary and what's proper have changed a lot. But when these factors of custom are canceled out, what's left is that mothers of preschool children who have full-time jobs seem to be saying that the things they can earn are more important for their children than taking care of them themselves. This line of thought doesn't make too much sense to me unless the mother is referring to a very temporary financial emergency, or unless her real reason is that she would be miserable taking care of her children all day long.

I understand the woman who tells me that she would be so nervous or disagreeable as a full-time mother that it would do her children no good. She did not become this kind of person on purpose, and she would gladly change if she knew how. In most cases this degree of tension is a residue of difficult relationships in her own childhood. However, many of these emotional states can be relieved through regular counseling in a family social agency or, if severe, through psychiatric treatment.

This is as good a moment as any for me to say that I think any mother of a preschool child who is considering a job should discuss the issues with a social worker before making her decision.

Perhaps the most important group of women for us to think about, if we are trying to understand today's trend, are those who would like to work primarily for the deep sense of gratification they receive from performing a regular job that challenges them, whether it's typing letters or doing chemical research. Some of them would explain in addition that if deprived of a job they'd soon feel frustrated in being always cooped up with children. Most of us who are fairly well adjusted—men as well as women—have an enjoyment of accomplishment. The real question is why one job gives it and another does not. In most parts of the world women feel thoroughly fulfilled in having motherhood as their main career. It seems, from what we read, that most American women felt the same way in previous centuries.

The role of women in America has been changed drastically by many factors, but probably the most powerful was the feminist movement which arose in the middle of the nineteenth century and which fought to wipe out the outrageous disadvantages—political, legal, educational and occupational—to which women had been subjected. However, many of the feminist leaders were motivated, in their inner feelings, not so much by altruism toward women as by fierce rivalry with men. They really insisted that women should be considered the same as men, except in the reproductive sense. Women won the right to be educated, to hold property, to vote. Pioneers gradually broke into the businesses and professions and paved the way for millions to follow. But the trend did not stop with those formal victories. Girls' and womens' clothes for daytime and sports have approached men's in many aspects. Their hair styles have sometimes been boyish. Many women in their manner of walking, talking, laughing and drinking have tended to become less and less differentiated from men. I'm not talking about the few women who stand out from their sex by dressing and acting in an aggressively masculine manner. And I'm not denying that there are still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



# Peaches! On Quaker Oatmeal! Children like it!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

many American women who are distinctly feminine, through and through.

During these same hundred years American men have lost not only the exclusivity of their jobs and privileges but also some of their authority in the home and some of their sense of being a quite distinct sex. A lot of them now help with the housework and child care and the shopping. (I'm not saying they shouldn't, only pointing it out.) Europeans are struck by this American trend toward neutrality. Frenchmen think American women beautiful but disappointingly self-sufficient and unromantic. Frenchwomen think that American men are unbelievably generous and helpful, but complain that they fail to make them feel attractive.

I'm one of those who believe that women are basically different from men in temperament as well as in anatomy and physiology. In some cultures and in some periods of history these differences have been exaggerated. I think that in America they've been unnaturally minimized. How is this process carried out in the rearing of each generation? Lots of girls from infancy are dressed like boys, encouraged to play like boys. Their mothers don't think of giving them a sense of pride and distinction in being female. They fail to inspire in them, as they grow up, any conviction that the specific role of woman, wife and mother can, at its best, be as fascinating, as creative as any outside career. When these girls move into high school and college, their parents, in the American tradition of self-determination, try not to influence their choice of future occupation. They are influenced instead by the patterns of the times, by their friends, by the teachers who appeal to them. But there are very few teachers who emphasize or even hint that motherhood (or fatherhood) is potentially, in itself, an exciting and distinguished career. The academic focus is all on the work of the world that exists outside the home. Extracurricular activities for girls are the same as for boys, or imitations of them. So it is not surprising that by commencement they have acquired aspirations and a point of view almost indistinguishable from those of boys. They take it for granted that occupations are judged in terms of salary, advancement, worldly prestige.

Then when these young women's feminine instincts lead them into marriage and child rearing, they feel shut out of the world they envisioned. Never having thought of motherhood as demanding high skills or bringing rich rewards, knowing that any uneducated female above the age of fourteen can enter it with no credentials at all, they may come to regard it more as a chore than as a challenge.

Perhaps you think I'm trying to glorify ideal motherhood for the sake of my argument. But why do young people of both sexes choose careers in schoolteaching, child psychology and psychiatry, social work in children's agencies, pediatrics and pediatric nursing? They are motivated in large part by the fascination of watching and helping children develop. This is the mothering instinct turned into various professional outlets. Yet lots of mothers fail to see the excitement in the same work. I think of a girl medical student who said, during a group discussion, that she thought she would find being a mother all day long very boring, as so many educated women do. I asked her if she thought child psychiatry would be boring. To do it well, one must be not only isolated with one problem child after another, all day long, but one has to keep one's mind focused every second on his words and play in order to find the meaning of and cure for his trouble. The student answered that of course this work would not be boring, and I asked her why. "The psychiatrist is trying to accomplish something," she said. This is a crystal-clear expression of the condescension toward mothering that so many educated American women feel. I don't mean that they think it unimportant, for they realize that they and their husbands want children very much. They just think it's a dull job.

What young people think is dull and what they think is challenging is largely determined by the attitudes of those around them, and these attitudes can shift markedly from decade to decade. I think of all my classmates in the 'twenties who wanted to be bankers and brokers, the many graduates right after the war who tried to get into medicine, the bright ones today whose preference is for chemistry, physics and foreign studies.

I'm suggesting that in the struggle for emancipation, women made the assumption that the occupations which men had guarded for themselves were somehow superior to women's traditional occupations, just as men's privileges were clearly superior. So they threw away some of their pride and joy in the greatest creative function of mankind.

I am not trying to dissuade any woman from having a career in addition to child rearing. I am only expressing the opinion that since most women will spend at least fifteen years of their lives mainly rearing their children, they themselves should be brought up and educated in such a way that they will derive the maximal satisfaction and enjoyment from it, even if they have other strong aspirations in addition.

Though I express the hope that we may rear our daughters with more delight in the career that only they can follow, don't think I'm picturing them as lackluster housewives who'd take no interest in world and community affairs, in literature and the arts, or in their husbands' businesses, only able to talk about the children and the household equipment. I don't know of any correlation between working and breadth of view. Some of the most sophisticated and interesting women I've known have never had a job. And I've met lots of professional people who were dull as dishwater. Life tries to lure people from all walks of life into a rut that becomes deeper and narrower. Those who want to stay lively have to work at it, whether at home or in the office.

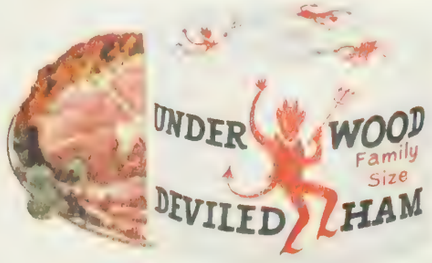
The main points I'd like to leave in your mind are these: The issues involved in a mother going to work are complex and obscure. They should be discussed with a professional counselor if at all possible before a decision is made. Part-time work may be the most satisfactory compromise. The child has a vital need for a mother or for a loving, reliable substitute, especially in the early years.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.




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# Have American housewives traded brains for brooms?

## by Betty Friedan

**Mrs. Friedan, a wife and mother of three, insists she is a writer who keeps house, rather than a housekeeper who writes. She believes a modern American woman who devotes herself solely to house and children will have trouble finding her identity. The Journal welcomes comments from readers.**

For fifteen years and longer, there has been an attempt in America to get women back into the home by glorifying feminine fulfillment—woman's fulfillment as a wife and mother—as the sole aim and justification of woman's existence. The glorification of the housewife bears an uneasy, hypocritical relationship to the actual facts of woman's life today, and is responsible for the otherwise inexplicable distress of modern American women. While millions of words have been and are being written to help women adjust to this image of feminine fulfillment, I question the image itself—the new "feminine mystique."

I once interviewed a woman in the huge kitchen of a house she had helped build herself. She was busily kneading the dough for her famous homemade bread; a dress she was making for a daughter was half finished on the sewing machine; a handloom stood in one corner. Children's art materials and toys were strewn all over the floor of the house, from front door to stove. In this expensive, modern house, like many of the open-plan houses in this era, there was no door at all between kitchen and living room. This mother presumably had no dream or thought or frustration of her own to separate her from her children. She was pregnant now with her seventh. Her happiness was complete, she said, spending her days with her children.

Just before I left, I said, as an afterthought, that I guessed she had been joking when she had mentioned she envied her neighbor, the mother of three children, who was a professional designer.

"No, I wasn't joking," she said. And this serene housewife, kneading the dough for the bread she always made herself, started to cry. "I envy her terribly. She knows what she wants to do. I don't know. I never have. When I'm pregnant, and the babies are little, I'm somebody finally—a mother. But I can't just keep on having babies."

I have noticed something else about able women who lead their lives in the protective shade of the new femininity. They are so busy—busy shopping, chauffeuring, using their dishwashers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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## HAVE AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES TRADED BRAINS FOR BROOMS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

and dryers and electric mixers, busy gardening, waxing, polishing, helping with the children's homework, collecting for mental health, and doing thousands of little chores. There is something peculiar about the *time* housework takes today.

When the feminine mystique sent women back home again, housewifery had to expand into a full-time career. It had to become all of life, dispose of all woman's creative energies. As this began to happen, each laborsaving appliance brought a labor-demanding elaboration of housework, until housework not only expanded to fill the time available, but could hardly be done in the available time.

In the 1950's sociologists and home economists reported baffling inconsistencies in their attempts to find out how much time American housewives were spending on housework. Study after study revealed that they were spending more hours a day keeping house than their mothers did thirty years earlier. This was true despite the smaller, easier-to-care-for homes, despite the fact that modern housewives had seven times as much capital invested in appliances and equipment, and that many of the jobs that used to be performed in the home—canning, baking, sewing—have been taken away.

There is a basis for the complaint of many a modern housewife: "I feel empty somehow—as if I don't exist. I feel as though the world is rushing past my door while I just watch." Is she driven to even more frantic housework to justify her existence and to use all her womanly capacities to give?

The vast amount of make-work in the American housewife's routines has been revealed in many ways. In Minneapolis recently, a schoolteacher named Maurice K. Enghausen read a story in the local newspaper about the long work week of today's housewife. Declaring in a letter to the editor that "any woman who puts in that many hours is awfully slow, a poor budgeter of time, or just plain inefficient," this 36-year-old bachelor offered to take over any household and show how it could be done.

Scores of irate housewives dared him to prove it. He took over the household of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dalton, with four children, aged two to seven, for three days, and cut nearly in half Mrs. Dalton's interminable workday. In a day, he cleaned the first floor, washed three loads of clothes and hung them out to dry, ironed all the laundry, including underwear and sheets, fixed a soup-and-sandwich lunch and a big backyard supper, baked two cakes, prepared two salads for the next day, dressed, undressed and bathed the children together, washed woodwork and scrubbed the kitchen floor. Mrs. Dalton said he was even a better cook than she. "As for cleaning," she said, "I am more thorough, but perhaps that is unnecessary."

A recent time-motion study that recorded and analyzed every movement made by a group of housewives concluded that most of the energy expended in housework is superfluous. A series of intensive studies sponsored by the Michigan Heart Association at Wayne University disclosed that "women are working more than twice as hard as they should," squandering energy in wasted motion and unneeded steps.

The prevalence of "housewife's fatigue" sheds additional light. Doctors report failure to cure it or get to its cause. Some doctors, finding nothing organically wrong, tell housewife patients who complain of vague ailments, "It's all in your mind." Others give them medication for vitamin deficiency, anemia, low blood pressure or low metabolism. They put the mothers on diets (the average housewife is 12 to 15 pounds overweight), tell them not to drink (there are a million known alcoholic housewives in America) or give them tranquilizers.

Many doctors, finding that their low-energy mothers get as much or more sleep than they need, claim the basic cause is not fatigue but boredom. As one housewife puts it, "It's a kind of torpor that comes over me when I get home from the errands. It's as if there's nothing I really have to do." Why do so many American housewives around 40 need between-meal snacks, drinks, tranquilizers and sleeping pills to dull the emptiness of their days?

Can the sense of self in women, which once rested on necessary work and achievement in the home, be re-created by housework that is no longer a challenge or really uses much ability? Surely there are many housewives in America who are happy at the moment, but happiness is not the same thing as the aliveness of being fully used. As one mother of four, trying at 30 to go back to the college she quit at 19, told me:

"I've tried everything women are supposed to do. I've tried sewing, gardening, pickling, canning, hobbies, being very social with my neighbors, joining committees, running P.T.A. teas. I can do it all, and I like it, but it doesn't leave you anything to think about—any feeling of who you are. I never had any career ambitions. All I wanted was to get married and have four children. I love the kids and Bob and my home. There's no problem you can even put a name to. But I'm desperate. I begin to feel I have no personality. I'm a server of food and a putter-on of pants and a bedmaker, somebody who can be called on when you want something. But who am I?"

This nameless desperation of the young housewife has become too uncomfortably obvious to be ignored. Various Pollyanna solutions are being offered—a "mother's hour" or even a day off every week. But free time—empty in itself—is no solution.

Students of human behavior have become increasingly interested in the basic human need to grow. A new concept has been advanced of the mentally healthy man as one who has reached the "highest excellence of which he is capable." The premise is that man is happy and healthy only when he is fulfilling himself and becoming all he can be.

In this sense, the possibility for true self-realization has just begun to exist for women. So long as women had neither the education nor the freedom to play their full part in the world, it was easy to believe that their essential nature was to be passive, conformist, dependent, fearful, childlike. So Aristotle, basing his picture of human nature on his own culture and particular period of time, assumed that because a man was a slave, this was his essential nature and therefore "it was good for him to be a slave."

The question of how a person finds his identity has become an important concern to the thinkers of our time. Thinkers long ago put forth the theme that a man is, to a great extent, defined by the work he does. The work that a man had to do to eat, to stay alive, to master the brutalities of nature, created his identity—and changed man's world. Today men no longer need to work all day to eat. They have unprecedented freedom to choose the kind of work they will do, and unprecedented leisure. Suddenly one realizes the significance of the present identity crisis—for women, and, increasingly for men. One sees the human significance of work not merely as the means of survival but as the wellspring of human evolution.

It is not enough for a human being to be passively adjusted to his culture, to be passively loved. The self is realized through work that uses one's fullest human creativity, that carries forward human society. Men have used different words for the mysterious process by which the self is shaped, but their words can be summed up as "man finds himself by losing himself."

In the last century, strong, capable women were needed to pioneer our new land. Wives, with their husbands, built farm and homestead. Strength and independence, courage and self-confidence—and an extraordinary capacity for work—were part of the American character, both male and female. Women were never quite as "feminine," or held in as much contempt in America as in Europe. American women seemed to European travelers, long before our time, less passive, childlike, feminine than their own wives. By an accident of history, American women shared in the work of society longer and grew with the men.

American housewives never stopped to wonder about their identity until the fire and strength and ability of the pioneer women were no longer needed or used. But can we doubt that the old, vigorous resources are still to be tapped in their granddaughters? It is not surprising that an intelligent, educated, well-cared-for young wife, who truly loves her husband and children, is still haunted by feelings that her life is incomplete.

It is time to end the choice implied in the feminine mystique between fulfillment as a wife and mother on the one hand and socially useful work on the other, between femininity and full human identity. There is a paradox in the mystique's demand that women devote themselves completely to home and children, and in the fact that most of the problems now being treated in child-guidance clinics are solved only when the mothers are helped to develop a life of their own and no longer fill all their emotional needs through their children.

If women do not put forth the effort to become all that they have in them to become, they will forfeit their own humanity. A woman today who has no goal, no purpose, no ambition to make her stretch and grow, is committing a kind of suicide. She has half a century to live after her child-bearing years are over. The terror she feels is justified if she has no place in the world.

It would be quite wrong for me to offer any woman easy answers to this problem. There are no easy answers in America today; it is difficult enough for each woman to find her own answer. But it is not so difficult as the feminine mystique implies to combine marriage and the kind of lifelong personal purpose that once was called a "career." It merely takes a new perspective on one's whole life as a woman.

The first step in adjusting one's perspective is to see housework for what it is—not a career, but something that must be done as quickly and efficiently as possible. Once a woman stops trying to make cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing add up to something more, she can use the vacuum cleaner and even the instant mashed potatoes for what they are truly worth—time that can be used in more creative ways.

The second step is to see marriage as an important part, but not the whole, of life. Many women I talked to were strangely discontented with their husbands, irritated with their children, when they tried to make marriage and motherhood the final fulfillment of their lives. But when they began to use their abilities to good purpose in society, they not only spoke of a new feeling of "aliveness" or "completeness" in themselves but also of a new joy in their husbands and children.

A New England lawyer's wife told me: "I thought I had finished. I had come to the end of childhood, had married, had a baby, and I was happy with my marriage. But somehow I was disconsolate, because I assumed this was the end. I would take up upholstery one week, Sunday painting the next. My house was spotless. I devoted entirely too much time to entertaining my child. He didn't need all that adult companionship. A grown woman playing with a child all day, disintegrating herself in a hundred directions to fill the time, cooking fancy food when no one needs it, and then getting furious if they don't eat it—you lose your adult common sense, your whole sense of yourself as a human being.

"Now I'm studying history, one course a year. It's work, but I haven't missed a night in two and a half years. Soon I'll be teaching. I love being a wife and mother, but I know now that when marriage is the end of your life, because you have no other mission, it becomes a miserable, tawdry thing. Who said women have to be happy, to be amused, to be entertained? You have to work. You don't have to have a job. But you have to tackle something yourself, and see it through, to feel alive." END

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# Another Epidemic of Teen-age VD?

What do parents do when a loved child, a "good child who never gave us a moment's trouble," contracts a disease that "*nice* people don't have"? Here is how two typical families met the problem many are faced with today. We'll call them the Walkers and the Rosses.

The Walkers live in a comfortable home on an attractive street in a pleasant suburb. Their oldest child, 15-year-old Joan, is in high school. She is pretty, popular, and this year, for the first time, she has been going steady. Her parents have not been happy about this. They have felt that she is too young. But Jack Ross, 17, comes from a "nice" family too. And, like millions of other parents, the Walkers and the Rosses have found it hard to argue down that teen-age cry, "Everybody *else* goes steady!"

When the telephone rang in the Walker house one afternoon, Mrs. Walker answered in her usual cheerful tone. But as she listened, her face paled. The caller was a doctor, not their family physician, but one whose name was known to Mrs. Walker. "It must be a mistake, doctor," she protested. "It can't be my daughter. What is she doing in your office?"

The doctor assured her that Joan *was* in his office. She had been brought there by Jack. Jack suspected that he had contracted syphilis and had exposed Joan to it. Tests had confirmed his suspicions. Would Mrs. Walker permit Joan to be examined?

Convinced that what he was saying was impossible, Mrs. Walker managed to say, "I'll be there right away." She drove to the doctor's office, trying not to think through the implications of what he had said. Joan could not be involved in anything like this. But Joan's white, frozen face told her that there had been no mistake. Mrs. Walker could not bring herself to look at Jack or speak to him.

The doctor asked Jack to wait outside and told Mrs. Walker the story Jack had told him. It was not, he said, an unusual story: A group of boys in a car, some drinking, a pickup of several girls from another suburb. None of the boys had met the girls before, and (they said) would not recognize them again. One of the girls said, "My mother and father are away. Why don't we all go to my house?" They picked up some beer, and at the house there was more drinking. Sexual intimacies grew out of half-drunken goading and taunts of "don't be chicken!"

Joan had not been at this party. But later Jack discovered that he had contracted syphilis, and might have infected Joan. He asked her to accompany him to the doctor's office. There, hearing the whole story for the first time, Joan was too upset to telephone her mother. She asked the doctor to do it.

It would be necessary to examine Joan and make some laboratory tests, the doctor went on. Did Mrs. Walker prefer that it be done by their regular family doctor? It was Joan who said no to this. She did not feel that she could go through the painful, humiliating explanation again.

When the examination was finished, Mrs. Walker asked to speak to the doctor alone. "What can we do?" she asked helplessly. "Is Joan going to be all right?"

The doctor outlined the treatment Joan would require if tests proved positive. It was simple and effective. Since Joan had sought medical help so early, there should be no lasting harmful effects. Then he added bluntly but kindly: "I have teen-age children of my own, Mrs. Walker. I know how you feel. If I were you, I would not ask Joan too many pressing questions right away. Joan is deeply shocked. She feels frightened and guilty. She cannot bring herself to admit that she has had sexual relations with Jack, though Jack admitted it to me privately. Joan insists that they just 'petted heavily.' But she will tell you the truth, I'm sure, if you do not arouse her resentment with too many questions and accusations. Believe me, it will work out better in the long run." He concluded: "I will telephone you as soon as I have Joan's laboratory reports."

Mrs. Walker nodded, thanked him for his kindness, and left the office. In the car she patted Joan's hand with a calmness she was far from feeling. At home Joan went silently to her room and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon. Remembering the doctor's advice, her mother fought back the questions she wanted desperately to ask. One question, however, would not be stilled. Joan's father had to be told. How was it to be done, and who was to do it? Joan decided that. She would tell him herself, after dinner when the younger children were in bed.

It was not an easy story, and it was not told without tears and hesitations. But Joan told it. This shocking and bitter experience taught her a lot, she said. "A lot that I should have known—did know really." As they listened, heartsick, her parents realized that they, too, were hearing things they should have known—had known, really. Their failure had been in not using their knowledge to protect their daughter.

Joan admitted having sexual relations with Jack. "He said it was all right, we were going steady. It was just proof that I loved him. If I didn't love him, there wasn't much point in our going steady, was there?"

"Joan is too young to go steady," Mrs. Walker remembered protesting only a few weeks ago. Why had she let herself be argued down when she knew she was right?

The first time was here in their own house, Joan went on. "You and mother went out to play bridge," she told her father. "Jack and I were listening to records. We had argued about . . . things before, and I knew how it would be, so I hoped you wouldn't go out."

It happened several times after that in Jack's car. "I wasn't ever happy about it," Joan said. "I knew it was wrong. I talked to other girls about it, and most of them felt it was wrong too. But nobody knew how to say no. The boys CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

BY CELIA S. DESCHIN, PH.D.
*Director of the New York City teen-age VD study conducted by the American Social Health Association.*

## "Venereal disease is today a serious and worsening problem, threatening to sweep the country like a forest fire."*

In the past four years the syphilis rate in America has risen more than 132 percent. A year ago the reported number of infectious VD (syphilis and gonorrhea) cases increased to 286,466—three times the number of cases reported in 1957. Because many private physicians do not report cases of VD among their patients, health authorities estimate that the *real* total may be closer to 600,000.

Certain groups—among them prostitutes, merchant seamen, and migrant workers—have long presented special problems to control of VD. This year two new problem groups have been added to the list. The *Journal* feels that parents, to help protect their children, will want to know about both.

One problem group: homosexuals. Speaking of his city's soaring VD rate, a Los Angeles physician said recently, "There has been a phenomenal increase in homosexually transmitted venereal infections. Because the homosexual has an erroneous belief that VD is transmitted only through heterosexual relations, he seldom sees the need for VD examinations. If he does become aware that he has contracted VD, he is seldom willing to incriminate himself or his contacts by reporting it. Reporting it could mean police arrest because the practice of homosexuality is in itself a crime."

Most shocking to parents is the sharp increase in VD among the young. In one year—1959–60—there was a 59 percent increase of infectious syphilis in the 15-to-19-year-old group, a 73 percent increase among 20- to 24-year-olds; 1961–62 figures are expected to show even greater increases. And teen-age VD is no longer confined to slum neighborhoods or to juvenile delinquents. It is invading "good" neighborhoods and "nice" families.

Twenty-five years ago, Dr. Thomas Parran, then Surgeon General of the United States, made it possible for VD to be talked about openly as a serious health problem *about which something could and should be done.* He said: "It cannot be repeated too often that first and foremost among American handicaps to syphilis control is the widespread belief that nice people don't have syphilis and nice people shouldn't do anything about those who do have syphilis."

In the 1940's penicillin revolutionized treatment of VD. In the wave of overoptimism that followed, public-health funds were cut, and educational efforts were all but abandoned. Because miracle drugs had "conquered" VD forever, we no longer felt that there was a need to inform our children about it, or to teach new generations that VD can maim, blind, produce insanity, damage or destroy unborn children, cause sterility, and even kill (about 3,000 victims a year in this country).

At the same time, great changes were taking place in our American way of life, many of them designed to produce a climate in which teen-age VD could flourish. We became the most mobile nation in the world. The average American may no longer live in one home most of his life; he goes where his job takes him. His children may attend a different school every year and have a constantly changing circle of friends with constantly differing views on what is right and wrong (or "in" and "out") for their particular group. More mothers work outside the home. Grandparents—traditionally confidants and consolers of a troubled, confused child—are no longer part of the average home. Methods of communication are faster and children are far more aware of world events. They grow up fast, start dating early. On the surface at least, they are more sophisticated. They have more money, more cars, get around more with less supervision. The word "chaperone" has become a joke. Movies, television and advertising glorify sex unrealistically. Teen-age drinking is increasing. Many traditional, once-stable roots have been swept away. Moral standards are no longer the simple, clear-cut matter they once were.

**Dr. Leona Baumgartner, chairman of a special task force appointed by the Surgeon General to investigate a recent increase in venereal disease.*




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## TELL ME, DOCTOR: ANOTHER EPIDEMIC OF TEEN-AGE VD?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

wouldn't want to go steady any longer if we said no." Her tone told them what a serious, humiliating loss of status this would have been among her contemporaries.

Joan paused. Then she went on with resolute determination to show them that she really had learned. "Boys just try that 'prove your love' to see if it will work. Girls shouldn't be fooled by it. I don't blame Jack any more than I blame myself, but right now I don't ever want to see him again—or any other boy!"

Next day the doctor told Joan and her mother that laboratory tests were positive. Joan paled, but took the diagnosis quietly. The doctor started treatment with antibiotics immediately. "The *right* medical treatment is vital," he stressed. Sometimes teen-agers foolishly rely on 'drug-store treatment' with penicillin obtained surreptitiously. The amounts obtained this way are not sufficient to cure the disease; they only mask the symptoms temporarily." He explained that Joan would have three or four treatments, and that she would come in for regular checkups over a period of six months.

Joan asked only one question, her voice very serious. "Does this mean that when I marry I can't have babies?" The doctor assured her that it did not.

That night Joan and her parents drew up a set of what they called House Rules. It listed clearly and simply what was expected of Joan, from household tasks to the number and kind of dates she could have and the time she must be home. All parties at the Walker house would be chaperoned, and Joan would attend no unchaperoned parties at homes of friends. "I'll talk to the other mothers in the neighborhood," Mrs. Walker said. "If we all agree on certain standards of behavior—and stand firm—the children won't be able to gang up on us with that 'everybody *else* does it!' cry."

It was agreed that Joan had a right to expect certain things from her parents. More thoughtful, serious attention to questions that troubled her, for one thing. And more effort to be good examples of the sort of person they wanted her to be. They would also try to make clear to her the standards and values which they would most like to have her hold.

A little to her surprise, Joan's friends were enthusiastic when they heard about the House Rules. "It's a lot easier when you *know* what your parents expect of you," one said honestly. "Most of the time they just say, 'Be good,' without ever telling us *how* to be good, or just what 'good' really means to them."

Jack and his parents worked out their own set of rules, as each family must, since no single formula could possibly be successful for all. But the first and most important step toward success was made when they faced the problem honestly and together.

In general, the following suggestions might help:

Adolescents need to know what behavior is expected of them, especially in the area of sex. Parents should provide this guidance. Accurate sex and health education in schools could help protect children against VD. (In the New York City teen-age VD study which I conducted, 64 percent of the teen-agers said that all of their information about sex and venereal disease came from friends their own age. They displayed pitiful ignorance of even the most basic facts. Only 10 percent knew what VD is, and that it is almost never contracted except through sexual intercourse.) People who oppose sex education in schools argue, "If you teach a child about sex, he'll be out experimenting with it!" I would say that the exact opposite is true—the more *accurate* information a child has, the less likely he is to get into trouble. True knowledge does not corrupt, it protects.

Parents should limit the number of dates a teen-ager is permitted and set a definite time for coming home. They should be at home and visible when their teen-agers entertain.

Parties (at home, in schools, churches, teen-age clubs, and so on) should be chaperoned by responsible adults. Adolescents may complain, but they really do feel more secure with adult guidance and supervision.

Group activities—sports, music, drama, lectures—should be encouraged to replace the present practice of too-early dating and going steady and to discourage pairing off of boys and girls under conditions which favor sexual intimacy.

Adolescents should be weaned away from the "happiness rat race," which, after a while, becomes a bore. Work (paid or volunteer) provides happiness too. Personal accomplishment lends confidence and self-reliance.

Like the Walkers, parents should try to be good examples. They should not "preach one thing and live another." They should also try to define the standards they want their children to live up to.

On the community level, parents can work for more public-health clinics and more programs of health education. In 1957, Federal funds for these services were cut. It is no coincidence that we find 1957 the year that the VD rate began its current spectacular rise. · · END


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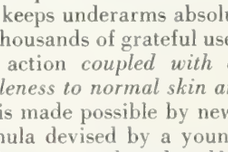
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FIRST PRIZE BONUS when you include boxtop from Rexall Super Plenamins' great new "combination" package (or the substitute as stated in Rules below).

Nothing to buy. To enter—just ask your Rexall Pharmacist to tell you about the sensational special offer on

**REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS**

144 day supply. PLUS FREE 36 day supply a $10.54 value, now $7.95

| 1010 DRAWINGS | 1010 CHANCES TO WIN |
|---|---|
| 1st PRIZE—up to $25,000! a $10,000 bank account plus $15,000 bonus | 3rd PRIZE—up to $3,000! a $1,500 bank account plus $1,500 bonus |
| 2nd PRIZE—up to $5,000! a $2,500 bank account plus $2,500 bonus | 4th through 10th PRIZES—each a $500 bank account plus $500 bonus |

1000 other prizes—each a $10 Rexall Merchandise Certificate

*Offer void where prohibited by law.*

1. Fill out an official Sweepstakes entry blank at your Rexall Store. 2. To qualify for the sensational BONUS prizes, attach to your entry blank the boxtop from a Super Plenamins "combination" package or a substitute as defined on entry blank. Enter Rexall's fabulous $50,000 Sweepstakes today! Contest ends March 31, 1963, and is subject to entry blank rules.

## ONCE-A-YEAR SALE ON REXALL RUBBER SPECIALTIES



"Our Kantleek Specialties are the finest you can buy—that's why Rexall guarantees every one a full 5 years!"




SAVE $1.30 Reg. $4.29, NOW $2.99

### KANTLEEK DELUXE HOT WATER BOTTLE

*Now's* the time to buy the finest Water Bottle made! 2-qt. capacity; red or white rubber; "built to outlast all others," guaranteed 5 years.




SAVE $1.40 Reg. $4.59, NOW $3.19

### KANTLEEK FOUNTAIN SYRINGE

There's no Syringe like the Kantleek: made of the finest rubber, with rapid-flow tubing and top-quality fittings. Choice of red or white. 5-year guarantee.

### KANTLEEK COMBINATION SYRINGE

Think of the saving! Get a Combination Hot Water Bottle and Syringe, durable red or white rubber, 2-quart capacity, guaranteed for 5 full years. Save $1.70! Reg. $5.69, now a bargain at $3.99




SAVE $1.70

**HY-DA-WAY BULB SYRINGE.** Save 99¢! Pink and white, regularly $3.98, **$2.99**

**HY-DA-WAY FOLDING SYRINGE.** Perfect for travel or for home—and you save $1.46! 3-yr. guarantee. Reg. $5.95, **$4.49**

**DEFENDER FOLDING SYRINGE.** Quality construction in an economy syringe. Pink, red, 1-yr. guar. Save 79¢! **$2.19**

**REXALL FOAM CUSHION.** Save $1.26 on this large, comfortable foam cushion. Regularly $4.95, now yours for . . . **$3.69**

**YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE MAINTAINS A FULL SELECTION OF SICKROOM SUPPLIES**

## FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

### NEW! CHEWABLE SUPER ANAPAC JR. COLD TABLETS

24's 98¢




Chewable, fruit-flavored cold tablets help children fight off headache pain, fever, nasal congestion caused by colds.

### REXALL SUPER ANAPAC

24 tabs 98¢




Combination-of-ingredients to help relieve sneezing and watery eyes, open up nasal area congestion, reduce cold fever.

### NEW! REXALL VAPURE MEDICATED ROOM SPRAY

7-oz aerosol $1.19



Decongestant vaporizer delivers a concentrated, medicated aerosol mist that helps to clear up nasal congestion fast.

### NEW! REXALL DAY & NIGHT COLD TABLETS

20's 98¢




New tablet-within-a-tablet: outer shell dissolves first, for *fast* pain relief; inner core more slowly, for *continuous* relief.

### NEW! REXALL TIMED-ACTION COLD CAPSULES




12's $1.49 New kind of cold capsule contains tiny "pellets of medication." They dissolve at timed intervals, give prolonged relief from cold symptoms up to 12 full hours!

**SUPER ANAPAC NASAL SPRAY.** ½-oz., **98¢**

**SUPER ANAPAC A.C. TABLETS** with anti-cough ingredients. Bottle of 24's only **$1.39**

**SUPER ANAPAC COUGH SYRUP.** Effective Rexall formula cuts phlegm, slows coughing, soothes irritated membranes. 3-ounces, **$1.49**

**FEVER THERMOMETER.** Guard against colds with this accurate thermometer! Oral, **79¢**

**Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH.** Multi-purpose antiseptic. Bright amber color, refreshing taste. Makes fine gargle! Full pint **89¢**

**ANTIHISTAMINE TABS.** Fast relief of cold symptoms, hay fever, allergies. 50-tablet bottle, regularly $1.19, a special value at **79¢**

**TERPIN HYDRATE A.H. COUGH ELIXIR.** Time-tested Rexall formula contains ammonium chloride and antihistamine. 4-oz. bottle **79¢**

**REXALL ASPIRIN.** Fast relief of headache pain, fever, due to colds. Bottle of 100 tablets **64¢**

**MONACET APC TABLETS.** Combination-of-ingredients for fast relief of headache, fever, aches and pains of colds. 100 tablets **$1.04**

## VITAMIN SPECIALTIES

### REXALL MELTAMINS JR.

60's $3.29




Candy-flavored, chewable multi-vitamins children love! Bottle of 120 tablets, **$5.49;** Adults' chewable Meltamins, bottle of 60 tablets, just . . . . **$4.79**

### NEW! REXALL CHEWABLE VITAMIN C

100 tablets $4.95



Delicious, fruit-flavored Vitamin C tablets with Sunkist® Natural Citrus Bioflavonoids. Start every day with the sunshine vitamin—chewable Vitamin C!

### REXALL MULTIPLE VITAMINS

One Tablet Daily

365's $3.65



NEW SIZE gives you vitamin protection all year long—for just a penny a day! Economical way to take vitamins! 100's, **$1.98**

**VITAMIN C TABLETS** Save 90¢! Get 250 Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) tablets, 100 mg., regularly $2.39, now specially-priced at **$1.49**

**VITAMIN $B_1$ TABLETS** $2.00 off! Pick up 250 Thiamine Hydrochloride (Vitamin $B_1$) tablets, 100 mg., regularly $4.98, now only **$2.98**

**PACK OF 24 PENCILS** Here are savings you'll want to write home about! Get "Big Value" pack of 24 pencils for an amazing **43¢**

**ECONOMY COMBINATION SYRINGE** Syringe & water bottle, 2-qts. **$1.19**

**LATEX HOUSEHOLD GLOVES** With "Sure Grip" palms and fingers, get **3 PAIRS $1**

**GIANT DUST PAN** Big 11" x 11½" size, molded of high-impact styrene plastic. And be sure to buy extras for the garage and cellar! Now **27¢**

**PACK OF 36 CLOTHESPINS** Now save on coil-spring wooden clothespins in plastic pack, each just **23¢**

## VALUES IN FAMILY NEEDS

Box of Rexall Tissues **FREE!** Both for **69¢**



### REXALL DELUXE TOOTHBRUSH

Get medically approved Rexall Toothbrushes, with durable nylon bristles! With each one get a box of Rexall tissues FREE!

### REXALL BABY ASPIRIN COMBO




Rexall's own gentle, effective baby aspirin, 100 tablets, PLUS jar of 24 easy-to-use glycerine infant suppositories, $1.24 val., a bargain at just **89¢**

### REXALL BISMA-REX




Pink or white powder settles acid-upset stomach fast! 5-oz., **98¢**; NEW Bisma-Rex Mints, 75's, **98¢**; Liq., 8-oz., **$1.19**; Pink Tablets, 50's, **97¢**; NEW SIZE Bisma-Rex Liq., 4 oz. **79¢**

### REXALL THRU




Goes *thru* the skin to kill muscle pain fast! Choose 2 types liquid: warming or cooling, 2-ounce bottle, **$1.49**; 6-oz., **$2.98**; Thru Jel in 2-oz. tube, just **$1.49**

### MAXIXE CHERRIES




Plump, choice maraschino cherries, covered with pure, rich chocolate! 12-oz., dark or milk. 2 BOXES $1.00

**REXALL SUPER SWEET'N TABLETS.** 100's, reg. 65¢, **49¢**

**REXALL TRI-SALVE.** Triple-antibiotic anesthetic ointment with benzocaine for surface pain, minor cuts, wounds, and burns. Save 51¢! ½-oz. tube, reg. $1.49, now **98¢**

**U.S. REGIONAL COOKBOOK.** A treasury of delicious, best-loved recipes from all parts of the country, just **$1.98**

**WRITING PAPER.** Assorted boxes. Choice of any style, **59¢**

**BATH TOWEL.** Big 20" x 40" size, comes in 5 color stripes or assorted pastels. Stock up for bath or beach! **3** for **1.59**

**FACE CLOTHS.** They match bath towel patterns. **3** for **49¢**

**GLASS TUMBLERS.** Hefty 9½-oz. size, in stunning, elegant baroque design pattern. Get your set today! Each **10¢**

*YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE*

*REXALL BRAND PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ONLY AT REXALL STORES. ASK FOR THE REXALL BRAND IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN*

YOUR Rexall STORE

This advertisement is presented on behalf of 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective through February 28 1963, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax and other taxes as applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities, subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

**NOW . . . AS FOR 60 YEARS . . . THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**


Afraid of dyes?
Fed up with rinses?
You need Tecnique—
the color conditioner!
Highlights your own hair color without changing it!
Tecnique beautifies! What other hair coloring
an promise you so much. Gives hair shimmer-
ig highlights without drastic color change,
vithout a tell-tale "dye line." Blends in gray
trands evenly, to give hair a natural look.
Tecnique means no touch-up problem! Works
ts beauty *deep* into your hair. Lasts up to 8
veeks. Won't rub off or streak. And there's
othing for you to keep up. You make the
imple application when you *want* (not because
ou have to) to keep your hair at its loveliest.
Tecnique conditions your hair! Fine, gentle
ils add new softness—leave your hair feel-
ng lush, supple, easier to manage.
Tecnique is shampoo-simple! You just
hoose your shade from 12 Tecnique
Color-Tones. Don't change the color of
our hair, highlight it with Tecnique,®
he color conditioner.
.00 plus tax.
Good Housekeeping
Tecnique®
COLOR-TONE




*New products this New Year helpfully have to do with food, fashion, furnishings.*

ASSEMBLY-LINE SHINE: We've just seen Ronson's new electric shoe polisher in action, and all we can say is "Wow!" The sturdy motor unit (it looks something like a hand mixer) waxes and polishes in one operation, puts an end to dirty hands, messy rags. Line up family shoes of a color, then have a whirl at shining (the action is rotary). The kit, in wooden utility box with foot-rest handle (under $24), in cardboard case (about $20). Both are equipped with two brushes, buffer (two in utility box), black and brown polish (any polish can be used). Prediction: Kids will beg for this chore.

WHILE 1963 IS STILL YOUNG, we'd like to mention one of the loveliest wall calendars we've seen, one not to be discarded come 1964. It's a spiral-bound art calendar which includes twenty-four 11″ x 14″ full-color reproductions of paintings by Picasso, Pollock, Manet, Modigliani, Kokoschka, Klee, Braque, Chagall—more too. Cost? $2.75, Wittenborn & Co., 1018 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

VELVET SADDLE SHOES? VELVET SUITCASES? They're more practical than they sound because the velvet in question is 100 percent nylon, and spot, crush, rain and scuff proof. "Wondervel," first used for party slippers, proved so durable that it's now going to school—as saddles, sneakers, moccasins, strap shoes ($7.98 up by Stride Rite). Newer still is its use for luggage. Lark has designed matched sets of it ($24 up). The wonder of "Wondervel" is that it needs only bristle-brushing, light sudsing to look fresh and new.

HANDY HOME-OFFICE ORGANIZER: Fill individual stack bowls (you'll find them in Japanese shops, gift departments) with office essentials—paper clips, rubber bands, thumbtacks. Then stack.

FROM OUR FOOD KITCHEN comes news of a new product to help both homemaker and hostess. Nabisco's "Sociables" are nutty-flavored, poppy-seed crackers which come six shapes to each 9-oz. box—star, four-leaf clover, octagon, oval, rectangle, fluted round. "Perfect for parties," say our food editors, because they go with any dip or spread, arrange festively (45c each box).

HANG KITCHEN UTENSILS WITHOUT SCREWS? It's possible with Ekco's new kitchen and dining tool sets. They come with Scotch-Mount tape which will adhere indefinitely to metal, wood, plaster; withstand temperatures up to 200° F., remove easily for moving or remodeling. No more chipped paint or cracked plaster.

NEW LOOK IN LAUNDRY "BAGS" is that of Rubbermaid's sleek hanging hamper which loads from a lift-lid top, empties from roll-up ventilating louver doors at the bottom (the rolltop-desk design updated). Surfaces are smooth, kind to nylons, quick to clean, available in white, black, pink, sandalwood, lilac (all louvers white). The unit hangs on walls, doors; costs about $12.

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT DEPT.? A flashlight no bigger than a quarter that hangs from a key chain and eliminates blind fumbling for keys and keyholes. Key-Lite Chain comes in chrome ($5) and in gold ($7.50). By Realist.

EMERGENCY ILLUMINATION: From Westinghouse comes a triply talented lighting unit. Plugged in an outlet, it's a night light. If fuses blow or power fails, its battery-run bright light automatically turns on and burns two and a half hours without recharging. The emergency light can be used as a room light or carried as a flashlight. Stand-By Light (under $15).

AND SPEAKING OF LIGHT, there are two new photoelectric switches which will automatically turn a light on at sundown and off at sunrise. One, a cast-aluminum, outdoor lamp holder, operates on standard household current, costs about $16 (without lamp). The second acts indoors as an overnight guard service. Its photocell switch, hidden in a compact plastic case, plugs in standard outlet, turns on a lamp to give an empty house an occupied look. Cost: about $10. Both units by Bryant Electric Company.




# Married women are sharing this secret

. . . the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful *germicidal protection* Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that *guards* (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' *deodorant protection* has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what *convenience!* These small feminine suppositories are so easy to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Tested by doctors . . .
trusted by women . . .
proved in hospital clinics

Norforms

**FREE** *informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to Dept. LHJ-51 Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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# JOURNAL NOW



*Editor Briggs approves of author Cary Grant's prose.*



*Joyce Posson, staff scribe.*



*Margaret Davidson enjoys a Charlton Heston breakfast.*



*John Wallace—why tall girls?*

Seldom does one meet such an engaging writer as CARY GRANT—or one so used to having his picture taken. He has many new anecdotes of his own to tell in *Archie Leach* (beginning on page 50), but here's another: Articles Editor PETER BRIGGS accompanied Cary to the studio where JAMES MOORE took the photographs for this issue's bedeviling gatefold cover showing Cary looking at a girl looking at Cary looking at . . . oh, well. In the elevator a short woman stared up at Cary. After a long, silent moment, she said, "Mister, are you a movie star?" "Yes, madam, I am," Cary replied, kindly and without a smile. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed as the men left the elevator. "Well, lots of luck!"

This issue of the *Journal*, you will discover, has a lot to say about men. A fine figure of a man (bearded) is JOHN F. WALLACE, author of the short story, *Girl Overboard*, page 54. He lives near West Brattleboro, Vermont, with his wife, Elizabeth, and daughter, Kate, but neither served as a model for the *Overboard* heroine. About her, he has this to say: "I once knew a girl who was as beautiful as angels and very close to six and a half feet tall. She was also a nice girl, so life was a bit hard for her. This is not the first story of mine she has been in—and probably not the last."

It's nice to have a man drop in for breakfast, as CHARLTON HESTON did at the *Journal* Workshop, and make his own breakfast. Home Management Editor MARGARET DAVIDSON, who had just completed her feature on the Heston kitchen (*Unforgettable Kitchens*, page 70), gave Mr. Heston a free hand in our kitchens. He made a vanilla milk shake and dropped a raw egg into it, sprinkling a little nutmeg on top. He told Margaret his favorite snack is peanut butter, and she told him he had the tastes of a true gourmet. (Charlton Heston's newest movie, *Diamond Head*, a Columbia picture, will be released in February.)

The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce announced this month that CURTISS ANDERSON, our editor in chief since April, 1962, has been selected one of America's Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year. This is a signal honor, both for him and for this magazine. In the past the Jaycees have named such men as DR. TOM DOOLEY, BILL MAULDIN, TED SORENSEN and LEONARD BERNSTEIN. This year, besides our editor, they are joined by JULES BERGMAN, science editor, ABC News; BERL I. BERNHARD, staff director, U. S. Commission on Civil Rights; GUIDO CALABRESI, professor of law, Yale University; Congressman JOHN BRADEMAS of Indiana; the Rev. ROBERT CASTLE, St. John's Episcopal Church, Jersey City; JAMES T. BEATTY, distance runner, Los Angeles Track Club; HUGH S. HAYNIE, editorial cartoonist, Louisville *Courier-Journal;* DR. JIM JUDE, surgeon, Johns Hopkins Hospital; and DR. JIM TURPIN, president of a medical-relief organization, Project Concern, Inc., Walled City of Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Pattern Editor NORA O'LEARY and her assistant, BETTY FELTON, had to go places fast to photograph *Paris Fashions That Go Places* (pages 58 to 61). The pictures of models in the newest Paris suits, posed with appropriate celebrities, were taken in four different locations in New York—all in one afternoon. (Photographer MARK SHAW had to leave for Monaco the next day.) Their first rendezvous was at artist BALCOMB GREENE's studio, far downtown. Nora stayed with model NENA VON SCHLEBRUGGE at that sitting, while Betty dashed back to the Workshop to dress model TANYA MALLET. They met Nora, Mark and architect MAX ABRAMOVITZ at Lincoln Center, near midtown Manhattan, at 3:30. Betty again whisked back to the Workshop to assist model ANNE DE ZAGHEB, and then to the Alvin Theater so Anne could pose with ZERO MOSTEL after the matinee of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* ("Originally, I was just nothing," Zero explained, when we asked him how he got his first name. That smile of Anne's required great control.) Betty, Nora and Mark then urged a cab driver across town to the St. Regis Hotel where PETER DUCHIN and his orchestra were rehearsing in the Maisonette Room. There they were met by the fourth model, MONIQUE CHEVALIER. Everything went fine for that picture, except for several fuses blowing, early dinner customers arriving, and Nora nearly fainting from hunger, laughter and exhaustion.

When in Rome, it is difficult to do as Americans do, Managing Editor GERRY RHOADS found out. Her duties were rather simple—merely to advise NORMAN KARLSON as he photographed Food Editor NANCY WOOD's wonderful pasta dishes in locations in or near the Eternal City. (See *When in Rome*, pages 74 to 78.) Turned out she had to cope with a number of difficulties: "Finding parsley and celery that looks like ours was nearly impossible. I wouldn't dream of claiming the U.S. had more shapes of pasta, but we do have some different ones. I spent one afternoon running from store to store foolishly holding up a piece of elbow macaroni we wanted to match! You should have seen me dodging Rome's mad traffic as I carried that large red compote of noodles we're showing." Why didn't she follow Italian recipes rather than Nancy's? Well, then *you* would be running from store to store in the U.S., trying to find giant mushrooms, truffles, prickly pears and other rare ingredients.

Among the more vibrant rays of sunshine around the Workshop are those which emanate from JOYCE POSSON, Associate Editor in charge of mail from readers and manuscripts from new writers. Joyce estimates that she has personally answered more than 35,000 letters from *Journal* readers. "Sometimes," she said, "I wake up in the middle of the night with just the right reply for some troubled reader." Her oddest request: to recommend the proper diet for two horned toads named Romulus and Remus. With the help of zoo officials, Joyce complied.

Sometimes it seems to *Journal Now* that what makes "good magazine" is just too human and complicated to sort out. Words often seem stubbornly inadequate to convey to you the pleasures we have, the excitement we feel and the visions we dream. Editor CURTISS ANDERSON comes much closer to it in his editorial for the new year, *The World We Want* (page 49). He states clearly the *Journal*'s basic aims and makes all our effort to communicate seem worthwhile, but it is only you, the reader, who give his words their meaning and their reach. *Journal* readers *participate;* they are not merely spectators.

# . . . AND THEN

## 50 YEARS AGO

The winter of 1913 in America saw the debut of the income tax, the buffalo nickel, and painter Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase.* Fashionable women wore Queen Mary turbans and danced to ragtime, and the craze for Western movies was great enough to drive cowboys from their homes on the range to Hollywood.

In the January, 1913, *Journal*, a Domestic Court judge tells of his experiences with Unhappy Married Folks. "In one case, a poor little wife was sent home to her mother because she could not bake a pie. Well, was not the husband within his rights? He provided the money; it was his wife's business to provide, not pie from the baker's, but homemade pie to his satisfaction."

"Like the two-cent piece and the three-cent piece, the penny has just about passed into oblivion, except it still buys a daily newspaper."

How to Make Money at Home: "Try stenciling gowns, or embroidering silk stockings."

"Whatever you know, teach it to your daughter the very moment she is big enough," urges a Plain Country Woman. "No girl was ever harmed by knowing how to clean a kitchen, make a loaf of bread or churn a roll of butter."

"Because of a series of *Journal* photographs called *Isn't Trenton a Dirty City?* that state capital will shortly make along the Delaware River an admirable park of 43 acres."

Fashion: "You will find a frock of black satin with a tunic of black chiffon very useful for simple afternoon wear."




# THE TASTE THAT CAME OVER FROM ITALY

Back in 1904 the original Wish-Bone recipe was brought over to this country. Today Wish-Bone Italian Dressing is made the same old-fashioned way with the same authentic ingredients. Tiny buds of garlic, oregano, peperone rosso you'll find them all floating in the Wish-Bone flavor line of spices, between the pure golden oil and the vintage vinegar. Put lots of sass in your salads.

**THE REAL ITALIAN** DRESSING

**Wish-Bone**

"SUPPORT" NYLONS ARE NOT ENOUGH!

YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL YOU . . .

"VARICOSE VEINS NEED FULL ELASTIC COMPRESSION"

**Nylon "support" hose feel snug enough when you first put them on. But nylon quickly stretches with wearing—leaves you with only a fraction of the support needed for real relief from varicose veins.**

uer & Black elastic hosiery, on the
er hand, maintains full therapeutic
npression all day long—six times
compression you get with
on support hose.

Yet with all their effectiveness, neither
, nor anyone who sees you really
ices you're wearing elastic hosiery.
uer & Black combines full compression
h leg-flattering sheerness and
nfortable fit—no pinch, no sag at any
nt. They're available in new sheer,
mless and 51-gauge full-fashioned style.

No wonder more doctors recommend
more women wear Bauer & Black
stic hosiery than any other kind.
ert fitting at leading drug,
artment or surgical
ply stores.

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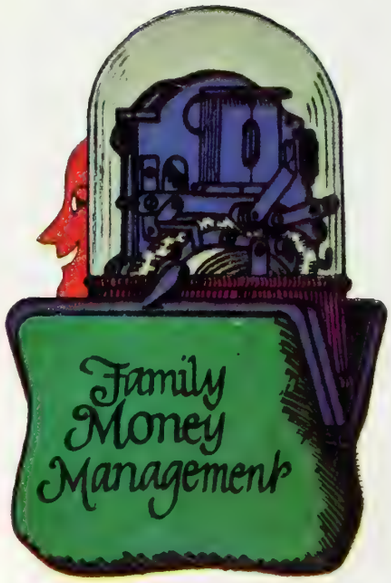
Please send me the facts on varicose veins and how Bauer & Black elastic hosiery can bring new beauty and comfort to legs.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ COUNTY _____ STATE _____






By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

*Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America*

Women today are taking on increasing responsibilities as family money managers. Most of them do a wonderful job, but sometimes it helps to have an expert beside you. In a new *Journal* service, Mr. Margolius will, from time to time, answer letters concerning the many complex financial problems that modern families are forced to meet.

### BOOTSTRAP BUDGET FOR A DEBT-RIDDEN FAMILY

"We were married four years ago. My husband earned $67 a week. We had a child the first year. Then our car gave out, and we bought a new one with $400 down and $60 a month. The following year we had another baby. I became sick, medical bills piled up, and we had to refinance the car. My husband now earns $455 a month. Our fixed expenses are $251; they include rent, $85; car payment, $40; loan, $30; installment debt, $5; car operation, $30; life insurance, $15; health insurance, $15; utilities, $25; employee retirement plan, $6. This does not cover doctor bills, food and clothes. We don't keep up with our expenses. Would you advise part-time jobs for myself or my husband?"—Mrs. D.S., Los Angeles, Calif.

You can make it, Mrs. S., without taking a job. Unless you have some high-paying skill, you may not have as much left after taxes, transportation, sitter and other expenses as you might earn at home by investing your time in an all-out cost-cutting campaign.

You have a net income of about $400 per month to work with—a feasible sum. By going on a "bootstrap budget" *for just one year* you can work yourself out of your present money trap.

This program is designed especially for you:

1. *Work out a budget.* Here is a tentative plan which you can amend as your experience indicates:

| | |
|---|---|
| Debt payments | $73 |
| Rent | 85 |
| Utilities, household supplies | 30 |
| Food | 88 |
| Clothing | 25 |
| Car expenses | 20 |
| Medical insurance, other care | 28 |
| Life insurance | 15 |
| Reading, recreation | 8 |
| Contributions, gifts | 7 |
| Toiletries, barber | 6 |
| Miscellaneous and leeway | 9 |
| Savings (pension plan) | 6 |
| | $400 |

This plan calls for some temporarily lower-than-usual allowances, while it closes some noticeable spending leaks. But it still allows for some of the amenities—lipstick as well as debt payments. On this basis, in one year you will have most of your debts repaid and can expand some of these allowances. Most notably, this low-cost food allowance can provide attractive, nutritious meals, but requires greater reliance on grain products, lower-cost meats, and home preparation of desserts. (For more information on how to estimate food costs, see below.)

After your debts have been trimmed, you can expand your clothing allowance to a more-usual $35 to $40 for a family of your size and ages. Usually, moderate-income clothing costs are $150 a year for adults (a little more for the wife, a little less for husband); $50–$80 for children under six; $90–$125 for young school children, and $100–$160 for teen-agers.

Don't try to keep within your budget allowances every month. Some months you may spend less on food, more on clothing or other items. What counts is your average for the year. But you do need to keep a simple spending record—it takes but minutes a day—to help you keep within hailing distance of your allowances.

2. *Review your "fixed" expenses.* Any so-called "fixed" costs can be trimmed should you need money for other purposes. Your car expenses are higher than usual for a moderate budget. They can be reduced by more careful use of the car, joining a car pool, shopping for lower-cost liability insurance, and investigating the possibility of reducing or dropping collision coverage insuring your own car against damage. Your utility bills also are unusually high.

This bootstrap budget does allow more for medical care than the usual 5½–6 percent. For one thing, California fees are the country's highest. But you can control this cost too. Make sure you know all the benefits in the family medical coverage provided by your husband's employer (to which you contribute $15 a month). Surveys have found that families sometimes pass up benefits because they do not know about them. You can further control your medical expenses by using free or low-cost services provided by your board of health, voluntary health organizations, and hospital out-patient departments. These include inoculations, chest, vision and other examinations, and nursing services.

3. *Consolidate your debts.* Reduce the interest portion of your debt payments by seeking a lower-cost bank or credit-union loan. Such a loan may also enable you to drop the auto-collision insurance usually required by finance companies.

4. *Start looking for a house.* When your debts are paid up, use part of that allowance to build a down payment. Your rent money would be more advantageously invested in a moderate-price house. Deductions allowed homeowners can reduce your present income taxes.

### HOW TO ESTIMATE FOOD COSTS

"Food bills are the big question in our family. What should be the right figure for my husband, myself, three children and my mother?"—Mrs. H.J., Wilcox, Pa.

Here are U. S. Agriculture Department figures that show how you can estimate monthly costs for feeding family members of different ages, at two budget levels:

| | | Low-Cost | Medium-Price |
|---|---|---|---|
| Children | 1–3 | $16.50 | $20.00 |
| | 4–6 | 19.50 | 25.00 |
| | 7–9 | 23.00 | 30.00 |
| | 10–12 | 27.00 | 36.00 |
| Girls | 13–19 | 28.00 | 37.50 |
| Boys | 13–15 | 31.00 | 42.00 |
| | 16–19 | 36.50 | 49.00 |
| Women | | 24.00 | 33.00 |
| Men | under 35 | 31.50 | 42.50 |
| | over 35 | 29.50 | 40.00 |

# Dinner's all here, with sauce all ready




*You get everything for a real Italian meal in one box . . .* when you buy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinners. You don't have to buy anything else or add anything else. You get the true taste of Italy in the quickest and easiest way.

There's zesty sauce. Full of meat, ready to heat. Made from an old Italian recipe, with vine-ripened tomatoes and savory spices. There's tender spaghetti to cook to taste, lots of tangy cheese.

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# A REVOLUTION IN CHILDBIRTH?

**Childbirth without pain . . . birth trauma wiped out . . . an end to fetal brain injuries, cerebral palsy and stillbirths. Only dreams? No, these are hopes raised by tests of a new medical device called the "birthsuit."**

*No startlingly new concept of medicine is without controversy. But controversial or not, the* Journal *feels that the "birthsuit" and the ideas of its creator, Professor O. S. Heyns, head of the Department of Gynecology and Obstetrics, University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa, are news that readers will want to know about.—The Editors.*

Her first child would be born in half an hour. Yet Rosemary Bennett sat in a semicircular chair in the delivery room, reading calmly. She had settled into the "birthsuit" as easily as she had done so often during her pregnancy. She glanced at the pressure gauge on the table nearby, adjusted a switch and settled back comfortably, wondering again whether her baby would be a boy or a girl. The birthsuit is a decompression unit designed to reduce pain in labor and to minimize the risk of complications for mother and infant during birth. Rosemary was one of the first guinea pigs in a continuing series of experiments.

The birthsuit, under trial for eight years, has given 90 percent of the women who have used it significant relief from labor pain, often eliminating pain completely. In most of these trial cases the suit has cut the time of labor by at least a half. It has achieved a considerable decrease in maternal and fetal complications, including excessive hemorrhaging and brain injuries.

It is the invention of Professor Ockert Stephanus Heyns, head of the Department of Gynecology and Obstetrics, University of the Witwatersrand, South Africa. Based on the observation that scoline, a muscle-relaxing drug, facilitates labor, the birthsuit was devised after years of experiments. The professor's theory has brought expressions of interest from American obstetricians and from European doctors who heard him lecture on a recent tour.

"We are more than impressed; we are rash enough to be inspired," Professor Heyns told his colleagues. As research progressed, startling new possibilities intrigued the investigators. Their studies are radically altering current notions on antenatal care and the management of labor.

The abdominal decompression chamber, as it is called, is simple in construction. The mother-to-be sits in a reclining chair, surrounded by an airtight polyvinylchloride (a type of plastic) suit, which covers her from chest to feet. Her arms are free. There is a full-length zipper down the front, and a sturdy but light "space frame" is incorporated into the suit to prevent it from collapsing. The apparatus has been designed for comfort as well as utility and, although it looks cumbersome, it is pleasant to wear.

A suction pump is attached to the suit at an inlet valve, with an easy-to-read pressure gauge. The patient can control the pump herself and so regulate the operating pressure.

The purpose of the suit is to facilitate normal uterine action. The uterus is naturally an almost rounded organ. To ensure maximum efficiency during labor, it must retain this shape. But the abdominal muscles are usually tense during childbirth, and this causes an unnatural pressure on the uterus, partially flattening it. This muscle tension of spasm is the underlying cause of labor pain, and it is here that the decompression unit goes into action.

The pump sucks air out from inside the airtight suit and reduces pressure within the suit by one or two pounds for every square inch. The reduced pressure over the abdominal wall causes the muscles to bulge outward and breaks their painful and inhibiting spasm. The uterus is then able to act at maximum efficiency and maximum speed; and there is no danger that the machine will interfere with the natural process of labor.

"It was bliss," a happy mother said, a half hour after being delivered of her second child. "I had 36 hours of labor when my first son was born. Though I know second births are usually much easier, I didn't think I could go through the whole thing with only slight discomfort. This time I really enjoyed it."

In experiments the suit effects a major reduction in maternal complications during labor. Severe hemorrhaging, tears, prolonged and painful labor, shock and mental distress are unknown to women who have eagerly participated in the experiments. Because the suit makes labor relatively easy and quick, there is, of course, less chance of damage to the fetus during birth. Stillbirths, brain damage—including cerebral palsy—and mental deficiency are substantially reduced. Fetal distress has been cut down by 80 percent.

It was established that the birthsuit, designed originally to bring anesthetic benefits to the mother-to-be, could cause no harm to the fetus. As experiments proceeded, it appeared that the apparatus might also be of great positive benefit to the infant. It is in this sphere that the birthsuit offers its most startling and profound hopes.

"In a critical assessment of our theory and the interpretation of results, one always returns to the high quality of our babies," Professor Heyns declares. Multiple pregnancy, maternal cardiac disease, overcarrying and other unfavorable conditions existed in several cases, but the babies all emerged lusty and well developed.

Two hundred and fifty babies, born by the decompression technique, were critically examined after birth. A report on the condition of these babies stated: "At birth these babies cried lustily, were of good tone, strikingly pink color, and in the first days of life showed an unusual vitality." At postnatal clinics, mothers testified to the continued "superiority" of their infants. "My boy's already reaching out for things, doctor," said a 19-year-old mother. "He's not even three months old."

This case and dozens like it led the research teams to detailed studies of the effects of decompression on the fetus and its influence on the fetal oxygen supply, during both pregnancy and labor. The fetus is, of course, completely dependent on the maternal circulation for its oxygen supplies. It is believed that the developing fetal brain needs more oxygen than the active adult brain, yet usually receives far less. The idea which intrigued the doctors and scientists who constructed the suit was the possibility that the development of the infant might be improved if the fetal oxygen supply could be increased.

During the last few months of pregnancy and during labor itself, there are short periods, varying from seconds to perhaps a minute, when the uterus contracts. This inhibits the free flow of blood to the fetus and therefore decreases its oxygen supply. Little significance had previously been attached to these short periods, but the decompression team gave careful consideration to the possibility that it may be immensely valuable to reduce their duration.

They were led to this important question: Why do highly gifted parents so often produce mediocre children? Rejecting classical genetic arguments, they set out to show that these minor oxygen deprivations during pregnancy and labor may affect the degree of intelligence of the child by impairing, however slightly, the development of the brain to its full potential. Even if the I.Q. of the child is altered, because of oxygen deprivation, from a potential 130 to 115, the difference is significant.

Research showed that by increasing the efficiency of uterine action, the decompression unit does in fact raise the oxygen saturation in fetal blood. There was now an important reason for applying decompression for daily half-hour periods during the last one to three months of pregnancy. This increased the oxygenation of the fetal blood at the same time as it prepared the birth canal for labor.

Many babies are born ill-equipped for life; many are little more than average. Only 2 or 3 percent give promise of outstanding intellectual and physical qualities. That the birthsuit may substantially alter this situation is the greatest hope it offers. Much more research is now planned in the focused attempt to confirm its hope and its promise.

A statement from Professor Heyns reflects the birthsuit's potential: "Raising the lowly ones to a condition that is more acceptable and normal and greatly improving the average is an endeavor that conscience must support, but the ambition to raise the 2 or 3 percent of outstanding babies to even higher I.Q.'s is less prosaic. It is this last possibility that animates us."

Indeed, it is the aim of this new research to conduct an "intelligence revolution" by special antenatal treatment. If increased oxygen for the fetus can raise intelligence, it may be possible to create increasingly superior beings in coming generations. Not only may the pain and complications of labor for the mother and infant be wiped out, but a new high level of intelligence may be developed and infants given far greater potential than their parents. END

**by Ora Mendels**



## Modern informality: one of the many moods of this new vinyl floor—Montina Corlon

The informal, yet tasteful, character of Montina Vinyl Corlon makes it well suited to good modern interior decoration. Vinyl chips veined with color are set at random in translucent vinyl, giving Montina rich texture you can actually feel. Because it has almost no seams, a floor of Montina Corlon creates a flowing, wall-to-wall setting for your furnishings. You can use it in any part of the home, even in most downstairs playrooms—directly over the concrete. For a free sample of Montina Corlon, and a folder showing its colorings, write Armstrong, 6302 King St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 23-A, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

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# General Electric's oval stainless-steel Coffee Maker *counts the cups*

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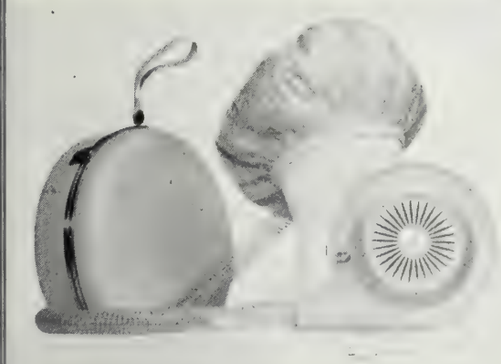
It has a distinctive, new oval shape that complements any décor, modern or traditional. And compliments you, the hostess, every time you pour.

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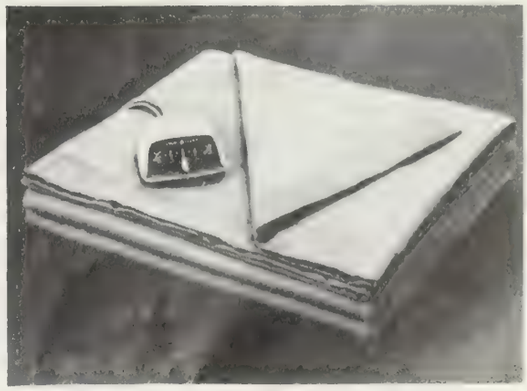
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## A Selection by Hans Koningsberger*

The ways of saying "I love you" have changed through the years, but the ways of love—never. As recorded in these letters, love is generous and jealous; furtive, flamboyant; lost, found. But always, individual.

"Wonderful man, where are you tonight? Your letter came only an hour ago—a cruel hour—I had hoped you would spend it with me."

The words are Sarah Bernhardt's, the "Divine Sarah" of the French theater. The letter, written in a moment of desolation to the great love of her life, the writer Viktorien Sardou, continues:

"Paris is a morgue without you. Before I knew you I thought it was heaven, but now it is a vast desert of desolation and loneliness. It is like the face of a clock the hands of which have been torn off.

"All the pictures that hung in my memory before I knew you have faded and given place to our shining moments together.

"I cannot live apart from you now—your words, even when bitter, dispel all the cares of the world and make me happy; my art has been nourished by them and rocked in their soft cradle. They are as necessary to me as sunlight and air. Your words are my food, your breath my wine. You are everything to me."

Napoleon is the most famous love-letter writer of all military men. In spite of all the tricks Josephine played on him, he wrote her not long after their marriage:

"To love only you, to make you happy, to do nothing which may vex you, such are the destiny and the goal of my life.

"Be happy, do not reproach me, do not concern yourself with the happiness of a man who lives in your life only, whose only joys are your joys and your happiness. When I ask from you a love like my own, I am wrong: why expect lace to weigh as heavy as gold? When I sacrifice to you all my desires, all my thoughts, every moment of my life, I obey the power which your charms, your character and your whole being have over my unfortunate heart. I am the loser if nature has not given me the attractions to captivate you; but what I do deserve from Josephine is her regard and esteem, for I love her desperately and her alone. I open my letter once more to give you a kiss—ah, Josephine! Josephine!"

Voltaire, nineteen and exiled in The Hague, fell in love and planned to elope with Catherine Dunoyer. On the day of the elopement he wrote:

"I am here as the king's prisoner. They may rob me of my life, but not of my love for you. I will see you tonight though it bring my head to the block. For God's sake, do not write to me in so somber a vein: live and be cautious: beware of your mother as your most dangerous enemy, beware of everyone, trust nobody. Be ready when the moon rises. I shall leave this house incognito, shall take a coach or a chaise and we will fly like the wind to Scheveningen. I will bring ink and paper, and we will write the necessary letters. But if you love me, take heart. Summon all your resolution and coolness. Be sure that the threat of the greatest punishments will not keep me from serving you.

"No, nothing is capable of detaching me from you. Our love is founded on virtue and will last as long as our life. Be ready at four o'clock. I will wait for you near your street. Good-bye; all I risk for you is nothing. You are worth infinitely more. Good-bye, my dear heart."

The plan failed, however. The lovers were caught.

Mary Wollstonecraft, a British pioneer for woman suffrage, went to Paris at the end of the eighteenth century to write about the Revolution. While there, she fell in love with a Captain Imlay, who would eventually desert her. This letter was written by her before Imlay defected.

"I obey an emotion of my heart which made me think of wishing thee, my love, good night, before I go to rest, with more tenderness than I can tomorrow when writing a hasty line or two under ——'s eye. You can scarcely imagine with what pleasure I anticipate the day when we are to begin almost to live together; and you would smile to hear how many plans of employment I have in my

*Hans Koningsberger, Dutch-born New York writer, is the author of *The Affair*, a novel about love.




Herb Cheese Omelette



Italian Omelette

# HOW TO MAKE 4 GREAT OMELETTES



Princess Omelette




Corned Beef Omelette

You've never appreciated how *delicious* eggs can be until you've seen what "flavor magic" can do. Whether it's an omelette masterpiece or your everyday scrambled eggs, McCormick and Schilling seasonings make eggs taste great!

**Herb Cheese Omelette**
Beat together 4 eggs, 2 tbsp. milk, 1 tsp. Season-All, 1 tsp. Parsley Flakes and ¼ tsp. Black Pepper. Stir in ½ cup grated cheddar cheese. Pour into hot, buttered skillet. When eggs are set, fold omelette. Serves two.

**Italian Omelette**
Combine 1 package Spaghetti Sauce Mix, 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce and ½ cup water; simmer 20 min. Beat together 4 eggs, ½ tsp. salt and dash Black Pepper. Pour into hot, buttered skillet. When eggs set, pour ¼ cup sauce on half of omelette; sprinkle with ground Oregano. Fold. Serve sauce over omelette. Makes enough sauce for two 4-egg omelettes. Your family will say "bravo!" to this omelette.

**Princess Omelette**
Beat together 4 eggs, ¼ cup dairy sour cream, 2 tsps. Instant Minced Onion, ¼ tsp. Crushed Red Pepper, and ½ tsp. salt. Add 3-oz. cream cheese, cut into ¼ inch cubes. Pour in hot, buttered skillet. When eggs set, arrange asparagus spears on omelette. Fold. Serves two.

**Corned Beef Omelette**
Beat together 4 eggs, ¼ tsp. Crushed Red Pepper, dash Garlic Powder, ¼ tsp. whole Oregano and ¼ tsp. salt. Pour into hot, buttered skillet. When eggs set, spoon crisp cooked corned beef hash over omelette. Fold. Add tomatoes sprinkled with Season-All. Serves two.




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head now that I am confident my heart has found peace in your bosom. Cherish me with that dignified tenderness which I have only found in you; and your own dear girl will try to keep under a quickness of feeling that has sometimes given you pain. Yes, I will be good that I may deserve to be happy; and whilst you love me I cannot again fall into the miserable state which rendered life a burden almost too heavy to be borne.

"But good night! God bless you! Sterne says that is equal to a kiss. Yet I would rather give you the kiss into the bargain, glowing with gratitude to heaven and affection to you. I like the word affection because it signifies something habitual: and we are soon to meet, to try whether we have mind enough to keep our hearts warm."

To Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, a poet in Providence, Rhode Island, Edgar Allan Poe wrote in the 1840's:

"I have already told you that some few casual words spoken of you by —— were the first in which I had ever heard your name mentioned. She had referred to thoughts, sentiments, traits, moods which I knew to be my own but which, until that moment, I had believed to be my own solely—unshared by any human being. A profound sympathy took immediate possession of my soul. Your unknown heart seemed to pass into my bosom—there to dwell forever—while mine, I thought, was translated into your own. From that hour I loved you. Since that period I have never seen nor heard your name without a shiver, half of delight, half of anxiety. . . . The merest whisper that concerned you awoke in me a shuddering sixth sense, vaguely compounded of fear, ecstatic happiness and a wild inexplicable sentiment that resembled . . . a consciousness of guilt. Judge then, with what wondering, unbelieving joy I received the valentine which first gave me to see that you knew me to exist.

"The idea of what men call Fate lost then in my eyes its character of futility. I felt that nothing hereafter was to be doubted, and lost myself for many weeks in one continuous, delicious dream where all was a vivid indistinct bliss."

From Mark Twain to his wife, Olivia:

'The longer I know you, the more and more I esteem and admire and honor you for your rare wisdom, your peculiar good sense, your fortitude, endurance, pertinacity—your justice, your charity, kindliness, generosity, magnanimity, your *genuine* righteousness and your unapproachable excellence in the sublime and gracious offices of motherhood. Many wives call out love—that is common—but very few such honor and admiration.

"I offer you as a birthday present the fact that only three profane expressions have issued from my lips or *existed in my heart* (which is the great thing) since the event of the eighth of last August. Of course, I mean in waking hours: curiously enough (or *not* curiously, I don't know which) there is no change in my dreams; in my dreams I still do swear like the very army in Flanders."

Fifty years ago, when the only proper activity for a Chinese lady was to give birth to sons, Kwei Li, wife of an official, wrote her husband:

"My dear one, the house on the mountaintop has lost its soul. I go upon a terrace and look over the valley where the sun sinks a golden-red ball casting long purple shadows on the plain. Then I remember that you are not coming from the city to me, and I say to myself that there can be no dawn that I care to see and no sunset to gladden my eyes unless I share them with you.

"But do not think that I am unhappy. I do everything the same as if you were here, and in everything I say, 'Would this please my master?' Your mother says it is not seemly to send communications from my hand to yours. She says it was a thing unheard of in her girlhood, and that we younger generation have passed the limits of all modesty and womanliness. She wishes me to have the scribe of your brother send you news of your household, but that I will not have. It must come from me, your wife. Each one of these strokes will come to you, bearing my message. You will not tear the covering roughly as you do those great official letters; nor will you crush the papers in your hand, because it is the written word of Kwei Li who sends with each stroke of her brush a part of her heart."

Most famous, perhaps, of all love letters were those exchanged by Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning before their marriage. This is a lesser known one, written by Miss Barrett to her future husband:

"Dearest, you know how to say what makes me happiest, you who never think, you say, of making me happy! For my part I do not think of it either; I simply understand that you *are* my happiness.

"When you come to know me as well as I know myself, what can save me, do you think, from disappointing and displeasing you? I ask the question and find no answer.

"I have never been loved as I love. The capacity of loving is the largest of my powers, I think. Because I have the capacity, let me boast of it. To many you might be a crowning happiness—to me, happiness itself."

Will you share your own love letters with us? We will pay $100 for each one we use (and withhold names, if you wish). Please address letters to:

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# THE WORLD WE WANT

The wish to live, not only well, but better—what a distinguished human passion it is! It is the source of our cities, our arts, our exaltation of love. It is also the source of our joy in reading.

A good magazine can and does present reality. A lesser magazine presents cheap dreams. A great magazine presents the possible: reality with the extra dimension of what-might-be; the wonderful vision of what the world could be like if men and women acted with the humanity they were born with, the compassion stored in every human heart.

Every woman has this vision. It is what makes the world so beautiful and, when the world falls short of the vision, so terrible. She has the vision in mind when she uses her lipstick, considers what to cook for dinner, or teaches her children "Do Unto Others" in a dozen daily ways. It is never out of her mind.

The world we want has long been part of the *Journal* editorial vision. In hundreds of stories and articles in the past we have set values—ideal values—for maternal and infant health, the education of children, social and political responsibility, domestic happiness. Many human-affairs articles that have recently appeared in the *Journal* directly reflect this high editorial purpose. In December, Secretary of State Dean Rusk spoke candidly and realistically in answer to *The Questions of Peace on Earth.* Earlier, Glenn White's *Why Did They Steal?* examined the disturbing problem of juvenile delinquency among "nice" boys. "*Sometimes Life Just Happens,*" by Margaret Parton, probed deeply into the motivations of unwed mothers receiving public assistance.

Such articles—and we have been publishing such articles for nearly eighty years—strive to define and shape the world we want. Because emotions are moved by the power of what-might-be, practical results have followed. They have followed in the fields of health, education and public affairs in dozens of ways that we could point to. But the consequences in millions of human lives are immeasurable. We honestly believe that every *Journal* reader has come a bit closer to the world she wants because she reads the *Journal.*

But the world is moving fast, in ways both exciting and threatening. We believe that the times are more frightening, human beings more complex, and the desire for a better world is greater, more insistent than ever before. Because of this conviction, we plan to present the human vision even more forcefully in the future.

Next month the *Journal* will begin a new sequence of articles on great issues, under the general title, *The World We Want.* These articles will show our readers a vision of the world as it can be—and how, through *personal participation,* they can begin to achieve it.

Direct participation is firmly in the tradition of American life. By individual actions we have helped this country grow in power, wealth and honor. Our economic system, based on highly competitive free enterprise, has produced more for more people than any other system in the history of the world. This was not imposed upon anybody; it was accomplished by individual enterprise and the personal, private will to work for human betterment as well as for economic reward.

We must continue to work for that betterment. We believe that we get what we ask for, what each of us individually and personally cares about, what each of us works to achieve in this world—or we accept the defeat of our highest ideals by default. The difficulties, failures and tragedies of human society and the human condition can never be completely eliminated. But many of "the troubles of our proud and angry dust" can benefit from total reappraisal, as the President pointed out last June.

There are times when one's conscience demands taking an unpopular stand. Many times the *Journal* has dealt with topics called "bold" for a popular woman's magazine.

We were the first woman's magazine to publish articles on such taboo subjects as venereal disease, cancer, sex education (for adults as well as for children), mental disease, retarded children and racial prejudice. We have led and urged the constructive criticism of public education for decades.

The *Journal* has a record to be proud of. But we are even more deeply committed to the future, and to today's reader—the responsible American woman who is no longer isolated or insulated from any human concern, who is eager to participate in creating a better world for herself, her family and families everywhere. For she knows that *every* human being has the inborn wish to live his life decently, that she cannot cruelly dismiss the delinquent, the deprived and the helpless.

Less-fortunate parts of the world are on her conscience. She knows their children go hungry and their progress into a new age is handicapped by teeming, illiterate populations. She wants terribly to help—yet how much of our American sustenance should we give? The *Journal*'s study of the population explosion, to appear soon, suggests the one compassionate answer that would help most.

Education will be our continuing concern. Need our growing population of the elderly be a burden to themselves and their children? Our pages will suggest some practical answers. How can disturbed children be found and helped, and delinquency prevented? A new series, *Can This Child Be Saved?*, will discuss this important question.

The world we want has more facets than a diamond, but we hope to touch on most of them. The concept expresses so many of man's aspirations that we believe it should reach beyond our pages and play a part in the community of man.

THEREFORE, EACH YEAR BEGINNING TWELVE MONTHS FROM NOW, THE *Journal* WILL GIVE AN ANNUAL AWARD TO A WOMAN WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED SIGNIFICANTLY TO MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE—TO CELEBRATE THE GREATEST WORK A WOMAN CAN DO, WORK FOR THE BETTERMENT OF OTHERS. OUR AWARD WILL GO TO A WOMAN WHO HAS BROUGHT US A MEASURABLE STEP CLOSER TO THE WORLD WE WANT.

Every woman wants this world. She wants it when her world goes wrong, and she welcomes it joyfully when her world goes right. We know. Our knowledge of what women want has been our strength in the past, our resolve to help women become better persons, better parents, and the world "a bit more beautiful and better" will be our strength in the future.

CURTISS ANDERSON Editor

*"Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it."*
*—Edward Bok, Journal editor from 1889 to 1919, as admonished by his grandmother.*



CULVER PICTURES

# Archie Leach

**Cary Grant tells in his own words his fascinating life story. "Here for the first time I've tried to unify the boy and the man, the love and the hate, and the power of God in me."**

**PART 1** My family name is Leach. To which, at my christening, was added Archibald Alexander, with no opportunity for me to protest. For more than half my fifty-eight years I have cautiously peered from behind the façade of a man known as Cary Grant. The protection of that façade proved both an advantage and a disadvantage. If I couldn't clearly see out, how could anyone see in?

I was born in the provincial city of Bristol, England, but have avidly frequented the brightest capitals of the world ever since, and now keep a permanent residence in the so-called, though misnamed, glamour capital of Hollywood.

I had no sisters, was separated from my mother when I was nine years old, was stammeringly shy in the presence of girls; yet have married three times and found myself making love on



# by Cary Grant

the screen—in public, mind you, in front of millions of people—to such fascinating women as Ingrid Bergman, Doris Day, Mae West, Irene Dunne, Deborah Kerr, Eva Marie Saint, Sophia Loren, Marlene Dietrich and Grace Kelly.

I was an only child, and first saw the light of day—or rather the dark of night—around 1:00 A.M. on a cold January morning, in a suburban stone house which, lacking modern heating conveniences, kept only one step ahead of freezing by means of small coal fires in small bedroom fireplaces; and ever since, I've persistently arranged to spend every possible moment where the sun shines warmest. My father made no more than a modest living and we had little money. Yet today I am considered, except among the wealthy, to be wealthy. I received only a sketchy education by most scholastic standards, lacked confidence and the courage to enjoy life, but on the screen seem to have successfully epitomized an informed, capable and happy man. A series of contradictions too evident to be coincidental. Perhaps the original circumstances caused, created and

# Archie Leach by Cary Grant



"When I was nine, Mother left my father for good."



Second grade: "I'm in the back under the class sign."



"Blithe, handsome father had an inward sadness."



Cary shows Suzy Parker where to hang an umbrella.



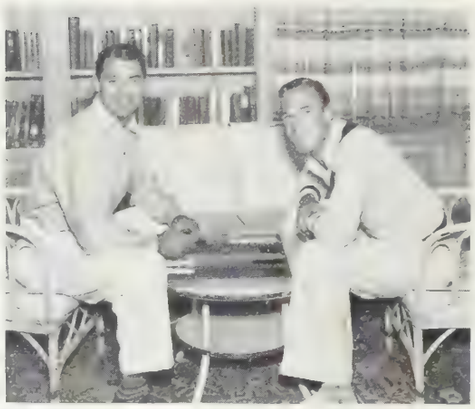
"I was an only child, loved but seldom ever praised."



Boss of N.Y.'s Music Hall, and its most popular star.



Thirty years ago, but he's even handsomer today.



Stardom came fast for Cary, roommate Randy Scott.



With Riviera suntan, wife Betsy Drake and Grace Kelly.



"That's me with the bare arms, a Bristol boy scout."



He wed one of world's richest women, Barbara Hutton.

CULVER



th Amelia Earhart. "Flying cured my acrophobia."



th third wife Betsy, he cheers a wounded GI in Japan.



ne patent-leather-hair look in 1929 Broadway show.



.S. troops under fire relished his Cockney pub songs.



He's been a flying enthusiast for many years.



First wife Virginia Cherrill preferred the Earl of Jersey.



"I seldom exercise and eat like a hungry scavenger."



With costar Bergman and director of *Notorious*.

provoked all the others. Perhaps they can all be reconciled into one complete life, my own, as I recall each step that led to each next step and look back on the path of my life from this older and, I trust, more mature viewpoint.

I have spent the greater part of my life fluctuating between Archie Leach and Cary Grant; unsure of either, suspecting each. Only recently have I begun to unify them into one person: the man and boy in me, the mother and father and all people in me, the hate and the love and all the degrees of each in me, and the power of God in me.

I've read many paragraphs, many articles, many books about many people in many professions, and I've read about myself. And it's seldom that I can say on reading such information, "I know that man or woman." Indeed, often, when I read about myself, it is so not about me that I'm inclined to believe it's really about the writer. Much of it is fantasy, exaggeration, drivel or further embellished retellings of past inaccuracies. For instance, hardly a week goes by that I don't read about my proficiency in yoga, my fanatical attention to diet and my regular swimming workouts. In truth I know little or nothing about yoga, and had it not been for my second wife, Barbara Hutton (whose ability to sit peaceably for hours in the lotus position gained my admiration but, I lazily admit, not my imitation), I might never have known anything at all about even the basic yoga positions. My diet is extraordinary perhaps only from the viewpoint of my close friends, who have named me "the scavenger" because, after finishing every morsel of my own meal, I look around to purloin whatever little delicacies they've left uneaten on their plates. Being a good leaver is practically a requisite for any friend who is invited to luncheon or to dine with me, I can tell you. And about the only regular swimming I do is in my head around each April fifteenth, when I'm confronted with those astronomical income-tax figures.

Now if those sorts of exercises—or lack of them—keep me fit, then I've got the right system. On the other hand, if I happen to drop dead tomorrow, then I've obviously been doing it wrong.

As a younger man it puzzled me that so many people of prominence seemed so carelessly eager to reveal intimate, and what I considered to be private, matters about themselves, in public print. Why did they do it? Was it vanity? Did they crave publicity at any cost? Were they desperate to correct or revise past impressions by telling what they thought to be the truth about themselves? Did they write about themselves rather than suffer a further succession of inaccuracies written by someone else? Or did they hope that by personally telling their own personal experiences they CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

# girl overboard

**"Darling," Paula cooed, "you do take such good care of me." There was a joker in the pack, James thought. But why spoil this lovely moment with tactless questions?**

On a sofa in an apartment on the island of Manhattan a nice young man named James Pratt held a gorgeously beautiful and svelte-figured girl named Paula Sheldrick in his lap. Paula's fingers were fond in James's hair, and they transmitted exciting little messages to the back of his neck. Since he had been squiring Paula for some time, nuzzling with her wasn't exactly a novelty to James; but it wasn't dependably routine either.

Paula blew gently into his ear and nibbled at it. Halfway between losing his head and amusement, James realized that she was fairly bursting with something, that she was, in fact, working at getting him into an acquiescent mood. She had done it before, several times and successfully, and James could never bring himself to the point of resenting it. Paula, after all, was Paula.

Presently she made a little jumping movement and said, "Oh, I nearly forgot something."

"How nearly?" James said.

"Well, I did," Paula said, but she laughed. She lay back in his arms and said, "Anyway, guess *who* I ran into today. Bee Kirby—Barrick now, she's married—just about the richest girl at Carleton."

"Old school chum?" James said.

"Well, not exactly. I knew her, of course. But Jim, she was simply fascinated about my being a model."

"Everybody's fascinated by a model," James said.

"Naturally Oh, stop, I'm serious! So I took her to lunch—and don't think I didn't enjoy being able to do that—and darling, the upshot is we're *both* invited to spend a week at the shore with them."

"Whoa now," James said. "My vacation's all set. As you know."

"Living in the woods with all those men this fall, eating beans. Anyway, this is for only a week. And Jim, they *expect* you. Bee's mother is going to write to you."

"Bee's mother astonishes me," James said.

"Well," Paula said, "I just slipped it in—you know—that you'd be desolate all alone in town."

James knew how Paula slipped things into conversations. James was beginning to suspect that this whole thing was less than spontaneous, that Paula had done some strenuous contriving, and that somewhere there was a joker in the pack.

"Please, Jim," Paula said. "Please don't let me down." She had a way of making her large golden eyes larger, and it meant that she was begging for understanding. "You know all about rich people and butlers and maids and everything," Paula said.

"I should never have told you about my rich Great-Uncle James," James said. "I didn't get a very up-to-date education from his household, dear. What kind of rich is your friend, *nouveau!*"

"What? Oh. Well, I did hear that her father made it all after the war."

"I see," James said, guessing. Paula, he knew, hated being out of her depth. She was also quick and adaptable, but that was beside the present point. Paula could get hurt. "Well," James said, "all right."

"Oh!" Paula said. She sat up. "Darling," she said, "I knew I could depend on you." She smiled with happiness and her eyes glowed and she hugged herself.

There was certainly a joker somewhere, James thought; but there was no sense in making Paula happy and then spoiling it all with tactless questions. The joker would turn up in due course.

"I'm going to make us a drink," Paula said. She skipped into her kitchen, her feet barely touching the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

BY JOHN F. WALLACE



# SISTERS

*Becky could not comfort her parents. She could hardly understand them. She could only run away, to a safer, sunnier world.* By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

It was the summer after my younger sister died that Harriet began coming several evenings a week to take care of the four Bittley children. It wasn't called baby-sitting then, which probably was fortunate. The Bittley children were boys, all under twelve, but three of them were old enough to have resented the implication. As it was, though, they encouraged Mr. and Mrs. Bittley to spend as many evenings as possible away from home. I mean by this that early each morning Mrs. Bittley would be asked, "Is Harriet coming tonight?" If her reply was in the affirmative, her day had a chance of being quite pleasant.

Our house was down four from the Bittleys', and the last on the street. It was a one-story, white frame house with a blue roof, and a front porch shielded on either side of the walk by roof-high hedges. It seemed to me, that summer, that there was never any light in the house. This was not, of course, a literal fact, for the day's sun poured through the big windows, and after dusk the lamps were turned on as usual. But it was because of this impression of moving through darkness that I spent a minimum of time at home. I didn't feel guilty about it except on the evenings Harriet came to our neighborhood.

Harriet was a tall, thin girl, and I never knew or even wondered where she lived in our sun-browned, sand-filmed town. Mikey Bittley said she was twenty or thirty years old. She had a long face, shiny black hair. Her cheeks sucked in, and looked the way mine felt when I had bitten into a green persimmon. When she was telling us stories, I watched her Adam's apple until I forgot to see it.

Except for the times when Harriet came, I was involved in routine diversions which didn't require that I know I was happy. There was a woods of scrub oak and mesquite beyond our house; and hills of monstrous humpback rocks, with yawning crevices evil-looking enough to satisfy a solemn-faced, clown-hearted, skinny little hoyden going on eleven. I would jump from rock to rock until I had them all subdued, and until I was convinced this was not the day the Hollywood talent scout was going to step from behind a tree and insist that I star in a series of Westerns. I hunted for, and occasionally found, old Indian arrowheads. Sometimes, with a book held in my teeth, I climbed a certain mesquite tree, balanced myself on the forked bough reaching out over a dime-sized

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HUSBAND

*I always stood right at the window, my nose touching the screen. When we were still, Harriet would tell a story.*



# PARIS FASHIONS THAT GO PLACES



BAG BY ART BAGS.

## SUPPER CLUB

Dior's marvelous understated dinner suit especially becomes French beauty Monique Chevalier. It is made of silk-and-wool Alaskine (Staron) and bloused in shocking pink crepe shantung (Onondaga). This is a perfect costume for dancing at the Maisonette in the St. Regis where personable young Peter Duchin, at the piano, conducts the orchestra. The bright blue jeweled satin sash is a perfect accent. Vogue P.O.M. Design No. 1205.

By NORA O'LEARY, PATTERN EDITOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW



PIN BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS.

## LINCOLN CENTER

Lovely English model Tanya Mallet is wearing Jacques Griffe's charming two-piece pink (Einiger) wool suit. She is an interested listener to Max Abramovitz, the architect who designed Philharmonic Hall, the first of a series of buildings being constructed at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts—one of New York's newest and most exciting landmarks. Her bright pink rough-



JEWELRY BY IMPERIAL, AND SHOES BY MARGARET JERROLD.

## THEATRE

Nina Ricci's beautiful pink two-piece wool (Forstmann) dress and jacket is worn by Anne De Zagheb, who draws an admiring glance from Zero Mostel. The star of the hilarious musical, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, was photographed on stage immediately following his superb comic performance. Her skirt has front fullness and pockets, and the bodice is sleeveless. Her pink hat is by Sally Victor. Vogue P.O.M. Design No. 1195.



SHOES BY FIROENTINA. BRACELETS BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS.

## ARTIST'S STUDIO

Swedish beauty Nena Von Schlebrugge, wearing Jacques Heim's moss-green wool (Bellaine) dress and jacket, discusses a recent painting with artist Balcomb Greene. Under the jacket is a charming sleeveless dress—and both have pocket detail. Nena's white felt hat is by Adolfo. Vogue P.O.M. Design No. 1208. Mr. Greene's recent show at Saidenberg Gallery was acclaimed by critics.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 82

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB VOSE



*"If test-piloting was what he wanted to do, then I wanted him to do it. I didn't know enough then to have any apprehensions*

**How America Lives**
**by Dorothy Markinko**

# SKY-HIGH COURAGE

*Major Robert White is one of the world's highest-flying test pilots. His wife, Doris, accepts the risks of his work and keeps his life serene at home.*

Doris White, a slim and pretty woman of 38, has unusually close bonds with the other wives and mothers of her community. She and her husband and their three children live on one of the curving streets of a new residential development. Their four-bedroom ranch house has a planter beside the front door, and a picture window overlooking a patio and an enclosed grassy yard in back. The grass is carefully tended, for the scene is Southern California, under a desert sun that sets the landscape shimmering. Sunburned children swarm everywhere. Their mothers do their basic shopping at the same store, visit to and fro, and often strike deep friendships.

The tie that binds them is danger. In many of these trim stucco houses, the possibility of disaster is a daily family presence.

The community is Edwards Air Force Base, an isolated 300,000-acre stretch of the Mojave Desert. Doris's special friends are the wives of men attached to the U.S. Air Force Flight Test Center here. While their children thrive in the brilliant weather, the men are exploiting it to send experimental bits of metal ever higher above the earth. The women must see to it that their men lead as serene and normal lives as possible—and must keep thoughts of disaster from their minds.

Doris's husband, Maj. Robert Michael White, has been a pilot, with only one civilian interlude, since he enlisted in the Air Force in World War II at the age of 18. He has been a test pilot since 1954, when he was graduated first in his class from the U.S. Air Force Experimental Flight Test Pilot School. Now a mature 38, he is the Air Force's chief X-15 pilot in the joint Air Force-NASA-Navy rocket-plane research program. The X-15 is an experimental plane designed to reach outer space. It is a small, black, rocket-powered plane with a needle nose and stubby wings, and its function is to make tests for our Mercury project. Major White became its chief pilot for the Air Force when his predecessor was killed in an airplane crash. He set its first world altitude record (25.8 miles) in 1960, and since then has broken his own records a half dozen times.

By last July the X-15 was ready to try the space probe for which it was intended: 50 miles up at a speed of 4,000 miles an hour. Every effort to set a new record involves many men and immensely detailed planning. The flight may be stopped short for anything from weather to a faulty circuit. Seven times over a period of 11 days, the dark-haired, soft-spoken major got into his cumbersome pressure suit only to climb out of it again without having made the try.

During this time Doris and Bob turned down all invitations and went to bed a half hour earlier, but they carried on their family life as usual. The testing period was merely a part of Bob's work. "Yes, you're under a strain when a test flight is scheduled," says Doris, "but you don't allow yourself to worry. You'd ruin your home life if you did."

Everyone involved with the test had hoped for a successful flight before July 18th, when Bob and three other X-15 pilots—NASA's Joseph Walker, North American Aviation company's Scott Crossfield, and the Navy's Cmdr. Forrest Petersen—were to receive the Robert J. Collier Trophy for outstanding achievement in aviation from President Kennedy. By the morning of the 17th, chances seemed very slim.

"When Bob left the house that morning he had his bags with him, because he'd be flying to Washington from the field that afternoon. As he kissed me good-bye, he asked me again if I wanted to come along. I said no, because of the expense. I didn't mind, because I'd been to the White House the year before, when Bob received the Harmon Trophy from the President."

The Air Force wanted Bob's family to be on hand for this very special test effort. Seven times an Air Force sergeant had come for the Whites' son, eight-year-old Greg, and driven him to the landing area, a great, dry lake bed, to wait and watch. "That morning I was so sure the flight wouldn't take off that I didn't wake him. I didn't want to disappoint him again. So when Sergeant Edmonds appeared, we weren't ready. I just threw clothes on Greg and sent him off without breakfast. Then I took Pam and Maureen to the sitter's house—they're too young to be aware of what Bob does—and went to the NASA control tower myself. The Office of Information had wanted me to be on the flight line too, but I knew I'd be too tense there. They let me wait it out in the control tower instead. I'd never been there before during a flight. It was very reassuring. I could hear Bob's voice the whole time."

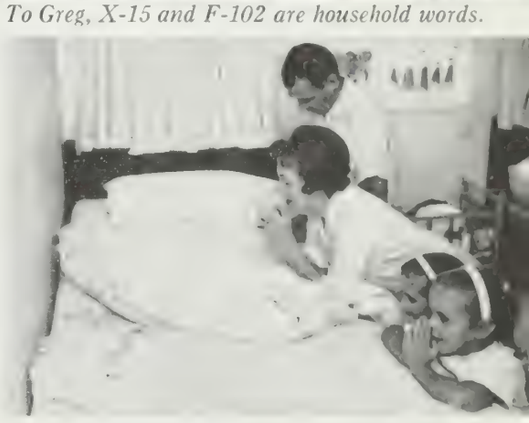
While Doris listened to the proceedings from the tower, and others (including fire-truck and ambulance crews) waited tensely at Rogers Dry Lake, a huge eight-engine B-52 roared aloft from Edwards's regular jet runway with the X-15 tucked under its right wing. Its function is to give the X-15 a high running start. At 45,000 feet, about eight and CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



*It takes teamwork even to get into a pressure suit.*



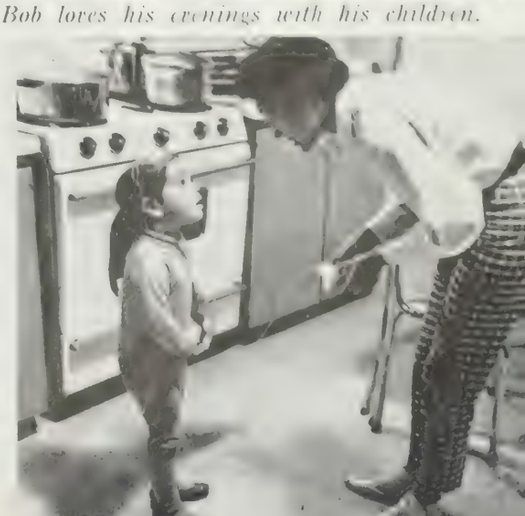
*To Greg, X-15 and F-102 are household words.*



*Bob says, "Religion will help my children."*



*Bob loves his evenings with his children.*



*Maureen is baby of family, still speaks with lisp.*



# RETURN OF THE ROMANTIC HAIRDOS

By BRUCE CLERKE
BEAUTY EDITOR

History repeats itself, and so, apparently, does fashion. Here, scheduled for a return engagement, the looks of two of history's most romantic heroines—Josephine (left) and Elizabeth I—with emphasis on their hairdos. (What classifies a heroine as a "romantic"? Ask any man to tell you about her—if he describes her looks before he does her deeds, she qualifies. Start your quiz list with Clara Barton.) We asked Enrico Caruso to translate these hairdos from history (setting instructions page 112). "Easy," said he. "Basically the hairdos are up-to-date. It's the sprig of curls and the high-rising waves that make them look so different, so romantic; just the touches that please a man"—which is probably the very reason they went down in history in the first place.



RICHARD HEIMANN

# RETURN OF THE ROMANTIC LOOK

By Catherine di Montezemolo, Fashion Editor

The most dazzling ladies behind several of the most important men in history also made fashion history. The fashions which they inspired are as contemporary this month as the day they were first introduced.







HEIMANN



**CLEOPATRA'S** look (opposite, above) is called a shift today, and it's worn, belted or not, at dinnertime. In a brilliant flowered and abstract printed broadcloth on mint Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon by Addie Masters, at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin, West Coast; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit. Photographed in the Egyptian Galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

**JOSEPHINE'S** Empire silhouette (opposite, below) is surely the most seductive look ever created, and certainly the most flattering. Adapted here for evening especially for the *Journal* in licorice rayon matte jersey tied above the waist, by Anne Fogarty, at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Woodward and Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Rich's Atlanta. Photographed at Mr. John.

**ELIZABETH'S** famous ruff (above) is the collar of a frothy white billowing blouse of a million tiny pleats. To wear as a collar with collarless suit jackets, tucked inside or out of any skirt for day or evening. Created by Sarff Zumpano especially for the *Journal* of 100% Du Pont nylon. At Hattie Carnegie, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; The Clothes Line, Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Photographed at The Cloisters.

**VICTORIA'S** look (left)—her miniature waist, the shirt and skirt—is perhaps more universal now than ever. A white acetate-and-rayon crepe pleated-front shirt and a toe-length skirt of yards and yards of navy-blue silk taffeta belted in brilliant red patent—for dinnertime, anytime. Designed especially for the *Journal* by Anne Fogarty, at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Woodward and Lothrop, Washington, D.C. Photographed at the Seabury Tredwell House, New York.

ALL HAIR STYLES BY ENRICO CARUSO.

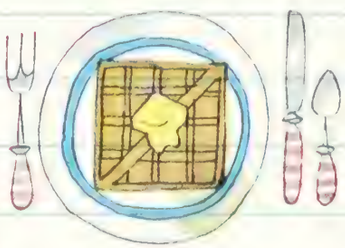
# THE WHOLE WIDE



by Camilla R. Bill

The trouble with my mother is that she lives in the past. If it weren't for that she wouldn't have this *thing* about an apple tree. When it started it didn't seem like much, but somehow it's blown up into a sort of *cause*, and you'd think an apple tree was all she'd ever wanted.





Little things get her started. Like waffles for breakfast. There we were, sitting at the table eating. I had my English book propped up beside me because we were going to have a quiz; daddy was reading the paper; and Marcus, my little brother, was just sitting there looking out the window when all of a sudden he said, "Where's the syrup?"



I pushed the bottle across the table, and mother said, "Here it is February. It's almost time to tap the trees." "Um-m-m," my father said.

"You know what I regret?" mother said. "I regret the fact that our children will never tap a maple tree and make syrup. I'll never forget what a thrill it was when daddy drove in the spiles —" "What's spiles?" Marcus said. "Little things like faucets that you pound into the hole in the tree, and then the sap comes out, and there's a hook on the spile that holds the pail the sap drops into, and when the pail is full you empty it into a big kettle and boil it down to syrup."

# WORLD

Pictured by Harlow Rockwell




Mother got a sort of dreamy look. "We used to come home from school," she said, "and we'd stop at the trees and have a drink of sap, only there were always little gnats and bits of bark floating on the surface that we'd have to brush off before —"



"Did you love the little gnats?" Marcus said. "Of course not," mother replied. "Well, did you love the whole wide world?" he asked. "Well, yes," mother said.

With all this talk about the United Nations and how we want world peace, I suppose she had to say she loved the whole wide world.

"Well, then," Marcus said, grinning, "you loved the gnats." "Now, Marcus," mother said, "don't be silly." "But you said —"




My father laughed and put down his paper. "He pulled that on me last night," he said. "It's his latest bit of logic. What's all this stuff about tapping trees?"

"I was saying," my mother said slowly, "that I wished our children would have the fun of making maple syrup. They think it grows in glass bottles."

"When I was their age I thought it came from little tin cans that looked like log cabins. I —" "That's not the point," mother said. "It's a whole way of life. It's having them understand that life has roots somewhere besides in the supermarket. They've never seen a cow milked, or —"



*Continued on Page 80*

# Unforgettable Kitchens





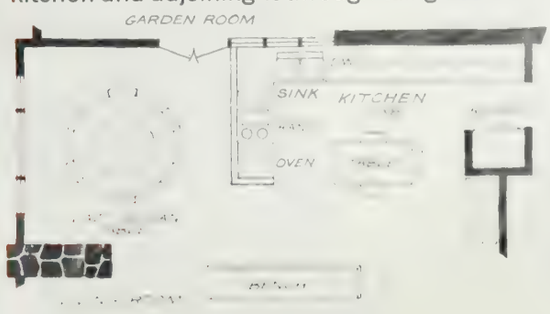


HAROLD DAVIS

Gas cooktop, oven are set in brick counter. Pine trestle table is for family, and extra work space; lazy-Susan table is the company one. Mrs. Benedict, a designer, found candleholder, made from ring-shaped meat hook, in a Paris flea market.

# Country kitchen where the seasons meet

A room for all seasons, the Fredric Benedict kitchen of Aspen, Colorado, where orchids bloom against a backdrop of snow-capped mountain crags. Opening to a large, lodgelike living room, the kitchen's the kind that invites people to dinner. Key to its workability: accessibility of all appliances. The sink and wood-fronted dishwasher are installed in a 16-foot stretch of maple counter, accompanied top and bottom by plenty of storage room. Even the refrigerator, which runs on bottled gas, is just a step away behind the partition. A convenient kitchen, it also captures the mountain country's drama (Mr. Benedict, an architect, believes in marrying structures to nature). The sloping roof is of peeled lodge-pole pines like those used in Indian huts. Mountain-kiln brick forms the herringbone floor. Twenty birds, tropical flowers (some 20-foot vines) and herbs have a year-round run of the two-story greenhouse sunken a level below the kitchen and adjoining it through tall glass doors. As Mrs. Benedict stands at her sink, she can look through a blaze of tropical flowers to the wintry peaks beyond. Unforgettable view, unforgettable house, but that's the way the Benedicts dreamed and designed it.




By MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

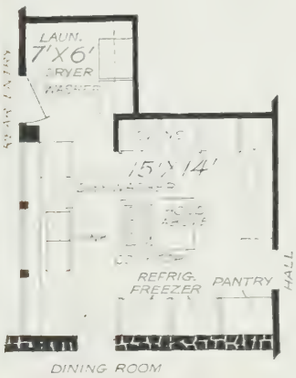




DALE HEALY

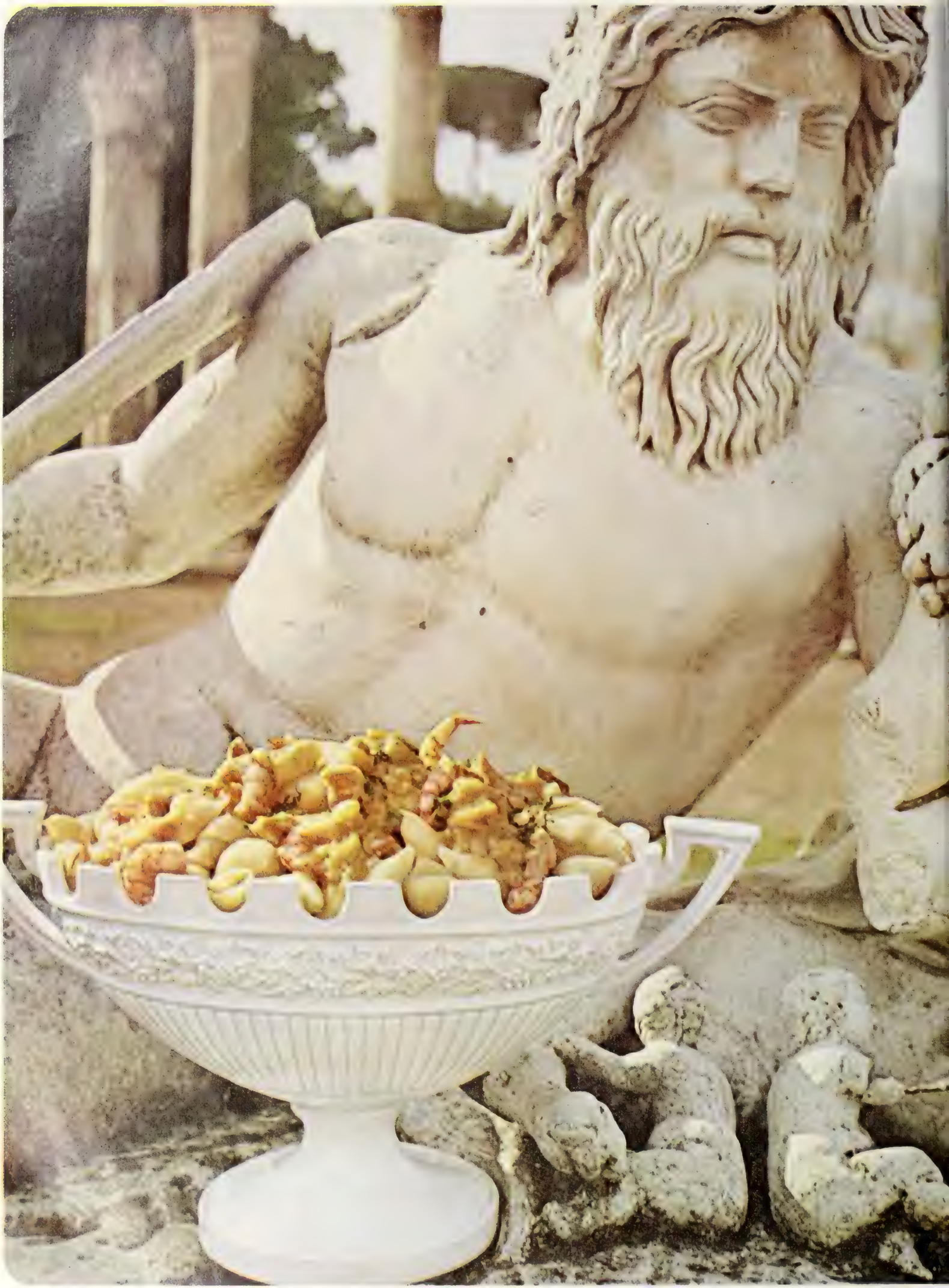
# Top billing for the Charlton Heston kitchen

This kitchen, Lydia Heston's first "very own," was years in the dreaming. "I'd coped with cramped, windowless kitchens so long I wanted a big kitchen with a breathtaking view. I also wanted to stand in the middle and reach every essential." Pictured here, three dreams come true (with an assist from careful planning). (1) The kitchen is 15′x14′ and (2) looks from a Hollywood hilltop across the San Fernando Valley. (3) Its hub is a hooded cooking island from which Lydia can reach twin gas wall ovens and opposite, double refrigerator-freezers. The sink counter, for standup work, is 1½" higher than others, has two stainless-steel sections (a wood cutting board fits one so peelings can be scooted down into the disposer). In lieu of usual faucets, there's a second hand-type dishwasher with spray brush. With every detail organized behind closed doors, this kitchen awaits the traveling Hestons, then works like a dream. "But wouldn't you know," said Lydia, "now that I have a view, the dishwasher does the work."






Sink serving center runs length of 12-foot window, adjoins indoor-outdoor dining areas, service entrance. Extra-wide sill houses the Hestons' round-the-world art objects. Below it, glass-fronted storage for small items often lost elsewhere.



*Shell macaroni with Fisherman's Sauce, photographed majestically at Hadrian's Villa outside Rome.*



COMPOTE FROM RICHARD GINORI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON



*The setting for Noodles Puccini: one of Rome's largest outdoor markets. Recipe on next page.*

# WHEN IN ROME...

## Here's the Journal's perfect portfolio of pastas, completely at home in any American kitchen.

This month, photographed in the Eternal City of beauty and glorious food, the *Journal* brings you a superb collection of eighteen pasta dishes. Plump shell macaroni (left) is tossed in a buttery "fisherman's sauce," made with shrimp and tuna, subtly seasoned with basil and a hint of garlic. A giant red compote of Noodles Puccini (above) benefits from *two* delicious sauces—a delicate olive-herb sauce, plus a more robust tomato sauce, flavored with Chianti. Cheese-stuffed rigatoni (next page) bubbles in a casserole with savory veal rolls, tomato sauce, more cheese. And there you'll find a big tureen of classic Macaroni Carbonara, creamy with eggs and Parmesan, crisp with bacon. Try our homemade Cannelloni, filled with hot and sweet Italian sausage, topped with mozzarella. Our Spaghetti Sicilian is layered in a casserole with tomato sauce, golden eggplant slices. And please don't forget the wonderful things you can do with canned sauces and packaged sauce mixes for pasta, on nights when you want a delicious meal in a matter of minutes.

### SHELL MACARONI WITH FISHERMAN'S SAUCE

(1) In a large skillet sauté until golden 2 onions, chopped, and 1 clove garlic, crushed, in 3 tablespoons olive or cooking oil and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. (2) Reduce heat, add 1½ lbs. shelled and deveined shrimp, ½ teaspoon salt and dash white pepper. Toss shrimp lightly until just cooked, about 10 minutes. Turn into a bowl. (3) In same skillet, heat 3 tablespoons olive or cooking oil and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, sauté 1 large carrot, scraped and grated, and 1 stalk celery, chopped, for a few minutes until mixture is orange colored. (4) Stir in 5 tablespoons flour, ⅛ teaspoon each basil, savory, marjoram and nutmeg, mix well. (5) Drain liquid from 2 (7½-oz.) cans minced clams into mixture. Reserve clams. Add 1 can (15-oz.) Manhattan-style clam chowder and 1 cup water. Cook and stir over low heat until smooth and thickened. Simmer gently to blend flavors. (6) Cook 1 lb. macaroni shells by package directions, until just tender. (7) Break 2 (7-oz.) cans tuna into bite-size pieces, add to sauce with reserved clams. (8) Heap macaroni on a large platter or in a bowl. Spoon sauce over, sprinkle with 3 tablespoons minced parsley and toss well. Makes 8 servings

**by Nancy Crawford Wood**
FOOD EDITOR



*The Journal's rigatoni casserole, shown in the midst of the beautiful Borghese Gardens.*



### NOODLES PUCCINI

(1) *Prepare tomato sauce first:* Heat 2 tablespoons olive or cooking oil in a 2-quart heavy saucepan. Add 1 cup chopped onion and 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed and sauté until pale golden. (2) Add 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) tomato purée, 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce, ½ cup Chianti or red Burgundy wine, 1½ teaspoons Italian seasoning, 1 teaspoon orégano, a few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning, ¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon sugar, and 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate. Mix well. (3) Cover and simmer for 30–40 minutes, stirring occasionally. (4) *Prepare olive-herb sauce:* Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a 1-quart saucepan. Add 1 cup white bread crumbs and *lightly* brown, stirring constantly. (5) Add 1 teaspoon dried basil or 2 teaspoons fresh, 1 teaspoon dried chervil or 2 teaspoons fresh, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, and 1 cup light cream and heat to simmering. Stir in 1 cup sliced pitted ripe olives and heat a little longer. (6) Cook 1 lb. wide noodles according to package directions in plenty of boiling salted water. Drain thoroughly. (7) To serve: Toss the noodles with the olive-herb sauce and arrange in the center of a large serving platter. Spoon the tomato sauce around the base of the noodles. Makes 6 servings.

### STUFFED RIGATONI WITH VEAL ROLLS

(1) Cook ½ lb. rigatoni by package directions. Drain, rinse, cool. (2) *Veal Rolls:* Partially fry 4 slices bacon, drain, cut slices in half. (3) Reserve drippings. (4) Lay a piece of bacon on each of 8 slices veal scallopini. Put a spoonful of 3 tablespoons chopped pine nuts mixed with 3 tablespoons minced parsley on top, spread evenly. Roll up veal tightly, secure with toothpicks. (5) Sauté until golden in bacon drippings with 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cover, simmer until tender, about 15–20 minutes. Drain, remove picks. Cut each roll in three. (6) *Tomato Sauce:* Sauté 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed, in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Add 2 (1-lb.) cans tomatoes, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, ½ teaspoon each basil and marjoram, simmer 30 minutes. (7) Fill each rigatoni with a mixture of 1½ lbs. Ricotta or cottage cheese, ¾ cup diced mozzarella or pizza cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper. (8) Arrange with veal in 2-quart baking dish, spoon in tomato sauce. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until bubbly. Makes 6–8 servings.

### MACARONI CARBONARA

(1) Fry ½ lb. thick-sliced bacon until crisp. Reserve ¼ cup drippings. Curl a few pieces bacon, break remainder into bite-size pieces. Keep warm. (2) Cook 1 lb. elbow macaroni by package directions. (3) Beat 6 eggs until frothy. (4) Add ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 cup milk. (5) Heat reserved bacon drippings in a clean skillet and add eggs. Cook and stir continuously until the mixture resembles thick custard, the eggs should be *just* beginning to set. Remove from heat immediately. (6) Drain macaroni, place in serving dish. (7) Pour eggs over macaroni, add the bite-size bacon and ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Toss. Garnish with parsley and reserved bacon curls. Makes 4–6 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



*At the Piazza delle Muse, a charming children's park in Rome, our classic Macaroni Carbonara.*

# WHEN IN ROME . . .

NOODLE DOUGH:
2 *eggs*
2 *tablespoons skim milk*
1 *teaspoon salt*
1½ *cups sifted flour*
SAUCE:
3 *tablespoons butter or margarine*
½ *cup minced onion*
½ *cup chopped celery*
1 *carrot, scraped and chopped*
¼ *cup chopped mushrooms*
1 *can* (1-*lb.*) *Italian plum tomatoes*
½ *cup dry white wine or chicken broth*
1 *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
FILLING:
½ *lb. sweet Italian sausage*
½ *lb. hot Italian sausage*
¼ *cup chopped canned roasted peppers*
1 *package* (10-*oz.*) *frozen chopped spinach*
6 *slices mozzarella or pizza cheese*

*Prepare noodles first:* (1) Beat eggs until frothy. (2) Add milk, salt and flour; mix with a fork until dough comes together. (3) Knead on heavily floured board until dough loses stickiness and becomes smooth. Cover and let stand 30 minutes. (4) Divide dough in half. (5) Roll each piece of dough as thin as possible (1/16 inch thick) on a lightly floured board. Let stand uncovered 10–15 minutes. Cut into twelve 4-inch squares. Cook in plenty of boiling salted water, uncovered, for 10 minutes. (6) Lift out, drain on a towel. *Sauce:* (1) Melt butter or margarine in a large skillet. (2) Add onion, celery, carrot and mushrooms; sauté until onion is golden. (3) Stir in tomatoes, wine, salt and pepper. (4) Cover and simmer for 1 hour. *Filling:* (1) Remove sausage meat from casings and sauté in a skillet, until cooked and golden. (2) Drain off excess fat. (3) Add peppers and frozen spinach. (4) Cook until the spinach has thawed and separated. (5) Cool. (6) Divide the mixture evenly among the noodle squares. Roll up. (7) Place seam side down, 1 layer deep, in a 3-quart baking dish. (8) Spoon sauce over the rolls and top with mozzarella or pizza cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes or until golden on top and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

SAUCE:
2 *tablespoons cooking or olive oil*
1 *cup minced onion*
1 *clove garlic, peeled and crushed*
1 *lb. ground beef*
1 *can* (2-*lb.*-3-*oz.*) *Italian plum tomatoes*
1 *can* (8-*oz.*) *tomato sauce*
1 *can* (6-*oz.*) *tomato paste*
½ *cup red wine*
2 *tablespoons Worcestershire sauce*
2 *teaspoons salt*
1 *teaspoon seasoned salt*
1 *teaspoon sugar*
1 *teaspoon basil*
1 *teaspoon orégano*
*Few drops liquid hot pepper seasoning*
1 *lb. lasagna noodles*
1 *cup Ricotta or cottage cheese*
½ *cup grated Parmesan cheese*
1 *lb. sliced pizza or mozzarella cheese*

(1) *For the sauce:* Heat the oil in a heavy 2½-quart kettle or large skillet. (2) Add the onion and garlic and sauté until pale golden. (3) Stir in the beef and cook, stirring, until browned. (4) Add the remaining ingredients in the order listed. Mix well. (5) Cover and simmer over low heat about 1 hour until sauce is thickened and flavors blended. (6) Cook the lasagna noodles in plenty of boiling salted water until just tender. Drain thoroughly and dry well on paper towels. (7) *To assemble casserole:* spread a thin layer of sauce in the bottom of a rectangular 3-quart casserole. (8) Cover with a layer of lasagna noodles cut to fit. (9) Spread with a layer of sauce. (10) Dot with spoonfuls of Ricotta or cottage cheese and a sprinkling of Parmesan. (11) Cover with 1 or 2 slices of pizza or mozzarella cheese. (12) Repeat these layers until all ingredients are used up, end with a layer of sauce and pizza or mozzarella cheese. (13) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes or until golden on top, hot and bubbly. Allow to cool 5–10 minutes before cutting into squares to serve. Makes 6–8 servings.

## SPAGHETTI SICILIAN

SAUCE:
3 *tablespoons olive or cooking oil*
½ *cup minced onion*
¼ *cup chopped celery*
1 *clove garlic, crushed*
1 *tablespoon minced parsley*
1 *can* (2-*lbs.*-3-*oz.*) *Italian plum tomatoes*
1 *can* (6-*oz.*) *tomato paste*
1 *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
½ *teaspoon basil*
½ *teaspoon orégano*
1 *bay leaf*
½ *lb. spaghetti or linguine*
*About* ½ *cup olive or cooking oil*
1 *large eggplant, peeled and sliced* ½-*inch thick*
1 *cup grated Parmesan cheese*
1 *cup grated Romano cheese*

*Prepare sauce first:* (1) Heat the oil in a skillet. (2) Add onion, celery, garlic and parsley; sauté until the onion is golden. (3) Stir in remaining ingredients. (4) Cover and simmer 1 hour. Remove bay leaf. (5) Cook spaghetti or linguine by package directions. Drain. (6) Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a large skillet and sauté the eggplant slices, a few at a time, until golden on both sides. Add more oil as needed to the skillet. (7) Layer the tomato sauce, spaghetti or linguine, eggplant, and cheeses in an 8″x8″x2″ baking dish; end with a layer of spaghetti or linguine, sauce and a generous sprinkling of cheeses. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 20–30 minutes or until brown and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

## GREEN NOODLES ALFREDO

1 *lb. green noodles*
1 *cup butter or margarine*
2 *cups grated Parmesan cheese*
1 *cup heavy cream*

(1) Cook noodles by package directions. (2) Meanwhile, melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in cheese and cream. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts and sauce is smooth. (3) Drain the noodles and, while they are still *very hot*, toss with the sauce. Pass extra Parmesan cheese to sprinkle over each serving. Makes 4–6 main-dish servings for lunch, 8 servings as a side dish.

GNOCCHI:
½ *lb. Ricotta or cottage cheese*
¼ *cup melted butter or margarine*
6 *tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese*
½ *cup sifted flour*
3 *egg yolks*
½ *teaspoon salt*
*Pinch nutmeg*
SAUCE:
¼–½ *cup melted butter or margarine*
½ *cup grated Parmesan cheese*

*Gnocchi:* (1) Press the Ricotta or cottage cheese through a sieve into a small bowl. (2) Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. (3) Spoon the mixture into a pastry tube or bag which you have fitted with a large plain tip (No. 6 to 8). (4) Bring a large kettle of salted water to a *very* gentle boil. Hold the bag over the kettle and force contents through the tube, snipping into 1″ pieces, using scissors. Work quickly. (5) Cook gnocchi 5–7 minutes; remove with a slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. (6) Divide gnocchi into 8 small ovenproof shells or a 1-quart shallow casserole. Pour butter or margarine over all. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 10 minutes, then brown for a few minutes under the broiler. Makes 4 main-dish servings for lunch, 8 servings as a side dish.

## SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH SAUSAGE

½ *pound sausage meat*
½ *pound bacon*
1 *can* (15½-*oz.*) *Marinara sauce*
1 *tablespoon chopped chives*
½ *cup water*

(1) Sauté sausage, breaking it apart with a fork. Drain. (2) Sauté bacon until crisp. Drain, crumble and add to the sausage. (3) Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer 15–20 minutes. Makes 3 cups sauce. Serve with any cooked pasta.

## SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH HAM

2 *tablespoons olive or cooking oil*
1 *clove garlic, crushed*
1 *can* (6-*oz.*) *sliced mushrooms and liquid*
¼ *lb. prosciutto* (*ham*), *chopped*
1 *can* (4½-*oz.*) *deviled ham*
1 *can* (15½-*oz.*) *spaghetti sauce with mushrooms*
3 *drops liquid hot pepper seasoning*

(1) Heat oil in a skillet, add garlic and sauté until golden. (2) Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer 15–20 minutes or until heated. Water may be added if the sauce seems too thick. Makes 1 quart sauce. Serve with any cooked pasta.

## BAKED MACARONI LOAF

LOAF:
1 *package* (8-*oz.*) *elbow macaroni or ditali or farfalle*
2 *cups hot milk*
¼ *cup butter or margarine*
2 *cups soft bread crumbs*
1 *cup grated Parmesan cheese*
1 *cup grated provolone cheese*
1 *cup grated mozzarella cheese*
2 *tablespoons minced onion*
2 *tablespoons minced parsley*
2 *tablespoons chopped pimiento*
3 *eggs, beaten*
1 *teaspoon salt*
½ *teaspoon pepper*
SAUCE:
1 *envelope* (2¼-*oz.*) *spaghetti-sauce mix*, or
1 *can* (15½-*oz.*) *spaghetti sauce with meat*

(1) Cook macaroni according to package directions in plenty of boiling salted water. Drain. (2) Combine hot macaroni with all remaining loaf ingredients. (3) Pour into a greased 9″ x 5″ x 3″ loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 50–60 minutes or until set. (4) Prepare sauce mix according to package directions or heat canned spaghetti sauce. Turn out loaf, serve with sauce. Makes 6–8 servings.

## VEAL-AND-NOODLE CASSEROLE

1 *package* (8-*oz.*) *medium noodles*
3 *lbs. veal, cut as for scallopine*
*About* 2½ *teaspoons salt*
*Dash pepper*
6 *tablespoons flour*
½ *teaspoon dry mustard*
¼ *teaspoon thyme*
¼ *teaspoon marjoram*
¼ *teaspoon orégano*
¼–½ *cup cooking or olive oil*
1 *teaspoon grated lemon rind*
1 *lb. small whole white onions, peeled*
2 *cups canned chicken broth*
2 (10-*oz.*) *packages frozen peas*
SAUCE:
6 *tablespoons butter or margarine*
6 *tablespoons flour*
2 *cups milk*
½ *cup toasted slivered almonds* (*garnish*)

(1) Cook noodles in plenty of boiling salted water according to package directions. Drain well and rinse with cold water. (2) Mix together the salt, pepper, flour, mustard, thyme, marjoram and oregano. (3) Dust the veal with the flour mixture. (4) Heat the oil in a large skillet and sauté the meat, a few pieces at a time, until golden. Add more oil as needed. Drain veal on paper towels. When all veal is sautéed, sprinkle with the lemon rind. (5) Cook the white onions in the chicken broth until just fork tender. Remove the onions with a slotted spoon and save the broth. (6) Cook 1 package peas according to package directions. Drain. (7) In a 3-quart casserole, layer the veal, noodles, onions and peas. (8) *Sauce:* Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan, stir in the flour. Gradually, add the milk and reserved chicken broth. Cook and stir until smooth and thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. (9) Pour the sauce into the casserole. (10) Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for about 45 minutes or until bubbly. Just before the casserole is done, cook the remaining peas according to package directions. Drain. Spoon the peas around the edge of the casserole and sprinkle the top with the almonds. Makes 8–10 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

# Men's favorite: *Campbell's Soup*

## . . . with extras they like






Ham chunks in
**Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup**
Tiny meatballs in
**Campbell's Minestrone Soup**

Crisp bacon bits in
**Campbell's Green Pea Soup**
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## THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"Yes, I have," Marcus said. "I saw it on television."

"That's not the point," mother said. Then she jumped up. "The waffles," she said, "they're burning."

When she came back to the table she looked across at my father, and she said, "I suppose it sounds silly to you, but it's just one of the things I miss. I know sugar maples won't grow this far south, but I just feel as if I'd be happier if we had something growing."

"We do," my father said. "Look out the window. We've got ligustrum, and forsythia, and holly, and ——"

"I mean something we could eat."

"I think we eat pretty well."

"You know darn well that's not what I mean." She poured herself another cup of coffee, and said, "Marcus, go brush your teeth. . . . What's the matter with you, Nancy?" she said. "Why didn't you study that last night?"

"I did," I said, and I got up and left the table. I always do when they start to talk that way. I went into the kitchen and began to wash at the sink, and as soon as the water began to run they started again.

"I know we can't raise chickens, and I wouldn't want to be bothered with anything like that, but we *buy* everything."

"Woman," my father roared, "be thankful you can."

"That's not the point," she said for the tenth time. "I just wish we had an apple tree. When I was little we always had vats of applesauce, and apples in salad, and ——"

"Don't they sell apples in the store?"

"Of course they do," she snapped, "but it's just that I wish I had them growing in my own yard. I can't explain it. It's silly, but I worry about a bomb dropping, and all our food comes on trains and trucks, and I think of it not coming, and then I feel if we just had an apple tree at least we'd have something."

"There, there," my father said. I could see he'd left his place and was patting my mother's shoulder. "You'll be all right," he said. "Spring is coming, your mother-hen instincts are showing, that's all."

But it wasn't all. About a week later we had fried clams for supper. They were frozen, and Marcus and I thought they were good, but mother said that was because we didn't know any better.

"When I was your age I used to dig clams," she said. She looked across the table at my father and said, "That's another thing I regret about the way we live: these children have never dug a clam."

"I never did either," he said, "and it hasn't hurt me."

"You just don't know," mother said. "We used to take beach pails, and mother would give us cooking spoons, and we'd walk along on the sand where it was wet, just after the tide had gone out, and look for a little hole, and if the clam squirted at us we'd dig like fury to get him before he'd burrowed out of sight."

"Aside from the fact that we are about seven hundred miles from the cold beaches where you used to dig clams," my father said, "it is now against the law even up there. Pollution and all that."

"Well," she said crossly, "there must be someplace, somewhere, where children can dig clams, and come to grips with the elements. Look at these things. They are about as tasty as French-fried rubber bands."

Marcus had been chewing, but he looked up thoughtfully and said, "What was it like when the clams squirted at you?"

"Well," said mother, "it was just as if there were some little creature down under the sand with a water pistol shooting up at you."

"Did you love it when the clams squirted at you?" he asked.

"Not exactly," mother said.

"Well, did you love the whole wide world?"

"Of course," mother said. I could tell she'd stopped listening, but focused again and sighed when Marcus said:

"Then you loved the clams squirting you."

"Please, Marcus," she said, "you are mi ing the whole point. The point is that you a Nancy don't know anything about the ba facts of survival. You think life is just spen ing money and buying the things you nee She turned to my father again. "You s we've never even had a garden."

"Now, now," he said, "what do you c those day lilies, and the rose bed?"

"I mean something practical, like tomato and things. Like an apple tree."

"That again." He sighed. "Pass the clan son. I think they are quite tasty. How abo you, Nancy? Is your appetite diminished the fact that you didn't have to grub in t wet sand for these dainty morsels?"

"All right," mother said. Her voice was little off pitch, and her face looked the way did the day I came in and found Marcus h broken the cut-glass pitcher that her gre great-grandmother had got on her weddi day. "All right," mother said, "you can lau all you want to. I am not talking just abo clams, and apple trees; it's a whole idea abo life, and bringing up children. Our life is bas on show and buy—how does it look, and wh does it cost? All I mean is that I want a s of touchstone with the kind of life I've alwa believed in. Oh never mind," she cried, a pushed back her chair.

The next evening my father came hom with an apple tree. It looked like a bare sti to me, with a few twigs at the top and a l ball of dirt tied up in a dirty rag on t bottom, but he said it would get leaves a grow into an apple tree.

Mother went wild with joy. "What kind it?" she said.

"It's a Red Delicious."

"Where will you put it?"

"I thought I could put it in the back by t hedge," he said.

"There isn't any sun there."

"Yes, there is. There's a spot back the that gets a good bit of sun during the midd of the day. I think it will do very nicely."

Mother looked doubtful, but all throu supper she would look over at my father a smile, and every now and then she'd say, can't wait until it grows, and we start to ha our own apples."

"Hold on," my father said, "you can't e pect it to do much in one season."

Spring was coming on pretty fast. So afternoons it was almost hot, and Marc would pull off his shirt and play ball in undershirt. I would have thought it was go weather for growing things because the gra was coming up, and the redbud trees w like big pink bouquets, but mother came in the house just before dinner one night, a she looked like a thundercloud.

"Well," she said, not talking to anybo although all of us were in the kitchen, "wel might have known."

"What?" my father said.

"It's dying," she said. "Go on out and s There isn't a show of green on it, and t branches are brittle. It just doesn't get a sun."

"What doesn't?" my father said, raising voice.

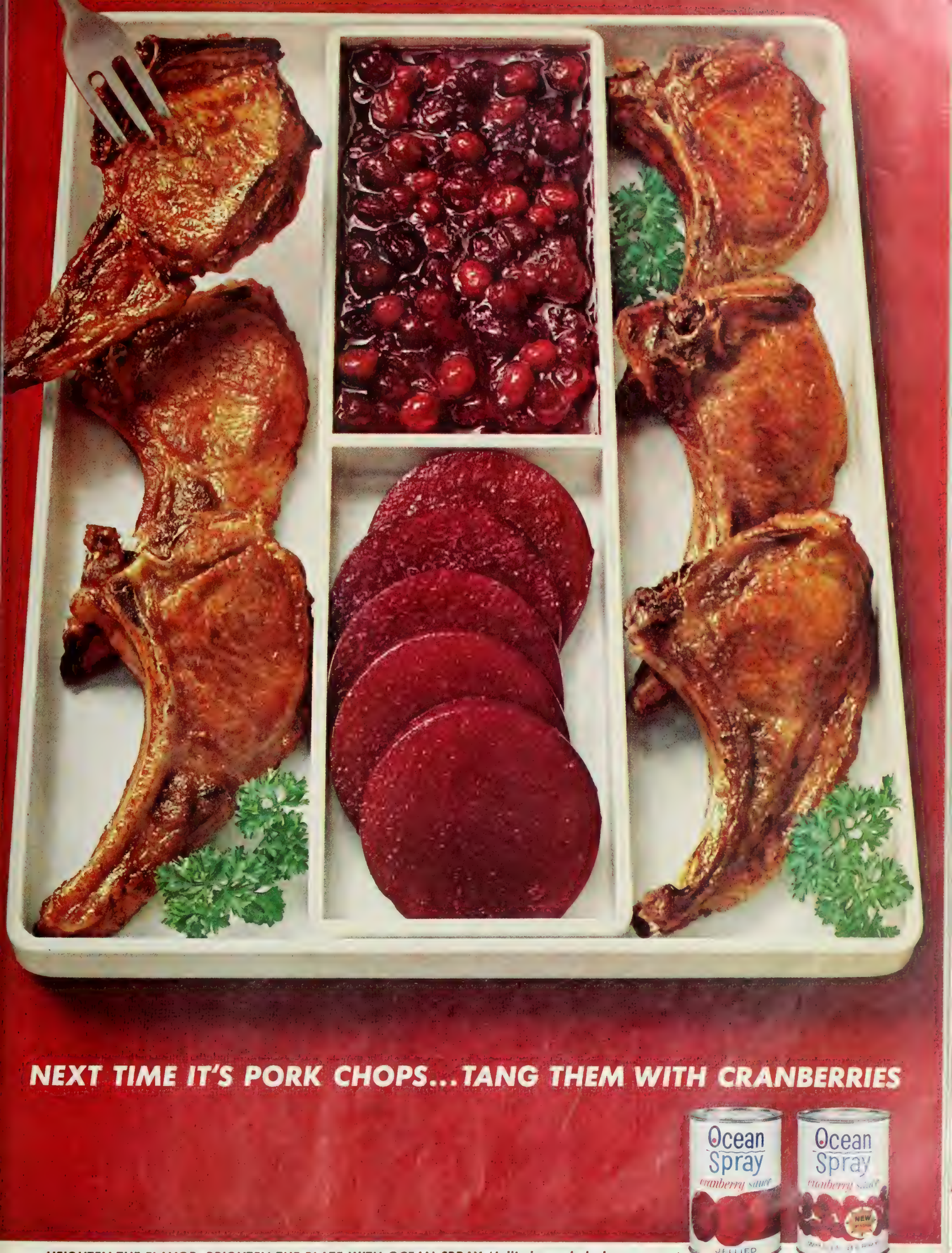
"The tree," she cried, "the apple tree. it gets is about five minutes of sun in t middle of the day. Everything else in t whole yard is starting to grow, and it's dead as a doornail."

"Do you love doornails?" Marcus sa softly.

"Oh, hush," mother said. "I don't lo doornails and I don't love the whole wi world either. I counted on that apple tree could just see myself breaking off sprays apple blossoms, and I could imagine all t apples."

She bent her head and scooped some po toes out of the vegetable bin and began whack off the skins. I looked at Marcus, a we both looked at my father, and then he sa "I'm sorry. I'll get another. I was wrong abo the sun. This time we'll put it in a bet place."

CONTINUED ON PAGE


NEXT TIME IT'S PORK CHOPS... TANG THEM WITH CRANBERRIES
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cranberry sauce
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

The next night he came home with another tree. It was just as scraggly as the first one, but it had a little tag wired to it, and on the tag there was a picture that showed a huge, beautiful tree loaded down with red apples.

My father went right to the utility shed and got the shovel and then he wandered all around in the backyard. Mother stood at the sink and watched him, and when he finally started to dig she went out and called, "It won't grow there."

"Why won't it?" he said.

"That's right where the children cut through to go down to the park to play ball."

"I'll put up a stake and a string," he said.

"Ha," she cried, "you could put up a six-foot fence and that crew wouldn't notice it."

"I'll speak to Marcus," my father said. "This is a perfect spot. It gets a lot of sun."

"You could put it in the front," mother said. "That's nothing but sun."

"That is our front lawn," my father said. "I'm not going to have an apple tree in our front yard."

"I think it would be pretty."

"Well, I don't," he said. "Good grief," he shouted, "I am paying taxes on a thirty-five-thousand-dollar investment here, and I am not going to have an apple tree shedding rotten apples all over my front lawn."

Mother turned around and went back into the house.

My father pounded dirt around the bottom of the tree, and then he tore up the rag that he uses to do the windshield of the car, and tied little flags on sticks of wood and posted them all around the tree. Then he came into the house and when he walked past me he said, "Don't you go near that tree."

I didn't go near the tree, and I don't think Marcus did either, but it wasn't even a week later when mother sat down at the table one night, and her face looked the way it does when we have all been having the flu or something, and my father said, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"Don't give me that," he replied. "Something's wrong. What is it?"

"I said nothing," she said, her voice getting high again. "It's just the tree."

"What is it this time?"

"I told you it was nothing," she said. "Somebody just trampled it down, that's all."

My father glared at me, but I shook my head. Then he glared at Marcus, but Marc said, "It wasn't me."

"Well, that does it," my father said. "A m can't have any peace in his own home as lo as there's an apple tree on the place."

"That's all right," my mother said cold "You've proved your point. I certainly do need an apple tree to make my life comple You can just forget it."

"No, I won't forget it," he roared. "I going to get an apple tree to grow on t place if I have to transplant one full-grow

"You never will unless you put it do front," mother said.

"I'll put it down front then."

"An apple tree is not an elegant tree lik magnolia or something," she said. "It will all brown, and crooked, and squatty, and—

"If the thing grows apples I don't care wh it looks like," he said.

The next night he came home and bef he took off his hat he was out there diggin hole in the front lawn. The tree was the sa old brown stick, as far as I could see. tramped it down the same way, and then came in for supper, and not one of us sai word about it.

You would have thought apples were pois in our house. No frozen apple pies, no cann applesauce, and when you looked at the la you couldn't see a thing—the brown sprig a tree just faded into everything else.

Then, all of a sudden, the top of it beg to turn green. You could see it from house. When you got up close you could that every little brown twig on it had te little leaves that were folding out. When wind blew it would just sway a little, lik green curly head on a slim brown ne nodding.

For a long time my mother didn't say a thing about it, then one night she said, "H you noticed the tree? It's all leafed out."

"You don't say," my father replied.

"I don't think it's going to be too crooke mother said, "it gets so much sun."

"That's good," my father replied.

"I wouldn't be surprised if we had app next year."

"I would," he said, and he grinned at h She looked across at him, and I felt churned up inside just watching them, Marcus said:

"Do you love crooked trees, daddy?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE

## PARIS FASHIONS THAT GO PLACES

Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 58–61.



1195 1205 1208 1209

**Vogue Design No. 1195** Two-Piece Dress, Jacket and Hood. Designed by Nina Ricci. 10–18 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada $3.30.
Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 1205** Suit and Blouse. Designed by Christian Dior. 10–18 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada $3.30.
Suit Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Blouse shown requires 1¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 1208** One-Piece Dress and Jacket. Designed by Jacques Heim. 10–18 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada $3.30.
Version shown requires 3 yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 1209** Suit Dress, Coat and Scarf. Designed by Jacques Griffe. 12–42 (32–44) $3.50, in Canada $3.85.
Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered.
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"I do indeed," my father said, "and I love the whole wide world, so just stow the gab and eat your supper."

The tree grew all summer long. It didn't grow enough so that you could even think of its having apples, but it grew so much you weren't afraid it was going to snap when the wind began to blow. Even when it shed its leaves, and when the grass was brown all around it, you knew it was going to make out all right.

Then one night we were sitting down to supper, and mother said it looked as if there'd be a frost soon.

"Who says?" my father said.

"I heard it on the radio. They said there was a cold wave moving in."

"There goes the fuel bill," my father said.

"What do you think I ought to do about the tree?" mother asked.

"What about it?"

"I don't want it frost-killed."

"I don't think it will be."

"I know," she said, "they're supposed to be hardy, but we got it in late. Don't you think I ought to rig up a tent or something around it?"

"On our front lawn?"

"Well, it's *there*."

"I know it's *there*," he said, "I put it *there*. I'm all adjusted to having an apple tree growing on my front lawn, but I'll be hanged if I'll have you rig an old sheet up around it."

"Why?"

"Because of the way it will look. That's why."

"I don't care how it looks," she said, "it's got such a good start, and ——"

"Well, I do care," he said. "If it were in the back you could hang your washing on it, but I am not going to have that thing draped in old cloths in my front yard."

Mother opened her mouth to say something, and then she closed it, and stood up to clear the table. "I knew it," she said, "I knew I'd never see any apples under that tree."

"Do you love apple trees?" Marcus said to my father.

"No," he bellowed.

"Well, do you love the whole wide world?"

"Not right now," my father said.

Marcus is only six and he doesn't have much imagination. I didn't think he even looked at mother, or saw the way her face was, and that ridiculous thing he says is enough to make anybody sick, so I gave him a kick, and nobody said anything more when mother came back. Nobody talked about it all that night, or even at breakfast the next day. I almost stopped thinking about it because it turned into a hot day, and frost seemed like a million miles away, but about dinnertime the next day I looked out and saw Marcus dragging his wagon up the drive. He had an old bath towel spread over the top of it, and he was pulling it as if his arm was fast to the handle, and about to come out at the socket. His face was red, his shirt hung out, and he drew the wagon in close to the house where I couldn't see what he was up to.

Mother was in the back, so I went out to see what Marcus was doing, and when I came through the door he jumped a foot. Then he wiped his hand across his face, leaving a big smear of dirt, and said, "Help me with this stuff."

"What in the world have you got there?" I said.

"Apples," he said.

He had six plastic bags of apples in the wagon. They were those five-pounds-for-forty nine-cents things, and he began to tear open the bags and dump them into the wagon.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm making apples come under the tree."

"Don't be a nut," I said. "You know mother will know they didn't grow on the tree."

"I know it," he said.

"Then what's the big idea?"

He sagged, and rammed his hands into his pockets, and then he said, "Well, she said she'd never see any apples under that tree, and I thought if she did it might make her feel better. Even if it dies."

He looked pitiful standing there with all those apples, and he was so hot his face was a mess, and you couldn't expect anybody like Marcus to know any better. I felt so sorry for him I took hold of the wagon and dragged it across the yard and we dumped the apples all around the bottom of the tree. We'd just got back to the drive when mother came through the front door.

"Where have you been?" she said to Marcus.

"Just around," he said.

"Don't you know I told you I didn't want you to leave the yard without telling me?" she said.

"I'm sorry," Marcus said; he looked about to cry.

"Being sorry doesn't help," she snapped. "Look at you. You're filthy dirty, and your shirt's torn. You must think money grows on trees or something."

Saying that, she looked over at the tree, and even though you couldn't be sure it was apples, you could tell something was there.

"What's that?" she said, and she started across the yard. Marcus bolted for the back and I could hear the noise he makes when he is trying not to cry. I went into the study and began to do my homework, and in a little bit I heard the car come in, and the door slam.

I looked out to make sure it was my father, and I saw mother coming across the grass with her apron full of apples. She met my father halfway, and I could see her face when she looked up at him. It was red, like Marcus's, and there were lines down her cheeks as if she'd been crying.

"Where'd you get those?" my father said.

"From the tree," she said. Her voice was funny, and she was almost crying when she said, "I flew all over him, and scolded him for leaving the yard, and because his shirt was torn, and all that time he'd been putting apples under the tree."

"What did he do that for?" my father said.

"Because of me," my mother cried, "because I said I knew I'd never see any apples under the tree. Because I've been so childish and selfish, just wanting things my own way. Poor little boy, he took it all seriously, and spent all his money, and dragged those heavy apples all the way home from the store, and all because I've been so pigheaded, and wanting things that don't mean anything to anybody but me."

"There, there," my father said, and he put his arms out, and pulled her in close so that the apples began to spill out the sides of her apron. "He's just a little boy ——"

With that she pushed away from him, apples spilled all over the ground and the front steps, and she rushed in through the hall and up the stairs, and in a minute I heard her pounding on Marcus's door.

"Marcus," she said softly, "please, Marcus, let me come in."

There wasn't a bit of a sound, then I heard her pound a little harder. "Marcus," she called, "please, Marcus, please let me come in." She stopped, and I could hear her crying; she began to knock some more, and her voice sounded as if it had tears in it. "Marcus, I'm so sorry about your shirt, and the things I said. I didn't mean to fuss at you. I just worry about you because of the cars and the street, but I found the apples, and they're the most beautiful apples I've ever seen. Oh, please, Marcus, open the door and let me come in."

Just then my father came through the hall. He was carrying a saw, and a couple of big boards, but when he heard my mother he stopped. "Damn," he said softly, and he dropped the wood with a crash, and pounded up the stairs.

"Marcus," he roared, "you come out here."

"What are you going to do with that saw?" my mother cried.

"I'm going to make a frame to rig a tent around that tree," he shouted, "that's what I'm going to do. Marcus, come on out. I need you to hold the wood when I pound the nails."

I looked up and I saw Marcus's door come open a crack. I saw my mother's face, too, and the tears were running down, but she didn't seem to notice. "Oh, darling," she said, "you don't have to. You don't have to do it."

"*Have* to," my father said, "I *want* to. Here I am," he said, "just an average, easygoing fellow, loving the whole wide world"—he reached out and ruffled up Marcus's hair, and jerked him along into the hall—"here I am loving the whole wide world; and if I can do that, they can jolly well like the way I take care of my own apple tree in my own front yard."

So that's why we have apple blossoms in a vase on our piano, and as far as I can tell the whole wide world thinks it's a good idea. At least our piece of it does, because the man around the corner has just set out two cherry trees, and somebody down the street has put in a pear.

If the bomb ever does drop, all of us will live on fruit salad, and, if Marcus has his way, we'll keep right on loving the whole wide world.

END





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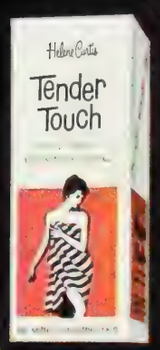
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# 10 Ways to Keep a Husband—Young

*Men are not all alike: A pretty good way to find out what your husband wants is to ask him. Here's one wife who learned from hers.*

Talk all you like about automatic ovens and electric dishwashers, there is nothing you can have around the house so useful as a husband. Besides being efficient as a breadwinner, he owns a host of other amiable talents. He takes care of luggage on journeys. He carries out the trash cans of evening. He makes a handy parent; and he is extraordinarily good at zipping one's dresses up the back. Keeping him happy and extant would seem of the most urgent self-interest to any sensible, affectionate housewife.

Yet women are being constantly accused these days of killing off our spouses prematurely. A relentless spate of books and articles assures us we are worse than black-widow spiders. Men die young and we are to blame, say the pundits. We harass our man into ulcers. We set up as his rival and give him heart attacks. We either overfeed him into obesity or starve him with a diet of thawed-out dinners. We are at once domineering and helpless, a dragging anchor or a cruel goad; ambitious, ambivalent, a mess.

We who read the books or assimilate the lectures have almost begun to wonder if the critics may not be right. What *have* we done to men that they should seem so peculiarly fragile and vulnerable in this century? It is perfectly true that we persistently outlive them. Old cemeteries teem with headstones inscribed to patriarchs of another era who buried three wives and flourished into their eighties or nineties, vigorous, optimistic, and tyrannical. Now, scanning statistics, we shudder at an opposite phenomenon, a prevalence of widows. Forgetting that vitamins and the science of obstetrics have simply permitted the tougher sex—ours—to live out our allotted span at last, we begin to feel guilty as Eve. We whirl like dervishes, listening to all voices and trying to obey all oracles. We pack the children off to bed early so our man will find, when he returns from work, a quiet house and a wife willing to hear his troubles. We take an intelligent interest in his business; entertain his clients, drive his car for him, keep from him the frustrations of our own day. We come down, tidy to the last curl, to give him a proper, conversational breakfast in the mornings. With all our might, we blow on the embers of romance, trying to be the bride he married and the helpmate we promised to become. I have an idea we are trying too hard. Self-consciousness can mutilate marriage. If women are to reinstate men as the long-lived gender, perhaps what we ought to be guided by is expedience and common sense.

We might, maybe, take a leaf from modern pediatricians who preach a doctrine new in the last twenty years. There was a time previous to that when doctors treated mothers like imbeciles. We weren't allowed to pick up our progeny when they cried or feed them except at iron intervals. The nursery was run like a regimented camp and mothers turned into unwilling jailers. When it was discovered that children under that formal treatment grew up just as neurotic, frail and unadjusted as before, everything changed. We are now urged to dandle Junior if he seems unhappy, spank him when he is unbearable, and feed him on demand. "Know your own child," urges the new gospel. "Study him rather than the books."

Who knows? The self-winding plan might work for husbands too. Every marriage is an individual combination of forces; every man, every woman, is unique. Kindness may kill one husband, unconcern another. The hermitage of home is what a certain sort of nature needs; gregarious men might pine away without company several times a week. It is the needs of the singular creature we live with whom we must study.

Or better still, why not let him decide what agrees with him? A determined baby can bring up his mother quite nicely when he puts his mind to it. Husbands are surely as bright as babies. Left to themselves, they might work out quite acceptable schemes for their proper feeding and care, and educate their wives accordingly.

I know one household where that system operates successfully. Ours.

Of course, I must admit my husband is a man with a lively sense of survival. He understood my limitations and his own; and from the start he determined how to cope with both. I'm not sure it was a conscious coping. He just took me good-naturedly by the hand and hurried me along a path that seemed suitable to him.

That path might not look alluring to everyone, and I do not urge our technique on others. In the first place, I'm against advice. In the second place, any advice I gave would sound pretty silly. When my marriageable granddaughters (if I am lucky enough to have any) cluster at my knee, begging me to tell them how I managed to preserve grandfather into hale and mischievous old age, they are bound to raise their eyebrows as I respond dreamily, "Well, we never ate breakfast together."

Yet never eating breakfast together is the simple cornerstone of our marriage and my husband's bounding good health. It has not been an easy rule to keep. Having been strictly brought up, I knew how every man should be sent off to work—heartily fed, heartened by soothing conversation, waved farewell to at the door.

The trouble is that I am a late starter, my husband an early one. He leaps out of bed at morning, caroling, "What a beautiful day!" before he has so much as looked out of the window. I won't even admit it *is* morning, and wish it would go away. I like to fortify myself with eggs and bacon, or something childish like last night's leftover cupcakes. He wants two large cups of tepid coffee (it's faster to swallow than hot coffee) and exactly three slices of lukewarm toast. To him, at break of day, time is more important than food. He actually enjoys hurrying as other men enjoy a good game of tennis; and to sit down to a leisurely morning meal would kill his spirit. Thirty minutes is the most he allows himself for shaving, showering, dressing, bolting his calories, driving his ritual mile and a half and swinging aboard the last

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© 1963 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress, Profession: Housewife. Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.

Profession: Housewife

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY






# What Men Have Done For Love

*(How many of the great lovers illustrated can you identify? See chart on page 93.)*

*Love inspires men to deeds of valor and acts of folly, to give up kingdoms and even their lives. But the wise woman knows that lasting love is usually far from heroic—and much nearer the heart.*

---

On a dark, stormy night, a youth plunged boldly into the turbulent waters of the Hellespont—and lost his life swimming toward a rendezvous with his beloved. In Egypt, a famous general fell on his sword for love, crying, "But I will be a bridegroom in my death, and run into't/ As to a lover's bed." Twenty centuries later the King of England renounced his throne, declaring, "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love."

The young swimmer was Leander of Greek mythology, in love with the beautiful Hero; the suicidal general was Mark Antony, obsessed with Cleopatra; the king was, of course, Edward VIII, who abdicated rather than give up the American divorcée, Wallis Simpson.

Throughout history and legend, men have committed acts of valor and folly, extravagance and beauty—all for love. Although one of Shakespeare's spirited heroines claims that "men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," this clearly is not true, as Shakespeare himself well knew. In other plays he tells us how Romeo died for love of Juliet, and how Othello stabbed himself after having smothered Desdemona in a fit of jealousy.

Classical mythology abounds in stories of intrepid lovers. Orpheus braved the dark perils of Hades in an attempt to rescue his beloved Eurydice, who had died of a snake bite. Pluto, lord of the underworld, ventured into the unfamiliar regions of Earth to abduct Persephone. According to Homer, the whole gory Trojan War was fought because of one woman and almost lost because of another. When Paris fell in love with the ravishing Helen and carried her off to Troy, her irate husband Menelaus pursued him with most of the fighting men of Greece. But even though most of the gods (as well as right) were on their side, the Greeks came close to defeat because their greatest champion, Achilles, became unreasonably upset over the loss of his favorite handmaiden, Briseis, and withdrew from the battle to sulk in his tent.

Turning to the Bible, we find more reckless lovers. Adam allowed himself to be tempted by Eve, and so lost Eden. Samson sacrificed his hair, his strength, and finally his eyesight for Delilah, in spite of the fact that he never trusted her. Herod beheaded John the Baptist to please Salome after having made the mistake of promising her anything in his kingdom. And Ahab, persuaded by Jezebel to worship Baal, "did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel than all the Kings of Israel that were before him."

"*It is not reason that governs love.*"—JEAN MOLIÈRE

Clearly, *some* men at least are rendered irrational by love. A thirteenth-century knight-errant named Ulrich von Lichtenstein reportedly broke the lances of 307 opponents in a marathon jousting tournament intended to impress a certain princess who had spurned his love. When she remained unmoved by his performance, he cut off his finger and sent it to her as a token of his esteem. Charlemagne, it is said, was so enamored of a woman

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93.

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN



# BROADLOOM MAGIC *by* OLSON

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# WHAT MEN HAVE DONE FOR LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

of low station that when she died he had her embalmed and placed in his bed. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was so grief-stricken over the death of his wife, Elizabeth Siddal, whom he had painted many times as his ideal of *The Blessed Damozel*, that he buried along with her the manuscripts of several poems of which he had no other copies. (Seven years later he thought better of this loving gesture and had the poems exhumed.)

The Russian novelist Dostoevsky, poverty-stricken and writing furiously to support his sickly wife and child, finally borrowed a large sum of money from the "Fund For Needy Writers"—not to pay his many debts but to finance a trip for a rendezvous with Polina Suslova, who had captivated him completely.

*"Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure."*
—ALEXANDER POPE

An old folk ballad tells us how sweet William Gray on his deathbed lay for the love of Barbara Allan. When she came to visit him but spoke no comforting words (only, "young man, I think ye're dyan'"), he turned his face to the wall and expired. John Keats's hopeless passion for Fanny Brawne filled his last days with melancholy. Edgar Allan Poe made a serious attempt to abstain from alcohol after he married the 13-year-old Virginia Clemm. But after her tragic death, he lapsed into his old habits, became increasingly despondent, and said of himself, "I became insane, with intervals of horrible sanity." Two years later, at 40, he was dead.

It is well known that Chopin died of tuberculosis, not love. Yet his friend Franz Liszt believed that Chopin's lack of interest in life was due partly to the shock of his break with novelist George Sand (who had an almost equally disastrous effect on the poet Musset). According to Liszt, "Chopin felt and often repeated that the sundering of this long friendship broke all the cords that bound him to life. His last pleasure seemed to be the memory of that blasting of his last hope; he treasured the bitter knowledge that under this fatal spell his life was fast ebbing away."

*"Any man in love is a king, and crazy; and any king in love is a man, and out of his head."*
—WILLIAM SAROYAN

Edward VIII was not the only monarch to discover that love can interfere with the demands of ruling a kingdom. Crown Prince Carol of Rumania, married to Princess Helen of Greece, fell under the spell of Magda Lupescu in the 1920's. The people so violently disapproved that Carol was forced to give up his rights to the throne and flee to Paris with his mistress. Henry VIII, infatuated with Anne Boleyn and unable to obtain a divorce from Catherine of Aragon, ended by breaking all ties with Rome, establishing himself as the head of the Church of England, and beheading two friends who disapproved of his actions, Sir Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher. "He sees nothing, he thinks of nothing but his Anne," wrote Cardinal Campeggio at the time. "He cannot be without her for an hour, and it moves one to pity to see how the king's life, the stability and downfall of the whole country, hang upon this one question."

Plutarch was similarly struck by the effect Cleopatra had upon Mark Antony. "Antony was so captivated by her that, while the Parthian troops were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments that most costly of valuables, time. Antony was over and over again disarmed by Cleopatra, and beguiled away, while great actions and enterprises of the first necessity fell from his hands. . . ."

Louis I of Bavaria enjoyed extreme popularity with his subjects up to the time of his meeting with the Spanish dancer, Lola Montez. In spite of severe opposition from clerical and political leaders, he insisted on making her the Comtesse de Lansfeld. The people turned against him, and he was forced to banish his mistress and abdicate in favor of his son.

Not all kings have suffered from love. Clovis, pagan king of the Salian Franks in the fifth century, married a Christian princess named Clotilda, and converted to Christianity, becoming the only Christian ruler in the West. By the time he died he had gained control of practically all Gaul, and had spread before him the light of Christian civilization.

Justinian, heir to the throne of the Eastern Roman Empire, shocked the royal court and the common people by announcing he would marry Theodora, a dancer on the comic stage and reportedly the daughter of an animal trainer in the circus. In spite of bitter opposition, Justinian would not give up Theodora, and was rewarded by her unswerving loyalty and sage counsel. In fact, when during the Nika revolt he was prepared to flee the country for his life, Theodora restrained him with her moving words, "May I never be separated from this purple. . . ." Shamed, Justinian fought the rebels and saved the crown.

Pericles, who ruled Greece during her Golden Age, was equally fortunate when he put aside his wife for an intelligent, cultivated courtesan, Aspasia. "What art or charming faculty had she that enabled her to captivate him as she did the greatest statesman?" asks Plutarch. "He loved her with a wonderful affection; every day, both as he went out and as he came in, he saluted her with a kiss." Pericles also undertook a successful expedition against the people of Samos for Aspasia, because they would not comply with his order to stop fighting Miletus, Aspasia's homeland. It is also said that he allowed Aspasia to write some of his political speeches.

*"Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens*
*Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,*
*It runs a headlong course to desperate madness. . . ."*—JOHN FORD

To win the woman of his choice, man will go to excessive lengths. How many princes clattered their slick-shod horses up the Glass Hill to win the Princess at the top? On how many hundreds of feet did Prince Charming try the glass slipper before finding his Cinderella? To rescue the tranced Brunhild, Siegfried killed a dragon and braved a ring of fire. When Atalanta, a lovely and fleet-footed maiden of Greek legend, declared she would marry no man who could not best her in a foot race, countless enamored youths accepted the challenge—although the penalty for losing was death. At last the clever Hippomenes outwitted her by tossing at her feet, each time she seemed about to outstrip him, a golden apple which Venus had given him. Atalanta could not resist the apples, and while she stopped to pick them up, Hippomenes won the race and the bride. It was a short-lived triumph, however. The lovers in their happiness somehow offended the goddess Cybele, who turned them into lions and made them draw her chariot.

In real life, Robert Browning overrode the fears of Elizabeth Barrett and the fierce opposition of her tyrannical father, and eloped with her; Crown Prince Akihito of Japan broke the tradition of centuries by choosing his wife for love instead of for political reasons; and the romantic poet Shelley, in a burst of sympathetic ardor, rescued 16-year-old Harriet Westbrook from the dreadful fate of being sent back to Miss Fenning's School—and even consented to marry her, in spite of his strong disapproval of marriage as an institution. In all fairness, Shelley was probably more in love with justice than with Harriet, since a few years later he left her for the more intellectually stimulating Mary Godwin.

Similarly, the motivation for Alcibiades's behavior in Sparta is unclear. This great Greek general, statesman, artist and lover was in exile from Athens, and presumably dependent upon the protection of the king of Sparta for his very life. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to seduce the queen while the king was away on a military campaign. This looks like reckless passion—but a closer study of Alcibiades's flamboyant career suggests that it was probably only a reaction against boredom.

The French composer Hector Berlioz presents a fine example of headlong, heedless passion. He first fell in love at the age of 12 with Estelle Duboeuf, a girl of 18, whom he remembered obsessively until his old age. In spite of this lifelong romantic attachment, he managed to fall in love with the musical Camille Moke, who refused his suit to marry a piano manufacturer, M. Pleyel. Overcome with rage, Berlioz, who was in Florence when he heard the news, obtained a chambermaid's costume as a disguise and set off for Paris with loaded pistols and vials of laudanum and strychnine, intending to kill the faithless Camille, her mother, and himself. Frustrated on the long journey by first losing the suitcase containing the disguise and next having trouble with his visa, he flung himself into the ocean, but was speedily rescued. This dip in the sea must have cooled his ardor for Camille, for he transferred his affections to the Shakespearean actress Harriet Smithson; and when *she* appeared hesitant to accept his proposal of marriage, took an overdose of laudanum in her presence to hurry up her decision. Impressed, Harriet said yes.

*"No true love there can be*
*Without its dread penalty—jealousy."*
—GEORGE MEREDITH

When Ulysses returned to his wife Penelope after 20 years of wandering, the first thing he did, after greeting his faithful dog and his old nurse, was to slay his wife's 108 suitors. Don José, sick with love for the faithless Carmen, slew her just outside the arena where her lover, a famous matador, was fighting that afternoon. Othello murdered the innocent Desdemona on the scantiest evidence of adultery—a handkerchief planted by the wicked Iago—and killed her alleged lover, Cassio, as well.

In New York, in 1906, during a performance of *Mamzelle Champagne*, a young man in evening dress rose from his seat near the stage, walked to the rear of the audience, drew a pistol, and shot in the head America's most famous architect, Stanford White. The murderer, Harry Thaw, claimed he had shot White to save his young wife from the older man's attentions. After one of the most sensational trials in American history, Thaw was judged "not guilty because insane."

*"I do not know whence comes*
*This feeling of tenderness . . ."*

The lines above are from *Non so d'onde viene*, a beautiful aria written by Mozart for the 15-year-old singer Aloysia Weber, with whom he was in love. That Aloysia did not return his love was one of the cruelest disappointments in his life; but he recovered sufficiently to propose marriage to her sister Constanze—who had the satisfaction of having celestial music written for *her* to sing. Before their marriage, which was preceded by many difficulties, Mozart vowed that if he could take Constanze to Salzburg as his wife, he would compose a new mass. When he conducted the first performance of his sublime *C Minor Mass* at St. Peter's Church in 1783, Constanze sang the difficult soprano part.

Throughout the ages, love has inspired the finest art, and artistic lovers have given their wives and mistresses the most priceless gifts. Some of Shakespeare's most memorable sonnets were written to a "dark lady" whose identity has never been established, and Petrarch's fame as a lyric poet is due to the sonnets he wrote to Laura, whom he saw in the Church of St. Clara at Avignon, and never afterward forgot. Beatrice was the inspiration for Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and it has been suggested that Leonardo da Vinci was haunted by the face of an unknown woman which he painted, over and over again, in his earlier work, and which found its purest expression in the famous *Mona Lisa*.

Beethoven dedicated his *Moonlight Sonata* to the Contessa Giulietta Guicciardi; Gauguin painted his Tahitian wife on many canvases—"The Eve of my choice," he wrote, "I have painted in forms and harmonies of another world." The loathing felt by César Franck's wife for his sensuous *Piano Quintet in F Minor* was caused by her well-founded suspicion that it was an outpouring of love for his talented and attractive pupil, Augusta Holmes. Irving Berlin's *Always* was written as a wedding present for his wife. The most thoughtful birthday gift a woman could ask for was given Cosima Wagner by her husband Richard Wagner, on Christmas Day, 1870. Cosima awoke to the sound of music, and found on the staircase of their home in Triebschen a small orchestra playing the *Siegfried Idyll*, which Wagner had composed in her honor.

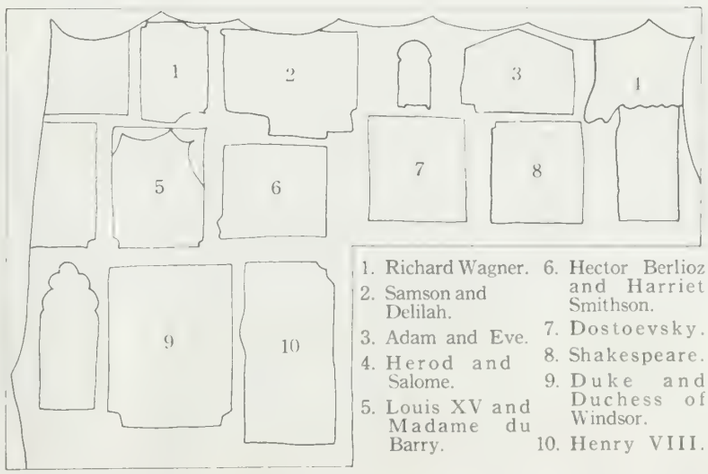
Perhaps the most elaborate monument to love is the magnificent Taj Mahal, built—at the cost of 22,000 men's labor over 18 years—by the Shah Jahan as a final resting place for his wife. And the most disarming gift is that bestowed upon Madame du Barry by Louis XV. After she had cooked him a delicious meal of pheasant pâté, salmis of woodcock, broiled chicken with watercress, shrimp in sauterne sauce, peach cake and strawberries *au marasquin*, he awarded her the Cordon Bleu.

*"What does not love compel us to do?"*
—MARTIAL

We have seen that love compels men to commit murder, suicide and acts of folly; to write deathless poetry and to compose great music; to elope, quarrel and part forever; to rule wisely and to give up thrones. But love also compels men to lead lives of quiet fulfillment, happy with and faithful to their wives, proud of their children, content in their work, confident of the future. Such men as these, unfortunately, do not appear in history books as great lovers—but they are, in fact, the greatest lovers of all. END

## WHAT MEN HAVE DONE FOR LOVE

(Answers to picture quiz on pages 88 and 89.)




1. Richard Wagner.
2. Samson and Delilah.
3. Adam and Eve.
4. Herod and Salome.
5. Louis XV and Madame du Barry.
6. Hector Berlioz and Harriet Smithson.
7. Dostoevsky.
8. Shakespeare.
9. Duke and Duchess of Windsor.
10. Henry VIII.

**MAKING MARRIAGE WORK**
**by Dorothy Cameron Disney**

# Why husbands run away

*Last year some 200,000 husbands, nearly 4,000 a week, shuffled off their marital ties and walked out. The majority of deserters are under thirty years of age, and usually are blessed with several children.*

*"In these days of early marriage immature youngsters show up at the altar, their heads stuffed with romantic nonsense and huge expectations," a social-worker friend of mine commented recently. "Many teen-age couples expect to start off with the living standards their parents achieved after twenty or thirty years. Brides are unwilling to get up and cook their husbands' breakfast; they refuse to shop for bargains or to stick to a budget. Their husbands are blissfully ignorant of the cost of soap and potatoes and unprepared to make sacrifices to meet the bills. Neither has sufficient courage to stand up to personal disillusionment and disappointment and stand by and comfort the other. As a result, flight from the marriage—it should be remembered that brides also run home to their mothers—becomes a commonplace."*

## His in-laws were too much

In a heartening number of instances wives are able to persuade their husbands to return and to rebuild their marriages on a solid foundation. But first they must recognize and make a genuine effort to remedy past mistakes. Sometimes this isn't easy.

Take Alice Johnson, the attractive 25-year-old mother of two preschool daughters. She and her husband Guy had rarely quarreled. They were good companions, happy lovers. He adored his youngsters. Thanks to Alice's prosperous parents, who had financed Guy in the purchase of a sporting-goods store, the couple had no money worries. Indeed Guy's business had done so well that he had paid off a large part of his loan, payments his father-in-law had generously invested in a trust fund for the Johnson children.

Why did Guy pack his clothes on a Saturday night and vanish without a word of explanation? He took the oldest suitcase in the Johnsons' pleasant Milwaukee home, a beat-up relic of his bachelor days. He left his snappy late-model car, a birthday present from Alice's parents, parked in the garage beside her much less splendid car.

On Monday morning she received a brusque telegram: "I won't be back. Love to the children. . . . Guy."

"It was like a nightmare," Alice said to me a few weeks ago. "I simply couldn't believe it had happened. My parents were as stunned as I was. I'm an only child. They had always treated Guy like their own son, even though at first they objected to our marriage. When he wanted to settle in Milwaukee, they gave in right away and bought a summer cottage on the lake so they could spend long vacations with us."

When Alice met Guy and quickly lost her heart to him, she was a student at a celebrated woman's college not far from Boston, her home town. He was a handsome ski instructor at a nearby winter resort. Their first date, engineered by Alice herself, was the result of a roommate's dare. Guy was standoffish and shy, reluctant to step out of character and appear at a college dance.

"Maybe his balkiness was part of his huge appeal for me," Alice said ruefully. "I hate to be crossed. Anyhow, Guy and I had a wonderful time at the dance and in short order decided this was the big thing and we couldn't waste or wait a single unnecessary minute. I disposed of my parents' doubts and objections—they hoped I would marry either a lawyer or a doctor—between the Christmas holidays, when Guy and I were introduced, and our Easter wedding. . . ."

It was six years later that Guy disappeared. Detectives hired by Alice's father eventually located him in Detroit. Alice was astonished to learn that Guy had run away from what he regarded as the overpowering influence and intolerable meddling of her parents.

Guy was the product of a poverty-stricken home, acutely defensive about his humble background and lack of a college education. Quick to take offense, he was inarticulate about his grievances. Guy had chosen to settle in Milwaukee to get away from his in-laws, but they followed. To him the gift motorcar was unwelcome; he preferred to select and pay for his own automobile. To him the trust fund established for the two small girls was positive evidence that Alice's parents had no confidence in his ability to support his own children. He had never forgotten their original opposition to the marriage.

Once Guy's suppressed feelings were revealed, Alice took immediate and successful steps to re-establish their marriage on a different basis. She went all out to prove to Guy that he was head of the family, that she admired and loved him, that he came first in everything. At Alice's request her parents closed the Lake Michigan cottage and agreed to limit future visits to short and definite periods, to withhold all advice—sound or otherwise.

Reassured that he held first place in Alice's affections, that his abilities were respected, Guy soon gained in self-confidence and became able to laugh at some of his own self-doubts. Gradually he learned to speak up and talk about his feelings to Alice and at the same time learned to be less suspicious of the goodwill of others. Guy will never again choose flight as an answer to problems.

## He was no financial wizard

Bob Graham, a 34-year-old accountant and talented amateur violinist in college days, made no mystery of his intention to leave his family. He quarreled violently with his wife Elise after an evening of music with suburban neighbors. He threw an extra suit in his car, forgot his topcoat, hat, extra underclothes, and roared off in the night at 60 miles an hour.

"Bob behaved outrageously," Elise told me. "It was the first time we'd been out together in weeks. Bob was so absorbed in making money—he worked all day long at his company and then did free-lance jobs at night—that we had no companionship whatever. Our three children, two teen-age boys and a girl in junior high, were better acquainted with the mailman than with their father.

"Bob hadn't touched his violin in months. Yet when I played a piano duet with the husband of my best friend, Bob just couldn't take it. He was so absurdly jealous that he broke up the party and then broke up our marriage. As he bolted out the door his last words were that I was spoiled and childish, and would never see him again."

Elise *was* childish but, in a sense, so was Bob. If she was spoiled, he was partly responsible. The two met as fellow members of the orchestra in a big-city university where he was studying accountancy and she was a fine-arts major. Their middle-class, money-conscious parents had sacrificed to send them to college, and expected great things of them. Everybody, both sets of parents, Elise and Bob himself, felt confident that Bob's diploma would unlock the door to pots of money.

Unfortunately not all of us are born to become financial wizards, and after four or five years in business Bob found out he wasn't destined to make pots of money—an unpalatable truth he attempted desperately to conceal. With his approval in her folly, Elise moved him and the youngsters into a $45,000 house on Long Island, complete with swimming pool and mortgage.

As for Bob—he took on a mountainous load of work. Often he was bent over books and ledgers for 10 to 15 hours at a stretch. He got too little sleep. He virtually lost contact with his family.

Eventually he cracked under the strain and fled from the crushing economic pressures of suburbia. An even more crushing pressure was Bob's conviction he was a failure both in business and as a husband, that Elise had written him off as a failure. In their courtship and early marriage, he and she had played musical duets. Now she depended on a neighbor's husband.

Bob left no forwarding address. Nevertheless he was located quite easily, as are many men who desert their families with a subconscious desire to call attention in a dramatic way to their frustrations and misery.

A marriage counselor helped the Grahams straighten out their financial affairs, adopt a sensible budget and, more important, put their emotional house in order. Elise didn't want to lose her husband, and she had been badly scared. She was intelligent and she was fair-minded, once she perceived her errors. If it was Bob's job to provide financial support for her and the children, Elise acknowledged, it was her job to provide the intellectual and artistic stimulation that enrich a marriage and meant so much to him. Bob then dropped two evenings of work and was able both to pick up his violin again and to become a companion to her and the children. It might almost be said that his desertion showed the Grahams the way to a better marriage.

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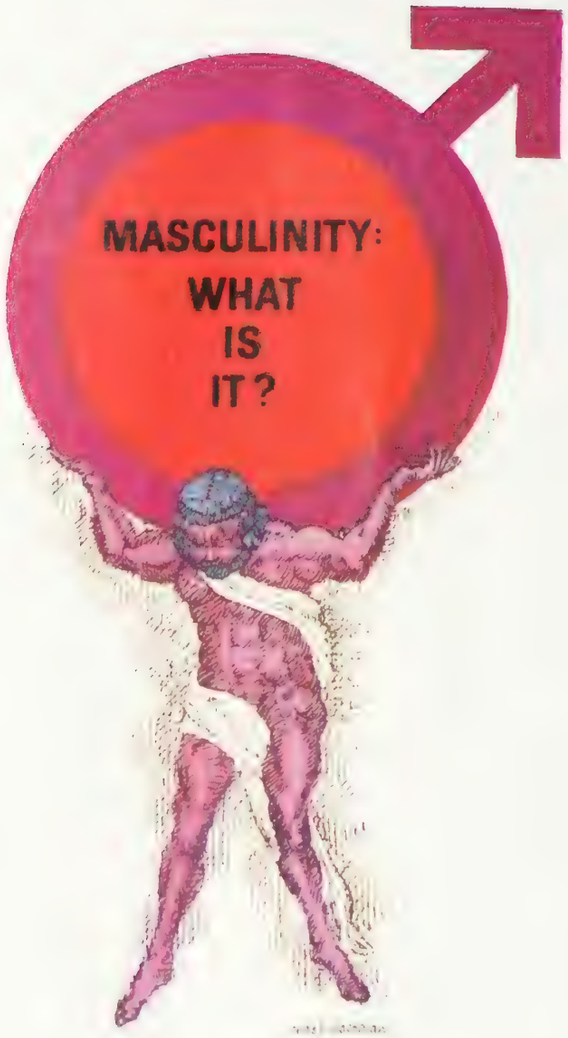



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RADIO CITY, NEW YORK




# MASCULINITY: WHAT IS IT?

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Can you judge a man's masculinity by his hat? A British museum curator points out that in 1850, when men ruled supreme, their hats had high crowns. In 1880, when women began getting restless in their red-velvet-draped parlors, men's headgear became shallow boaters. By 1900 American men were wearing soft fedoras with dentlike creases. They're wearing the same symbol of bashed-in authority today, except that the brims are getting smaller and smaller and smaller.

Superficially, men may seem quieter and less conspicuous than they used to be, but one has only to reflect upon the worldwide population explosion to realize that they still retain their mastery in the sphere for which they were biologically created. No matter what kind of hat a man wears, crimson-plumed, or helmet, or good gray felt, the expression in his eyes when he sees a beautiful woman remains remarkably the same.

A girdle company recently demonstrated that the average American male spends 5.5 seconds observing each woman under 45 he sees on the street. He looks first at her face, devoting 1.2 seconds to this appraisal. Then his glance drops swiftly to her ankles, lingers longest on the legs and hips, pauses at the bosom, and then flicks back again to her face.

The well-dressed businessman is the most shy, dropping his eyes when confronted with a bold female glance. However, if he is accompanied by another male, he looks a bit longer. Construction workers stare most openly. Only a tiny minority of American men—about 5 percent—never look at women at all, according to the Sarong report.

So the average American male retains a healthy interest in the opposite sex. He also remains dominant in our society. In all the important aspects, he runs the show, and women, generally, are content to have this so.

But something *has* been happening to the American male to make him feel less sure of himself. He sometimes acts a little frightened of "the new woman" who is not so manageable as the old, who refuses to "stay put" and to take his word for everything. He is baffled and dismayed by the disenchanted housewife. Can it be that he must help the American woman out of her centuries-old chrysalis, and grow up a little himself in the process?

"Men are less able than they once were to satisfy their need for significance through childish forms of domination," believes philosopher Harry A. Overstreet in his book, *The Mature Mind*, "and women are more able to develop their full individual powers so that they are less driven to win security and significance through childish forms of submission. All this promises the gradual development of a type of enriched relationship between men and women in which the maturity of each will be encouraged."

In the meantime, our attitudes are encumbered with obsolete notions of what is masculine and what is feminine. Studies of highly creative men—architects, mathematicians and physicists, as well as artists—show that they all exhibit characteristics once considered feminine. They talk readily and candidly about their innermost feelings, show a sensitivity and self-awareness, and enjoy many activities the repressed Victorians considered unmanly.

Yet many psychological-screening tests now in use define a real he-man as a person who likes snakes, chasing bandits in a sheriff's posse and reading detective stories. He is considered a poor employment risk if he likes bridge, visiting art galleries and reading poetry. Shakespeare and Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt and Shelley would be eliminated as unstable and unemployable today.

"In some cultures," says child psychiatrist Dr. Stella Chess, "only the men dance. It is considered as virile an activity as lion hunting. But in America, if a boy says he wants to become a dancer, his parents turn white with apprehension."

The epitome of maleness today, according to a recent public-opinion poll, is "the executive hero," a suave man of the world and aggressive moneymaker. "Money is the measure of the man," concludes the Kings Men study on images of masculinity in America. "Strength and courage have given way to the ability to earn. A man measures his manly potential by what he makes; and a wife measures her husband by how well he provides."

As American men and women picture him, the "executive hero" has many interests and hobbies—sports, cards, planes, women, clubs. He does not like a pace that is slow or ponderous. He prefers musical comedies to opera, comedy to drama, and likes popular books. His interests and pursuits are not especially intellectual or esoteric. He is married, but is not a home-bound family man.

A psychiatric caseworker, upon hearing this description of the "ideal" American male, remarked, "He hasn't a human trait. He's a machine."

Comments playwright and editor William McCleery, "The rugged type who spends most of his spare time away from his family pursuing some personal he-man interest strikes me as rather childish. The tired commuter who makes the effort to put his kids to bed and talk to his wife in the evening is the *real* man in my book—a mature, responsible human being."

Caseworkers find much confusion in parents' minds today about the kind of man they want their sons to become. "Many fathers seem to have a horror that their boys will turn out like them," says Oscar Rabinowitz of the Child Study Association of America. "They want their sons to accomplish more than they did; at the same time, they're afraid they won't accomplish as much. And in some cases they unconsciously do not want them to succeed."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

Turn next page for quiz: *What Makes a Man Masculine?*

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Regular or King Size

# WHAT MAKES A MAN MASCULINE?

Are you being duped by some of these popular myths of masculinity?

**1.** *The masculine man is big-chested and muscular, never slender or graceful.*

A man's body build or physique is not really related to his manliness. Manliness is a deeply internal feeling that a man has about himself because of his acceptance of the roles that our society attributes to men.

**2.** *Only a man who has sired a child can be considered masculine.*

A man can be fatherly without having children. The ability to have a child is determined by many factors not necessarily related to a man's sense of his own manliness and acceptance of masculine responsibility. It is felt that some men who have the need to sire many children actually question their own virility.

**3.** *A man is highly masculine if he engages in dangerous sports and has a rough, tough vocabulary.*

Some men almost compulsively put themselves into situations that test their strength, virility and toughness. They are continually proving that they are men in this rather infantile fashion, because they are uncertain about their masculinity. The adage "He doth protest too much" often applies to this type.

**4.** *A highly masculine man enjoys a succession of love affairs before and after marriage.*

Given our culture, this type of behavior is held suspect by most psychiatrists. It is usually felt that, again, such men are anxious about their virility and their capacity to handle male responsibilities. Men, and women too, who require a succession of love affairs are usually people who cannot establish stable and mature relationships. They are immature in their inability to see more in men-women relationships than the sexual act.

**5.** *A boy who plays with dolls will grow up effeminate.*

Many small boys enjoy playing with dolls, just as they enjoy playing with any other toy. Many authorities believe that playing with dolls and playing house are important ways in which a boy learns the differing roles of men and women.

**6.** *A sensitive, nonaggressive man is less masculine than a highly competitive or stoic man.*

In order to fulfill responsibilities for himself and other persons, a man sometimes should be aggressive. But a man's expression of tender, sensitive traits does not make him any less masculine. Some authorities feel that our culture does not allow men sufficient opportunity to express their deep emotions. They suggest, for example, that if men were allowed to cry more, the rate of ulcers and heart attacks might drop.

**7.** *It is unmasculine to enjoy artistic endeavors more than sports.*

It is a common fallacy that men who paint, write, or have cultural interests are, *ipso facto*, feminine. Appreciation of artistic experiences is in no way the sole province of the female. By the same token, enjoyment of sports is not necessarily indicative of a man's masculinity.

**8.** *Men are losing their masculinity as they assume more responsibilities for household chores and child rearing.*

Many experts have pointed out that the roles of men and women are becoming less clear except in the area of reproduction. It is true that the family has gradually changed over a long period of time to a much more companionate relationship between a modern husband and wife, with both assuming many more of the functions and roles that were solely the province of one or the other. However, man's own sense of his masculinity is much more important than whether or not he is helpful with the children or the household chores. Some authorities feel that unless a man takes some domestic responsibility, he is abdicating his role as husband and father.

**9.** *A deeply masculine man harbors feelings of superiority over women and less-capable men.*

The well-adjusted male wants to take care of and be protective of women, and does not consider this as being superior. When a man is sure of his masculinity, he can express tenderness, gentleness and compassion. Superior or pugnacious attitudes to smaller, less-competent men are quite suspect. This usually indicates a man's concern with his own masculinity.

**10.** *The responsibilities of fatherhood make any man more masculine.*

If a man feels comfortable with his maleness, he will learn to enjoy his fatherhood and the guiding of his children. If a man is basically uncomfortable in his male role, he may regard his son as a rival or as an extension of himself, through whom he tries to resolve his own earlier conflicts. This may be quite damaging to himself and to his son.

**11.** *A man who is impotent (habitually or occasionally) is not masculine.*

Impotency can result from a variety of causes, including fatigue, illness, aggressiveness and guilt, and not necessarily solely from a man's lack of masculine qualities. When the problem is severe, a man should seek medical and psychiatric help.

**12.** *No real man has homosexual tendencies.*

There is some capacity for affection toward the same sex in everyone, and this is necessary and desirable for everyday social functioning. However, active homosexuality is a form of sexual immaturity. The cure, if the homosexual wants to be cured, can often be accomplished through psychotherapeutic intervention.



**13.** *If a young boy is seduced by another male, he will then become homosexual himself.*

One or two homosexual experiences do not make a homosexual. It has been reported in some studies that some minor homosexual activity during early adolescence or preteens is common among boys and girls. It is generally felt that only when the emotional need for a homosexual relationship exists will a young person choose a homosexual life. This need is usually related to the child's early relationship with his parents. Much still needs to be learned about the causes and cures of homosexuality.

**14.** *A father is doing his son a favor by telling him that marriage is a trap set by designing females.*

A man who can see women only in a designing, controlling fashion often has great concern about his masculinity. The usual TV fare of the woman "managing" her husband and other men tends to play into the popular notion of the battle between the sexes. This is most unfortunate, for it does not show children the real roles that husbands and wives play in their mutually shared joys and responsibilities to each other and their children.

**15.** *The father who plays games with his son is helping his son become a man.*

Young boys do learn what it means to be a man from their fathers. However, of no less importance is their relationship to their mothers. How a mother reacts toward her male child determines many of his feelings about himself. As poet James Russell Lowell advised, "The surest plan to make a Man/Is, think him so." Playing games together is only one way in which a man helps teach his son masculine values. And it does not help a son to press him into unfair competition. Unless the father accepts the boy's skill at its youthful level, games with father can be deflating and humiliating to the youngster. Rather than increasing his son's sense of masculinity, the opposite may easily be accomplished.

**16.** *It helps a small boy to look and feel "masculine" if he dresses as much like his father as possible, in long pants, jacket, tie and snap-brim felt hat.*

Most little boys go through a period of dressing up like and imitating grown-ups. A small boy may very easily dress in women's clothing as well as men's. Neither is indicative of how strong his future sense of his own masculinity will be.

**17.** *Parents must train a small boy to become "a little man."*

A boy needs time to find his own identity as a male. Early "training" will not hurry the process. It is much more important for a boy's future sense of masculinity for him to feel that his parents enjoy his growing maleness as it comes at its natural rate.

**18.** *It is not masculine for a young boy to be fearful.*

Fears of one sort or another are prevalent during particular periods of a child's growing up. These fears take many forms, such as fear of the dark, of being left alone, hurt, dismembered, attacked, and so on. Parents, and fathers especially, can be most helpful by refraining from ridicule, by being reassuring and by encouraging their sons' feelings of confidence, self-worth and dignity.

*Prepared in consultation with the Child Study Association of America.*

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## SISTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

pond I called Sylvan Lake, and, knowing the water below was a hundred feet deep, I read my book.

Spent in this way, an entire morning could go by without my thinking about Harriet, or my older sister Cathy, or even about Emily Ann, who was not quite three years old when she died, in May, of pneumonia. It had been clear from the start that she was seriously ill; but then, I had been seriously ill, myself, more than once: I had already had German measles, and chicken pox, and the whooping cough. At first I simply waited for her to get well. Each night I would expect that the following morning she would again come clambering up on the bed with Cathy and me—"Cup! Cup!"—tumbling over the mountains sleep made of us, and bouncing the bed until we did wake up. Then she would lie for a moment quietly between us, her thumb in her mouth. "Take your thumb out of your mouth," I would say sternly, and she would; she would always do anything I said. "Becky, see if you can get Emily Ann to finish her cereal. . . . Emily Ann, *Becky*'s home, now stop being fussy. . . . Emily Ann, Becky ——" Gradually I began planning toward the time when she would be well. "When summer comes, I'll hook up the hose out front and give you a showerbath," I told her, one afternoon late in her illness. I sat on the bed, trying to ignore the close, prisoning air of the sickroom, increasingly, insistently medicinal; all my plans were for out-of-doors. Emily Ann, propped back against pillows, lay very still and listened. Her forehead was beaded with a fine film of moisture; her breath came and went past her lips with a faint, ragged huskiness of sound. "When you get well, I'll take you for a ride on Ginger. You can hold the reins. We'll make ole Ginger gallop all over Pogy's pasture! Here he goes!" I put out my hand and galloped two fingers across her foot. I remembered to touch the sheet over her foot very lightly, almost not at all: her skin was sensitive; it was the fever, mother had said. Her eyes followed my fingers. She giggled. I galloped my hand up her leg. After a minute, she laughed. My heart almost burst. My heart almost tore itself out of me—Emily Ann was better, she was laughing! I had made her better! I was not surprised to hear my mother's footsteps hurrying through the hall, into the room; I looked around to accept her happiness, and went plunging instead into her eyes' anxiety, their cry of dismay, their tense, sweeping inquiry. She was instantly across the room. Without a word she pressed my face between her hands, against her own cheek, all so swiftly that I hardly knew it had happened. "She mustn't laugh," she said in a low, quick rush of words. "Oh, darling, it is just that Emily Ann mustn't laugh." I heard Emily Ann coughing for a long time afterward.

She was taken to the hospital one afternoon in the middle of May, and the next morning I was told that she had died there; but from the beginning, and more and more, she seemed to me to be away only on some mysterious, and temporary, visit. Realizing this was not so, knowing it by the ache that persisted within me, and yet unable to absorb more, I had the general sensation that I was forgetting to do some important thing. I felt toward my parents a pressing, but unfathomable, obligation.

My father was a tall man, and handsome—not so supremely handsome as I thought, but handsome all the same, with his black hair and smoke-blue eyes and gentle mouth. He always came home a few minutes after the six-o'clock whistle had blown. One day in June, glancing out from the dining room, I saw him cross the porch and pause very briefly at the front door. In his expression there was something that made me think of the time when I was visiting at an aunt's and, coming back from a walk, had started to go into the wrong house.

It was only for a moment that he stood there; then he came on in, loosening his tie, and hanging his coat on a dining-room chair. My mother, who was slenderly small and dark-haired and young, came from the kitchen, to push the chair up closer to the table, straighten the coat. "Was it a hard day?" she asked.

After a slight pause, he said, "All right, I guess. Hot. How about you?" He brushed a wisp of hair from her forehead, gently.

"I fell on the rocks this morning," I said for the second time. "See my knee?"

"What she *didn't* do this morning was dust the furniture," Cathy, at the doorway, said.

Cathy was two years older than I. The difference in our ages had never mattered before, but this summer we had come to a point of sharing little except the room we slept in. If she had appeared before me with her lacquer-black hair turned flaxen, I would have seen this as only another change in her. For a time I had tried to emulate what seemed to be her new—her alienating—personality; I didn't, for instance, shout my way through the house, I didn't tease to be taken to Olden for a picnic and swim, I chewed my food thoroughly without being prompted. None of it brought about a return of the old unity. I finally gave it up, and for the most part I endured her presence without comment, to show her that I accepted the gulf that had come between us.

On the evenings when I knew Harriet was coming, I would dawdle over the supper dishes. I was secretly ashamed of being able to care so much about hearing Harriet's stories. I had discovered that my parents laughed in the old way and seemed happy only when Cathy and I were around, and never when they thought we were both off playing somewhere; so I knew, of course, that their gaiety was pretense. It seemed wrong of me to be glad, and not pretending it, that Harriet was coming. Cathy was never glad, she was very casual about Harriet. I would think about this.

As if eagerness for the sound of Harriet's voice would in itself compose a disloyalty, I used the supper plates and cups to spell out my false indifference. If it was my turn to wash, Cathy would fret, and threaten, and finally, in an agonized tone of voice, she would tell the ceiling that I was slower than the seven-year itch. It was less of an ordeal for us both, on the alternate evenings, when she washed, and I dried; even so, I dreaded the moment of reaching for the last cup, the last spoon.

The front porch was the coolest place to sit after supper was over, and my mother would take her knitting out there, or a book, and my father would take the newspaper to glance over before all the daylight was gone. But often that summer, finished in the kitchen, I would hear him speaking in a hushed voice as I neared the porch. When I opened the screen door he would stop talking and rattle the paper. Mother would be sitting in her chair, her head back and her eyes closed.

Even if I had decided that I would stay home this evening, I would say, the moment I saw them, "Can I go down to the Bittleys'?"

"May I."

"May I go?"

"When daddy calls, you come right home."

"I will."

To prove to all of us that I didn't expect to have much fun at the Bittleys', I kept on the sidewalk, not cutting across the lawn. I walked slowly, not stepping on any cracks, and stopped once to examine a thin, silvery trail left by a snail. Passing the Anders' house, I gave my fingers a ride on the scalloped top of their fence, and barked back at their dog, MacDougall, to be polite.

As I came beyond the Anders' snowball bush, Franny Jenkins cried out, from the Bittleys' front lawn, "Look who's coming."

"Everybody hide!" Richie Bittley suggested, and nobody did.

Henry Botes took a pebble from his pocket supply, threw it toward me, not at me, and returned to what appeared to be a heated dispute with Mikey Bittley. I was not walking so slowly now: I had used Franny's announcement of my approach as a sort of certification that I should not change my mind and go back to sit on the porch with my parents. In emphasis of my feeling of release, I started to skip.

Martha Jean Jenkins, who was watchin hollered to me, "I know something you don know!"

"That you have fleas?" I yelled back plea antly.

"Say that again."

"Did you just sneeze?"

Martha Jean laughed: "Ha-ha-ha."

After a broad jump that almost clear Mrs. Bittley's flower bed I angled left ar trotted the rest of the way.

"Our daddy's fixing to buy a brand-new ca that's what," Martha Jean gloried, "isn't h Franny? And the only way you can ride in is, you can ride in it if you're stuffed in t trunk with the rest of the baggage! I'm ju kidding."

I saw Cathy coming from down the stre arm in arm with Edith McCune. I looked aw and leaned against the Bittleys' pecan tr "Has Harriet come?" I asked, and felt t queer, weighty thickness churn through me. was all I could do to keep from looking ba behind me, to see if my parents were someh there and had heard me ask, "Has Harr come?"

"Who cares?"

"She's a pain."

"I'm tired of her dumb old stories," sa Mikey, with a proprietary air.

"Richard, Peter and Michael Bittley!" call Mrs. Bittley from their bedroom window.

"Good night!" groaned Mikey. "We coming!" he yelled.

"Right now!"

When the Bittleys were going out for t evening, the boys were made ready for b beforehand. They didn't have to go to sle until the regular time. The rest of us wait around, playing Statue and Redlight, until saw Mr. and Mrs. Bittley drive off. Then raced one another to the bedroom windo The only one of us allowed to go inside w Dottie. She had had infantile paralysis, a still wore a brace on one leg; she wasn't su posed to stand around and get tired.

Davy Bittley, who was two, was bedd down in the lower bunk bed; he always f asleep right away. Mikey sprawled out on t upper bunk bed. On the double bed by the w dow, Richie and Petey and Harriet and Dot sat together, the night light on the chest drawers casting a pale yellow glow that gr stronger as dusk came on deeper.

I always stood right at the window, with n nose touching the screen. Franny and Mart Jean did, too, and Henry Botes lay down the ground and occasionally kicked the side the house. Cathy and Edith sat on the law close enough to hear if they wanted to liste but far enough away so as not to be mistaken identified as one of us.

Harriet wouldn't begin until we had all be quiet for a minute. There was always someo who got a mean streak and horsed arou long enough to drive the rest of us to distra tion. Orders! Accusations! Denials! Harr sat saying nothing while we struggled to silen like unpracticed swimmers who reach the r by sheer accident.

When we were quiet enough to hear t crickets in the empty lot across the street, a the grouchy old bullfrogs; when the tep summer-night breeze had erased the last s lable of us, Harriet would begin a story. A ways, in that instant before she began, I wou feel a cry rising to my throat and want to tu and run. Always, I would remain silent a waiting. Then Harriet would speak, and would be all right. Her soft round voice seem to slip through some opening in the popp scented air, not disturbing the stillness at a

Her stories were full of forest witches w tried to change Evie and Coco (his real na was Cornelius Comstockton III) into spide There were dragons that breathed green plum of fire, and demons and dungeons, and blac eyed monsters with frightening gold teeth. was a world of familiar, conceivable disaste and clear-cut demands—my cheeks burnin my heart beating against the windowsill, blissfully wore myself out in my multiple ro of witch-dragon-demon-child.

Sometimes Evie and Coco were rescued by forest tree that had turned itself into a giar

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

**A short time before his death, Thomas A. Edison was asked the secret of his success. "Two things that had nothing to do with my knack of inventing things had a lot to do with it," he answered candidly. "One was good luck. The other was that nobody was ever able to convince me that it was unfair to my fellow workers to put forth my best efforts in my work. I'm glad there was no such thing as the eight-hour day when I was a young man. I won't say it isn't a boon to others, but if my own life had been restricted to eight-hour days, I don't think I would have accomplished a great deal. This country wouldn't be what it is today if the young men of fifty years ago had been afraid that they might earn more than they were paid for."**





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

sometimes a ray of sunlight saved them (the witch, living in her cold, dark castle, mortally feared sunshine). Always their rescue was certain, soul-satisfying, and in the nick of time.

One evening toward the end of summer we were pleading, as usual, for one more story when we heard, from the front lawn, Dottie's father calling her name. He had come to carry her home piggyback. Harriet said that since Dottie had to leave, and since we had already had two stories, that should be enough for tonight. She rumpled Petey's red hair and started to the front door with Dottie.

I, for one, felt a burning resentment toward Dottie which I was able to conceal only by telling Martha Jean to go home.

"Your mother's been calling you for half an hour and you know it," I said waspishly.

"You mind your own business!"

"You can't make me."

"Well, that's life!" said Franny, in a loud, peace-pipe voice.

"*What's life?*" Martha Jean and I chorused, unable to resist.

"*Magazine.*"

"*How much?*"

"*Ten cents.*"

"*I only have a nickel!*"

"*Well, that's life!*" Franny screamed ecstatically.

"Come on, Franny, mother's calling us."

"See you tomorrow!"

"So long!"

"So long!"

Henry, who lived next door to Dottie and would stand at the curb and shout out to passing traffic that he loved her, ran off to walk home with her and her father. Richie and Petey, full of male conventionality, told the back of my head to get away from their window.

There was a full moon, not yet drained white from the exertion of its skyward climb, and I looked speculatively through its shadow-filtered light toward Cathy and Edith. They were lying on their stomachs in exactly the same position: each had her feet in the air, ankles crossed, elbows hidden in the grass, chin pillowed in two cupped palms. Their heads were close together, as though the words whispering out from the busy lips of one were in some invisible way linked to the slightly parted, waiting-their-turn lips of the other. There was nothing about the scene to encourage my joining them.

I sneaked up behind Cathy and tickled her leg, narrowly avoided getting my teeth kicked out, and then I trailed around to the front of

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the house. I knew Harriet would be sitting on the porch steps, but she was a storyteller grown silent, an anonymity: I wasn't particularly interested in her, only there was no one else to talk to.

My father's two-note come-home whistle split the air at the same instant that I came upon Harriet and, by the moon's soft light, saw her suddenly beautiful. My idea came to me full-blown. A warm excitement fused with a sense of urgency, but I hesitated, my pulses beating even harder than when I ran all the way up to the corner and back. Then, free of the last echo of parental bidding, I went over to sit beside Harriet.

Cathy came by, her slim dancer's legs flying, and from over her shoulder she flung out the warning, "You had better get a move on!"

My thoughts racing, I ignored her.

"Hadn't you better hurry on home?" Harriet said, after my silence had lasted a minute.

"Yes. Harriet, will you come and live at our house?" *And we can pretend we are sisters*, I wanted to say, but I couldn't get the words out.

I blushed furiously, but she said, without astonishment, "That would be fun, but of course we all have to live in our own houses."

"Why do we? We have plenty of room," I persisted. I added, generously, "You could tell me stories any time you wanted to."

Harriet laughed softly, and hugged me. I knew then that she wasn't going to do it. "You'd get tired of my stories soon enough if you got a steady dose of them. Besides, you have your mother, and your father, and your sister—a whole family!" she said, with a wistfulness I, in my self-absorption, only halfway heard. She added teasingly, "You wouldn't really want anyone else there, would you?"

Yes.

*Yes, I would!*

*And I would catch her when she jumped from the old walnut desk*

*I would lie on my back and ride her in the saddle of my bucking legs*

*I would pull her in her red wagon*

*and show her a robin-blue eggshell*

*and take her for walks all the way to the corner*

*and never, not ever, make her cry!*

But this lightninglike chain of longings narrowed again to the vague, constant ache that was like a permanent bruise within me. Overshadowing it was the newer, more insistent revelation: Harriet believed my family to be "whole." She was the first person in my experience who was unaware that one of us was missing. This sudden reality washing over me spread itself, for one brief second, to include all the Harriets to come who would never know our family had once been five. I stared at her, an unfocusing gaze, while I realized finally that I would not see my younger sister again.

"—— and that's a promise. So you run along home now ——"

I wondered automatically what promise Harriet had given me, and, just as automatically, like a puppet yanked into action, I got up and started for home. If Harriet called good-bye to me, I didn't hear her.

The street was emptied of its day-laboring children's voices, but there were other sounds: a screen door slamming, the crickets, a strain of radio music thin as a ribbon; my own heel-scraping footsteps. An airplane droned high overhead. I found its winking lights and watched it go its pathless, impersonal way past the moon.

"The moon has all its lights on."

"The moon has all its lights on," Emily Ann had said, on another night. And, *What, darling? the moon what?* And she repeating the words while we all made guesses. And my mother triumphing, interpreting. My father tossing Emily Ann into the moonlight. And all of us laughing.

I looked up at the moon and remembered, and after a moment of uncomprehended desolation I ran for home as fast as my feet would take me. Down the deserted night street I ran, past the Anders's, across the lawn, up the porch steps to the front door, I ran blindly.

In the living room, I lashed out at my parents, tears streaming down my face, "*I don't see why I always have to come in before anybody else ever does!*"

Abruptly and mercilessly hating myself, I tore away from their bewilderment and rushed to the room I shared with Cathy.

Cathy was already in bed. She raised up when I slammed the door open.

"What in the world is the matter with you?"

She asked twice, and I made no reply. With trembling fingers I stripped off my clothes; I found my nightgown by moonlight, fiercely blew my nose, and threw myself face down onto the bed.

Cathy asked then, more gently, "What is it?"

"Leave me alone!" I answered ungratefully, my face half buried in my pillow.

After a minute her hand reached across the darkness and found mine. Our fingers were still touching when I fell asleep. END

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Also, cling peaches may be baked, or heated in a saucepan with a little of their own syrup. For an especially interesting variation, serve them hot with creamed hard-boiled eggs in a toast cup.

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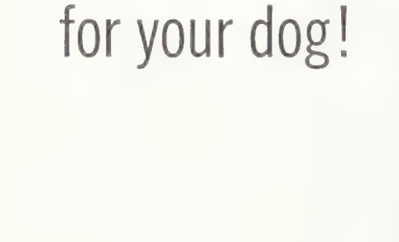
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## SKY-HIGH COURAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

a half miles high, Bob set his small craft free and rocketed it to an altitude of 59.6 miles, at a speed of 4,093 miles per hour. No man had ever flown so high before in a winged aircraft.

The added height and speed were gained in one extra second of full throttle above the 80 seconds he was scheduled to hold it. He had time to see the "fantastic view," and strange things ("like pieces of paper") tumbling outside his window. "There *are* things out there," Doris heard him say over his voice radio. "There absolutely is!"

Meanwhile, young Greg had been delighted, on this special morning, to find himself taken right up to the flight line to wait, instead of to the road a half mile back where wives and children usually park and watch. Greg loves to see the planes come in, and an X-15 landing is a particularly exciting sight. It flies so fast that a purple flare is sent up over the landing area to guide the pilot over the curving horizon. Suspense mounts as watchers strain to see something in the empty desert sky. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the rocket plane skids in on the blinding sand, accompanied by an escort of jet "chase" planes. This morning, the silver jets swooped back skyward in their own exultant celebration of a successful flight. Greg was disappointed when it was over. He wanted them to do it again.

Greg was the first to hug his father, but from then on Bob would be receiving a stream of congratulations. He had not only thoroughly tested the X-15 and helped further man's researches into space, but he had also, by flying at least fifty miles above the earth, become the fifth American to qualify for astronaut wings. He joined an exclusive club consisting, last July, of Astronauts Shepard, Grissom, Glenn and Carpenter, and he was the first to qualify in an airplane rather than a Mercury capsule.

After the triumphant flight, there was no longer any question about Doris's flying with him to Washington that afternoon. Neighbors helped her pack, and arrangements were quickly made for the children. As a rule, Doris infinitely prefers to stay on the ground, but this was one trip she enjoyed thoroughly. "I've never felt so secure in a plane before. There were five experts on board—two on X-15's (Joe Walker was with us), and three on B-52's."

The next day, Doris met President Kennedy for the second time when he presented the Collier Trophy. Later she went with Bob to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration headquarters, where he received the NASA Distinguished Service Medal from Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson. The last ceremony of their two-day trip was at the Pentagon, where Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, Air Force Chief of Staff, gave him his astronaut wings. "General LeMay let me pin the wings on Bob. It was one of the most thrilling moments of my life."

Bob and Doris are a poised, attractive couple. Bob, who is dark, blue-eyed and good-looking, is asked to make more public appearances than he can accept, and when he has to make a speech, it is a good one. Doris not only is pretty but also dresses with style—she has a size-eight figure. But both are naturally reserved, and they guard their private life as much as possible from publicity (for one thing, they worry about its effect on the children). Their preferred evenings are quiet ones at home.

Bob doesn't talk easily about personal matters. A self-contained man, whose chosen career is in the discipline of the armed services, he believes in a disciplined atmosphere at home too. "I figure that even if I have to be away from the children a good deal, they'll still have a sense of security as long as I give them a lot of love and a firm hand when I'm here."

Bob is a Roman Catholic (Doris joined the church before their marriage), and he adds, "I want our children to grow up knowing the difference between right and wrong too. Religion can help. It's my job to make sure that they develop and follow their faith. I can give them more experiences and an easier path to an education than I had myself. I hope they'll use the opportunities that open up to them."


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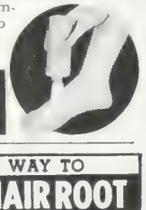
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He'd like all three of the children to finis college, although Doris is more concerne about this for Greg than for five-year-o Pamela Ann and three-year-old Mauree Ellen. "It would be nice if the girls finishe college, but unless they're really interested, think some sort of special training after hig school, or two years of junior college, woul be sufficient."

Pam and Maureen are a pair of charmer with blond hair and incredibly large eyes hea ily fringed with dark lashes. They look ve much alike, although Maureen is still the fan ily baby, while Pam is moving out into ne worlds of kindergarten and dance recitals.

Not all of Bob's working life is spent up the sky; he spends many days at a desk at t flight-operations center. But, in any event, brings little of his working world home wi him. He finds Doris wherever she may be- usually in the kitchen or the fourth bedroo which they have turned into a family room- and settles down near her. He calls Maure to his lap, and she swarms aboard and ea nestly shows him the new scratch on her kne Daddy examines it sympathetically, then cur it with a hug and kiss. If Pam is home, she not too big to climb up too.

Greg, who has little time for such nonsens may fly through the room on his way from t front door to the back yard—a shortcut he not supposed to make. He calls out a qui "Hi, dad," but is checked before he reach the back door.

"Whoa there, Greg. How'd the spelling te go today?" Doris had coached him for t test the afternoon before, so his parents' inte est is highly legitimate. Greg shrugs. "Oh— right," and edges toward the door. But isn't freed until he gives a word-by-word a count of himself.

Dinner is an early meal at the Whites', they start their day at about six A.M. and a in bed most nights by ten. The meal begi with grace. Doris tells Bob that she has be asked to model in a fund-raising fashion sho Pam is to be in another dance recital. Bob a nounces that he has a speaking date out town later in the week. Dinner over, he loo at Pam and Maureen and says, "In about fi minutes I'm going to whistle up a bath fo couple of little girls." When he is home regularly gives the girls their baths while Do clears the table. Bedtime prayers follow, a then Bob prods Greg along to bed.

The Officers' Club at Edwards Air For Base offers a fairly heavy social life, but B and Doris rarely go, preferring visits at ho with friends. They entertain during the Chri mas holidays, and, as at most military bas there are farewell and welcoming parties year round. Bob is not a joiner, and limits membership to professional societies. He pl golf on Saturdays and after church on Su days. Doris belongs to her church wome group, has a weekly mah-jongg date and pl a Friday round of golf with her friends. E sometimes gives her pointers on her golf gar but they do not play together.

Doris's day would be thoroughly familia millions of housewives the country over. is up at 6:15, and her first job is to meet Bo expansive tastes in breakfasts. Homem muffins and corned beef hash with poached e is one of his favorites. Bob says modestly, friend of mine who has to get his own as me how I managed to get Doris to fix bre fasts like that. I told him I trained her ri from the beginning. On the first morning our honeymoon, I asked her very nicely, "W you please close the window, dear?' And did."

"Yes, and it was a *very* cold February m ing," says Doris, smiling.

She is apt to dress for the day in trim pa and much of her time goes to the children their friends. The weather prides itself on ing superb 350 days of the year, but since ev back yard in the neighborhood is enclo there is a great deal of trafficking through house. The White children have a gym se their back yard, and are not supposed to in the living room. Doris keeps a tidy ho but she doesn't let it dominate her. "I use

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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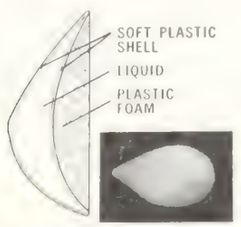
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

pick up after them all the time; now I do it just once a day." She is warmly affectionate to the children, dispensing hugs and sympathetic conversation freely ("Isn't it *terrible* you can't have a Popsicle before lunch?"). If daddy speaks an admonishing word—for a breach of table manners, for example—the tear-filled eyes swim to mother for a look of comfort.

She has the steady calm of maturity, mixed with normal moments of self-doubt. "I was thirty when Greg was born, and I've always been afraid I didn't have as much patience as younger mothers have. In the beginning I really leaned on Spock." Last year she spent a weekend at a Carmelite retreat near Anaheim, while Bob took over the household. "One of the nuns gave a talk that impressed me a great deal. She said we should never be too busy to sit down with our children and discuss any problems they might have, no matter how small. I've found this works with Greg. He used to pester me when I had to say 'no.' Now, instead of just saying 'no,' I sit down with him and we talk it over. More often than not, he ends up telling *me* he doesn't really need whatever it was that had seemed vital to him five minutes before."

Doris likes to cook, and does Italian dishes well—lasagna, veal scallopini, spaghetti. Their back yard has a barbecue, and it is Doris, not Bob, who builds the fire and roasts the company leg of lamb on a spit or grills the marinated steak. Both love seafood, and such is Air Force life that they occasionally dine on fresh Maine lobster and clams in the Mojave Desert. "Sometimes Bob will bring back a batch from a flight to the East Coast. I steam them, and we have a feast."

There is no doubt that Bob is at the center of her day. His happiness in his work, and his pride in its obvious importance, not only gives his voice authority at home but also gives them both stability as people. There are no questions in either of their minds as to where he is going—or that it takes two of them to get him up there. Bob could probably earn a great deal more money in private industry than he makes in the Air Force. Test pilots in the service receive no additional pay or benefits for their risky work. Bob makes exactly what any other pilot of similar rank and seniority makes. As a major since April, 1959, his income is $12,450.96 a year, composed of $7,560 base pay, $2,880 flight pay, $574.56 subsistence pay and $1,436.40 housing allowance (since their house is provided by the base, this last is deducted in full). He carries $37,500 in life insurance, but the Government pays no part of this.

Doris collects four copies of every newspaper and magazine article about Bob she can find, and she now has a precious pile of clippings. When she has time, she wants to put them into scrapbooks, "one for each of the children—and one for myself—as a remembrance of their father's achievements."

Bob and Doris met in New York City in November, 1945, while he was still on terminal leave from his service in World War II. He was born and reared in New York, where his parents and a younger brother still live. He enlisted in the Air Force right after he finished high school in 1942, was stationed with the Eighth Air Force in England, and by the age of twenty was a seasoned fighter pilot who had been awarded the Air Medal with seven Oak Leaf Clusters for flying 52 combat missions over Europe. In February, 1945, his plane was shot down over Germany, and he spent the last months of the war in Nazi prison camps. He regarded this period as a test of character, and it is still a source of satisfaction to him that he and the other Americans with him came through it well.

Not that he wasn't delighted to get home again. Doris, meanwhile, had been dating a pilot friend of his named George. One night George broke a date with her on the grounds that he had to help celebrate a fellow pilot's return. He brought Bob over for proof. A week later Bob called Doris for a date, and that was the end of George.

Doris's home town is Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. "There wasn't much to do back home unless you wanted to clerk in the five-and-dime store." So she went to New York to live with an aunt and find work. She found it as a technician for a dentist whom she still remembers with affection. "Dr. Cranin was like a father to me. He and his family helped me in so many ways. It meant a lot to me because my own father had died when I was twelve." The Cranins remember Doris as a girl everyone loved—"just a darling."

After Bob was released from active duty in December, 1945, he began studying at night for an electrical-engineering degree at New York University, while he worked for Western Union by day. Doris and he continued to see each other. "We'd go to the movies once in a while, but for the most part our dates consisted of walking. I'd meet Bob at the subway station when he got back from school at night, and we'd visit while we walked back home. Coincidentally, my aunt's apartment was only a block away from the Whites'."

They were married between semesters at the Holy Name Roman Catholic Church in New York City on February 6, 1948. They spent a snowy honeymoon weekend in Atlantic City, and settled in a small apartment in Brooklyn Heights. Bob switched to full-time study by day, and for the next three years they lived on Doris's salary and his allotment under the GI Bill. He also received a small stipend monthly as a member of the Air Force Reserve, and occasionally made a little extra money giving private flying instruction. "We had a lot of fun, even though we did have to watch our pennies. Thursday was our night out. We'd go to a little Italian restaurant for spaghetti and wine—that's what we ate on our honeymoon—and then see a movie. Spaghetti and wine is still a favorite of ours."

## ON THE MEETING OF LIPS

By Richard F. Armknecht

Oh, blissful the first kiss,
The sudden, unrehearsed kiss;
And tender the last kiss,
The hold-me-ever-fast kiss;
But let me praise the middle kiss,
The come-and-guess-my-riddle kiss—
A blend of tears and laughter
That promises the best kiss,
The up-to-now-unguessed kiss,
In kisses to come after.

The Korean War put an end to Bob's thoughts of a civilian career. In May, 1951, he finished work for his engineering degree. The day after his last classes—he didn't make commencement—he was recalled to active duty in the Air Force Reserve. By January of 1952 he was in Japan with the 40th Interceptor Squadron, and within a few months he wrote Doris asking how she'd feel about his enlisting in the regular Air Force. "It came as no surprise to me. Several of his letters had been leading up to it. Knowing how much he wanted it, I just hoped he'd be accepted."

He was accepted, of course, was returned to this country, and stationed first at Griffis AFB in Rome, New York. The Whites now had been married for five years, and Doris had been told she could have no children, so they applied to adopt a child. A few months later they were transferred to Maxwell AFB in Alabama. "Soon after we got there our priest notified us that the agency up in Rome had a baby for us. At the same time we found I was pregnant. I'd been sick from the moment we arrived in Alabama. I just couldn't understand it. I'd put the hope of pregnancy out of my mind. We wanted to go ahead with the adoption, but the agency said there were too many childless couples waiting for a baby."

After the Alabama tour they returned to Rome, and it was here Bob decided to become a test pilot. Doris had no qualms about his choice. "If that was what he wanted to do, then I wanted him to do it. I didn't know enough about it then to have any apprehen-

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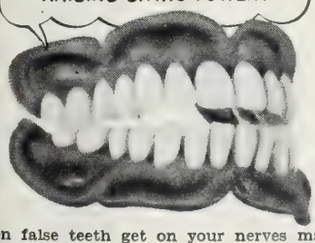
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sions." His choice meant attending the flight test school at Edwards. As friends put it, "See that little dot? That's where you're going—to the Mojave Desert."

They arrived at Edwards in June, 1954. "Bob had a captain's rank, but he was a mere student at the school. I was big, fat and pregnant. Living quarters were scarce and there was no place for us at first. We stayed for three weeks at a motel 23 miles away until an apartment on base was available."

After Bob was graduated first in his class, he was kept on at the flight test center. No man had reached outer space yet, but the means of getting him there seemed excitingly certain. Doris says, "There were some bad years in the beginning, many bad accidents. In four years, 13 pilots out of a test group of 35 were lost. We lost many, many good friends, among them my best friend's husband in an X-2 crash. That's when you begin to think twice about it. Every time there's an accident, you realize your husband could be next. But the fellows themselves have so much confidence that some of it rubs off on you."

Bob had one narrow escape when a piece of intake duct broke off and ripped through the engine of a jet fighter he was piloting at 1,000 miles an hour. If the flying piece of metal had hit the compressor, the plane would have exploded. Doris would rather not know of such mishaps. "I know things must go wrong sometimes in day-to-day testing, but Bob doesn't come home at night and tell me about them. If he did, I'd be a nervous wreck. Of course things happen. Something's bound to when they're testing new things. The fellows expect it. It's part of the job."

Eight years is an unusually long time for one tour of duty, and the Whites know they have been lucky. They have had four different homes on base, beginning with a one-bedroom apartment and moving into larger quarters as their family grew, as Bob advanced in rank and as the Air Force added to the base's attractively laid-out housing. The houses in their area, with patios and built-in dishwashers, are designed for officers of Bob's rank—colonels' houses have fireplaces.

Their long stay at Edwards is about to come to an end, for they expect to be transferred this summer. Moving will be a wrench, but they know the ties they've made will endure. Doris says, "I love life in the service and cannot imagine any other, now. People here who are about to retire face civilian life with mixed emotions. We make such very good friends. This is most apparent after an accident, when everyone rushes in to help. But we're close-knit in day-to-day living, too, both the wives and the men. You have no idea how close the fellows are. They're all in it together, and if someone like Bob sets a record—even though it brings personal publicity—they're just happy someone has made it."

Bob's work with the Air Force is important enough so that he has a clear grasp of its significance in our national life. He has given the Air Force his nerve, skill and courage, and it has given him due honors. He is a member of a relatively small fraternity of men, and his allegiance is absolute. "I regard my membership in the Air Force and my work here as a privilege. It's wonderful to work with a group of mature men who know what they're doing. In other walks of life, good friends may lose touch in time, but that doesn't happen in the service. We've seen many good friends come and go, but we're bound to meet again, and when we do, we can pick up right where we left off. We speak the same language, and we're doing the same work wherever we are."

Then he smiles at Doris. "She's the ideal wife for a man in my job. She's done a darn good job of running the children and the house, and a darn good job on me. She's accepted everything I've had to do."

Doris knows he has to do them. She cannot recollect ever raising complaints about any of his decisions. "Bob is ambitious, which I think is important in a man, but he would never step on anyone to get what he wanted. He is *so* sincere. If Greg turns out like his father, I'll be proud." There is pride in her voice as she goes on. "Bob doesn't consider himself a hero, and he doesn't like having a fuss made over his accomplishments. But he's *my* hero."

END


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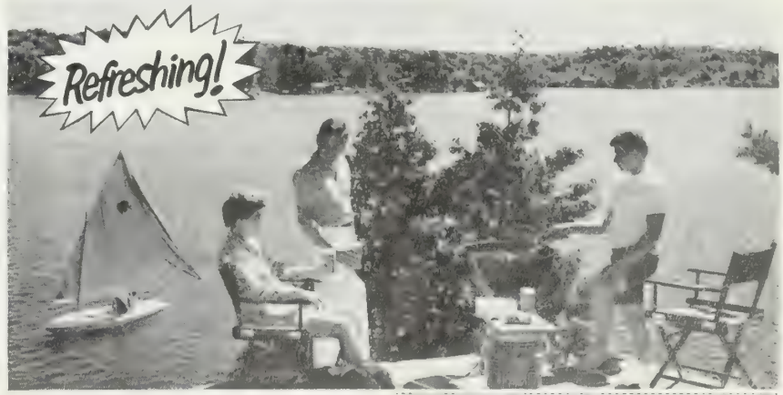


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## GIRL OVERBOARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

floor, but when she came back with the tray and glasses her mood was thoughtful. "Clothes," Paula said, "I've just thought of clothes. I'll have to do an awful lot of planning. And they have a boat, you know. What do women wear on a boat?"

"I'll get my Navy uniform out of mothballs for you," James said.

"Jim, you've got to take this seriously!"

"All right," James said, "all right." He ran the ball of his thumb over her forehead. "Don't frown," he said. "And don't get all tensed up. That makes you look awful, too, and you're not going to get much out of your vacation if you look awful, are you?"

For a moment, James thought, Paula looked startled. Then she put down the tray and leaned against him and ran her fingers under the lapels of his jacket. "Darling," she said, "you're so understanding. And you take such good care of me, don't you."

James Pratt was a book editor, and a very good one. He was tall and bony and his shoulders had a fatherly stoop that invited confidence. Women who did not know him thought him shy; women who did know him found him reserved, but appreciative and humorous and kindly. Few women had known him intimately. James was just old enough to have served in the Korean war. The war had kept him away long enough to give him a sense of urgency about his career; it had also kept him away long enough to give the girl who was supposed to be waiting for him justification for changing her mind. James was not a man to court bitterness because of war or woman's vagaries, but unquestionably he had gone back to his work with an attitude: girls could be delightful, but serious involvement was a serious thing indeed, and better postponed.

That Paula Sheldrick had broken into his life as far as she had made James realize that postponement was the suspect condition of his attitude, but reason did not take him much farther. Reason had nothing to do with his affection for her; reason was no more than an onlooker, observing Paula when she was heartbreakingly sweet, when she was impulsively generous. Reason noted that she could be submissive, that she could be confiding, that she could be as trusting as a child. She could also be a complete witch, and she was capable of outright meanness. She told terrible lies, and tried earnestly to improve them. She loved the game of one-upmanship and played hard and rarely broke the rules. She depended on James and in her moments of greatest dependency she was likely to rebel. Reason noted that she enraged him, that she amused him, that she gave him nights of sleepless pain; but reason proffered no explanation of his deep feeling of responsibility for Paula.

The vacation with Paula took on a better tone for James when he received a pleasantly worded invitation from Mrs. Kirby, Bee Barrick's mother. She also sent him a sketch map of the neighboring roads. But James expected a pretty nervous drive north: Paula was keyed to high excitement and the night before they left she spent the whole evening packing and repacking and darting from her apartment to James's car and back.

"Under the *hood*," Paula moaned. "It's ridiculous."

"You can have the back seat too," James said. He had had the wit to pack his own bags first, and stow them in the car.

Paula looked into the bin behind the back seat of the little VW. "Is that *all* you're taking?" she said. "Jim, you won't be *dressed*, even. You're not taking enough!"

"To simmer you down," James said. "You're yattering yourself into a frenzy."

Paula looked up at him for a moment. "I suppose I am," she said. "Well, if I can have the whole back seat for things ——" She had started to hum, always a good sign, and in the apartment she hummed and smiled over a welter of dresses and shoes and sweater sets and slacks. James had always thought that a modern young woman could go to Europe for a month with everything she needed in her handbag and a hatbox. But that had been before Paula.

The next day her good mood lasted until near the end of the long drive, when James was following the sketch map along unimproved roads. They were deliberately unimproved roads, James knew: tremendous and far-spaced houses lurked in the woods and the people in those houses did nothing that would encourage strangers or casual explorers. It was all very familiar to James.

"I wish you'd stop driving with all that careless confidence," Paula said. "You've never been here before either."

"No," James said. "But I used to visit a similar community."

Paula turned to him. "You never told me your Great-Uncle James had a house at the shore. Did he bring all the servants with him?"

"I should say he did," James said.

"How many butlers did he have?" Paula said.

"One," James said.

"Is *that* all?" Paula said.

"Well, there were four or five footmen," James said.

"*Oh*," Paula said. "I could kill you. Jim, was it wonderful?"

Telling Paula about Great-Uncle James was like telling a fairy story to a receptive child. James told her about the massive dinners in the massive house, dinners where there was always one footman detailed to serve the children; he told her about the grotesquely formal clambakes where the footmen always wore livery and kept changing their white gloves while they worked at the fire pit. It was wonderful, James said, when he and his little cousins managed to escape and run wild on the beaches, but mainly he remembered being miserably hot and itchy because Great-Uncle James didn't recognize modern dress and all the little boys had to wear serge trousers.


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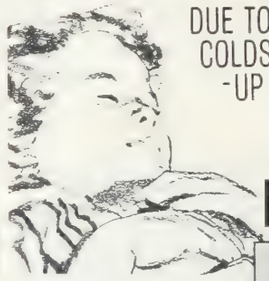
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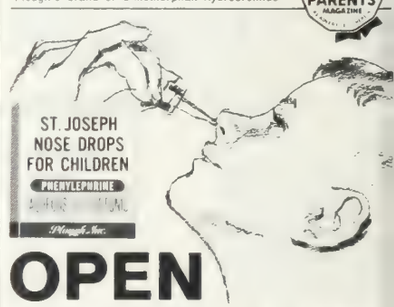


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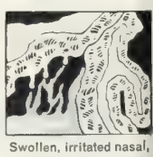

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"But it must have been worth it," Paula said, "knowing he had all that money."

"Dear, we were children. It was worth it to our fathers and mothers, knowing he had all that money. But we children didn't like Great-Uncle James very much."

"Well, *I* would have," Paula said.

James began to laugh. "Why aren't you complicated, like other women?" he said.

"There isn't time," Paula said.

They came upon the house soon after. It was a real Great-Uncle James monster of a house, James thought, but he thought he'd better not say so to Paula. He saw a middle-aged woman and a young woman playing with a dog on the lawn; as he turned into the graveled drive the women looked up, smiling, and began coming toward them.

James switched off the motor and Paula's hand closed over his forearm, and clutched. "Jim?" she whispered. "Darling?"

James put his hand over hers. Her hand was cold. "It's all right; everything's going to be fine," he said. "Just fine."

## HEAVEN TOO!

By HELEN PAIGE PHILLIPS

*What would I want with a harp in heaven?*
*What would I want with a crown or two?*
I'd rather walk in a daisy meadow
With two little girls in pink and blue.

I'd rather kneel by my own old rocker
*(What would I do with a golden throne?)*
And thank the Lord for His tender mercies,
For two little girls to call my own.

*Saints and angels with wings and trumpets*
*A golden mansion in far-off skies—*
I'd rather butter their bread and sugar
For two little girls with your blue eyes.

And it was. Mrs. Kirby was simply a very nice lady and so was her daughter, Bee Barrick; and James felt relief. There could have been some kind of schoolgirl feud, or rivalry, behind all this. But James could detect no unkindness, no undercurrent of malice. No joker here, he thought. Of course Paula was talking too much—too much and too fast; and as Mrs. Kirby drew them toward the door of the house Paula looked back at the car and said, "Jim, my things. Will you ——"

Mrs. Kirby said, "There'll be someone out in a minute, dear. I've just a couple up here, and a girl in days, and I keep them busy."

"Oh," Paula said. She darted a look at James that plainly blamed him for her gaucherie. "Of course," she said to Mrs. Kirby.

The house smelled of pine and salt and the foreshore, and of wax and furniture polish and dampness. "Join us for a drink after you've freshened up," Mrs. Kirby said to James. "I expect my son along soon, so don't worry about being beleaguered by women. And here's Mr. Jonson to take you to your room."

James followed the wiry figure of Mr. Jonson up the stairs. Mr. Jonson opened a door and ushered James into a spacious and pleasant room. "And here's your bathroom," Mr. Jonson said, "and here's your bell push in case you want anythin'. Me or Mrs. Jonson'll be up quick as we can. Up for the sailin', are ye?"

"Sailing?" James said. "Well, not especially."

"These parts, ever'body's a sailor," Mr. Jonson said. "O' course it's all with them tars and Lightnin's." He winked at James. "Me, I got a real boat. Well, I better git your young lady's bags up first. Women, ye know. Ye don't need anythin' for a few minutes?"

"No thank you, Mr. Jonson," James said. He smiled when Mr. Jonson was gone. Paula was going to be disappointed in Mr. Jonson, he feared.

When he heard the women going down he followed them and joined them in front of a small fire in a large fireplace. "I never seem able to get the chill out of this place," Mrs. Kirby said. "Do sit down, Mr. Pratt, and tell me what you'd like to drink."

It was all very nice, nicer than James had expected; and he could see that Paula felt the same way. She had stopped twitching and gushing and a look of great satisfaction came over her face when a perfectly uniformed maid came in with ice and glasses.

"Bee, dear," Mrs. Kirby said, "will you mix? No, wait. I hear Doug's car."

Anybody could hear Doug's car, James thought. It made a very expensive sound. And then Douglas himself appeared, radiating geniality, at least six feet four inches tall, with shoulders to match. And beside him strode a girl to match: about the tallest girl, James thought, that he had ever seen.

"Peggy, dear," Mrs. Kirby said. "Peggy Blankenship," she said, and introduced the tall girl to Paula and James. "And my son Douglas," she said to Paula. "Doug, dear, this is Paula Sheldrick."

Doug held out his hand and said to Paula, "I remember you. The most beautiful girl in Carleton. But I don't suppose you remember me. I didn't visit Bee often."

"Why, no, I'm afraid I don't," Paula said. James looked at her alertly because Paula was using the tone she always used when she was telling one of her well-rehearsed lies. Paula was laughing lightly. "I can't imagine why not, though," she said.

"Welcome aboard, Pratt," Doug said to James, when his mother made the introduction. He looked keenly at James. "Have we met before?"

"I don't think so," James said.

"Neither do I, but I'd hate to think I was slipping. For a minute there I had the impression that you recognized me."

James looked into the fire and tried to prevent his amusement from showing. Amusement and—beyond question—chagrin. Because of course he recognized Douglas Kirby. Douglas Kirby was the joker in the pack that James had suspected from the beginning.

In the morning Mrs. Kirby and Bee Barrick made apologies and left for a day's work with the Red Cross. Doug Kirby lighted a pipe over his breakfast coffee. "You sail, Jim?" he said. "Well," he said, "you won't be able to help yourself after you see my boat. You people are up here at a good time—we always have couples races at this time of year when the guest lists are filled. Strictly intraclub and lots of fun, but don't think the competition isn't fierce. I hope you can swim."

"I'm pretty much of a tank swimmer," James said. "But I try to get in a mile or so a couple of times a week."

"Good. I don't have to worry about you. What about you, Paula?"

"My goodness," Paula said, "I can swim a stroke—I guess."

"Well, we can take care of that," Doug said. "You wear a life jacket at all times. Skipper's orders." He stood up. "No sailing today, though. Grounded my centerboard and she had to be hauled out. I thought I'd spend the day in town at the chandler's. Want to come?"

"Why, we'd love to," Paula said.

Doug grinned. "Alfa takes only one passenger. Hope you don't mind, old man."

James did, and he didn't. He watched the Alfa Romeo blare away and decided that there was no sense in being silly. And besides, the foreshore smells and the piny-woods smells were laden with memories that had nothing to do with Paula Sheldrick. James had a part of his boyhood to revisit and he did it tramping the woods and dunes and walking barefooted along the shingle. When it was near noon he returned to the house and sat on the lawn and made friends with the Kirbys' dog.

Presently a jeep turned into the driveway and stopped and the tremendously tall Miss Peggy Blankenship got out. She did so modestly enough, but the splendor of her legs was evident. "Hi," she called to James. She was wearing a denim skirt that was stained with paint. "Where's the skip?" she said.

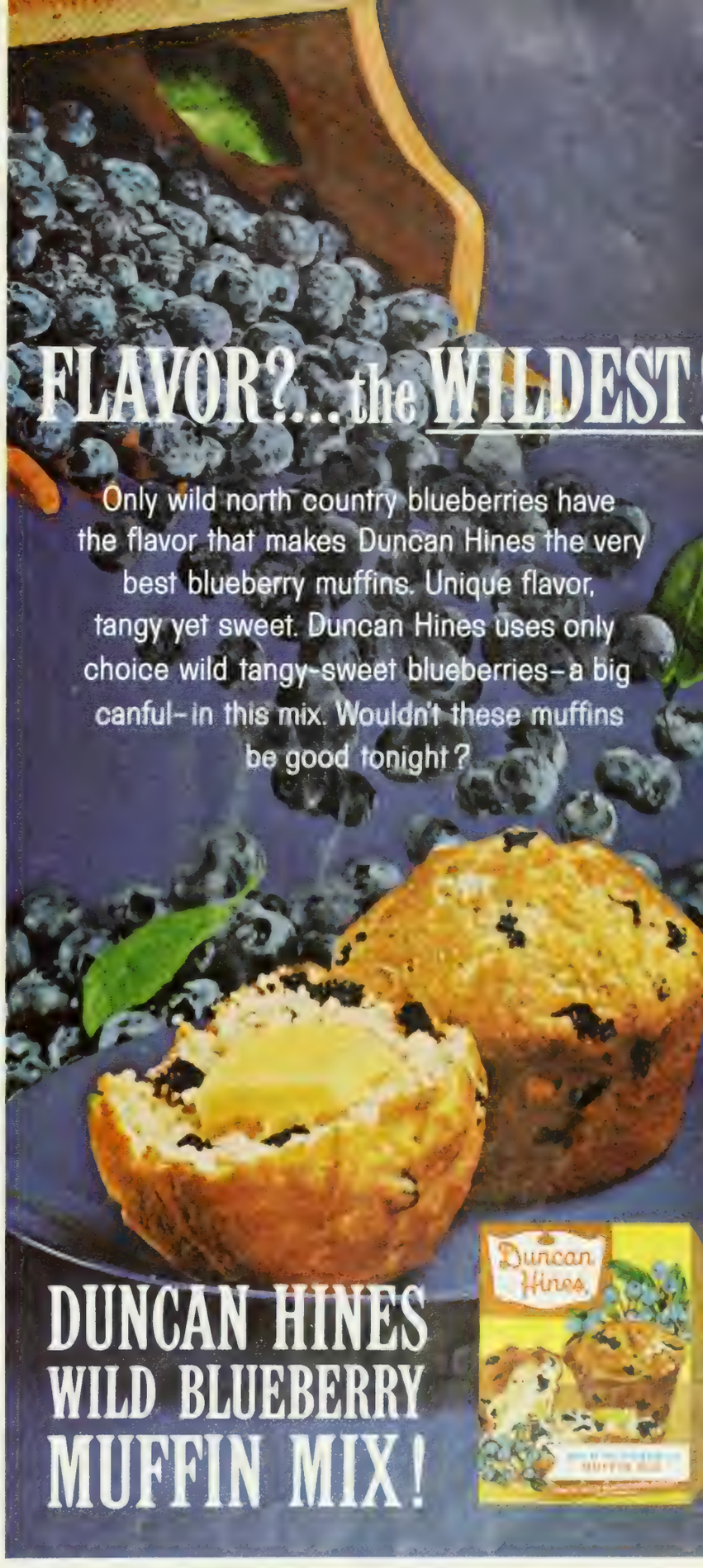
"He and Paula went to town," James said. "He said he had to go to the chandler's."

"The dog," Peggy said, but she said it without rancor. "Leaving me with all the dirty work. And leaving you all alone. I suppose the Jonsons are giving you lunch."

"Yes, that's the arrangement," James said.

"Which I shall cancel," Peggy said. "That's no way. I'm going to take you to my house for lunch." She strode into the house. She was certainly a magnificent figure of a girl, James thought, and it wasn't often that the really tall ones had a man like Doug Kirby to set them off. James wondered if she was jealous of Paula, and if she and Doug were engaged.

Peggy came out of the house. "All settled," she said. "This is nice," she said. "My father



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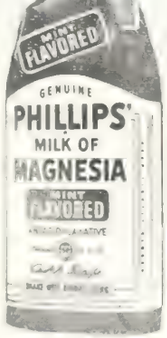



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wants to meet you. He adores books and he knows your publisher and he's heard about you. So lunch with us sooner or later was inevitable. Last night," she said, "when they said you were an editor I thought newspaper editor and I simply couldn't picture you stopping the presses and barking into a telephone and firing reporters."

"Not my line," James said. "My writers tell me I'm turning into a father image."

"Oh, perfect. And I'll bet they all love you."

"Love, hate, resent, supplicate. As in father."

"Yes, you look as though you take very good care of people. Well, here we are. Hi!" she called. "Father, look! I got him first try!"

Peggy's unusual height came from her father, James observed. Mr. Blankenship said, "Well now, isn't this fine. I hope to get some good conversation out of you, James. Sheets and guys and halyards and futtocks are about all I can get out of Peggy's young man."

"Then sailing isn't your vice, sir," James said.

"No, horses. Horses and women."

"Now, father," Peggy said.

"Well, I'm too old for either now," Mr. Blankenship said, "so I talk instead."

They lingered over the sherry and they lingered over lunch and they lingered over brandy after lunch. They lingered and they laughed a great deal and then Mr. Blankenship left them for an afternoon nap.

Peggy and James walked outside. "I can't remember when I've had such a fine time," James said.

"Father's quite something, if he likes you."

"I'm complimented. But I can't let it pass without saying that you enhanced the occasion. Considerably."

"Oh, dear. Now what can I think of that's nice, to say back? I know. I don't want it to end. Such a lovely golden glow we've generated, it seems a shame to be alone with it."

"Yes," James said. "Well, let's not."

"Temptation. But I'm under strict orders to have Doug's centerboard trunk repaired for tomorrow."

"Hoist the Jolly Roger," James said.

"Have to be fair," she murmured.

"Strike the Jolly Roger," James said. "Let me be your helper, pass the tools, stir the paint."

"That's no way to spend our golden glow," she said, "and anyway, the idea of mutiny is too attractive. I think I'll phone the boatyard and have them put a man on it. Doug will forget the expense if we help him win the couples races."

When she'd made her call she came out and said, "Now what? Skeet? Tennis, anyone? Swim? Stroll aimlessly?"

"Stroll aimlessly," James said. "Maybe swim later."

"Good. Organized effort does seem silly, doesn't it?"

They smiled at each other and James straightened his back and shoulders. "Oh, don't strain," Peggy said. "I'm the giant who walks like a woman, you know."

"Bitterness?" James said.

"Yes," she said, "but let's not take that walking with us. And besides," she said, "you're almost up here." She measured a hair's breadth with her thumb and forefinger. "All but by that much."

In the morning there were excitement and tension in the air and James soon learned that Douglas Kirby was a man who took sailing with great seriousness indeed. They sailed in the morning and they sailed in the afternoon.

Perhaps James did not learn a great deal about sailing, but he enjoyed learning to obey Doug's orders because it helped make the beautiful craft go beautifully. James learned to operate the centerboard tackle when Douglas asked for more board and he learned what it meant to hike out with his feet jammed in woven straps and his torso extended beyond the gunwale and the white water hissing beneath him. Peggy showed him how it was done, looking like some displaced figurehead.

Paula was not allowed to do anything so dangerous. But that didn't matter because Paula looked absolutely gorgeous, even wearing a life jacket. Paula had been nervous at first, but she got over that quickly. Paula absorbed excitement and gave it back triplefold. In her own way, Paula did her share of making the boat go.

"Well," James said to her when they happened to be alone, "all your fears were groundless. These people are human beings, after all."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Paula said.

"That's my girl. Never look back."

"I wish you'd stop being so protective," Paula said.

"You're going to need the protection of an armed guard if you don't stop flirting with Kirby," James said. "The guy's liable to go berserk."

Paula smiled. "Don't be so silly," she said. "And anyway, he's going to marry Peggy Blankenship. Rich people," Paula said rather mournfully, "always marry rich people."

"The Blankenships are only slightly rich," James said.

"Are they?" Paula said interestedly.

"Yes. And back to Kirby; I don't think I mentioned marriage."

"No, dear," Paula said. "I did." She grinned in a way that James had always found especially maddening, and rolled her eyes. "Could it be that you're the teentsiest weentsiest bit jealous?"

"It just could be," James said. "The teentsiest weentsiest bit."

There was an informal dance at the club on the following night and it seemed to James that Paula had never danced so marvelously with him. She was his shadow, his close shadow. Too close, and embarrassment warmed James until he noticed that Douglas Kirby was watching them. Douglas looked kind of funny, James thought.

"Do you know something?" James said.

"What, dear?" Paula clung and spun.

"Kirby's watching you, and you're watchin him. I think you are a minx, dear."

Paula's eyes were half closed and she let he head fall back. "You do understand me, don' you?" she said. "It's such a comfort, Jim."

"Don't be too sure of that," James said "And let's cool it a little, if you don't mind He's coming over now."

"Do you think I'd *ever* dance with him th way I dance with you?" Paula said.

James didn't know about the ever part, bu certainly Paula was a model of propriet dancing with Doug Kirby. James shook hi head and went to the bar. He circulated wit the drink in his hand until he saw Peggy "May I have the honor?" he said.

"More likely an ordeal," she said. "I can mince."

James put his glass on a table and took he hand. "Why," he said presently, "you minc beautifully, when you put your mind to it.

"Well, mince me over to the door," Pegg said. "I've never managed to do it before an I'm getting afraid of it."

On the flagstone terrace she said, "Oh, dea oh, dear. Whatever got into me?" Her eye glittered. "If I wait here," she said, "or pe haps even down there by those cypresses, wi you bring me champagne?"

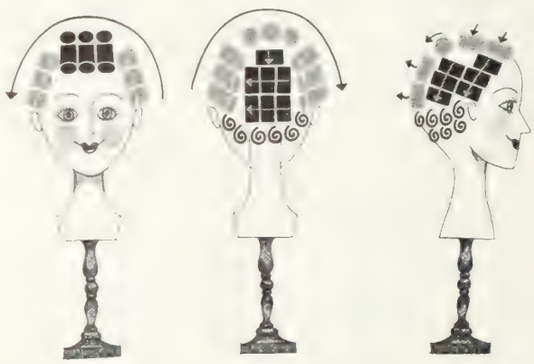
When James returned he found Pegg standing by an ornamental pool. "You' different," he said. "Different, but I don know how."

"Oh, quite quite quite different," she said She took the glass from his hand and raised i In the moonlight James saw the wine spi

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

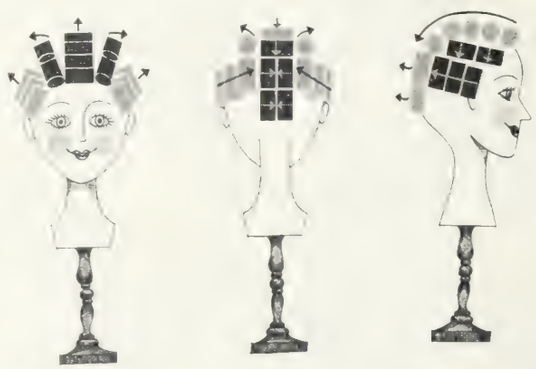
## Return of the Romantic Hairdos

*Setting directions for hairdos on pages 64 and 65.*



MIYO ENDO

*Josephine:* Brush hair back, smooth and under. Make a ponytail of the top crown hair (beginning four inches back from the hairline), and include back center hair. Secure with elastic or ponytail clip. Sweep hair from left temple across and secure at ear level on right side with barrette. Ends of hair on both sides fall into soft waves in front and in back of ears. With a pouf brush or rattail comb arrange the ponytail section into bouncy ringlets.



*Elizabeth I:* Brush hair smooth and then back-comb to secure bulk and extra body. (Leave just the top layer of hair free.) Starting at left, fold the hair back and secure at center back with a "seam" of bobby pins. Now roll the right side under and back toward the seam (the left-hand ends will roll right up in it jelly-roll style). Secure to bobby-pin seam with hairpins. Smooth top layer of hair, using your fingers or comb to emphasize the waves.

# *"Proportioned? Really?"*

Yes, now Kotex napkins come in
4 proportioned sizes.

Choose the length, width and depth that
meets your special needs.

Each comes with the new moisture-proof shield.

That's why nothing else protects quite like Kotex.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?



| REGULAR | JUNIOR | SLENDERLINE | SUPER |
|---|---|---|---|
| Medium width, depth and length | Regular length and depth—less width | Narrowest, deepest, shorter than Regular | Regular length, deeper, wider |

Now more than ever, Kotex is confidence.

KOTEX and SLENDERLINE are registered trademarks for feminine napkins of Kimberly-Clark Corporation




# MINI-BASKET washes all the things you now wash by hand

*(12-pound-capacity washer by General Electric now has a small, extra washbasket. It is for little loads and uses little water.)*

The exclusive MINI-BASKET* washes frilly frocks, nylons, woolen socks, unmentionables —all the things you separate from the laundry and labor over at the sink. Leftover loads. Last-minute loads.

The MINI-BASKET is ever so gentle. It has no fingernails and wears no rings to snag delicate fabrics. It uses about the same amount of water you do when washing by hand at the washbowl.

It washes separately, as part of the MINI-WASH system, with its own speed, water needs, controls. Indeed, it is a washer within a washer. When MINI-BASKET is not on duty, lift it out and put it away. Now you're ready for a mammoth wash . . .

**Huge, 12-pound capacity**

The big washbasket gets great big 12-pound family loads truly clean. How can it wash so much, so thoroughly? The whole washing system is so powerful, and the action is so relentless, that dirt cannot survive. Hard as it works, this washer can be trusted: in laboratory tests, it has worked the equivalent of 40 years without lying down on the job.

**And the Filter-Flo®** washing system cleans and re-cleans the wash water, traps lint-fuzz in the filter, not on your clothes. Filter-Flo works for both MINI-BASKET and 12-pounder.

More helpfulness: This General Electric multi-cycle washer can be set automatically for any size load, any kind of fabric.

**Two washers in one.** Mammoth 12-pounder and thoughtful little MINI-BASKET. *Only General Electric has it.* See your General Electric dealer, and you will never wash anything by hand again—except yourself. **Trademark of the General Electric Co.*



MINI-BASKET *is an exclusive little washbasket that fits inside the big 12-pound washer.*

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

French Accent

**A bold new look from history's romantic age**

Something wonderful has just happened to furniture! It's a blending of France's two favorite furniture styles . . . the elegant court style of Louis XV's regal Paris, and its casual interpretations for country living in the provinces. Thus French Accent achieves a freshness, a freedom, a versatility that soars beyond the limits of a single style. It sweeps in mood from relaxed ease . . . to mellow warmth . . . to sophisticated elegance. And—in rich walnut or custom white—it will prove a harmonious accent to almost any other furniture you may have. Most important of all, French Accent is by Drexel . . . which means quality furniture, at prices your budget will approve!



by Drexel®

THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN FURNITURE

by Drexel

You can work out your own custom-planned arrangements . . . the unified wall group is actually four individual pieces. Prices? Low drawer chest approximately $109 (slightly higher in the West).

*Send 35¢ for your Drexel booklet collection, to Drexel Furniture Company, 14 Huffman Road, Drexel, N. C.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

her fingers. "Waste, waste," she murmured, and drank. "Don't look so puzzled," she said. "I simply took off my shoes. I might we might try to mince again, on a more equal basis."

James emptied his glass and placed it carefully on the stone balustrade. With equal care Peggy put down her glass and they then turned toward each other, each holding back for a moment, for a breath, before they embraced and kissed and murmured, and kissed and stumbled against each other.

"Well," she said, "now I know something I didn't know before." She sighed. "Why did I have to be you who taught me? Somehow," she said, "I don't feel naughty, not yet anyway. But I certainly should."

"Doug Kirby?" James said.

"I've worn his ring for years," she said. "Figuratively, around here. The stone's so actually valuable it can't be risked, and I got out of the habit. Doug says it doesn't matter, everybody knows anyway."

"Why the delay?" James said.

"It's a sure thing," Peggy said. She laughed a little. "So why hurry? You're only young once, and we live close by each other, and all that. Don't ask me," she said. "I'm beginning to feel naughty about this. I'm beginning to feel downright wicked."

She looked at the pool and the cypresses. "I don't think I ever want to come by this way again," she said. "Now take me back, please."

"Wait!" James said. He took her arm.

"No, James, no." She began to cry.

James let her go and watched her stride across the lawn toward the cars. Something rolled when he moved, and he bent and picked up her slippers. He waited until he saw her start moving out and then he went to his own car and put the slippers into the trunk.

In the morning nobody was gay, but this was to be expected because Doug Kirby discouraged frivolity before a race. Doug sat at the tiller, holding a stopwatch, his eyes darting from the watch to the rigging to the telltale. The sound of the gun rolled over the water.

"Blue keg's aloft," Peggy said.

"Ease that mainsheet," Doug said.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful," Peggy said. "If there's a recall I'll have hysterics."

"You're having hysterics now," Doug said. "Be quiet."

The seconds ticked by in heartbeats and then the final gun boomed. Doug Kirby looked anxiously toward the committee boat, and then relaxed. "Well, I do believe we've got a race," he said. "Look alive now, me hearties. If I take this one the champagne is on me tonight, by the bucketful."

Doug's good humor, usually infectious after a race was actually under way, was not catching today. The girls, James observed, were not exactly a sullen crew. They were playing their parts, but their hearts were quite evidently not at sea. And James himself could not feel that yachting was of compelling importance today.

They had rounded the windward mark, with James and Peggy hiked out, straining their weight into the weather, when Doug, for reasons that James never discovered, decided on an apparently unorthodox change of course. As he began to come about Peggy and James eased inboard. Peggy's foot seemed caught, and she pulled and kicked. Then her legs flew up and she pivoted on her hips and went over the gunwale with a splash.

"Hey!" James said. "Stop the boat! Man overboard!"

Doug had half risen and was peering astern. "She's all right," he said. "So long as she didn't bang her head. Yes, she's OK. See, she waved."

"You're not going back for her?" James said.

"And lose my lead? Get on that sheet, man. Don't worry about Peggy. She's the best swimmer on the point."

"Well, you are one fine ship's commander, I'll say," James said. He grabbed his nose against the sting of the rushing salt water and rolled over the gunwale.

Quixotic, he thought when he surfaced, very quixotic. But, for him, there'd been no alternative. He butterflied high out of the water until he spotted Peggy's head and then swam toward her.

"Well, hi," she said. "Did you slip too?"

"No, I thought you might like company."

Peggy butterflied. "Don't think I don't appreciate it," she said. She butterflied up again. "I don't think anybody saw us. All the motorboats that were following are away over on the other tack. We're in for a long swim."

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and fight the mysterious BLEEDERS DISEASE
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She drew a breath and went under. When she came up something white was floating away from her.

"Shucking clothes," she said. "You too. Right down to the limits of decency, my boy, if you want to get home safe."

James had been wondering why he felt so clumsy. He rolled under and tore off his sneakers and loosened his belt. He came up to find Peggy laughing. "Now I don't want to be picked up," she said. "I'm going to have to think of a very private landing spot for us. You pace us," she said, "and I'll navigate. Stay close and stop if we lose sight of each other. All right?"

James nodded and kicked away into a good easy crawl.

For maybe half a mile James went along fine. As he exhaled he could see Peggy, underwater, white-green, her legs and arms with him stroke for stroke. After that first half mile or so James merely slowed, knowing that he had set too fast a pace, but presently his rhythm began to break up.

A hand closed over his arm and Peggy pulled him around. "Dog paddle," she said, "very easy. It'll rest you. Not far now."

James swallowed salt water and retched and started wanting to go under. Peggy rolled him to his back. "Kick a little!" she shouted. "Help me and we'll be all right." She began towing him.

But Peggy was not a superwoman. James, resting on her, willed himself to strength. "All right now," he said. "How about you?"

She looked at him and nodded without speaking. Wearily, shoulder to shoulder, now splashing clumsily, they swam until their hands rasped in the shingle. James grabbed Peggy around the waist and dragged her up to the hot sand and collapsed beside her.

After a long time Peggy sat up. "I almost went to sleep," she said. "And we can't have that. But this is the spot I headed us for. Hardly anybody comes around and there's a little beach house not far away where we keep swim suits and things."

"When I can move," James said. "Thanks for bringing me in."

"Oh, I'm a rock of dependability," Peggy said.

"What beats me," James said, "is the way Doug kept going after you fell in. I was sure he'd turn back for you."

"He knows I can swim like a seal."

"Even so," James said.

"Even so, so first things first. The swimmers are competent, and Douglas will forfeit the race before he'll forfeit his place."

"I see," James said.

"And so do I," Peggy said. "Well," she said, "they'll probably be scouting the beach in a car for us soon. We've got to get decent. Just look at me. I mean, don't look at me."

James looked anyway.

"James!" she said. Then she said, "I'm a sight."

"You most certainly are," James said. "And a sight I want to see for the rest of my life."

He stood up and drew her to her feet. "Do you know, I'm awfully glad they didn't turn back for us."

"Oh, so am I," Peggy said. "What do you think I fell overboard for?" END

# THE HOME OFFICE

By CYNTHIA KELLOGG Decorating Editor




It takes a heap o' paper work to raise a family and maintain a home today. But usually there's no place to do your "homework." Old-fashioned houses had a study, library or den to use as an office. Families in new homes have to steal space from some other room. No matter what the decorating scheme, there is a desk to fit in handsomely.

In the photograph above, we have pigeonholed modern versions of such old favorites as the rolltop, the secretary and the pedestal desk. For traditional tastes, there are reproductions of many antique styles. Where to squeeze in a desk? Anywhere from the foyer to the kitchen, as we illustrate in eight idea-full rooms on following pages.

1—Decorative letter file, oak with lacquered drawer fronts, $44.50, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, New York. 2—Updated pedestal desk with a file drawer and shelf behind one door, three drawers behind the other; walnut veneer banded in rosewood, $159, Stanley Furniture Company, Stanleytown, Va. On top: swing-arm aluminum lamp, $40, by Ainsley Lamps, 1099 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.; brass-bound black linoleum desk pad, $32 plus $1.35 postage, Mark Cross, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, New York; blue silk-covered letter rack with a clip drawer,




$16.60, Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, and other stores; man-sized pottery ashtray, $9.50, Raymor, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. 3—Teak file cabinet on rollers, with a pull-up tambour panel that hides the sliding trays, $190, Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, New York. 4—Contemporary secretary with 20 metal file drawers, one metal file box, in a cupboard that rests on a one-drawer table; in pecan and butternut veneers, $199 complete, Basic-Witz Industries, Waynesboro, Va. 5—New edition of a rolltop desk with a three-drawer chest for a base and a pull-out writing surface; walnut, $245, Brown Saltman, Gardena, Calif. On top: walnut "flower" clock with metal petals, $40, Howard Miller, Zeeland, Mich. 6—Writing table with a 19-inch-wide top and a drawer; walnut, $80, Founders Furniture Company, Pleasant Garden, N.C. On top: Royal's Safari portable typewriter in a choice of four colors, $109 plus tax, including case. Wicker wastebasket, $10 plus $1.50 for postage, Leigh Hammond, 963 Madison Avenue, New York. 7—Swivel chair with plastic upholstery and wood-finished metal base, about $31.90, Baumritter, 145 East 32nd Street, New York. 8—Modernized secretary with shelves, pigeonholes, drawers and a light behind its doors; walnut, $838, Johnson Furniture Company, Grand Rapids, Mich. In the secretary, "Gold Brick" bookend, $7.50 a pair; on the wall, desk pad with monthly calendars for a blotter, $4, both at Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, New York (plus $1 postage each) and at other stores. 9—Singer's Graduate typewriter, equipped, with mathematics signs, in blue or beige, $79.95 plus tax.

# THE HOME OFFICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117



RICHARD OTTLEY

**Living room** decorated with turn-of-the-century relics, rejoices in the most commodious desk ever invented, the rolltop. The original dark finish was removed and white china drawer pulls were added. A swivel chair (a find at $5), a school clock and a green light shade complete this "office." In Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Birbil's New York home.



**Library** corner in a living room incorporates a desk area in the bookshelf wall. Doors swing back for knee room under the writing counter, cabinets at either side store a typewriter, supplies, correspondence. Fixtures behind the aluminum uprights light the desk. Designed by Virginia Whitmore Kelly for Mr. and Mrs. David Simon's New York home.



HEDRICH BLESSING

**Kitchen** is a handy spot for a desk, not only for menu planning but also for doing other family business while waiting for a pot to boil. This desk area is built of walnut to match the kitchen cabinets. Its writing top is lit by a fluorescent tube hidden behind a walnut strip just below the cabinet. In a Lake Forest, Illinois, home designed by architect Roy Binkley.



**Dining room** has a plastic-surfaced counter for a desk that doubles for serving meals. A metal file bin (could be wood or plastic) slides out under the counter; an antique cabinet holds supplies. A wicker wastebasket and a hanging light complete the office. Painting by Robert d'Arista. By designer David Whitcomb in his New York home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120




# ...and it pays off every washday

**This 1963 Heavy Duty Laundromat is rigged**—you simply can't lose. The Westinghouse Laundromat® Automatic Washer pays back part of its purchase price with every wash because it uses only *half* the bleach and detergent that agitator washers do. (Every detergent maker says it right on the box!) The Laundromat not only uses less water and detergent but it uses them *more efficiently*—by putting gravity to work. Its revolving tub lifts clothes up through the wash water, then gravity plunges them down for another dousing . . . up and around *fifty-seven* times a minute. Mud, grease, ground-in dirt—the "toughest" problem washes—are child's play for the Heavy Duty Laundromat. It cleans clothes—never customers. It's available only at your Westinghouse dealers. *You can be sure . . . if it's* **Westinghouse**

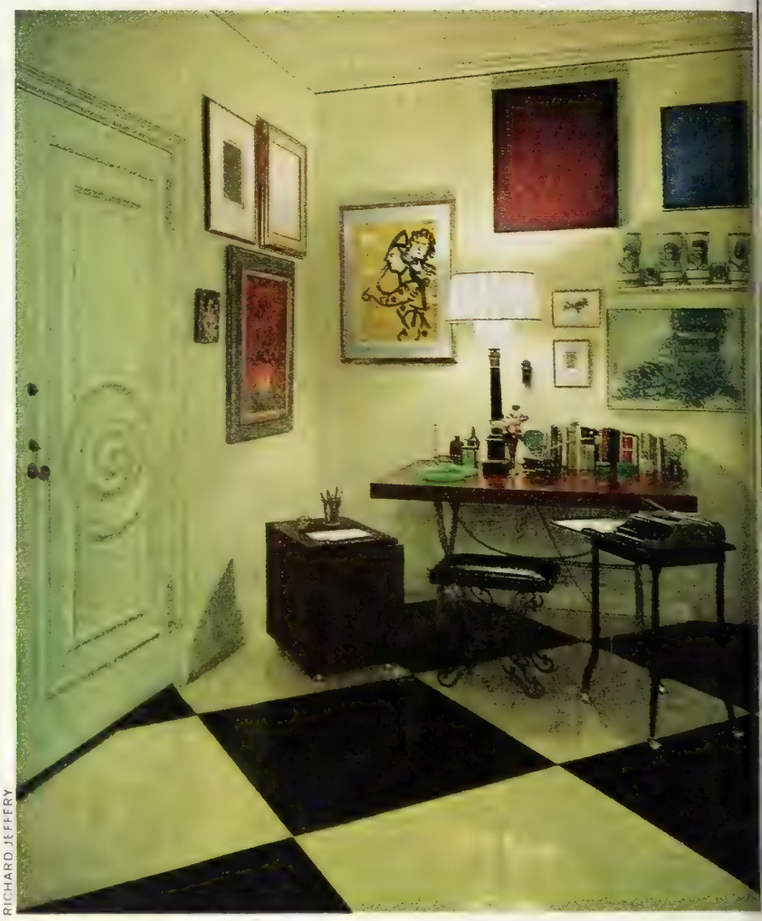
# THE HOME OFFICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118



ERNST BEADLE

**Guest room** doubles as a quiet location for the "home office." This workmanlike arrangement utilizes wall space above a desk for shelves for reference books and a desk light. Ample storage is provided by a stack of office file cabinets, purchased secondhand, and, like the desk, painted to harmonize with room's blue-and-white color scheme.



RICHARD JEFFERY

**Foyer** provides office space for a table with a new desk-size wood to on an antique metal base. A wood file cabinet and a typewrite on-a-stand roll into a closet. On the wall: a black-and-yellow Chagall, purpl and blue paintings by Richard Humphrey and, under a row of antiqu jars, one by John Levee. In designer Evelyn Jablow's home, New York



HEDRICH-BLESSING

**Bedroom** provides a tranquil corner for a desk that is a splash of color in a white-and-gold scheme. The desk, an old one, was painted and, when dry, rubbed with turpentine for a silky effect. The inside was bleached and waxed. In Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hardin's Chicago home. Prints and Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph from Fairweather-Hardin Gallery.



FRED LYON

**Study** is designed for two persons, who share the writing table an the drawers in the shelf unit hung on the wall. But each has file cabinet that is recessed in the wall (the cabinets jut into a closet on th wall's other side). Felt wall covering makes a natural bulletin board. In Medina, Wash., home, by architects Kirk, Wallace, McKinley & Associates




# A dieter's nightcap

Drifting into dreams isn't always easy for a dieter disturbed by hunger. But a SEGO® nightcap—more than any other 900-calorie diet food—helps you sleep satisfied until morning, with ***two extra ounces–and extra protein.*** More to satisfy. More to make that satisfied feeling last, because protein helps hold off hunger. That's the extra in every SEGO meal—morning, noon, night or nightcap. Which will it be? Chocolate, Vanilla, Orange, Banana, Chocolate Malt, or one of the new Hot Soup flavors—Cream of Tomato and Cream of Chicken. Hot or cold—with delicious flavors, with two extra ounces, with extra protein, **SEGO SATISFIES**.

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# This is the spread your grandmother used

*(maybe she made it herself)*

# This is Imperial... better in so many ways!

Imperial has a light, fresh flavor that so many discriminating people have come to prefer. But Imperial is better in more ways than flavor.

Imperial helps you cut down on saturated fat. Imperial has the health benefits that come from pure vegetable oils.

Imperial is dependably uniform. You get exactly the same level of nutrition, the same fresh color and flavor in every pat.

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And, you get a nice thrifty feeling when you serve Imperial. Try Imperial. Discover why it's best for your family.




Any way you use Imperial, Lever Brothers Company guarantees complete satisfaction or your money back.

***imperial*** *... better in so many ways*

Lever Brothers Company *Imperial*—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## ASCULINITY: HAT IS IT?

NTINUED FROM PAGE 96

A group of teen-agers recently spoofed par-
s in an off-Broadway revue:
*ink for yourselves, our elders demand,*
*ien they chart our steps with a master hand.*"
Some parents insist upon making *all* their
dren's decisions," says one high-school
dance director. "We often have to insist
n the student writing his own letters of
lication to colleges. If everything is made
asurable and easy for a boy, he never learns
tolerate the anxiety of making choices.
n't worry my boy about a career,' one
ent said. 'I expect to support him until
thirty anyway. He'll feel the brass knuckles
n enough.'"
ome educators feel highly uneasy about
present emphasis on higher education for
rybody. "The value of a college education
ut solely in dollar terms," complains Head-
ster Richard McFeely of the George School.
boy is told he'll earn so much if he goes
high school, and so much if he goes to
ege."
Soon we'll have no craftsmen left," adds a
dance counselor in a lower-income com-
nity. "But just try telling the parents of a
who works well with his hands that a
d plumber can make $225 in a 35-hour
k. 'I won't have my son fixing anybody's
y pipes!' is the answer. Everybody wants
prestige of a white-collar job, even if it's
lerpaid and emotionally frustrating. We
d badly to restore the dignity and self-
ect of the artisan who works with his
ds."
Dr. Benjamin Spock says that most parents
him they want their sons to be "happy
successful," as if the two goals were
onymous. "There's nothing wrong with
se ideals," he points out kindly, "but
're frustrating to apply or to achieve.
ually a human being is happiest and most
cessful when dedicated to a cause outside
own individual, selfish satisfaction."

bout one in four of our brightest students
high schools and colleges are "under-
ievers" who are wasting their talents, ac-
ding to a new U. S. Office of Education
ort. Dr. Irene Impellizzeri, who headed the
n of experts who made the study, says, "A
ure that adores financial status, physical
uty, second-rate professional entertain-
nt and the accumulation of material things
ites an alien world for brilliant students...."
, she added, individual families, and not
iety, set the values for their children.
Many parents today seem to lack faith
t their sons *can* grow up to be men," be-
es Mr. Rabinowitz. "They don't see life as
rocess, but only as an idealized end prod-
For instance, the enjoyment of the agony
earning isn't important to them, only that
e black definitive mark on the report card.
ne parents are even offering their sons
s to Florida on their own if they get good
des. The goal, of course, is to get the boys
a small select group of 'right' colleges—
haps the only status symbol left to parents
his affluent age."
nd what is the effect on the boy of this
ing and coercing and prodding? "No mat-
what colleges some boys make or don't
ke, they can only lose," believes Mr.
inowitz: "For such a boy feels that no
ter how hard he tries, he can never meas-
up or learn enough. There's always going
e someone smarter than he is. He has not
n allowed the time to discover who *he* is—
t he really likes and wants—because he's
busy studying his competitors. And the
e impossibly high standards are being
lied in other areas of his life. He must be
accomplished dancer before he ever asks
rl on a dance floor; he feels he has to get an
n the cha-cha as well as in chemistry.
Some parents also seem to be pushing
s into long pants and dating earlier and
lier. The boy who starts asking girls for
es at twelve may seem independent, but he
be acting in a very dependent, conform-
manner. He's not really interested in girls
hat age, but feels he has to live up to an artificial image of a suave and sophisticated man of the world instead of the growing, fumbling boy he usually is. The end result of too-early dating can very often make him feel less like a man, inadequate and unsure of himself."

Parents often feel that it is the community which exerts the pressures to conform, but Arthur L. Leader, an executive with the Jewish Family Service of New York City, feels that while this is true, social pressures are also expressions of family values. "Family goals may represent a limited vision of what is possible," he believes. "'Get good grades, study hard, live up to a vision of financial success,' may be expressions of external, materialistic values. But if parents can introduce music and art and books, and discussions of what is happening in the world today into family life, with no concern for status, but for enjoyment in themselves, then they are adding richness and dimension to their children's lives as well as to their own."

You can bet that your son will need a mature imagination about people and an openness and flexibility of emotional responses to adjust to an increasingly complex world. It is not unusual today for a family to have a son with the army in Japan, another with the Peace Corps in Tanganyika, and another studying abroad in France or Germany. Soon Russian will be taught in our high schools as commonly as Spanish and French are today.

And with the increase in automation, and the ever-shortening work week, a man's career may become a means to, and not the source of, his deepest satisfaction.

This is how Frederick J. Rarig, distinguished business executive, sees this new *human being* (both male and female) of the future: "The well-adjusted and mature person (or, to use a current term, the person who is capable of love) seeks to extend the range of his vicarious experiences. He develops his vocabulary and studies other means of communication, such





Not if you have a KitchenAid Dishwasher. KitchenAid's famous big blue wash arm scrubs each dish hundreds of times with detergent and extremely hot water under pressure. It's the heaviest, hardest-working wash arm in any dishwasher. So load in the dishes dirty, push a button on your KitchenAid Dishwasher, and go join your family. Fact is, your KitchenAid gets dishes more sanitary than hand-washing, because it washes in water hotter than your hands can stand. Another thing: KitchenAid Dishwashers are so solidly built, they actually weigh as much as 60 pounds more than most others. They have an astonishing record of service-free performance. Because we specialize in



dishwashers, we've put all our efforts into making KitchenAid the most advanced dishwasher you can buy. It is. And KitchenAid gives you a wider choice of models than any other brand—including built-ins, portables, free-standing models, and dishwasher-sink combinations. We also make convertible portables you can build in later. With our Vari-Fronts you can match any color or finish your heart desires. Of course KitchenAid Dishwashers may cost a little more to buy (but less to own.) The best always does. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest KitchenAid dealer.
*KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, Department KL-3, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio.*

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**COMPARE AND YOU'LL BUY THE BEST—THE DISHWASHER WITH THE BIG BLUE WASH ARM**

# Bring real cook-out flavor right indoors with Kraft Barbecue Sauce




**It's made with 19 herbs and spices!**

When that sauce starts to simmer, real cook-out flavor goes all through the meat. Choose regular Kraft Barbecue Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored Barbecue Sauce with a touch of real hickory smoke right in it. Even better—try both.







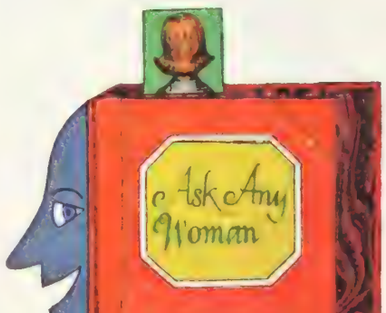
as sculpture, painting, music and dancing. He explores the beauties and mysteries of nature. In other words, he identifies with as many facets of human experience as he can. He becomes to the greatest possible extent a participant in the human experience and gets his greatest joy in solving, not avoiding, the problems of life."

In order to be able to give love, a person must first receive it. The boy with unmet personal needs of affection and approval rarely achieves his potential. But no matter how dearly you love your son, and no matter what personal sacrifices you make for him, he will grow up with problems. Many will be inherent in his genetic structure, from forebears from the mists of time; others will arise from a shrinking, explosive world. Most parents are anxious to have creative children, yet we know that the richer and more imaginative the inner life, the more psychic turbulence assaults it. The mark of the well-adjusted person, however, is not a lack of conflicts but how he reacts to them.

Conformity in the amenities of life—such as gracious manners—should be stressed only because they make life pleasanter for everyone and because conformity in small things leaves the individual freer to express his nonconformity in the important areas of ideals and actions.

Many of your son's ideas and actions will not please *you*. He must think his own thoughts, see the world with his own eyes and arrive at his own set of values, if he is to be a whole person.

Your son may not enter a prestige profession or make as much money as his father, but he may not be as torn by frustration and confusion either. He may enjoy a happier home because he gives attention and encouragement to his wife's development as well as his own. He may even find the courage to prove what psychologists already know: that while a man may be a "natural killer" when his life is directly threatened, he only becomes a "warrior" when socially conditioned to be so. EN




BY MARCELENE COX

If you wish to gain a reputation for being closemouthed, make a practice of telling only your joys.

When the refrigerator never seems to get empty, either the family is on a diet or the children are grown up.

If paper money is ever issued in pastel shades, some women may hang on to it longer; especially if it happens to tie in with their color schemes of the moment.

Small girl's observation: "When you put on perfume, you can't tell it yourself, you just feel it."

The mother of a marriageable son says that when he finally brings home the choice of his life she intends to say to the girl, "My dear, I want you to know I really tried."

Probably no parent is truly born in the moment of birth; the miracle more likely happens in the moment the baby first curls its tiny hand around the parent's large finger.

Thank goodness it isn't biologically possible or there'd be a book out entitled *I Was a Teen-age Grandmother*.

A husband thinks his wife should know he loves her as long as he never tells her he doesn't.

The persons who learned early in life to keep their heads above water are the ones who are now able to afford a swimming pool in the back yard.

Every child knows he is going to be a better parent than either of his parents—until he tries.

Behind every successful marriage there's bound to be some parents and grandparents who played their roles well.

It is as distasteful to the well-bred person to eat his pie with a spoon when dining alone as it would be when dining with others, and this is perhaps the truest test of a gentleman: are his manners so much an integral part of his inner self that they hold over when in his own company?

Happiness must always be a plus or minus sensation, since it is never truly recognized until after one has suffered.

Grief makes us all aware
Of sorrows others bear.

Maturity is the period when a person realizes that if the grass is greener in the next yard it is because someone worked harder to make it that way.

Question from a man in the audience: "Why is it that a woman who has spent all day preparing a meal will try to give the impression she threw it together in a half hour?"

Any woman who thinks it isn't what she eats that makes her fat should try keeping a written record of every bite (and drink) she consumes.

My grandmother thought any man who left food on his plate was a poor marriage risk; either he had a weak stomach or he wasn't thrifty.

The woman who has everything in its place often fails to keep her husband in his.

A mother who would no more expect a daughter to hold an office job without some previous knowledge of typing, shorthand and how-to-get-along-with-a-boss may let her begin a marriage career with no training in household or husband management.

# Sweet 'n' Simple Sour Cream Cake





## Betty Crocker turns two mixes into a gala gourmet triumph!

**The thrill of serving cake this elegant comes with the taste: lusciously rich and moist, thanks to the "white magic" of sour cream. By using Betty Crocker's White Cake Mix and Dark Chocolate Fudge Flavor Frosting Mix, you bake this masterpiece letter-perfect. Simple as A, B, C.**




**A.** Add ⅔ cup dairy fresh sour cream* to 1 pkg. Betty Crocker Dark Chocolate Fudge Flavor Frosting Mix (dry mix) in small mixer bowl; chill.

*12-oz. carton of sour cream enough for cake and frosting.

**B.** In large mixer bowl, blend ¾ cup sour cream, 1 pkg. Betty Crocker White Cake Mix, 2 egg whites, ¾ cup water and 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat 4 min. at med. speed. Bake in two greased and floured 8″ or 9″ square or layer pans *25 to 35 min. at 350°*. Cool.

**C.** Add ¼ cup *soft* butter to sour cream and frosting mix; blend; beat on low speed one minute. DO NOT OVERBEAT. Spread between layers and on top. Refrigerate.

*This recipe is now on packages of Betty Crocker White Cake Mix and Dark Chocolate Fudge Flavor Frosting Mix. Betty Crocker Dark Chocolate Fudge Flavor Cake Mix, Yellow Cake Mix, Chocolate Fudge Flavor Frosting Mix and Creamy White Frosting Mix also feature Sour Cream recipes.*

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**When it comes from the box with the big red spoon it always comes out better!**

# How to Dine Well



Sizzling lamb shish kebabs . . . tender fillets of sole in a piquant tomato-and-scallion sauce . . . calves liver with herbs . . . juicy shrimp broiled under a zippy lemon dressing. All this and desserts too! Four delicious menus that substitute good eating– and lots of it—for abstinence. By working a little menu magic, we've determined a countdown on four complete dinners, each a slimming 300 calories. Why make a drudge of dieting when you can dine well? You will find that calories *don't* always get into the best-tasting food!

| MENU I | | APPROXIMATE CALORIES |
|---|---|---|
| Iced Clam Juice | 4 oz. | 10 |
| Lamb Shish Kebabs* | 1 serving | 204 |
| Spinach and Water Chestnut Salad* | 1 serving | 39 |
| Lemon-Mint Ice (low-calorie commercial ice beaten with ¼ teaspoon mint extract) | 4 oz. | 30 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 283 |

*LAMB SHISH KEBABS
(about 204 calories per serving)

1½ pounds leg of lamb cut in 1" cubes (trimmed of all fat)
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
½ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon rosemary
⅛ teaspoon cracked pepper
½ teaspoon savory
½ teaspoon meat tenderizer
1 teaspoon salt
8 mushroom caps, wiped with a damp cloth
Low-calorie French dressing
1 green pepper, cored, seeded and cut into 8 squares
1 Bermuda onion, peeled and cut into 8 wedges
2 firm tomato, cut into 8 wedges (do not peel or core)

(1) Rub lamb lightly with garlic and place in a shallow baking dish. (2) Using the back of a spoon against a wooden board, crush together the oregano, rosemary, pepper and savory. Mix seasonings with meat tenderizer and salt and sprinkle evenly over lamb. Let stand at room temperature for about 1 hour. (3) Peel away the outer layers of Bermuda onion until the wedges are the same size as tomato. (4) Dip the mushroom caps in the dressing. (5) To assemble kebabs: alternately skewer meat, mushroom, tomato, green pepper and onion on 4 long skewers. Broil 4–5 inches from the heat, turning kebabs as they brown, for about 10–12 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

*SPINACH AND WATER CHESTNUT SALAD
(about 39 calories per serving)

½ pound tender spinach
1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, slivered
¼ cup red-wine vinegar
3 tablespoons minced chives
¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
3 tablespoons low-calorie dressing
Salt and pepper to season

(1) Wash spinach and trim off stems, then wrap in a towel and chill until ready to use. (2) Marinate water chestnuts in the vinegar for about 30 minutes. Remove chestnuts from vinegar. (3) Mix 2 tablespoons of the vinegar with remaining ingredients (the extra vinegar may be used for other dressings later). (4) Place spinach and water chestnuts in a bowl, add dressing and toss to coat each leaf. Makes 4 servings.

| MENU II | | APPROXIMATE CALORIES |
|---|---|---|
| French Onion Soup | 4 oz. | 25 |
| Fillet of Sole en Papillote* | 1 serving | 116 |
| Endive-Romaine Salad with Artichoke Hearts Low-Calorie Dressing | 1 serving | 45 |
| Pot de Crème* | 1 serving | 109 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 295 |

*FILLET OF SOLE EN PAPILLOTE
(about 116 calories per serving)

4 (½ lb. each) fillets of sole, or flounder
½ cup chopped scallions
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour
2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 teaspoon red-wine vinegar
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon salt
Pinch seasoned pepper

(1) Wash fish and pat dry on paper towels. (2) Sauté the scallions in the butter or margarine in a small skillet for a few minutes. (3) Blend in the flour and stir until smooth. (4) Add the tomatoes, vinegar and seasonings and cook a few minutes to blend the flavors. Remove from heat and cool slightly. (5) Cut heavy-duty aluminum foil into generous squares (to hold each fillet). Place each fillet on a square of foil, turn up the edges. Spoon some sauce over each one. Wrap each fillet tightly and place on a pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 40 minutes. Serve the fish in the foil, so as not to lose any of the delicious sauce. Makes 4 servings.

*POT DE CRÈME
(about 109 calories per serving)

1 envelope low-calorie chocolate-flavored pudding mix
¾ cup skim milk
¼ cup strong black coffee
2 egg yolks
1 square semisweet chocolate, grated
1 teaspoon vanilla

(1) In a saucepan, mix together pudding, skim milk, coffee, egg yolks and chocolate. (2) Cook over low heat until smooth and thickened, stirring often. (3) Stir in vanilla. Cool a little; do not allow a skin to form on surface. (4) Pour into 4 pots de crème or small individual serving dishes, cover, and chill several hours. Makes 4 servings.

| MENU III | | APPROXIMATE CALORIES |
|---|---|---|
| Spicy Tomato Juice (lemon, and Worcestershire to season) | 4 oz. | 13 |
| Calves Liver Venetian Style* | 1 serving | 150 |
| Italian Green Beans* | 1 serving | 60 |
| Orange Julep with Sour Cream* | 1 serving | 66 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 289 |

*CALVES LIVER VENETIAN STYLE
(about 150 calories per serving)

4 slices calves liver, each weighing 4 oz.
2 teaspoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon savory
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Salt and pepper to season
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ lemon

(1) Quickly sauté liver in melted butter or margarine, sprinkling both sides of each slice with savory, nutmeg, salt and pepper as they brown. (2) Transfer liver to a hot platter, sprinkle with parsley and quickly squeeze ½ lemon over all. Makes 4 servings.

*ITALIAN GREEN BEANS
(about 60 calories per serving)

2 (9-oz.) packages frozen Italian-style green beans
¼ teaspoon crushed dill seed
¼ cup low-calorie Italian dressing
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed

(1) Cook beans by package directions adding the dill. Drain.
(2) Mix dressing and garlic and pour over hot beans.
(3) Chill for 1 hour. Makes 4 servings.

*ORANGE JULEP WITH SOUR CREAM
(about 66 calories per serving)

2 envelopes low-calorie orange gelatin
1 cup hot water
½ cup orange juice
½ cup noncaloric ginger ale
1 seedless orange, peeled and sectioned
2 tablespoons dairy fresh sour cream

(1) Mix gelatin with hot water and stir until completely dissolved. (2) Stir in orange juice and ginger ale. (3) Pour into an 8"x8"x2" pan and chill until firm. (4) To serve, cut gelatin into cubes and spoon into serving glasses. Top with orange sections and a small spoonful of sour cream. Makes 4 servings.

| MENU IV | | APPROXIMATE CALORIES |
|---|---|---|
| Hot Lemon Consommé (flavor with a little lemon juice) | 4 oz. | 15 |
| Shrimp Sizzle, Italian Style* | 1 serving | 90 |
| Steamed Chive Rice | ½ cup | 100 |
| Broiled Tomato Halves | 1 serving | 30 |
| Coffee Jelly Parfait* | 1 serving | 65 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 300 |

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

# real



# strawberry




# flavor



## Plus "fresh-fruit vitamin"-C




### squeeze, please!

**You can feel the flavor secret in Royal.** Just one little squeeze of the package and you know there's something fresh and fine inside. No lumps. No bumps. Royal Gelatin is soft and smooth . . . pours easily. That's why Royal Gelatin makes up with that wonderful "just-crushed" real fruit flavor and fragrance. Royal's fresh natural strawberry flavor is enhanced with artificial flavor *and* "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C.

### Pearadise Cinnamon Royal

Prepare two 3-oz. packages of Royal Strawberry Gelatin according to directions, adding ½ tsp. of cinnamon or 2 tbsps. red cinnamon candies. Chill until thickened, add 2 cups diced canned Bartlett pears. Chill until firm in 1½ qt. mold. Top with whipped cream.




10 Delicious Flavors
3-oz. size serves 4
6-oz. size serves 8

## Reach for Royal



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*Outside, cold. Inside, warm.*
*Warm fire. Warm friends. And the wonderful warmth of coffee.*
*Coffee aroma is so inviting, and coffee taste so memorable.*
*If you want it at its rewarding best, you'll want to remember this:*
*A little more coffee in your coffee*
*Means a lot more pleasure in your cup.*

*How to become famous for your coffee. See page 138.* *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.*

## TEN WAYS TO KEEP A HUSBAND—YOUNG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

car of the commuting train just as it pulls out of the station. A lesser man might die of the race, but it merely quickens his blood, strengthens his muscle, and keeps his arteries in condition.

After our first few stunned matutinal encounters, with me blundering blindly about the kitchen trying to interest him in an omelet—an endeavor somewhat like trying to deflect an Atlas missile—we came to an agreement.

"Look, pet," he said on the fourth morning, "stop acting like the Ideal Wife in a soap opera. I don't *want* a domestic scene before eight A.M. I'll promise not to strike you with a blunt instrument if you'll promise not to lift that tousled head off the pillow till I get out the back door."

It still goes against my housewifely grain. But to this amicable arrangement I credit the fact that his doctor annually congratulates him on his beautiful blood pressure.

He has never been able to claim the status symbol of an ulcer either. And perhaps this is because, with complete disregard for expert counsel, he has trained me to take no interest, intelligent or otherwise, in his work. I mean the work which earns us our living. The office to him is the office. Home is home. He doesn't want the two confused.

What he wants to talk about in the evening is the progress of the rose bed or the gossip of the neighbors or the books we are both reading or what our daughters are currently up to. And he wants to talk about it promptly. At the table, fifteen minutes after he gets inside the door. Not for him the twilight interval suggested by romantic columnists, that hour before dinner when a wife is supposed to dispense with the children, slip into something soft and loose, and console her husband for the day's defeats. My husband admits to no defeats.

He can do his own unwinding at his own place. Lounging before a wood fire with a pitcher of martinis at his elbow is not his idea of a seven-o'clock treat. He wants his dinner—and no wonder, with the breakfast he eats. He wants to slip into something loose, himself, and sit down at once to large helpings of hearty food, topped off by a rich, homemade dessert. Then, if it is winter, he wants to refinish a piece of furniture in the basement or play half an hour of swing music on the piano or watch a bit of television. If it is summer, he wishes to walk grandly about our half acre, addressing each flower by name and admonishing the lawn to grow. When the children were younger and at home, he wanted them tagging at his heels, noisy and intrusive, instead of tucked submissively into bed.

No, he doesn't want to tell me his troubles. Eccentrically, he prefers to hear about mine, particularly if they have something to do with the furnace or a short circuit. I felt a terrible failure the first time I met him at evening with a wail of "The sink! It's stopped up and I can't reach a plumber."

The shades of all my ancestresses reproached me. But I had underestimated him. He is an incorrigible handyman, one who finds a plumbing problem as engrossing as chess. (He likes chess too.) His eyes lit up, he darted down to the basement, fiddled with a pipe or two, and in half an hour all was well with the drains. And he was as triumphant, as willing to be complimented, as if he had just reported pulling off a *merger*. Nothing makes him happier than a long list of small crises to which he can attend on Saturdays. Nothing keeps him fitter than an evening spent peering into the bowels of the fuse box or tinkering with a recalcitrant faucet. What does dangerously raise his temperature is for me to call a professional artisan without first asking his permission.

Once, on his birthday, I gave him an air conditioner as a surprise. I did not consult him; just had it installed in his study where I thought he could find respite from August heat if a briefcase demanded his attention. He was polite. He professed a hypocritical pleasure. But he never used the thing. Later, he confessed he hated all air conditioners, but I don't believe it for a minute, since he has never complained of the one which cools his office. His dignity had been outraged by my actually buying a household gadget which he had not personally shopped for, designed, or inspected. I have never again committed a similar crime.

The fact that I am by nature a mechanical moron scarcely enters into this. I'm trainable. Given a different husband, one who didn't know an angle iron from a plumber's friend, I might have gone on to fairly glorious heights. I might have learned to fill my own fountain pen or been able to work the trip mechanism on the washing machine. Still, as I say, we have this arrangement, and it pleases us both.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132





■ From one of the greatest names in cook-ware...aluminum griddle, 10¾" square, double-coated with DuPont Teflon for fat-free cooking. New shape gives more cooking area, the fat-free feature makes griddle cakes taste so good, so much better for you. Complete with wooden spatula. All yours for less than half its $6.95 retail price—$3.00 and bottle top *liner* from a bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup or Vermont Maid Buttered Syrup.

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## WHEN IN ROME . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

### CHICKEN TETRAZZINI

- 1 (4½–5 lbs.) roasting chicken
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Few stalks celery
- 1 onion, peeled
- 1½ lbs. mushrooms, wiped and sliced
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 lb. spaghetti

SAUCE:

- 5 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 3½ cups chicken broth
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 3 tablespoons sherry
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Put the chicken in a large pot with water to just cover. Add the salt, celery and onion. Bring to a boil then simmer, covered, until tender. Cool the chicken in the broth. (2) Remove skin from chicken and cut meat into bite-size pieces. Reserve broth to use in the sauce. (3) Sauté the mushrooms in the butter or margarine until tender. Set aside. (4) Cook the spaghetti by package directions. Drain. (5) *For the sauce:* Melt the butter or margarine in a large saucepan. Stir in the flour. Gradually add the chicken broth and cream, stirring and cooking until smooth and thickened. Add the sherry, salt, monosodium glutamate and ½ cup cheese. Simmer 10 minutes longer. (6) Layer one third of the spaghetti in the bottom of a greased 4-quart casserole. Spoon half the mushrooms and half the chicken over the spaghetti, and one third of the sauce. Add another layer of spaghetti, the remaining mushrooms and chicken and one third of the sauce. Top with remaining spaghetti and sauce. (7) Sprinkle casserole with remaining ½ cup cheese. (8) Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., until brown on top, about 30–40 minutes. Makes 8–10 servings.

### CLAM-NOODLE SCALLOP

- 1 package (8-oz.) medium noodles
- 3–4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 (10-oz.) cans minced clams
- ½ cup chili sauce
- 2 teaspoons minced onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Cook noodles by package directions. Drain. (2) Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan and stir in the flour. (3) Drain the liquid from the clams into the saucepan, stirring constantly. (4) Add the chili sauce, minced onion and salt. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add the clams. (5) In a large greased casserole, place a layer of noodles, then half the clam sauce, the remaining noodles and sauce. (6) Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese and dot with the remaining butter or margarine. (7) Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for about 15 minutes or until golden on top. Makes 4–6 servings.

### SPAGHETTI WITH HERBS

- 1 lb. vermicelli
- 1½ cups olive or cooking oil
- 3 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- ½ teaspoon basil
- ½ teaspoon orégano
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon coarse black pepper
- 1½ cups minced parsley

(1) Cook vermicelli by package directions. (2) Heat oil in a large skillet, add garlic and sesame seeds and sauté until golden. (3) Drain vermicelli and add to the hot oil. (4) Add the remaining ingredients and turn the vermicelli, using two forks until it is well coated with herbs and oil. Makes 4–6 servings.

### TAGLIARINI

- 2 tablespoons olive or cooking oil
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- ¾ cup finely chopped, seeded green pepper
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 2 cups canned tomatoes, drained
- 2 cups canned whole-kernel yellow corn, drained
- ¼ cup tomato paste
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon orégano
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon allspice
- 1¼ cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 cup sliced pitted ripe olives
- 1 package (8-oz.) fine noodles or spaghetti

(1) Heat the oil in a large skillet and sauté the onion, green pepper and garlic until tender. (2) Add the ground beef, break it up with a fork and brown well. (3) Add the tomatoes, corn, tomato paste, salt, orégano, pepper and allspice. Simmer slowly for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. (4) Add the cheese and olives and mix well. (5) Cook the noodles or spaghetti by package directions. Drain well. (6) Transfer to a large heated platter and spoon the meat sauce around the edge. Makes 6–8 servings.

### MANICOTTI

- 8 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1½ cups flour
- 1½ pounds Ricotta or cottage cheese
- ½ cup grated Romano cheese
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- Dash pepper
- 3 cups canned Marinara sauce

(1) Beat 6 eggs until light. (2) Add milk, ½ teaspoon salt and the flour. Beat until smooth. (3) Pour a ladleful of batter at a time on a lightly greased griddle, and spread out to about 7 inches in diameter. (4) Cook over low heat until done through, do not let it brown. Don't turn over. (5) When cooked through, lay the pancake on tray and proceed with next one. (6) Combine cheeses, parsley, 2 beaten eggs, and 1½ teaspoons salt and the pepper. (7) Spread a spoonful of the cheese mixture on each pancake and fold in thirds to overlap. (8) Arrange in shallow baking pan and pour in Marinara sauce. Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

## HOW TO DINE WELL ON 300 CALORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

### *SHRIMP SIZZLE, ITALIAN STYLE

(about 90 calories per serving)

- *¾ pound cleaned and deveined shrimp*
- *¼ cup low-calorie Italian dressing*
- *2 teaspoons lemon juice*
- *½ teaspoon salt*
- *¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper*

(1) Arrange shrimp closely together in a circle in a 9″ oven-proof glass pie plate. (2) Mix together the Italian dressing and lemon juice. Pour over the shrimp. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. (3) Broil about 5–7 minutes until shrimp turn pink and are flecked golden brown. Serve each portion with fluffy steamed rice, tossed with 2 tablespoons minced chives, spooning sauce over all. Makes 4 servings. You may use frozen shrimp (thawed) instead of fresh in this recipe, if you wish.

### *COFFEE JELLY PARFAIT

(about 65 calories per serving)

- *1 envelope unflavored gelatin*
- *1¾ cups cold strong coffee*
- *6 cloves*
- *½ stick cinnamon*
- *1 teaspoon sugar*
- *2 teaspoons brandy flavoring*
- *½ teaspoon noncaloric liquid sweetener*

TOPPING:

- *⅓ cup ice water*
- *1 teaspoon lemon juice*
- *½ cup nonfat powdered milk*
- *2 tablespoons sugar*
- *¼ teaspoon vanilla*

(1) Soften gelatin in cold coffee in a saucepan. (2) Add cloves and cinnamon. Heat, stirring until gelatin is dissolved. (3) Dissolve sugar in hot mixture then cool. Remove cinnamon and cloves. (4) Add brandy flavoring and liquid sweetener and pour into a square pan, 9″x9″x2″. Chill until firm—about 2 hours. *Topping:* (5) Mix together the ice water, lemon juice and powdered milk. Beat until soft peaks form. (6) Add sugar and vanilla, beat until stiff and glossy. (7) Cut gelatin into ½-inch cubes, alternate gelatin cubes and whipped mixture in 4 parfait glasses. Makes 4 servings. END





MACARONI 'N' SAUSAGE ITALIENNE

Quick main dish with a new Italian touch

Here's a meal that captures the flavor of sunny Italy in minutes—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni, link sausage, and with just a touch of oregano to tempt every taste. Try this savory treat soon.

- **1 pound small link sausage**
- **¼ cup chopped onion**
- **¼ teaspoon leaf oregano, crushed**
- **2 cans Franco-American Macaroni**
- **1 cup cooked peas**

In covered saucepan, cook sausage in small amount water for a few minutes. Uncover; brown slowly. Remove sausage; cut into thirds. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Add onion and oregano; cook until onion is tender. Add macaroni, peas, and cooked sausage. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

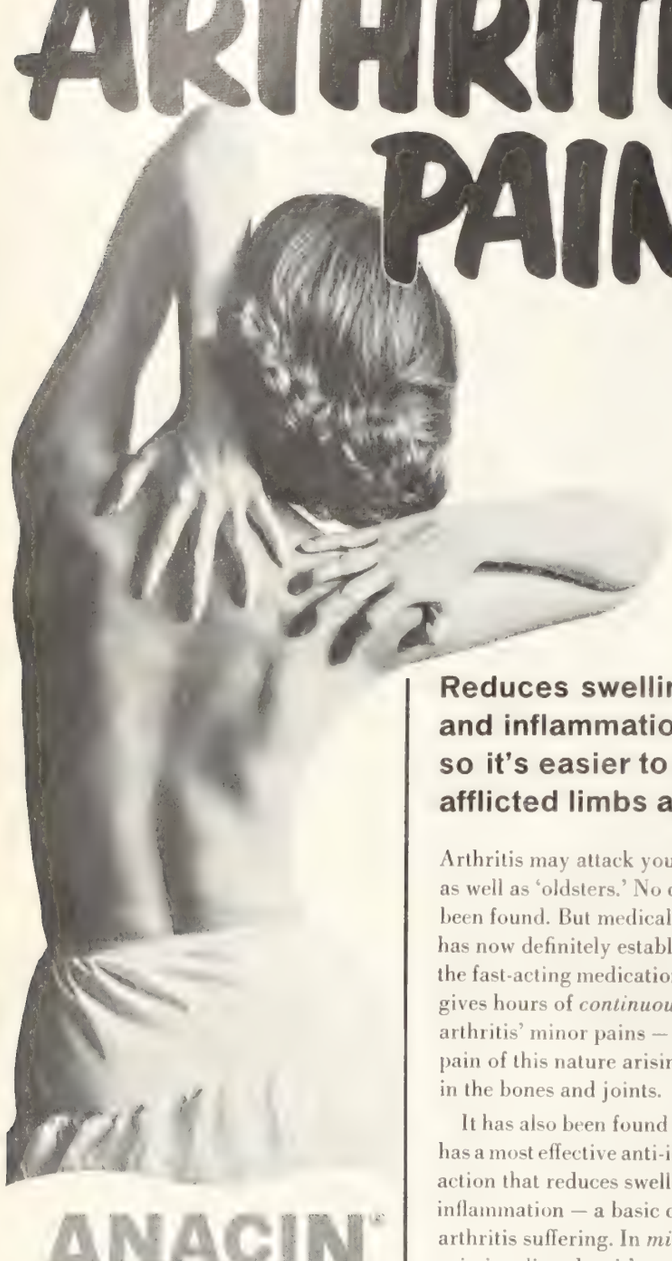



FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

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Arthritis may attack young people as well as 'oldsters.' No cure has yet been found. But medical research has now definitely established that the fast-acting medication in Anacin® gives hours of *continuous* relief from arthritis' minor pains — even chronic pain of this nature arising from deep in the bones and joints.

It has also been found that Anacin has a most effective anti-inflammatory action that reduces swelling and inflammation — a basic cause of arthritis suffering. In *minutes* pain is relieved so it's easier to move about. This increased motility is *most important* because it helps keep joints from 'locking' or 'stiffening.'

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ANACIN®

contains the pain-relieving medication most recommended by doctors

LARGEST SELLING Pain Reliever




CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

"But, granny," I can hear my young questioners protest, "surely you must have done something positive. What about difficult things like persuading him out of bad bachelor habits? What about remembering not to nag?"

"Oh," I shall admit, "you have a point there. I *was* creative about his habits. I worked on his, and he worked on mine. If I was inclined to be prompt to the pitch of obsession—the kind of person who sits twenty minutes in an empty station for fear the train may somehow be ahead of schedule—he was cavalier about time. He drank coffee to excess, and I liked to stay up late without it. I was thrifty, he insouciant about expenses. I forgot to turn out lights, and he put off writing letters. Little things like that.

"And you know what? We reformed each other. We both began to be dilatory together. We both learned to buy something expensive when we were feeling insolvent, as a lift to morale. Together we read until the small hours, drank coffee just before bedtime, left lamps burning in all the rooms, and forgot about part of our correspondence. It was wonderful how friction vanished once we had enough faults in common."

But as for nagging (I shall have to own up), of course I nagged. I do to this day. What wife worth her salt isn't a scold by inclination and necessity? I nag him to buy new sport jackets for himself instead of gifts for me; into getting a reasonable amount of sleep, into letting the storm windows go when something pleasanter offers itself. I nag him about earning more money too—I say it isn't necessary. Any moment now, I'm going to nag him into retiring years before the mandatory age so he can settle down to the serious gardening or the frivolous music which are his real vocations.

Other wives, other methods.

"Let him educate you," I shall tell those still-imaginary girls. "The whole duty of a wife is to bolster the husband's self-esteem; not his vanity but his pride. A man's ego bruises easily. It is not nourished like a woman's by the sheer biological ability to bear children.

"Besides," I shall insist, "women can learn such a lot from men. They own by instinct certain simple masculine virtues we ought to imitate."

My own generous instructor took pains with my lessons. He taught me enthusiasm and what I know of tact and how to give in gratefully when one *has* to give in.

"Never grant a favor grudgingly," he warned me a long time ago. "If you are going to grant it anyway, do it wholeheartedly. Otherwise it's not a favor."

That bit of dogma has been of great use to me in dealing with children, committees and domestic help. It has also saved me on occasion from wrapping myself up in an unbecoming cloak of self-righteousness. It's all very well to abandon one's idea of a luxurious Caribbean cruise because one's husband prefers a picturesque holiday in the cold Maine woods. But what good is that holiday to him if his companion keeps him aware of her magnanimity all the while he is trying to land a trout or light a fire in the cabin?

He has taught me to keep my chin up in a bleak season, and the thermostat down. From him I have learned the difference between a flicker and a freckled thrush, how to appreciate the aesthetics of baseball, and the way to treat a man who is coming down with a cold. (Walk softly and carry your own storm shelter.)

He has impressed on me the importance of thanking him as prettily when he takes me out to dinner as I would a stranger who had done me a service. In fact, he has drilled me ceaselessly in the uses of praise. *He* doesn't wait for me to summon up a compliment when one is required. He cheerfully demands it. For a promotion or a triumph in seeding tuberous-rooted begonias, for a present he has brought me or for a glimpse of his fortnightly haircut—he cues me just when to come in with appropriate murmurs of admiration.

Praise is better than wheat germ for even the least vain of men, and every wife ought to keep a supply in her pocket ready to scatter like manna. Perhaps it is because I have studied that lesson carefully that he still fits in his college dinner jacket and believes he ha insomnia if he has to take more than thr deep breaths at night before he falls asleep.

"But you learned nothing on your own the girls may ask with disappointment.

"I had one original virtue," I shall sa proudly. "I was a perfect passenger."

There are wives who know more about dri ing a car than a whole ambulance corps, ar still their husbands thrive. Mine would pi away if I insisted on being co-chauffeur. He a born navigator, jealous of the wheel, incli ing to tell New York City taxi drivers how duck the traffic on Third Avenue and sufferi audibly if he is forced into the back seat of ar moving vehicle. Aboard a plane, I am alwa surprised he doesn't go forward and ask take over the controls. In me he found woman to his specifications. I can drive, but don't particularly want to, much preferring peer thoughtfully at the passing scenery. don't point out short cuts because I don't n tice them. Since I have no compulsion

## THREE PHASES OF EVE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Our tomboy scorns the sight of soap,
Although I plead and scold.
But I hang on and cope and hope.
It's just a phase, I'm told.

Her sister's married to the phone,
From which she never stirs.
In vain I reason, moan and groan.
It's just a phase of hers.

And if I climb the walls some days
I hope it's understood
I'm only passing through a phase:
They call it "motherhood"!

brake, steer or comment on our speed, mot journeys for us are always occasions of m tual enjoyment.

I have ridden with couples who found the otherwise. We were once driving with frien on a Connecticut throughway with no o in the car quite sure of the route. Sudden the wife, on most occasions a diploma woman, gave a shriek of warning. "There she commanded. "Off to the right. Tha our road."

"Dammit," her husband muttered throu his teeth, as he drove straight past the dire tional signs and onto a long lane which ha practically no turning before Boston. "Wh did you have to tell me? It's where I w *going*."

In our life together my husband and I ha had disagreements, but none concerning automobile. And both the vehicular-insuran people and his physician consider him a ve good risk still.

Axioms like that I shall be glad to pass to my descendants. I shall tell them how I never been quite sure whether or not marria is a partnership as people claim, but I'm qu sure it is not a tug of war. What most ba barously frays the marital rope is two natur pulling two opposite ways. I shall explain them how hard on a man's health are the sul and pouts and reconciliations of the hone moon—that three months is long enough f any girl to remain a bride. I shall give them my best recipes along with my silver spoo and insist they let their husbands worry abo their own waistlines. I shall suggest that wi ning the last word is a dubious victory.

But one axiom, and the most important shall keep to myself. For why should I both advising any young wife about feeding h man on a diet of pure affection? It is true th husbands, like babies, thrive on love a wither without it. It is the best life-preservi medicine in existence. But any woman w can't figure that out for herself will never lea it anyhow. E

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# Why Don't Our Schools Teach English?

By ISABELLE ZIEGLER

"I always took it *for granite* I could read and write English," a first-year student at Los Angeles City College wrote last spring in a pathetic effort to explain why he had failed to pass the state of California's basic English examination required for enrollment in freshman English.

This young man is not alone. Of every two students who are admitted by this city tax-supported college, one who had always taken it for granted he could read and write English will fail to pass the examination. He will be compelled to spend a semester studying elementary rules of communication which he should have been taught in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades.

If this large proportion of near-illiteracy were limited to the Los Angeles City College, the administrators would believe they had an uncommon problem to solve. However, this 50-per-cent-failure figure is duplicated in Berkeley at the University of California. This past year its English department announced that half the high-school seniors who take the "Subject A" examination in basic English fail to pass it. This is in spite of the fact that the students who take the examination are carefully selected by the high-school administrators for admission into the university.

This colossal failure at the junior-high and high-school level is not specifically a Los Angeles or a California problem. No college could be more representative of the United States than this City College at Los Angeles. Enrolled and seeking enrollment are graduates from high schools of more than forty of our fifty states: eager, bored, alert, baffled, spirited, apathetic, intelligent graduates. And the questions their educators keep asking are: "What was being done for 50 per cent of these students from the seventh to the twelfth grades?" and "What were they doing for themselves?"

We, the teachers, the parents, the future employers of these students—taxpayers, all of us—must force ourselves to look at the situation, ask some questions, demand some answers. Why is it this way? Should the situation be accepted, or changed? How can it be changed?

At the college level we are reaping what we sowed at the elementary level. Not long ago parents were shocked and disbelieving when they were told that Johnny could not read. It is even more shocking, more incredible that John, the college student who hopes to go into business or prepare himself for a profession, cannot read.

Believe me, John (a symbol of the young man quoted in the first paragraph) cannot read. For example, he is unable to read a five-page magazine article and report what he has read. To simple questions his answers are vague, inaccurate, ungrammatical and misspelled. An English teacher has more difficulty getting just the facts than Jack Webb has at the scene of the crime. John cannot write a simple theme. His writing is a series of unconnected explosions, for he has never learned the mechanics of a paragraph, or of a sentence.

In his plays and poetry Shakespeare used 100,000 words, Winston Churchill has a vocabulary of 50,000, but John recognizes a maximum of 2000 words. "Deftness comes from a ear injury." . . . "A hamper is something to relax in." . . . "The murder was meditative." . . . "Babies are generally culminating when they are young." (This one has tormented me for many months; I don't know what John had in his mind when he wrote it.) "Segregation is a medical center where tests are proved." One of John's classmates invented the word "nerverecking," which is understandable, and another, to show the meaning of the word "concede," wrote: "She is conceded with a baby; meaning pergnant."

John's spelling and his understanding of word meanings indicate that he has become ear-minded rather than eye-minded. He has listened to television with one ear and has heard half-words, half-sentences. He does not read enough to become familiar with the correct spelling, the precise meaning of the word. He cannot spell, and often he cannot even copy the correct spelling of a word f the blackboard.

It is easy to conclude that the batt punctuation was little more than a ski for John in his precollege years. The colon semicolon, if they exist at all for him interchangeable. The correct use of the co and the period, John is convinced, is a to invented by English instructors.

For the past four years I have asking John and his classmates why, in own opinion, they are unable to cope freshman English.

With many of them it's *mea culpa*. "I opened a book. There was a guy he w write a theme for fifty cents, a book repo a buck."

Some of the students place the blame o lack of discipline in the high-school c room:

"The class was so noisy, I couldn't hea teacher, so I stopped trying."

"The class was so hard to manage. teacher let us sit and read whatever we wa to."

"The teacher had a nervous breakd We had a different substitute every day."

Only a few are critical of the teache teachers:

"The teacher was just back from Eur and we'd get him to talk about the trip get out of having a lesson."

"The teacher did nothing but read po to us."

"She taught English like it was kin garten, and we were always cutting out p dolls and making wire figures."

More are critical of the system. This typical explanation:

"Senior year was a ball. Where I wen school, you didn't have to take English last year. Instead we could take home We learned how to set a table for a fo tea and make flower arrangements and h day cakes. It was fun, but now I wish studied English. It's humiliating to hav take dumbbell English."

"We never spoke or heard good En except in the classroom. We had our vocabulary and anyone who didn't spe was pretty square."

This specialized approach to the En language carries over from high schoo college, one of my students told me. talked like this and used words like [words of two syllables], my friends w think I was putting on airs."

Other reasons for ignorance include problems arising from our shifting popula and the frequent changes from schoo school; overcrowded classrooms; sch forced to use the double shift; teachers trained in educational subjects, undertra in the subject they teach; sectional-sc problems; failure at the junior-high-sc level to prepare the student for high sch emphasis on literature in high school would be justifiable if the student were for it—as he certainly should be); emp on nonacademic subjects.

For many years Los Angeles City Co teachers taught freshman English class 45 literate, semiliterate, and almost illit students. The instructors had to try to te potpourri of brilliant students, average dents, and students who might claim "sundry means something sweet," "a dec tion is the same as independence," and "e are 128 amenments to the Constution." the excellent and the poor students were b of course. At the end of the semester the ures were dropped, but only the medi learned anything at all.

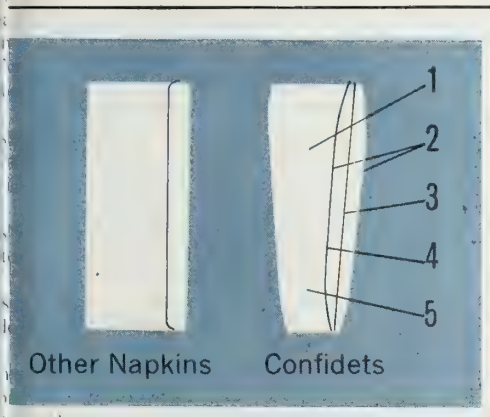
Tax-supported colleges and univers throughout the country have been wo out their own plans to save themselves this terrifying mediocrity, to present a gram of challenge to the gifted students to teach or rid themselves of the poor stud

Los Angeles City College has develop salvation plan in co-operation with the

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# Homeless Korean Orphans face BITTER WINTER!


Yung Soon (F-1)


Man Soo (F-2)


Yung Ja (F-3)


Myung Ja (F-4)


Koo Dong (F-5)



Unless help comes *from people like you,* many Korean children will have to beg for food, spend long and cruel nights sleeping in doorways, alleys and under bridges this winter. Their tattered clothing will give scant protection against the cold. Some will lose limbs because of gangrene which follows severe exposure.

The little fellow shown here, we are happy to say, is now safe from winter's rigors. He lives in one of our orphanages. His sponsor provides him with food, shelter, clothing, tuition—and the assurance of Christian love and care.

But what about the other children whose photographs appear on this page? They are praying for a sponsor who will be their Mommy or Daddy, Big Brother or Sister. And there are thousands more in desperate need of help. Still others will be brought to our homes because inadequate, unlicensed orphanages are being closed. We must have many more sponsors to care for these.

For only $10* a month you may become a sponsor and give an orphan the necessities of life, supervised by dedicated Christians. Also, you will have the thrill of a direct, personal contact with a grateful orphan child, whose letters will warm your heart. We will send you the child's name, address, photograph and life story. Your letters will be answered in English. If your child is too young to write, a staff member will do so.

**New Meaning to Lives**

Mrs. Irene Ketel of Evergreen Park, Ill., writes, *"The joy of being able to see Kawk Ok Soon changed from a helpless, lonely and forgotten youngster to a happy and secure child, has brought a new and real meaning to our lives. It is a gratifying privilege to be her American mother."*

**Parents Captured by Communists**

Kim Byung Gook, 14, has never known what it is to have parents. They were captured by Communist soldiers in 1950. He was cared for by his grandmother until her death in 1952. Because he had no one, he was brought to our Moo Jang Christian Orphanage. Now, just entering high school, he needs someone to take a personal interest in him.


Byung Gook (F-7)

**Brought in by Policeman**

Bak Ja Ya, age 3, had been abandoned when she was brought to our Masan New Life Orphanage by a policeman on July 20, 1962. Her father, a laborer, died of illness in 1961, and her mother has been missing for months. She is a normal, gentle child whose name means Merciful.


Ja Ya (F-8)


Chul Ok (F-6)

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**To serve** more than 20,000,000 meals each year.

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☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but want to help a child by giving $_____

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CONTINUED

and local boards of education. The assumption is that if the student doesn't know how to use his own language, he will be unable to learn other academic subjects. Before he is admitted into the freshman class, he is given the state of California's objective-English test. If he passes it, he is enrolled in the regular first-year class, English I. If he fails it, he must register for English 21. (The students have their own names for this course: dumbbell English, bonehead English, and so on. I think it is to their credit that they do not attempt to hide behind euphemisms.)

The English Department at City College does not consider objective tests infallible. At the beginning of each semester all English I and English 21 students are asked to write a short theme. If an English I student is unable to write a short, passable composition, he is demoted to English 21, even though he received an acceptable grade on the state objective test. This works in reverse too. If a student shows sufficient ability to write an intelligible theme, he is promoted to English I despite his low grade on the objective test. This happens to only a few. There is a sound correlation between the student's ability to pass the objective test (largely a vocabulary test) and his ability to write a composition.

This plan is still in the experimental stage, and a great deal of criticism is being hurled at it. There is a school of thought among parents, students and educators that calls the plan discriminatory and likely to subject the students to traumatic experiences. These are the same people who insist on passing pupils out of junior high and senior high to keep them from feeling inferior. The other school of thought—of which I am an eager advocate—says that the time comes when a boy or girl must face facts of life that have nothing to do with birds and bees. One of these facts is that either he has to learn how to express himself adequately or he has to admit he is intellectually inferior.

In spite of the criticism, the plan at City College is functioning admirably. English I can be taught at a genuine college level; the gifted and average students are challenged for the first time; the borderline students and those who are capable of learning, but who somehow failed to be taught, are learning to use their language. The hopeless ones and those who believe that if they sit long enough they will pass English 21 learn nothing; but since they are failing their other courses, too, they will be dropped from school at the end of the semester.

The burden of teaching basic English has gradually been forced on the colleges and universities. But does the burden belong here? At City College each of the English faculty of 15 teaches from one to three classes of English 21. College teachers being paid college salaries are spending from a fifth to over half their time teaching elementary and junior-high-school English. Consider the waste of this from the following points of view: the student's time, the teacher's talents and the taxpayer's money.

Harold Taylor, writing for a national magazine, claimed that today's students have learned one thing: if they sit long enough they will get a diploma. These few words point out the weakness in our school system that allows a near-illiterate to call himself a high-school graduate.

The law prevailing in most states that says a student must stay in school until he is eighteen, or until he graduates from high school, was well intended, but has proved itself ridiculous. Why does he have to be graduated? Why should the boy or girl who doesn't know or wish to know the difference between "new" and "knew," "there" and "their," and claims that "facets are for dripping," be considered a high-school graduate, eligible for college?

The law also says that the sheepskinned student has the right to enroll in a tax-supported college or university. Little does it matter that he never really learned the alphabet and that he now pathetically thumbs through a battered paper-back dictionary with the wistful hope of finding *S* or *Y*. If the institution has an empty seat, he must be allowed (he will spell it "aloud") to sit in it. A semester later, if he is not passing the required number of courses, he is kicked out, or, to use an educational euphemism, he is excluded from his classes. But in the meantime—from September to February—he is sitting there. He is taking up space, he is using a teacher's instructional and paper-grading time, and he is wasting the taxpayer's money.

The burden of educating our sons and daughters in elementary principles must go back to the high schools and eventually to the junior high schools, where it really belongs. *The state examination in English should be a requirement for graduation from high school,* not for college-registration purposes.

At this point high-school administrators will start screaming. This, they will claim, will penalize the millions of high-school pupils who do not want to go to college, who want to continue their education in trade schools, or who want no further education. These last want a high-school diploma for the single reason that it is impossible to get any kind of job without one.

I should like to point out the increasing worthlessness of the high-school diploma held by the boy or girl who has learned none of the basic principles of communication. Businessmen are no longer taken in by it—hence the growing demand for employees with *college* diplomas. I should also like to point out the fact that in today's world nothing is so important as the science of communication.

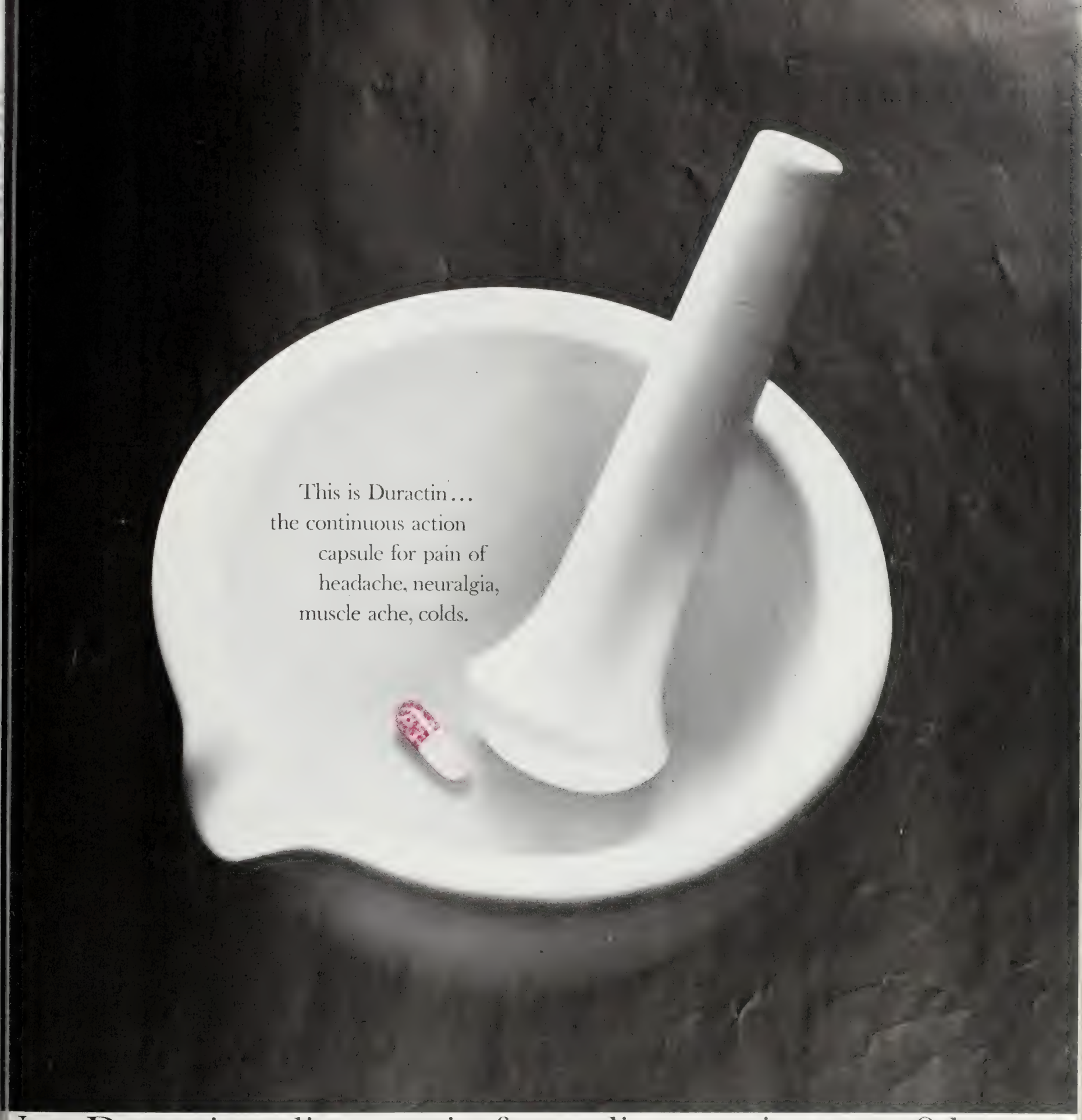
I believe that this rigorous, vigorous stress on written and oral communication at the precollege level would bring about the revolution in teaching that everyone is talking about. I believe that the teachers themselves would force this revolution.

The need for a revolution in the schools is being discussed in newspapers, magazines, books, and wherever two or more adults are gathered together. Critics are decrying the time wasted by teachers and by pupils in non-academic activities, all the way from the number of minutes required for the watering of classroom plants to entire semesters dedicated to showing Susie how to arrange a fruit basket and fold diapers.

Critics are lamenting the number of hours the teacher must devote to subjects in the educational field at a sacrifice of the subject she is teaching. California educators are listening to these critics, and in this state there is a growing tendency to evaluate the teacher on the basis, not of his glibness in educational jargon but of his knowledge of history or mathematics.

Critics have become aware of the falseness of using education as a means of diverting the pupil and keeping him off the streets, of judging a teacher on his agility rather than on his ability. They have learned that the theory—make it easy and amusing and Johnny will like the subject he is studying—has defeated itself. Sugar-coat the pill and Johnny still doesn't like it. The sugar-coated pill neither cures ignorance nor diverts the ignorant. The teacher as a pal and a jester has proved to be a gigantic failure. Johnny has his own pals and he likes to be his own jester. Teenagers are Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes. Fighting against it with every breath, they still cry for discipline, and the loudest demands for discipline come from the most undisciplined. "I got old Harrison for algebra. Man, is he tough!" they complain with *respect* and *admiration.*

With the revolution the teacher will go back to being a teacher—not a jester, not a jailer. The English teacher will teach English every hour—the full hour—every day. With the revolution the English student will understand and use the basic principles of communication before he comes to college. The colleges and universities can then function at their intended levels. The student already knows *how* to say something. The college teacher can help him find *something to say.* END




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## by Elinor Goulding Smith

# DON'T CALL US—

There are some moments in life when the telephone rings, and even if it's your best friend, or your accountant to tell you you're going to get a tax refund, you could scream and grind the telephone to powder under your bare heel. (Your heel is bare because you just got out of the shower, that's why.) When you're all alone in the house, and you're all covered from head to foot with hot water and piles of shampoo lather, the sound of a telephone bell is not likely to fill you with happy thoughts. As you step across the bedroom rug leaving squushy footprints behind, the lather drying with tiny audible crackles, your hands clench invisible blunt weapons, sharp knives, vials of potent poison, and you stand there in the now-icy drippy suds with goose flesh all over you, and want to kill somebody, mostly Alexander Graham Bell.

These moments come about too often for any *real* hope of mental health. You're folding egg whites into a soufflé, and the phone rings. You're hooking a rug, and you've just got settled comfortably with the whole thing, frame and all, arranged just right (which isn't easy), and the phone rings. You're bathing a brand-new baby for the first time and he's slippery, and the phone rings. You're ten minutes late for a school assembly in which your child is going to play the trombone and you're tearing out the front door with your ears laid back and your tail flying straight out behind you and just as you've slammed the door, the phone rings. You're painting the kitchen ceiling, standing, trembling, on the shaky top rung of a ladder with dribbles of white paint running up (or, rather, down) your arm and into your sleeve and along your ribs, and the phone rings. You're starting down a flight of stairs with an armload of wet Venetian blinds that you have just washed in a bathtub, and all the cords are twining themselves around your ankles, and the phone rings. The new puppy is eating a roast of beef that has just been delivered from the butcher's, and the phone rings. You've been working for six hours and finally you settle yourself in the most comfortable chair in the living room with a cup of coffee and a sandwich and a book and you have just put your feet up on the ottoman, when the phone rings.

It's all very well to say, "Don't answer it." Maybe *you* can do that. I can't. It is not within my range of capability to hear a telephone ring (and ring and ring and ring and ring) and not answer it. If I were lying in a coffin in my best dress (and I do hope somebody will think to put me in a decent dress and brush the cat hairs off too) and a telephone rang somewhere in the funeral parlor, I would get up and answer it. There simply are two kinds of people in the world—those who *can* not answer a telephone and those who *can't* not answer a telephone—and it isn't in the nature of man to cross from one category to the other. When you're stuck with being a certain kind of person, you're stuck. That's it. You get down off the ladder, you let your soufflé collapse, you pick the baby up out of the bath, you lose your rug hook and three rows of stitches, you get your feet off the ottoman and get up out of that chair and you answer that telephone.

If it's a friend calling to invite you to dinner Saturday night, or the doctor to say the blood count was normal, or your insurance agent to say you're getting a rebate of $128, you just stand there patiently catching pneumonia.

But that's not who it is usually. It's a lady who wants to know if I'd like my closets demothed. It's a man who says I've been selected out of all the people in Westchester County as the one most likely to be a sucker for an roofing job worth about $300. (My h doesn't even need a new roof. It's the *wall* are falling down.) It's a smooth-talking selling a frozen-food service. It's a man says he's taking a survey and ends up tryi sell me overhead garage doors. It's a lady wants to sell us a children's encyclopedia it isn't enough that she's got me staggerin out of the cellar with a load of wet lau she gets abusive when I tell her we don't a children's encyclopedia. It's someone t us life insurance, and we can hardly mee payments on the insurance we have What we really need is someone to take of it away. It's a child who wants to kn we have a son named William who's i nursery-school class because he wants hi come over to play. We don't. He won't my word for it, and describes William. liam wears a blue snow suit and talks fu We still don't. (Don't be silly, I know my dren's names. I tell you I would *know* if I son named William.) It's a real-estate who wants to know if our house is o market. It isn't. It's a lady who want Grimbling Laundry. (I *think* that's wha said.) That's not me. It's the lady who the Grimbling Laundry *again*. She didn lieve me when I told her she had the w number. She says that's the number sh written down on a piece of paper. Two t she calls again too. I know *her* kind. It dentist's office. They want to know wouldn't rather have my teeth cleane Tuesday afternoon than Wednesday mor I wouldn't. (Actually I wouldn't *like* to them cleaned at all. but I don't want to anyone's feelings.) It's the bookstore to sa book I ordered is out of print. It figures. lady who says if I can name three Presi of the United States I can have five do worth of free dancing lessons. I'm goi kill her. I am. I'm going to track her do it's the last thing I ever do, and I'm goi strangle her with her own telephone (Don't worry, I'll find her. I'll recognize h her voice.)

What could Alexander Graham Bell been *thinking* of when he invented some that could ring bells all over your h What did he think he was *doing* when he it possible for absolutely *any total strange* every nut, kook and crackpot in the co to call you from whatever you're doing talk to them? I'll bet you anything that he said, "Mr. Watson, come here. I need Mr. Watson was hip deep in wires an hands were full of delicate bits of things he'd been struggling with all morning an *just* on the point of fitting properly toge and when he heard the voice he was so tled he dropped the whole thing and h spend two days untangling it. Would have been nicer if Mr. Bell had sent Mr. son a friendly little note? Or, as Mr. W was only in the next room, how about if stepped quietly in there and spoken in gentle tones?

I love my mailman. He brings the le and puts them in the mailbox ever so qu Then, when I'm ready, my breakfast finished in a leisurely, civilized manner to the mailbox and take the letters out. A there's a letter addressed to "Occupant," there's an ad for a rosebush that grows e feet high in twelve days, or an ad that s "Why paint your house ever again?" quietly drop them in the trash basket, nobody gives me an argument. I think t nice.

# WE'LL CALL YOU




**1. NEW! It Pours!** *No lumps, no sifting, no "dust". C and H Magic Frosting Sugar can't cake. It pours from a handy spout. (Compare it with powdered sugar!)*



**2. NEW! Absorbs Instantly!** *New easier method: You add liquid first to Magic Frosting Sugar. Instantly it's absorbed, easily stirs to creamy smoothness. (Compare it with powdered sugar!)*

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**THE SECRET:** Amazing new C and H Magic Frosting Sugar—unlike any other sugar you've ever used! Yours only from C and H Sugar.






**3. NEW! Cuts Beating Time!** *After you add the liquid, blend in butter or margarine. So easy! Cuts beating time by more than half! (Compare it with powdered sugar!)*

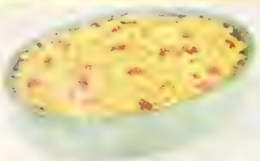



**4. NEW! Makes Smoother Frosting!** *Spreads beautifully without tearing your cake. Holds its shape, gloss and luster. Smooth, creamy, delicious. (Compare it with powdered sugar!)*

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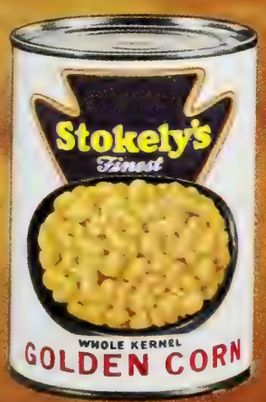
[illegible] Pimiento Fleck

Heat Stokely's Whole Kernel Corn thoroughly. Drain, add 3 tbsp. chopped pimiento. Season with butter, salt, pepper. Heat 3 more minutes. A colorful, tasty dish!



**Chuckwagon Corn**

Western favorite! On a bed of heated, buttered Stokely's Whole Kernel Corn, arrange pre-broiled pork sausages. A complete meal in a dish!




One of 150 foods, canned or frozen, by Stokely-Van Camp

# RCHIE LEACH

NTINUED FROM PAGE 53

ght help their fellowman? I now recognize t it's each of those motivations, but also ieve that if only one thing I write about self can prove of aid to only one reader, n it's been worth the effort and time ended.

We all try to occupy ourselves as best we , even if it proves to be the worst we can, m the moment we're born until the moment die. The circumstances governing the thods of the occupation are created by our ents when we are very young; and mine, most parents, I suppose, did the best they uld to prepare me for life, according to the its of their knowledge.

doubt if I was a happy child because, like st people, I conveniently find it difficult to ember those early formative years. Also, I l no other child with whom to exchange es or attempt to ascertain the degree of his her happiness as compared with mine.

My earliest memory is of being publicly hed in a portable enamel bathtub, in the hen before the fire at my grandmother's use, where my mother was, I suppose, nding the day. It was quite an old house ich either had no bathroom or, more likely, s unheated and too cold for me to be there. as just a squirming mass of protesting h: protesting against being dunked and shed all over in front of my grandmother. enormity of such an offense. Now if that y earliest memory why had I, a mere baby, h a sense of embarrassed shame? How ld I have learned such overwhelming desty at such an early age? What misteach- could have possibly been accountable?

My second memory is of being awakened one evening by the noise of a party far be- in the drawing room, and of my father's ning up and carrying me downstairs on his ulders to be shown off to the guests and to unhappily and haltingly through the first m I ever learned. There I was wrapped in a nket reciting *Up in a Balloon So High* while father, showing both pride and strength at same time, held me at arm's length high ve his head in the air. It was a high- nged room and I remember being very e to the high center chandelier. I think my er was high too.

seemed to me that I was kept in long baby hes much longer than any other child and haps, for a while, wasn't at all sure whether as a boy or a girl. Then, later, I was kept too long, I swear to you, in short pants. I e curls too long, too, and like most little s ached for the day they'd be cut off. I won- why little boys are ashamed to be mistaken little girls. Why do they take such pride in g little boys? Do little girls take similar le in their sex and not wish to be mistaken little boys?

My young father earned his first money, ac- ding to the only record obtainable, pressing s—coats and trousers and vests—for a tol clothing manufacturer, and progressed hat firm too slowly to satisfy my mother's ams. Yet somehow she managed to keep warmly clothed and well fed. Which was e an accomplishment because, although I a skinny child, I was a voracious eater. We could afford only a bare but presentable tence and, since my parents did not seem icularly happy together anyway, the lack fficient money became an excuse for regu- sessions of reproach, against which my er resignedly learned the futility of trying efend himself. This is not to say who was ng or right. They were both probably both. m my childish viewpoint I couldn't prop- assess their emotions or their reasoning. I ed to be caught in a subtle battle which tually took residence inside my own ly forming character.

had no opportunity to observe or associate other adults, and although my father and her each came from a large family, and I many aunts and uncles, few of them, as as I could appreciate, glowed with the joy fe.

hysically, my parents appeared ideally d to each other. I have photographs of them, taken a few years prior to my birth, constantly before me on my office desk at Universal-International Studios, where I spend many hours. My father was a handsome, tallish man with a fancy moustache, but the photograph does not show that he possessed an outwardly cheerful sense of humor and, to balance it, an inwardly sad acceptance of the dull life he had chosen. My mother was a delicate black-haired beauty, with olive skin, frail and feminine to look upon. What isn't apparent in the photograph is the extent of her strength, and her will to control—a deep need to receive unreservedly the very affection she sought to control. I remember the grief of my father and mother the morning King Edward VII died, and saw them sharing a common bond of sympathy. A rare moment.

And, before that, I now recollect awakening in my crib during a thunderstorm and seeing them outlined against the window by a flash of lightning. Their backs were toward me and their arms around each other's waists as they looked out at the rain; and now, today, as I think of it, I recall the intense feeling of being shut out from their unfamiliar unity.

They were churchgoing people named Elias James Leach and Elsie Kingdom Leach, of Episcopalian Protestant faith, polite to strangers and observant of the laws and social mores. I was taught "to speak only when spoken to," that my father was not "made of a mint of money," and that "it does not grow on trees." I learned to brush the mud off my shoes and onto the mat before entering the house, to hang up my school cap and coat on the allotted peg in the hall, to care for my clothes since "they are not made of iron."

A few years after my birth we moved to a bigger house; perhaps to accommodate the process of my growth. It had a long garden. In one section there was a large patch of grass surrounding a fine old apple tree near which my father lovingly sank strong, high, wooden supports for a swing. I took pride in the fact of that swing, the possession of it, but lacked the daring and abandon of a free swinger; and my father's rhythmic shoves, although gentle, seemed much too perilous. Either I have always lacked bravery or, as I prefer to regard it, never been foolhardy.

Since then I have attempted gradually to overcome my fear of heights. Even by learning, years later, to walk on stilts in a theatrical troupe specializing in pantomime and acrobatics. I've flown for years in all sorts of weather in all sorts of aircraft: in open cockpits; in transcontinental Ford trimotors; in unscheduled small airmail planes in snowstorms over the Alleghenies; and, happily many times, alongside the most able pilot of them all, Howard Hughes, in his converted bomber—sometimes setting down on small Mexican fields into which only such a confident, experienced flier would attempt to land. Yet no cure of my acrophobia was so decisive as making two films for that remarkable director, Alfred Hitchcock: *To Catch a Thief*, in which I dashed over sloping rooftops of four-storied French Riviera villas with no net below, while trying either to rob Grace Kelly or to save her from being robbed; and *North by Northwest*, in which I heroically hung both up and down on replicas of sections of Mount Rushmore, rafter-high on the tallest stage of Hollywood. I've always felt queasily uncertain whether or not Hitchcock was pleased at seeing me survive each day's work. I can only hope it was as great a relief to him as it was a disappointment. Still, I rescued both Eva Marie Saint and Grace Kelly, and each of them went on to raising happy and beautiful children. I wish I could say the same.

At the end of our garden there were wild strawberry patches leading to fields which today are covered by suburban houses, but which at that time, since I was only four years old, were forbidden and unexplored territory for me. We often ate under the shade of our apple tree, particularly on summer Sundays, on a trestle table set up for the occasion, while my father jumped up every moment or so to inspect the progress of each item in his vegetable garden. I, on the other hand, was constantly told to sit still and "stop bobbing up and down." I could never understand the equity of a rule that didn't also work for one's




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parents. But those, I now appreciate, were the happiest days for the three of us.

In our garden there were fuchsias, hollyhocks, geraniums and primroses, and my father also planted daffodils and crocuses and lilies of the valley. In the adjoining fields there were daisies and buttercups and dandelions. Local toddler gossip had it that if you played with daisies you were a pansy, which was pretty confusing in itself; that if a buttercup's color reflected itself under your chin you loved butter, which wasn't too farfetched; and that if you picked dandelions you would dampen the bed—which, coincidentally, proved perfectly true. Such is the voodoo practiced by children.

I was taken to my first school when I was four and a half years old, though the accepted beginner's age was five. My mother was convinced I was brighter than most children of my age and had evidently succeeded in convincing or haranguing the schoolmaster into believing so too—because, frightened and fearful, I began schooling that same day. There I sat in a little sailor suit sharing a little wooden desk, the front of which was joined to the seat as a unit, with a little girl. I persevered proudly in ABC's, clay modeling and crayon drawing, and miserably in arithmetic and my ability to communicate with the little girl.

Very gradually I grew accustomed to associating with other children. Or, rather, mostly with other boys. Little boys. In fact, I was, to my surprised delight, invited to play goalkeeper on the football team—a rather scrubby group who hadn't sufficient bravery to play with the girls during recreation time, and kicked a soccer ball around instead. We had no goalposts, just chalk lines marked on a jagged stone wall, at each end of the playground, to denote where they should be. Whenever the ball struck a wall between the lines, that was considered a goal. I whacked into that wall countless times, skinning bare knuckles and knees, and snagging my clothes, desperately trying to save the other side from scoring, until it dawned on me why no one was eager to be goalkeeper, and why, probably, they had invited me.

It's very cold, very damp in the English winter, and everyone else had the excitement and joy and circulative benefit of kicking the ball about except me, who stood very cold, very damp at the end of the yard waiting for someone to kick the ball in my direction. If that ball slammed past me, I alone—no other member of the team, naturally, but I alone—was held, to my mystification, responsible for the catastrophe. Still, on the other hand, a well-saved goal (you know, one of those fancy balletlike flying jobs) was roundly praised and made me feel prouder than possibly anything I've ever done since. Right then and there I learned the deep satisfaction derived from receiving the adulation of my fellow little man. Perhaps it began the process that resulted in my search for it ever since.

No money, no material reward is comparable to the praise, the shouts of well done and accompanying pat on the back of one's fellowman. Applause and laughter in the theater have a similar effect; and sometimes, today, I stand with Russell Downing, the manager of the finest, largest cinema in the world, the Radio City Music Hall in New York, in a quiet darkened corner, and listen to that huge audience roaring with laughter at something I've done, the tilt of my head or a facial reaction, and joy seems to burst within me.

To think that all those people, for even a moment, were able to forget their personal problems and troubles and concertedly laugh with or at me. It is, as best I can explain, an extreme magnification of the feeling one gets from successfully telling an amusing joke or story to a group of friends. Yes, there are few satisfactions as satisfactory as the approbation and goodwill of others; and only this moment does it strike me where I first learned to enjoy and to seek it: in my schoolyard.

The most intriguing toy I ever got my hands on was a pair of pinking scissors with which my mother made a neat crinkled edge on the shelving and table oilcloth. The symmetrical result fascinated me. I couldn't fathom how the scissors did it, and for practically one whole morning, while mother was out in the garden, I put pinked edges on almost everything reachable, including my own nightshirt. Also my father's favorite weekly magazine. I still have great admiration for whoever invented those magic scissors, but have fortunately controlled the impulse to own a pair.

Each Christmas my stockings were hung with a laundry peg attached to the ball-fringed mantelpiece cover in my bedroom. In those days English schoolboys wore black or gray woolen stockings turned down about two inches all around at the top to show a white woven stripe below bare chapped knees. I always thought that too much of my Yuletide stockings were filled with tangerines and nuts and dates, any of which I could have collared downstairs while passing the sideboard.

Still, there were always a few other presents, too large for the stockings, arranged on the mantelpiece or in front of the fireplace on the floor below, where I could see them upon awakening: a pair of skates; some boxes of tin soldiers, perhaps even a small fort to keep them in; and once a shiny hussar's outfit wonderfully arranged in a flat, colorful cardboard box, with shiny breastplate, gold braid fringed epaulets, a toy sword in a gleaming tin scabbard, and a hussar's hat with insignia. I was a dashing sight, but still couldn't completely win my mother away from my father.

One year I got a magic lantern with colored comic slides. I gave my only children's party

## BLIZZARD

By THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

Bleak skies grew bleary-eyed before the bluster
blew into blur. Wheels circulated slowly
before they spun and stopped at bloodless banks.
No brief bluff, this, but blundering blockade,
blanket of blank and blast and blithering blather.
Beauty becomes blight in the blizzard's blitzkrieg.

because of acquiring that magic lantern. The only children's party I remember ever attending: my own. Father rigged up a sheet at the end of a back room which was usually used as a storage room, where the din would be less likely to disturb the district. Mother had some throw carpets, chairs, cushions and the long cloth-covered trestle table put in, and I invited our local infant world to my magic-lantern show. The lantern was candle-powered, a large candle with a large reflector behind it. Lemonade and biscuits and those inevitable tangerines, nuts, muscatels and dates were served, and blancmange and cake for dessert, because this was before the days of such luxuries as ice cream. We also had paper hats and noisemakers. It was a fine party.

My father ran the show to avoid my setting fire to the house, I suppose; but I chose the order in which the slides were to be seen, and accompanied the showing of each with what I thought was appropriate comic comment. But I was so regularly drowned out by other comic commentators that I couldn't tell if I was a success or not. Perhaps that's why I eventually entered the movies: so that the audience couldn't talk back to me.

On weekends I wore an Eton collar made of crisp clean linen, and during the week one made of celluloid. It was my duty to keep it clean and from splitting at the places where it joined a center stud hole.

I learned to collect and swap foreign stamps. To polish my shoes, to raise my cap politely and automatically to adults of both sexes, to pick up my feet, to resist wiping a perspiring brow or a running nose on my coat sleeve, according to the seasonal necessity; to pretend delight while my father sang his party songs, *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls*, in a tight-throated untrained high baritone he brought out at family parties—he sometimes sang *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* in mimicry of whoever was the popular music-hall singer of that day. I often sat fascinated at the way my father kept his stylish moustache from drowning in the teacup as he drank. I learned to do errands for my mother without asking for an addition to my weekly allowance of sixpence (which was, probably, the equivalent of two shillings today; though I was docked twopence for each blib I made on the Sunday tablecloth—and to run to meet my father at a certain part of the road as he came home from work each Saturday noon and, for a polite disciplined moment or two, to withhold my eagerness to raid his pockets for the small gifts he'd hidden for my scrabbling expectant hands to find).

A year or two prior to World War I my father was offered better-paying employment at Southampton, about eighty miles away from Bristol—a long way in those days—with a clothing firm turning out khaki army uniforms in preparation for the coming war. His fellow workers chipped in to present him with a large engraved vest-pocket watch which I have with this day, and tearfully he left the place where he had worked for so many years.

One or two of those men with whom he exchanged daily banter write to me occasionally. They are quite elderly now and retired, but their letters still speak affectionately of my father, who died in 1933, of what was medically recorded as extreme toxicity, but which was more probably the inevitable result of a slow-breaking heart, brought about by an inability to alter the circumstances of his life. My own life, at the time of his death, was following a similar pattern. My first wife, Virginia Cherrill, a great beauty and former leading lady of Charlie Chaplin in the unforgettable *City Lights*, was divorcing me and getting ready to marry the Earl of Jersey. Which was very intelligent of her.

Odd, but I don't remember my father's departure from Bristol. Perhaps I felt guilty being secretly pleased. Or was I pleased? Now I had my mother to myself, and recent weekly school reports had earned me some sharp paternal reprimands. Curious thing about my school reports: I was either at the top of the class or at the bottom. Definite early signs of great instability. I was so palpably eager to present each good report at home that the hiding of each bad report was equally noticeable. Anyway, I don't remember my father going, but I missed him very much despite all his and, therefore, my faults.

Soon after my father left, when I was nine, my mother and I moved to a larger, more expensive house. We were accompanied by two young women cousins of mine who, now that they were entering the new secretarial world for young ladies, contributed, I believe, to the household expenses. They lived in a separate part of the house that I cannot remember entering.

That summer holiday I visited my father in Southampton. I found him gay and younger seeming, and rather sporty-looking too, which wouldn't have suited my mother at all. However, he was able to remain in Southampton for only a few months. The burden of earning sufficient to sustain two separate households, even at his increased salary, became too much for him, and he returned to Bristol and his old firm, where, in exchange for not giving back the watch his fellow workers presented to him when he left, he received their endless but forthchaffing. So again we moved, to a less costly house, but still with sufficient rooms to accommodate my paying cousins.

One of them had a beau for a few weeks: titled Italian, no less, or perhaps I just told everyone that he was; anyway, the most attractive thing about him, as far as I was concerned, was a fine motorcar in which I enjoyed my first automobile ride. It was a long, open touring job, and I remember sitting high up alone in the back seat trying to induce my cousin, and her elegant beau, to drive through a section of the town where I could see and be seen by, or wave to and be pelted at by, my schoolmates.

Motorcars were a rarity in those days. The only other one I became familiar with in our district was owned by the father of a boy who lived in the large house at the corner. A little group of us often sat in the back of that car

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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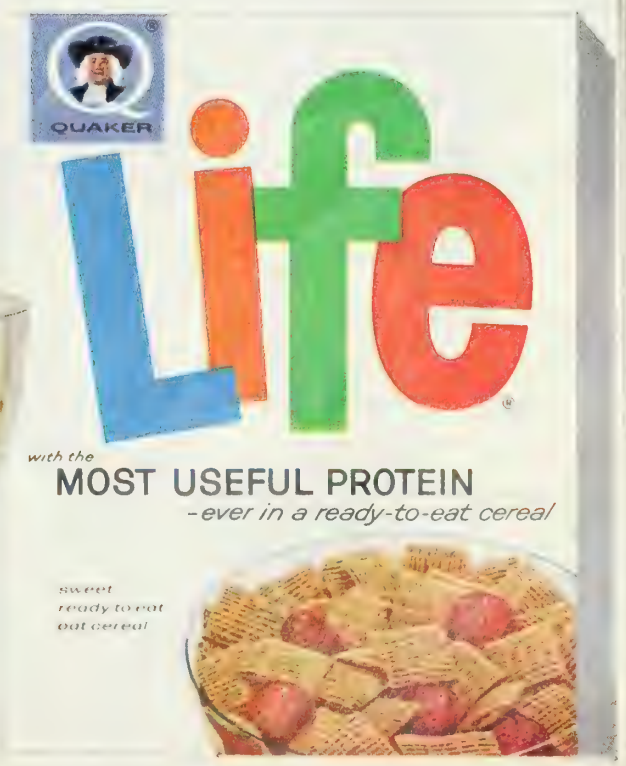
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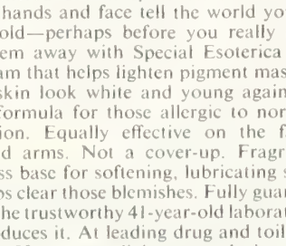

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

the semidark of the garage, a converted greenhouse, with the owner's son usually in the driver's seat, and pretended we were roaring along up and down hills and around corners. But our pleasure was soon prohibited, even before I got a turn to sit at the steering wheel, because the scuffling of our boots scratched up the enamel with which the backs of front seats were painted then. Remember, this was the year 1913. The year I first fell in love.

She was the local butcher's daughter, plump, pretty, and frankly flirtatious. Once while taking a message to my grandmother, my mother's mother, but going far out of my way in order to pass this siren's front garden where she played, I was looking back to see if she was looking back to see me, and smacked into the lamppost, dome first, saw great stars and staggered rubber-legged to the curb, where I sat stunned into sheepish, but only semi, recovery. The lasting of my shame kept me from going past her house from that day on, and never again did I see the provocative light of my poignant childhood's first love.

My mother made my first pair of long trousers. They were white flannel for wearing at the local annual church bazaar and open-air carnival, where I was to be allowed to take tickets on the merry-go-round. Those homemade trousers didn't seem to fit or appear as well, nor was the flannel of the same quality, as the shop-bought ready-made versions of white flannels I saw on other boys. I was crestfallen and my day at the carnival spoiled. The long hours of my mother's labor and love went unappreciated, until now as I look back upon it. How sad that we can't know what we know until we know it. I wonder if the appearance of my name on so many best-dressed lists is a consequence of the boyish shame from wearing those homemade flannel trousers.

Each Saturday afternoon, surrounded by a shrieking turbulence of assorted children clutching small bags of sweets, apples and licorice strands, I queued up to attend the local cinema where the comedians Charles Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Roscoe Arbuckle, Mack Swain and John Bunny with Flora Finch, together with Bronco Billy Anderson, the cowboy star, were our greatest favorites. Much pushing broke out, and many a toffee-covered fist waved in dispute over the relative talents of Ford Sterling, who headed the famous Keystone Kops, and Charlie Chaplin. The unrestrained wriggling and lung exercise of those Saturday matinees, free from parental supervision, was the high point of my week.

As I grew older I was occasionally taken to the cinema by my mother and father. Though separately. My mother took me to the Claire Street Cinema, the town's most elite, where one could take tea while watching the films, and where I was first introduced to a pastry fork: a perplexing combination of fork and knife; who needs it? I saw my first so-called talking pictures in that theater. Two short subjects. One was of a woman singing an opera aria while she was trying to defend her honor, I think. She was being pushed back over a table by the villain, but while engaging his interest by singing in his face she surreptitiously stole a dagger from his belt scabbard and stabbed him right on her high note. It took him quite a long time to die, but while he did it he learned that virtue triumphed. So that's why I never play villains in pictures.

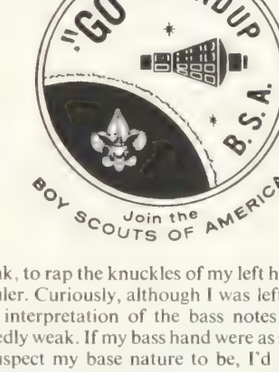
The other short film showed a group of blacksmiths singing in chorus as they whacked away at their anvils. The sound, as far as I understood things then, came from a phonograph behind the screen. The forerunner of today's perfectly synchronized sound films.

Now my father, on the other hand, since he respected the value of money, because he worked hard and long hours to get it, took me to a less pretentious, less expensive, though larger, cinema called the Metropole; a drafty barnlike structure in those days with hard seats and bare floors on which we could stamp at the villain and keep our feet warm at the same time. It smelled of raincoats and galoshes, and no tea or pastry forks. Yet it was, of the two, my favorite place.

Our weekly visit followed a regular routine. My father stopped at his favorite little tobacconist's shop and bought his favorite pipe tobacco, because men could smoke at the Metropole, and then, at the next shop, a few of our favorite apples, either russets or Morgan Sweets, and an occasional small bag of white round peppermints; or, if I was on my most winning behavior, even a bar of chocolate. Then on to our favorite film: a spellbinding weekly serial, entitled *The Clutching Hand.* Honest. It invariably wound up with the hero or heroine in dire danger, in order, I guess, to tempt the customers back for the next episode. We lived and loved each adventure, and each following week I neglected a lot of school homework conjecturing how that hero and heroine could possibly get out of the extraordinary fix in which they'd been left. I wonder why movie houses of today don't show a weekly serial. Even television series are hardly in serial form; each episode has a complete plot rather than a continuous story. I like to think life continues, no matter how hazardous.

As I grew older I was permitted to stay up longer. There was no radio or television when I was a child, only a plethora of homework which didn't appeal to me at all. Indeed, I dreaded it and, though I'd begun studying for a scholarship to enter a better school, my head seemed stubbornly set against the penetration of academic knowledge.

My piano teacher, an unhandsome irascible woman, came to the house specifically, I




think, to rap the knuckles of my left hand with a ruler. Curiously, although I was left-handed my interpretation of the bass notes was decidedly weak. If my bass hand were as strong as I suspect my base nature to be, I'd be a virtuoso; but my piano playing has evidently not improved over the years, because, after about one and one half minutes of bored attention, my friends either leave stealthily or resume their conversations.

I was not turning out to be a model boy. It depressed me to be good, according to what I judged was an adult's conception of good, and matters around me were not going well. The First World War was imminent and the relationship between my mother and father seemed steadily to grow unhappier. My father came home tired at the end of each day's work and went early to bed, and one weekend when I came home from school my mother wasn't there. My cousins told me, or rather on inquiry led me to believe that she had gone away to a local seaside resort. It seemed rather unusual, but I accepted it as one of those peculiarly unaccountable things that grown-ups are apt to do. However, the weeks went by and when mother did not return it gradually dawned on me that perhaps she was not coming back at all. My father seemed to be in correspondence with her and always told me she sent her love, which, of course, I always asked to have returned. There was a void in my life, a sadness of spirit that affected each daily activity with which I occupied myself in order to overcome it; but there was no further explanation of mother's absence, and I gradually got accustomed to the fact that she was not home each time I came home—nor, it transpired, was she expected to come home.

A long time later I learned that she had experienced a nervous breakdown and been taken to an institution in a nearby quiet country town to recuperate. I was not to see my mother again for more than twenty years, by which time my name was changed and I was a full-grown man living in America, thousands of miles away in California. I was known to most people of the world by sight and by name, yet not to my mother.

It was only recently that I recognized a clue to the cause of mother's retreat within herself. Some years prior to my birth my parents had another child. Their firstborn. A baby boy who, alas, died of some sort of convulsions after only a few months of life. My mother, I learned, sat beside his cot night and day, loving, caring and praying for him, until she was exhausted; and one night, after the doctor ordered her to bed for a few hours to avoid a collapse, her baby died as she slept. Perhaps such a shock, the suppression of such a memory, was the reason for her ultimate withdrawal from the world.

Today at eighty-six my mother is well, very active, wiry and witty, and extremely good company. Sometimes we laugh together until tears come into our eyes. She is a small woman, and looking at her, I often puzzle how I grew to be 6'2". She shops tenaciously for small antiques, and local dealers have learned either to put up the price in advance so that they can pull it down later, or, if they're lucky enough to see her coming, pull down the shutters and close the doors, to protect themselves from the impact of her charms and the honesty of her age. She does her own marketing and every bit of her own housework—in a house that, by provincial standards, is by no means small—and whenever it's suggested that she get someone to help her she avers she can do it better herself, dear, that she doesn't want anyone around telling her what to do or getting in her way, dear, and that the very fact of the occupation keeps her going, you see, dear. All of which is undoubtedly true.

I first found out about the birds and the bees listening to a youthful corner slouch one summer evening under a streetlamp at the end of our street. I didn't appreciate the information nor was I sure it was correct, and something about the young man's smirkingly patronizing manner while doling out the details made me heartily dislike him from that moment on. His information proved to be correct, as I later found out; though it was many years before I had the courage to put it to a test. It turned out to be a workable and pleasurable theory and civilization's certainly got hold of a good thing there, but I still haven't forgiven that young man.

During the war we were issued ration books for our food, and unless one was a relative of gushingly familiar with the local grocer, there was little hope of obtaining either sugar or butter, and absolutely no chance for importations of any kind. I grew accustomed to drinking my tea without sugar, and still do not use it in either tea or coffee. However, at that time I didn't appreciate the beneficial quality or the taste of margarine. I missed butter very much. Today I eat margarine again.

One Sunday afternoon I was taken by my father to some kind of civic meeting of local dignitaries and aldermen and the mayor. I don't really know what it was about, but it was held in Colston Hall, a large auditorium in the center of Bristol, and, together with many other people, we sat high up on a tier of curved steeply banked wooden steps which formed the back of the stage facing the audience, so that each speaker's rear was toward us and there wasn't much worth watching as far as I was concerned. At any rate, during what seemed some pretty dull proceedings, I secretly began fiddling with a small handful of elegant marbles I'd won in skillful, fearless competition. They were fine specimens of marbles known to us younger fry as "aggies." I sat studying the colors and designs of my prized treasures, and father, in turning to see what mischief I was up to because I was so quiet, accidentally knocked those marbles out of my hand and scattered them clonking, one after the other, down each resounding wooden step.

My father couldn't reprimand me—after all, he'd knocked them out of my hand—so there I sat confident in innocence. I wouldn't dare look anywhere but straight ahead and couldn't see where the marbles rolled to rest. They certainly took their echoing time getting there, though. My father was taken by some kind of convulsion—stifling his laughter, I think—and finally had to leave the platform

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

# Once a week serve the fresh-made macaroni and cheese

## Ready in minutes—and just 5¢ a serving.

It's a family favorite that's especially good because you do the cooking, fresh, yourself! Easy, too, because you get quick cooking macaroni that's ready in 7 minutes. And that fine Kraft Grated melts all through the macaroni so it has wonderful cheddar cheese flavor. It's delicious for lunch or dinner. So keep Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Dinner on hand and serve it often.




# KRAFT HOME COOKED DINNERS










## The quick kind you cook up fresh



# HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Director of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

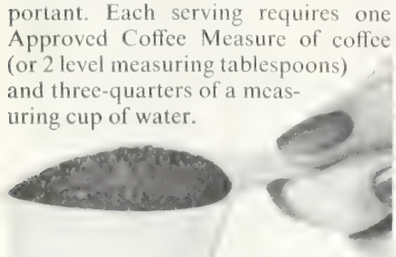
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

**When you buy coffee:**

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

**When you measure coffee:**

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



**When you brew coffee:**

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

**When you serve coffee:**

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

**When you judge coffee:**

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

*Pan-American Coffee Bureau*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

in order to gain control of himself. Neither of us ever mentioned the incident, but I think it endeared him to me, and me to him, more than any other adventure we ever had together.

Some time after mother left, when I was about eleven years old, my cousins moved away, and my father and I went to live with his mother so that, in case father was still at work when I came from school, there would be someone in the house to look after me. We lived in the lower floor front and upstairs back bedrooms and my grandmother lived in the lower back part and upstairs front bedrooms. However, I didn't see a great deal of her and took care of my needs as best I could; sharing with her and father each Saturday and Sunday breakfast and midday dinner, and scrounging around in the kitchen, or stone larder, for other meals on my own. There were no automatic refrigerators in those days; indeed, no electricity in most sections of Southwest England. The houses, and even the streetlamps, were gas-lit.

As a boy scout, I was the proud possessor of a Junior Air Warden pass which I have somewhere to this day. In the event of an air raid my duty was to clamber up and extinguish each streetlamp as quickly as possible by pulling down a little handle. None of us scouts was ever able to understand why lamps in the districts where each of us lived were allotted to some other boy who didn't live there. The streetlamps that came under my province were a good twenty-minute run, by which time I could have been too breathless to climb them.

I dutifully kept my uniform neatly on a chair by the bed, ready to jump into it and out of the house at a moment's notice. But no air raid, no planes or Zeppelins, came that far during that war. In the next war, however, Bristol was subjected to one of England's worst blitzes; indeed, so much of it was obliterated that many sections of the town's center, sections I frequented as a child, have been rebuilt and are no longer familiar to me.

There is one neighborhood where, unless morbidly tempted, my few remaining relatives seldom go. A wide, quiet street on which until 1943 stood four tall old Georgian houses owned by an uncle of mine on my father's side. He and his wife, my aunt, and their daughter and son-in-law and young grandson are still buried in the debris of what was once the basement of one of those homes; entombed in the destruction of a direct hit by a blockbuster bomb in World War II. A complete family wiped out. One of the countless terrifying consequences of man's inhumanity to man; the results of man's pompous ignorance, proffered cyclically in the guise of wisdom, patriotism or progress. How disheartening that the combined thoughts and scientific efforts of mankind cannot be directed solely toward the glory of peace rather than war.

Often when I go back to Bristol, where mother now lives quietly in a suburban house, we drive around districts that still remain as I knew them, and last year my mother with happy nostalgic tears pointed out a place where I rolled on the grass as a baby. My wife Betsy, and my favorite cousin Eric Leach and his wife Margaret, accompanied us, and I wonder what they thought about what my mother and I were thinking. One rediscovers as one grows older the strength of the psychic tie that exists between one's parents and one's self.

When I was twelve, despite a malingering disinclination to study, I somehow scraped through the examinations to win a scholarship to Fairfield, a local coeducational secondary school comparable in America to a good junior high, where the boys met the girls only in certain classrooms or at school functions, and where, unlike my previous school at which we had women teachers whom I could occasionally confound with my cheek or charm, the classes were conducted by males. A different professor for each subject.

The school boasted a cadet corps whose members wore grown-up officerlike uniforms in which I fancied fancying myself; also it was my ambitious intent to bone up for a further scholarship that could take me to college and later, gloriously, on to one of England's great universities. But there were special blazers and ties and caps, all carrying the school colors and insignia, to be bought, and gym clothes and bicycle-shed fees and other unreckoned expenditures at Fairfield. I economized wherever possible, but just the required books each term were really more than my father could afford; and only by bargaining to obtain them secondhand from students of the previous class, and handling them carefully in order to resell them profitably to the next, could costs be kept within father's means.

My aspirations for a college education slowly faded. It was obviously too expensive to consider.

I began to have an obsession to be clean. I washed myself constantly; a habit I carried far into adulthood in a subconscious belief that if I scrubbed hard enough outside I might cleanse myself inside: perhaps of an imagined guilt that I was in some way responsible for the circumstances of my parents' separation.

During the next year I simultaneously managed to gain a little tuition and lose a large front tooth. It was a cold winter's day, and I was walking or sliding toward the bicycle shed when a faster-walking or -sliding classmate sideswiped me inadvertently; or, come to think of it, was it? I slewed around and fell face forward on my front tooth on that icy playground. My tooth snapped in half. Straight across. I didn't want my father to know, so I had the remaining piece pulled out at a dental school, where extractions were either free or reasonable enough for me to pay out of my weekly pocket money.

I was left with a gap right in the middle of my upper front teeth, but by keeping my mouth shut (quite an unusual accomplishment) at home that weekend, I kept father from noticing the gap, and by the next weekend it had already begun to close up.

But every disadvantage has its advantage. It was a perfect place to squirt water through for a happy while. I got quite expert. I could project a stream of water five or six feet. At any target; a trick that delighted no one but me. The only person who ever remarked upon that tooth's absence, including even dentists, was Mack Sennett, the great comedy-picture producer, who came backstage to visit me in New York years later, and surprised me by saying that his camera-trained eye had noticed it from the audience. I still have only one front-center tooth. Most everyone else has two. You look and see.

At the end of the spring term, with summer in sight and the cadet corps dispersing for the coming vacation, I applied for war work wherever my services as a boy scout could best be used. In those midwar years, with everybody of every age aiding the war effort in one way or another, and even youths of sixteen being taken into the army, it was my need not only to help wherever I could but, also, to get away from Bristol for a while. I was so often alone and unsettled at home that I welcomed any occupation that promised activity. I was given work as a messenger and guide at Southampton, in the dock area where the public was forbidden and no one permitted unless wearing a uniform or carrying a special pass.

I saw thousands of young men sail away into the night toward France, packed into transport ships that were, prayerfully, fast enough to outdistance the enemy submarines that waited for them in the English Channel; and if I was on gangplank duty I sadly noted the quick moment of apprehension cross each face, the first premonition of danger, as I issued every soldier a life belt and accompanied it with a few cheerful notes of instruction to hide my feelings. Hundreds of those men drowned only a few miles from their homeland before even reaching the battlefront.

Although it was not part of our duties, the scouts often delivered messages and mailed letters for the soldiers waiting in the dock sheds on their last day in England. It was a point of honor among us not to take money for our small services. So, as we had no other way of escaping their touching gratitude, we accepted mementos instead—a military button or regimental badge—and displayed them with the pride of collectors, attached to our belts, which were heavy with tokens. The soldiers sometimes gave us cake and tea obtained from the canteen at the end of each shed in which they were kept enclosed the day before embarkation.

All military movement into and out of the docks was made throughout the night. Soldiers poured through Southampton and the rows of sheds were filled and refilled. There were no seats and the men sat or lay around the floor among their kits. Some of them had already been out to the front once and lost an arm or leg, yet were returning to fight again. One officer, a Guardsman, had been to the front twice before and had lost an arm, and a leg at the knee, but was still going back again to rejoin his regiment in the trenches.

Mixed with its tragedy there was a strange atmosphere of excitement and adventure at Southampton, and when I returned home I regularly haunted the Bristol wharves where in those days, schooners and steamships came right up the Avon River into the center of town; and on weekends, when most of my school friends were playing cricket, I sat alone for hours watching the ships come and go, sailing with them to far places on the tide of my imagination, trying to release myself from the emotional tensions which disarranged my thoughts. I once even applied for a job as cabin boy, but was turned down not only because I was too young, but because I couldn't bring permission from my parents.

Yet coincidentally at such a dispirited time destiny was zeroing in on my future. I've often wondered whether destiny creates the course of the man or whether man creates the course of his destiny. Probably both.

My unfavorite classes at school were algebra, geometry, trigonometry and Latin; and my favorites were geography, history, art and chemistry; and it was in the chemistry lab around which I loitered on rainy days when I couldn't play fives (an English version of handball) that I met destiny in the form of the science professor's part-time assistant: an electrician, brought in from the outside to help with our experiments.

He was a jovial, friendly man with children of his own, and one day, in kindly response to my eagerness to learn about anything electrical, he invited me to visit the newly built Bristol Hippodrome, in which he'd installed the switchboard and lighting system. The Saturday matinee was in full swing when I arrived backstage; and there I suddenly found my inarticulate self in a dazzling land of smiling jostling people wearing and not wearing all sorts of costumes and doing all sorts of clever things.

And that's when I *knew!*

What other life could there *be* but that of an actor? They happily traveled and toured. They were classless, cheerful and carefree. They gaily laughed, lived and loved. Yes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

## HOME

By DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

Home isn't spectacular;
Neither modern Cape Cod
Nor passably Frank
Lloyd Wright, it favors
Ruffled spaniels and
Twice-ruffled curtains
And is shy of the sun.

From it one votes for
Congressmen as digestible
As gelatin and as
Reliable as butter beans;
In it the TV parcels
Out transparent merriments
And imitates conscience.

Moralists speak highly
Of its virtues, friends
Slyly condone it, only
An odd ingrate like me
Fits it into a poem
Without proper evaluation,
Reverence and rhyme.

Why fuss with frying when you can

# corn-crisp chicken

Fix this golden-crusted, tender chicken in the oven, without shortening. Without spattering, sputtering, or turning. Without one anxious peek.

Yet Corn-Crisped Chicken is crunchier outside, moister inside. You enjoy fried-chicken flavor, without the frying!

What makes it so crisp and tasty? Kellogg's golden Corn Flake Crumbs, seasoned with Ac'cent to coax out all the natural flavor. What holds in the juices? Pet Milk, the milk with twice the country cream in every drop. ("Thin" milk simply won't do.)

What keeps your baking pan whistle-clean so you scour nary a pan? Reynolds Wrap—oven-tempered for flexible strength.

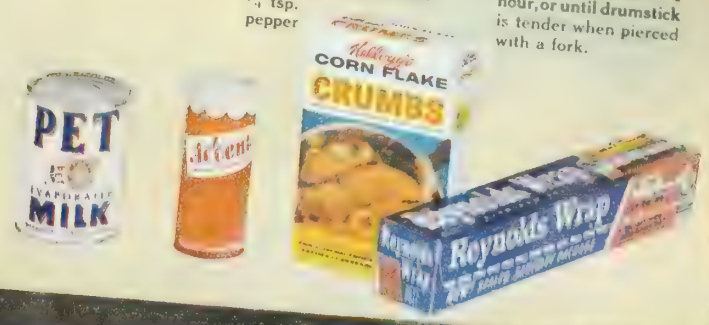
And is it all this easy—and this good? Time you had the pleasure of finding out.

**Corn-Crisped Chicken**

**DIP** 1 cut-up chicken (2½—3 pounds) in ½ cup Pet Evaporated Milk. ("Thin" milk just won't do.)

**ROLL** in mixture of 1 cup Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs, seasoned with 1 tsp. Ac'cent, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper

**BAKE** in shallow pan lined with Reynolds Wrap in 350 oven (moderate) about 1 hour, or until drumstick is tender when pierced with a fork.




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*and pin easier, too!*

**STRETCHABILITY**
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**NO BINDING**
expand with baby's tummy

**EASIER PINNING**
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**MORE ABSORBENT**
for maximum protection

**BETTER FIT**
for all size babies

**LESS BULK**
more comfortable, streamlined size

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City_____ State_____
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

H'm. Little did I know. But an actor's life for me. And how was I, still only thirteen years old, to join them?

I hung about that theater at every opportunity until my electrician friend, possibly to get some relief from my constant questioning, arranged an introduction to the manager of another theater in Bristol, the Empire, where I was invited to sit with and assist the men who worked the arc lamps, known as limelights, which shone from small precarious platforms, or perches, rather high up at each side of the stage.

No one seemed to pay me anything and I didn't quite know how I was supposed to assist anyone, except by getting my fingers burned while fumblingly changing some red-hot carbons; but I was in the happy world of make-believe and that was all that mattered, and I dropped by that theater as often as possible. I had a place to be. And people let me *be* there.

At one performance while I held that splendid job I decided to wander out to the front of the theater and "assist" the man who worked the large center arc in the balcony, known as the dress circle. And, well, come to think of it, I might as well see the show at the same time.

The star attraction that week was a famed magician, The Great David Devant, the originator of many spectacular illusions which are still used by magicians today. I sat spellbound alongside the limelight man until he tapped my arm and indicated for me to hold his lamp steady a moment while he lighted a cigarette. I later learned that during certain magic tricks the balcony spotlight was supposed, according to strict instructions, to stay unwaveringly directed onto a center point of the stage; but the man didn't tell me, and I was so raptly watching to learn how the illusion was done that I unconsciously allowed the beam of light to drop downward slowly and—holy cow—suddenly there was a blinding flash of light reflected from under a table, where two mirrors were fixed that otherwise would have remained undetected by the audience.

The trick was ruined. Mr. Devant shot an exasperated look toward the source of the light, the operator yanked it out of my hand and, with some choice swear words ringing in my ears, I stammered an apology and slunk off appalled at my blunder.

Well, I didn't seem to be welcome at the Empire again after that, so I began to reappear backstage at the Hippodrome. I hung around anyone who'd put up with me. I couldn't stay late; only for the early part of the evening. I ran all sorts of messages and earnestly strove to learn the fascinating reasons and beliefs behind an actor's vernacular. Much more interesting than Latin.

Don't milk your bows. Pick up your cue. Never walk on the other fellow's line. Playing to the gods meant performing to the gallery, or top balcony. Six-sheeting out front referred to actors who stood around the theater lobby or stage door hoping to be recognized by the audience as they came out; a six-sheet being the term used for a life-sized theatrical poster. An actor was never out of work. He was "at liberty." Waiting for the ghost to walk meant waiting for the manager with the weekly salary. There seemed to be no left or right side of the stage; just a prompt side and an O.P. side, meaning opposite of prompt.

Oh, it was a fine language, and one evening while my ears were cocked for other phrases to absorb I learned about Bob Pender's troupe of young performers—or knockabout comedians, as they were called—the ranks of which were being regularly depleted as soon as each boy came of military age; and before I knew it I was writing a letter to Mr. Pender purportedly from my own father. I enclosed a snapshot and, since I was tall for my age and thought I looked older, conveniently neglected to explain that I was not yet fourteen and, therefore, not legally allowed to leave school.

You wouldn't believe it, but in no time at all, although it seemed weeks to a fellow with a surreptitious eye on his father's mailbox, back came an answer from Bob Pender suggesting to my father that his promising-looking son Archibald should go to Norwich, where the troupe was performing, for an interview; what's more, he enclosed the railway fare!

Never was there such inner excitement. Of joy, disbelief, fear, confidence and indecision. In the secrecy of my room I could neither sleep nor sit. I packed and unpacked; and after hours of coin spinning and head scratching found myself quietly leaving the house in the middle of the night and walking the deserted streets toward the railway station where, dizzy at my own daring, I waited for an early-morning train. To Norwich. And adventure.

I can't remember anything about the journey. I was probably trying to figure out what my father would try to figure out. He and I often awoke and left the house at different hours without seeing each other. So it might be quite some time before I would be missed. After traveling for at least four hours I arrived at about 10 A.M. and went directly to the theater where, putting his troupe through their morning limbering-up exercises, I found Bob Pender.

He was a stocky, strongly built, likable man of about forty-two who had been renowned as the great Drury Lane clown. I suspected that he suspected that Archie and Elias James Leach were the same correspondent, but he introduced me to his kind wife Margaret, a well-known dancer whom he'd met when she

BIRTH DEFECTS
ARTHRITIS
POLIO
AND
THE SALK INSTITUTE
25 YEARS
MARCH of DIMES
FIGHTING DISEASE

was ballet mistress at the Folies-Bergère in Paris, and they questioned me about my birth certificate, which I said was home. Which was true. It was. After looking me over carefully they agreed that if it was *still* all right with my father they would apprentice me to their troupe. They gave me a short handwritten contract stipulating that I was to receive my keep and ten shillings pocket money weekly. And, hallelujah, I was an actor!

Over the years I've signed many lengthy, involved typed contracts calling for me to earn great sums of money, but no employment contract since has ever matched the thrill of that one sheet of ordinary notepaper stating that I was to have the opportunity of learning a profession that appealed to me more than any other in the world.

I was taken to live in the same digs (another actors' term: short for diggings; meaning room-and-board in a private house) with Mr. and Mrs. Pender, and two or three of the youngest members of the company who were also kept under the proprietors' parental wings; and the following morning, on the bare theater stage, I began instruction in ground tumbling and acrobatic dances along with an athletic group of ten or eleven teen-age boys from all walks of life. As the newcomer, the novice, I felt, and looked, clumsy and inept among the others, and my progress suffered from the disparity. But slowly, and too often painfully, I showed improvement and began to feel the pride and confidence born of accomplishment. I was resigned to the fact that it would be some time before I was proficient enough actually to join the others in front of an audience.

I practiced making up and thickly covered my face with greasepaint that took hours to apply in imitation of what I took to be the prevailing theatrical mode. Nowadays I don't wear any at all. In truth, I find myself embarrassed in the company of most actors and actresses who do. Ah, beware of snobbery; it is the unwelcome recognition of one's own past failings.

It was inevitable, of course, that my father would find me. It took him a good ten days, though, by which time we had moved on to a town called Ipswich. One night between shows the stage-door keeper told me that a man who said he was my father was waiting to see me. And there he was all right.

Luckily, Bob Pender was just coming out of his nearby dressing room, and I managed to introduce them to each other before father and I were able to exchange too many unamusing words which we might later regret. Now my father was a high-degree Mason, whatever that meant, and so was Bob Pender. *There* was as lucky a stroke of fate as ever took care of matters! They wore similar insignia dangling from their watch chains, and within the space of a handshake seemed to have arrived at some special understanding. So, while I anxiously twiddled my thumbs and thoughts, they went off together for a drink at the next-door pub. In order, they said, to decide my future. How do you like that? It was decided I needed to finish my education.

So, back I was taken to Bristol without even once performing on the stage; though I told every openmouthed classmate that I had. Still, by way of compensation, I held many an audience of small fellow Fairfieldians goggle-eyed. Some even came back for an encore and brought a friend. I demonstrated cartwheels, handsprings, nip-ups and spot rolls—my complete theatrical repertoire up to that point. But they soon tired of me and, when I could no longer get the conversation around to my wondrous experiences in the theater and had slowly deflated to my accustomed insignificance, I grew lonely for the boys of the Pender troupe and determined to rejoin them.

Although I regret the recollection, I did my unlevel best to flunk at everything. The only class I attended with any interest and alacrity was the twice-weekly instruction in the gymnasium. I never truly enjoyed acrobatics, and wanted to keep fit, and add to my proficiency only as a means to an end.

In all other ways I confess to exasperating every professor who had the misfortune to come into contact with me.

One poor man, the singing teacher, got so choleric that he threw a bunch of keys at me. With a will to annoy him, and at the same time cleverly amuse the class, I'd been widely opening my mouth and forming exaggerated words without singing a note. I think the song was *Who is Sylvia, What is She?* a standard semiclassic. In retrospect, I realize my foolishness probably went unappreciated by everyone and was regarded as exactly what it was: Foolishness. I didn't deserve the luck, but those keys just missed cracking me in the mouth.

Still, y'know, I've recently seen young people on television earning a livelihood by mouthing words to someone else's song. So you can see how original I'd become even that long ago.

My, how unclever of me not to have taken cheerful advantage of every opportunity to learn, to acquire skills of any kind, when I had the chance. Instead I cut class after class. One afternoon another boy of equal curiosity and I decided to sneak over to the girls' side of school to investigate the inside of the girls' lavatories—known to polite Americans as rest rooms. No one was around. I kept watch at the end of the corridor while he went in to see what it looked like in there. And then just as it came my turn to explore the inner sanctum, I was suddenly, out of nowhere, shrilly nabbed by a powerful female who must have been the hockey teacher at least. Anyway, that did it. My fellow culprit dashed to freedom, and in no time at all I was on the carpet in the study of Augustus "Gussie" Smith, the headmaster. I'd been a frequent visitor there and evidently that was the last straw.

The following morning when the school filed in for morning prayer in the assembly hall my name was called and I was marched up the steps onto the dais and taken to stand next to Gussie Smith, where, with a quivering lip that I did my best to control, I hazily heard such words as "inattentive . . . irresponsible and incorrigible . . . discredit to the school," and so forth, and through a trance-like mixture of emotions realized I was being publicly expelled in front of the assembled school.

I couldn't see very well as I went back down the steps to go and collect my books, but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

"My athletic family meant baskets and baskets of tough cleaning problems...



Philco knew my problem when they built my washer t get big loads really clean,'

*says Mrs. Leon Thompson, Westerly, New York*




# "We're leading the clean clothes league now thanks to Philco and Improved Tide."

Mrs. Thompson's basketballers can really dirty up a batch of clothes. But she handles the laundry like a pro now, thanks to the folks at Philco. They knew just what she needed. They built her new Philco washer to clean big, tough loads, and then they put a box of Improved Tide in it.

Philco's large, family-size tub handles 12 pounds of clothes at a time. Their patented "undertow agitator" action pulls clothes in and down, round and round, so that Improved Tide's hard-working suds get to every ounce of the 12-lb. load. And when Tide's cleaning power gets after dirt, every fiber of cloth comes clean. In fact, Improved Tide gives the cleanest wash in Tide's history.



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Philco makes it their business to help women get the cleanest washes possible. Philco starts every woman right by putting a box of Improved Tide in all their top-loading automatics.

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**Philco knows your cleaning problems. Philco starts you right by packing Tide.**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

member crossing to the bicycle shed and hearing the students' footsteps marching off to their classrooms accompanied by the familiar tinny sound of the assembly-hall piano.

The morning march-out was often played by one of the students as a reward for good grades or some other accomplishments. I had proudly and loudly played it twice. That was all I was able to think about as I strapped the books on the back of my bicycle and pedaled away from Fairfield.

Though he must have been very disappointed in me, my father did not reproach me when he found me at home that evening. He quietly accepted the inevitability of the news and we discussed my behavior and needs and happiness and future, until he seemed reconciled to the uselessness of hindering my purpose further. I had just turned fourteen, the legal age at which a boy could work in the world, and I was the boy who was eager to work in it. Three days later I was back with the Pender troupe; and within three months we were playing that very same Empire Theater in my hometown, by which time I was actually appearing in the act. I didn't have much to do but, with my old friends all around me backstage and my father seated in the audience, I excitedly threw myself into a performance that made up in exuberance what it lacked in experience.

Father enjoyed a glad reunion and a drink as well with Bob Pender and, after the evening's last performance, we walked home together in the quiet summer darkness of the Bristol streets. We hardly spoke, but I felt so proud of his pleasure and so much pleasure in his pride. And I happily remember that we held hands for part of that walk.

Touring the English provinces with the troupe, I grew to appreciate the fine art of pantomime. No dialogue was used in our act and each day, on a bare stage, we learned not only dancing, tumbling and stilt-walking under the expert tuition of Bob Pender, but also how to convey a mood or meaning without words. How to establish communication silently with an audience, using the minimum of movement and expression; how best immediately and precisely to effect an emotional response—a laugh or, sometimes, a tear. The greatest pantomimists of our day have been able to induce both at once. Charles Chaplin, Cantinflas, Marcel Marceau, Jacques Tati, Fernandel, and England's Richard Herne. And in bygone years Grock, the Lupino family, Bobby Clark, and the unforgettable tramp cyclist Joe Jackson; and currently the more familiar Danny Kaye, Red Skelton, Sid Caesar, and even Jack Benny with his slow, calculated reactions. Surprisingly, Hitchcock is one of the most subtle pantomimists of them all; it's such a pity he doesn't do it professionally, so that everyone might have the joy of watching him as I have.

While playing the great Gulliver circuit of vaudeville theaters in London, most of us boys lived with Mr. and Mrs. Pender in their big suburban home in Brixton. It had a long garden walk at the front and a smaller garden at back, and was quite near (as we always brightly informed every other vaudevillian) to the house of Lady de Frece, better known as Vesta Tilley, the greatest music-hall star of that day.

We slept in dormitory-style rooms. Lights out at ten; up, washed, dressed, and downstairs for breakfast at seven-thirty; followed by an hour's reading or recreation and later the morning's limbering-up exercises.

One day a lady in the next-door house walked to the front gate, past the trees where she could get a clearer view of a daylight air raid, and was swiftly and shockingly decapitated by a piece of shrapnel in the morning sun of her English garden.

The day that first world war ended we were playing in Preston, Lancashire. There were very few people in the theater that evening, and after the show I walked around the center of town with some of the other boys. The streets were filled with people, but there didn't seem to be any particular gaiety. As in every other town in England, so many of Preston's families had lost a husband or son, or someone close to them, that the finish of the war was hardly an occasion for revelry but rather for reverie. Their only consolation was that there was never, never again to be another war. No. Never. That was on November 11, 1918.

I spent the following Christmas at Colwyn Bay, a small seaside town in Wales. Playing in a theater built on, of all windy wintry places, a pier. So many young former members of the company were already being discharged from the army that Bob Pender obtained engagements for two complete troupes in the type of Christmas shows that so particularly suited our tumbling talents: the traditional English pantomimes. Which aren't pantomimes at all, by the way, but fairy stories such as Cinderella, Mother Goose, Puss in Boots, and so on, told in part musical-comedy and part slapstick form. They're colorfully and quite expensively presented in most English towns for, usually, a packed eight-week run. The best troupe, the older troupe, played the better pantomime in Liverpool.

So that's how *I* came to be in cold Colwyn Bay; walking the next-to-highest stilts in a graduated line of other stilt walkers, with my head inside a huge papier-mâché mask on which sat a large, white, limp lady's bonnet with a frill around it, and my elongated body and long long legs encased in a great calico dress that had frilled collar and cuffs to match the hat. Well, naturally! It was the most spectacular of the many acts we performed to delight children who yearly sit entranced at the magic of English pantomime.

But it was the London tours to which we all looked forward most, and I nostalgically remember scrambling for the front seat on top of open-air buses or top decks of the tramcars in order to have an unobstructed view of every journey. It was on such trips that I learned to love each district, each section of London. I still do.

At each theater I carefully watched the celebrated headline artists from the wings, and grew to respect the diligence and application and long experience it took to acquire such expert timing and unaffected confidence, the amount of effort that resulted in such effortlessness. I strove to make everything I did at least *appear* relaxed. Perhaps by relaxing outwardly I could eventually relax inwardly. Sometimes I even began to enjoy myself on the stage.

The troupe prospered and expanded and I got a raise to £1 a week pocket money (almost $5 at the rate of exchange in those days, and what's more it bought more), and one day Bob Pender announced the longed-for news that he'd booked an engagement for himself and a company of eight boys to appear in a Charles Dillingham production at the Globe Theater in New York City!

And who do you think was one of those eight boys selected to go? I was. I. That's who.

In July, 1920, we sailed for America on the S S *Olympic* and cloud eight.

Among the fellow passengers were newlyweds Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Mary Pickford, the world's most popular honeymooners and the first film stars I ever met. They were gracious and patient in face of constant harassment, by people with cameras and autograph books, whenever they appeared on deck; and once even I found myself being photographed with Mr. Fairbanks during a game of shuffleboard. As I stood beside him I tried with shy, inadequate words to tell him of my adulation. He was a splendidly trained athlete and acrobat, affable and warmed by success and well-being. A gentleman in the true sense of the word. A gentle man. Only a strong man can be gentle; and it suddenly dawns on me as this is being written that I've doggedly striven to keep tanned ever since, only because of a desire to emulate his healthful appearance.

Some time later, when our company played in Los Angeles, he invited us to watch him work at his United Artists Studio on the *Thief of Bagdad* sets; and later again, at a preview of mine, he complimented me on a performance I'd given, and my cup overflowed. I felt no urge to remind him that we'd met twice before; it didn't seem necessary; it was enough to feel the glow of his goodwill. His son Douglas Fairbanks Jr., with whom I share a long friendship, is endowed with the same friendliness of manner and consideration for his fellowman. Each year, as his family grows, I pleasurably look forward to a Christmas card bearing their latest photograph taken at their home in London.

But I wasn't thinking about London aboard the S S *Olympic*. London was behind me. I would soon be in New York City, and unlikely ever to meet any more film stars. I was sixteen and, therefore, knew that I knew everything. It was just that I hadn't *seen* everything. And I hadn't.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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**TEEN-AGERS TALK ABOUT SEX:** Why do teen-agers marry? "Because they're pregnant." "Because they want to get away from home." "Because everybody else is doing it." The answers are from teen-agers themselves, who sound off in the March *Journal* as they examine and explain *The Teen-age Marriage Craze.*

England's littlest prince—"the happy prince," **PRINCE ANDREW OF ENGLAND,** second in line to the throne. At three, this golden-haired little boy already shows the exuberance, love of fun and sports characteristic of his father. Our next issue introduces him to you in a series of exclusive photographs by Lisa Sheridan, who has been photographing the royal family since Prince Andrew's mother was a little girl.

**A NEW NOVEL:** From bombed-out houses to caves to crevices in snow-covered hills a band of Russian waifs moved to escape Communist reconstruction schools. Their fate lay in the hands of Dmitri, a 12-year-old orphan. *The Runaways,* Robert Mirvish's exciting novel condensed in the March *Journal,* tells the story of Dmitri.

Why do men gamble? **MAKING MARRIAGE WORK** answers the question with a case history that shows why marriage and gambling don't mix.

**MORE OF CARY GRANT:** Exit Archie Leach. Enter Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Cole Porter, Ingrid Bergman and Judy Garland. All had an effect on the phenomenon named CARY GRANT. All appear in Part II of CARY GRANT's story in his own words.

Can a working mother give her child the love and care he needs? It depends. **DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK** explains why in the *Journal*'s March issue, which is packed with many, many other features that any family will find rewarding.




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HOME
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN
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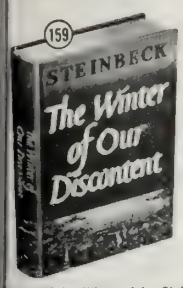
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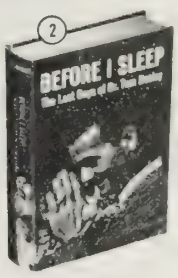
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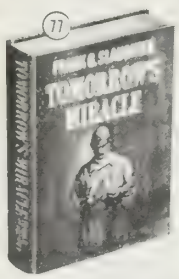
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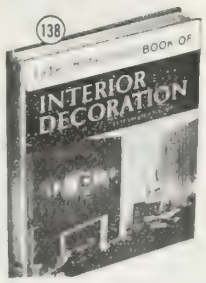

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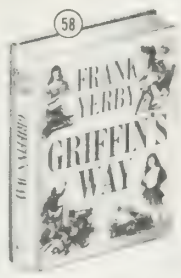

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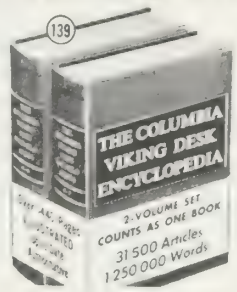

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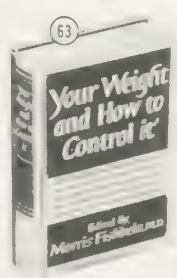

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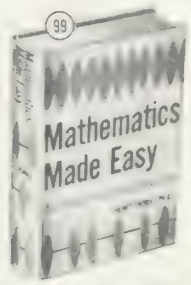

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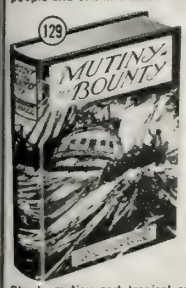

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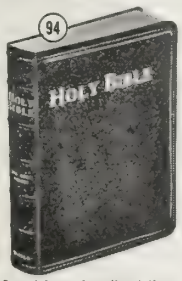

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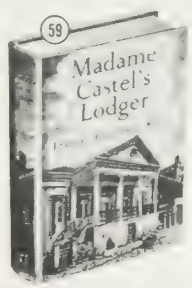

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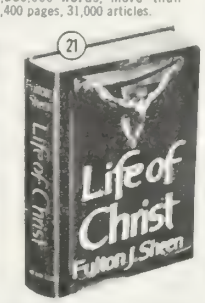

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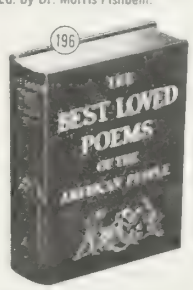

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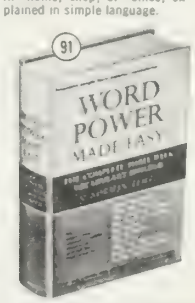

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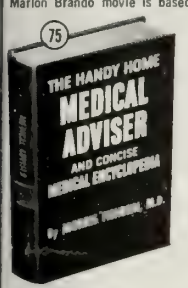

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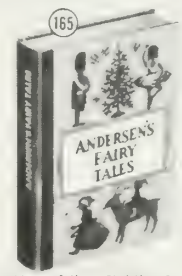
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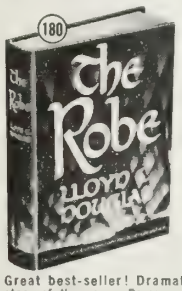

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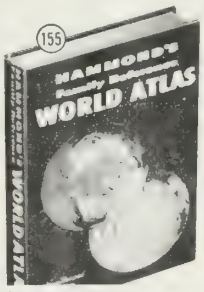

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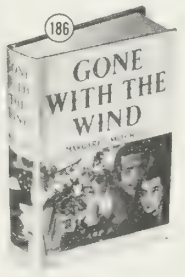

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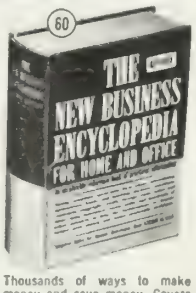

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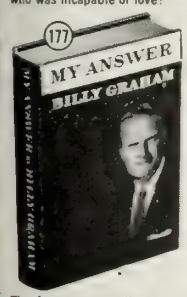

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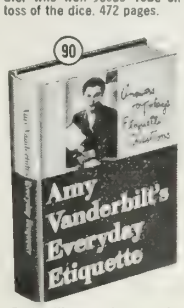

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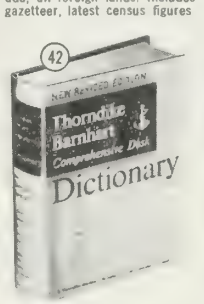

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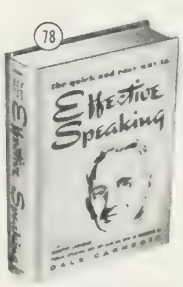

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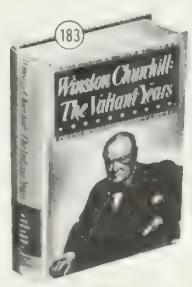

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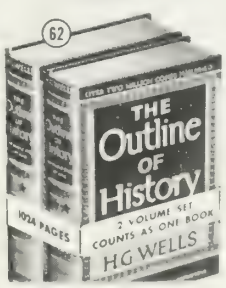

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S D4S3

The Art of Seasoning Eggs



Add salt and two drops of Tabasco for each egg before scrambling.

oes this sound *too* simple?

ot when you realize that Tabasco is a *season-g*, like salt, onion, parsley or herbs. Its tempt-g aroma and flavor give unique character.

orget, then, the idea of Tabasco as just a hot auce. True, it starts with the famed, pungent eppers grown by the McIlhenny family. Then is blended, watched over, mellowed for three ears in oaken casks . . . to become the world-ide seasoning favorite. So have the bright red ottle ever ready—to add Tabasco by measure, hile cooking.

lore egg ideas:

Poach eggs in beef bouillon. 2 drops of abasco per egg.

Bake eggs in oven, topped with grated heese. 2 drops Tabasco per egg.

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*Write for*

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*The modern liquid pepper seasoning*

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL — THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN — MARCH 1963 35c

VOLUME LXXX NUMBER 2

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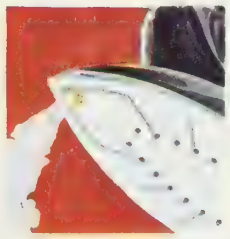

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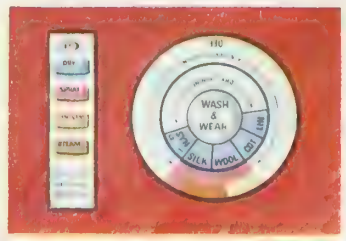
And when you use the combination Spray-Steam setting shown in action above, you're getting at least *twice* the steam provided by any other iron!



Exclusive soleplate spray vent pushes a steam spray deep into the heaviest fabric. No pre-dampening or water to spot and evaporate.



Ironing goes faster with 20 steam ports all over the big masterful soleplate. Holds more water (9 oz.), steams longest . . . up to 40 minutes!




Just color-match push buttons to the dial for the kind of ironing you want: (A) Spray, (B) Steam, (C) Spray-Steam, or (D) Dry. Wide range of steam and dry settings for wash and wear, delicate synthetics.



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*It's springtime at Sears—where quality costs no more*

# See what Sears has for children

## (whose mothers have more taste than money)

The folks at Sears, Roebuck and Co. are famous for finding lovely children's fashions that lead long, active lives. Outfit your children for Spring at low Sears prices. Remember, you can charge it.

EVERYTHING shoots up in the Spring—including children. If your family is like most, keeping your growing youngsters in clothes is rough on a budget.

Sears can help you two ways: First, you can *charge* all the new things your children need, with no down payment. (Ask about a Sears Revolving Charge.) And second, Sears keeps its prices *amazingly low*. You'll find you can easily afford something *special*—like the charming Easter outfits in the picture.

### Exclusive designs at Sears

That lovely dress in the picture—you won't find it anywhere else in the world but at Sears, Roebuck and Co. Like *every* Honeysuckle dress for little girls, it's an *original, exclusive design*. But this isn't just to please a little girl's vanity.

There's another, more practical reason for Sears exclusivity. It's *control*—of quality and of costs, to give you a better product at a lower price.

When a Sears exclusive dress or suit is designed, it is planned right down to the buttons. Every step of the way, Sears gets *exactly what it wants*—the right designs, the right materials and values. There's no guesswork.

### How Sears assures wear—and fit

Sears chooses only fine quality, washable fabrics and the sturdiest trimmings. Then they're tested—to see how they wash, how they wear, how long they *last*. These fabrics and trimmings must pass every Sears test—or Sears won't use them.

The best way to check the *fit* of youngsters' clothes is on youngsters. So designs for a suit or dress are tried on children before final patterns are made. No matter how hard they run, jump, wiggle or twist, the Sears suit or dress must fit comfortably.

Bring your children to Sears and outfit them for Easter. Then ask a completely impartial judge if they don't look *beautiful*. Their father, for example.

*The little girl's dress comes in sizes 3 to 6x. It costs only $6.00. The little boy wears an Eton suit of 80% wool, 20% nylon, priced at $8.99, including the shirt. The suit comes in sizes 2, 3 and 4. You'll find enchanting children's fashions at Sears stores and in the Sears Catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.*



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# Our Readers Write Us



## LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

*Dear Editors:*

"Youths Booked."
"Theft Reported."
"Bail Posted."
"Cars Meet."
"Bicycle Stolen."

Not a mention that the pussy willows are out. That the yellow crocuses are open and the blues are budded.

Not a word about the evening choir of frogs in the valley or the morning chorus of birds in the hills.

The sky was a brilliant blue, but no one saw fit to mention that, or that an airplane had sliced the sky with a vapor trail.

In our hurry we are seeing only the obvious and missing the important things.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

"Daffodils Budded."
"Birds at Feeders."
"Snowdrops in Bloom."
"Bleeding Heart Tips Show."
"Spring Inevitable."

AUDREY GULICKSON HOFFMAN
*Longview, Wash.*

## IT'S AN ART, MRS. CRAFT

*Dear Editor:* Why don't you picture some models who are 5'2" tall and have 30-inch waistlines?

JEAN B. CRAFT, *Johnson City, Tenn.*

*Heaven forbid that anyone has to look 5'2" and 30 inches around! For the narrow-waisted witchery we recommend, see pages 76 and 77.—ED.*

## PLAY TO LEARN

*Dear Editors:* Do you remember Red Rover or May I?, Three Deep or London Bridge? Ask your child. Chances are he hasn't any idea what you're talking about. Our modern children don't know how to play—unless they have swings or other mechanical equipment. (*Or TV?—ED.*)

Of what importance are such games? Besides the obvious physical benefits of outdoor exercise, a child learns to follow rules (games aren't fun, otherwise) and to co-operate with others. He also learns to win and lose gracefully. How about taking your neighborhood children out for Fox and Geese or Draw a Magic Circle?

CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, *Ashtabula, Ohio*

## HOW JAPAN LIVES

*Dear Editors:* America is now all the fashion of Japan, but most Americans do not know the real Japan. It is not a land of Fujiyama and geisha girls!

I am the daughter of middle-class parents, and other Japanese girls live much as I do. (We all wish to visit America.) I am on the right in the picture (below).

MOTOKO INAZU, *Hyogo, Japan*



*No more geishas?*

## HOW TO EMPTY THE ATTIC

*Dear Editors:* When my daughter was sorting out her children's clothes and toys last year, she found many that were good, but not in use. So she wondered about the possibilities of a sale, and talked it up among her friends. As a result, over $300 was made by the 20 people involved; and, in addition to selling their own things, they were able to purchase appropriate suits and dresses, as well as children's clothes.

This happened in Illinois, but it could happen anywhere.

ANN F. COPE, *Bartow, Fla.*

## THE TROUBLE WITH GIRLS

*Dear Editors:* Girls give the impression they are easier to manage than boys because they are more sneaky. They wheedle anything they want from their parents by pretending to be sweet. Boys are more honest in their approach and do not resort to such low tactics.

JONATHAN GORDON, *age 12.*

*Just you wait, Jonathan Gordon!—ED.*

## OUR BEST-FED BABIES

*Dear Journal:* Will you tell your readers about La Leche League? It was founded six years ago to encourage mothers in nursing their babies, and there are now chapters all over the United States, in Canada, Mexico and even in East Africa. Our manual, *The Womanly Art of Breast-feeding* (paperback, $2.25), is used not only by mothers but also by doctors and hospitals. For full information about meetings, correspondence, and personal visits, mothers may write to: La Leche League International, Inc., 3332 Rose Street, Franklin Park, Ill.

MRS. C. R. TOMPSON, *President*
*Franklin Park, Ill.*

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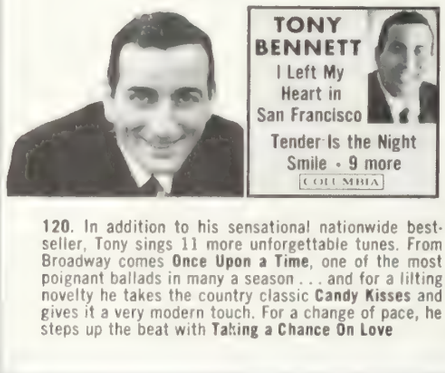



**269.** "Horowitz can play the piano with a strength and seething air of controlled violence that no other pianist can match."—Time

"This recording stands as a testimonial to an instrumentalist in full command of his resources."—Musical America

"THIS ALBUM RANKS WITH THE BEST HE HAS EVER DONE!" *—N. Y. Journal-American*

### TONY BENNETT




**120.** In addition to his sensational nationwide best-seller, Tony sings 11 more unforgettable tunes. From Broadway comes **Once Upon a Time**, one of the most poignant ballads in many a season . . . and for a lilting novelty he takes the country classic **Candy Kisses** and gives it a very modern touch. For a change of pace, he steps up the beat with **Taking a Chance On Love**

"BRIGHT AND TIGHTLY SWINGING PERFORMANCES OF A FLOOD OF TUNES IN BOSSA NOVA RHYTHM." *—Billboard*

### SI ZENTNER




**217.** Si Zentner has endowed each of these exciting selections with his characteristically imaginative big band dance treatments. His orchestral creations immeasurably enhance these 12 hits which include: **Maria; Midnight Sun; Come Closer To Me; Oso Blanco; Quizas, Quizas, Quizas; Goza-Goza; Caravan; Star Eyes; Bernie's Tune**

"CHARM AND ORIGINALITY... QUITE DIVERTING." *—Saturday Review*

### PETER, PAUL and MARY




**172.** Rarely has any group leaped to stardom as quickly as these three vibrant young singers. The 12 rousing selections on their first best-seller include: **Bamboo, This Train, 500 Miles, Early In the Morning, Autumn To May, It's Raining, Cruel War, If I Had My Way,** etc.

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Love Is A Many dored Thing, A ter Place, etc.



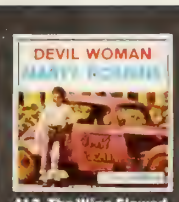
6. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *



90. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



242. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life



413. The Wine Flowed Freely, Little Rich Girl, Worried, etc.



38. White Cliffs of Dover, Lisbon Antigua, Tico-Tico, etc.


25. Also: Midnight Special, Whoa, Back, Buck; etc.



91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen



253. "Sparkling music & performance."—Musical America



30. Also: The More I See You, Talk to Me, Where Are You, etc.



"Faultless playabulous sound!" shington Post



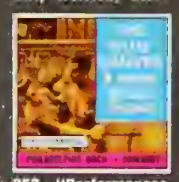
173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more



52. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *



24. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.


252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.



89. "A hit . . . completely beguiling . . . a big, bouncing, lilting, bring-the-whole family type of entertainment."—N. Y. Journal-American. All the wonderful songs from the Original Soundtrack including: Lida Rose; Till There Was You; Seventy-Six Trombones; Gary, Indiana; etc.



11. Also: I Believe, Granada, That Lucky Old Sun, etc. *



225. "A marvelously inventive pianist."—Amer. Record Guide



274. This is "an excellent album."—Musical America



Also: The Shuck, ian War Chant, r, etc.



93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time


33. Everybody Loves A Lover, Be My Love, Volare, 12 in all



26. Delicado, Baia, Tico-Tico, The Bandit, Brazil, 7 more



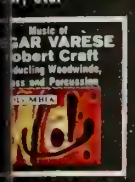
246. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—Hi Fi. Rev.



291-292. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive...imbued with controlled fervor."—High Fid.



184. Also: Take Me in Your Arms, Little White Lies, etc.



"A fascinating riment to lis-s."—Phila. Inq.



3. Includes the satirical hit "The John Birch Society"



296. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all



254. "Brilliant performance . . . lush . . . rich."—Musical Amer.



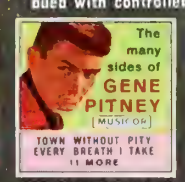
57. Nine Pound Hammer, Hear the Wind Blow, 12 in all



95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



226. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails In the Sunset, etc.



188. Also: I Laughed So Hard I Cried, A Greater Love, etc.



251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.



44. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.



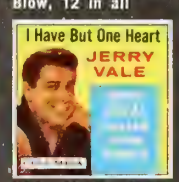
Shifting Down, Friends, Double ing, etc.



2. It's hard for anyone to sit unmoved when Chubby sings "Come on everybody! Let's twist!" and swings into twelve twisting hits including: Rock Around the Clock, The Twist, Hound Dog, Blueberry Hill, Ballin' the Jack, Mexican Hat Twist, etc. **(Not available in stereo)**



15. Clementine, The Great Speckled Bird, The Caretaker, etc.



403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sole Mio, 12 in all



295. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times



297. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



148. Charmaine, The Sheik of Araby, Ramona, 12 in all



272. "The undisputed queen of U.S. dramatic sopranos."—Life



400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all


hit album by ipmunks for all mily to enjoy



Five of Bach's est and most r favorites



199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



472. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, 10 more



59. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all



234-235. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "A militant Ninth and an Eighth with vigor."—High Fidelity



97. Ethel Merman's "most dazzling moment."—N. Y. Times



155. Also: Taking A Chance on Love, Flamingo, Amapola, etc.



299. Also: Remember Me, Huh; Raining In My Heart; etc.



138. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all



lso: When You Tulip, Heart-etc.



233. "Most beautiful . . . an edge in sonic fidelity."—Atlantic



186. Ten great narratives by the star of "The Real McCoys"



10. Also: San Francisco, Deep Purple, K-K-K-Katy, etc.



143. Also: Stairway to the Stars, Fools Rush In, etc.



260. Gay and effervescent, this one is a real treat



187. Summertime, Am I Blue, Down By the Riverside, 14 in all



42. "Their interpretations of popular melodies are built along rich and colorful musical lines."—Variety. 12 melodies of romance as only Ferrante & Teicher and their orchestra can play them. Love Is a Many Splendored Thing, I've Got a Crush On You, Imagination, Laura, etc.



126. Also: Chip Chip, Point of No Return, Send for Me, etc.



This recording perb! Virile!" Magazine



164. Ballad of Paladin, The Searchers, Hannah Lee, 9 more



445. O Lord I Am Not Worthy, Soul of My Saviour, 14 in all



223. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



265. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World Telegram


161. My Confession, Bubbles In My Beer, Roly Poly, 9 more



480. That Old Feeling, Blue Moon, Up Jumped Spring, etc.



125. Also: She Once Lived Here, What Am I Worth, etc.



een Beat, One ulep, Raunchy, I Say, etc.



110. Aloha Oe, Blue Hawaii, Moonlight On Diamond Head, etc.



236-237. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Bernstein caught its grandeur as well as its delicacy."—N.Y. Times



65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more



266. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"—Hi Fi Rev.



215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.



285. "Performance: Superb. Recording: Excellent."—HiFi Rev.



465. "Generates tremendous excitement."—N. Y. Times



105. Also: All Fall Down, Miracle Worker, My Geisha, etc.

## THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

# New Help For The "Monthly Blues"

### BY BETTY COE SPICER

Each month, a malady called PMT robs 50,000,000 women in this country of a lot of the joy of living. Its symptoms range from mild to incapacitating, and last from four to 12 days. Among them may be depression, irritability, exhaustion, headaches, nausea, weight gain, bloating, a feeling of clothes being too tight, inability to concentrate. Few sufferers are familiar with its medical term PMT—premenstrual tension. Most call it simply "the monthly blues" or "women's lot in life." What do they do about it? Most say resignedly, "Nothing can be done about it."

But 50,000,000 women can be wrong. Today, something can be done about it. And it is increasingly clear that something should be done about it. For researchers have discovered some surprising facts about PMT. It claims a startlingly widespread toll, not only in personal suffering but also in community dollars, community loss, even community tragedy.

In classrooms PMT can cause a drop in the grades of even the brightest girl student, create behavior problems in some who are not normally troublemakers. It is estimated that PMT costs working women $3,570,600,000 a year in lost wages. Lost working days are estimated at 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 per year.

More women are admitted to mental hospitals with acute psychiatric illness while suffering from PMT. It also causes female crime and delinquency rates to soar. (A French study says that 84 percent of female crimes of violence were committed during the PMT period. U.S. prison studies confirm this.)

Nor is the homemaker safe. PMT causes quarrels between husband and wife—some leading to divorce. (A baffled husband told a marriage counselor, "One week out of every month my wife turns into a witch!") PMT sparks angry disputes between mothers and children. It can upset a woman's sense of balance and co-ordination, make her accident-prone. Burns, cut fingers, falls, automobile accidents are common. Lethargy, a PMT symptom, may dull her sense of judgment and make her neglect her children. Studies of home accidents to babies and toddlers reveal that a high percentage of them occur when the mother is suffering from PMT.

The complicated PMT syndrome is still not fully understood, but real gains have been made in controlling its symptoms with drugs. It is felt that the causes of PMT are threefold—a temporary alteration of the body's hormone balance, retention of excess fluids in body tissues for seven to 10 days before menstruation, a buildup of emotional tension. One of the newer medications, Cytran, combines a hormone to correct temporary imbalance, a diuretic to eliminate excess fluids (cause of that puffy, "clothes-too-tight" feeling) and a mild tranquilizer. Eighty to 90 percent of women who tested Cytran reported their symptoms were eliminated or greatly relieved. Other drugs (such as Cyclex) also record encouraging successes. So if you are one of PMT's 50,000,000 victims, resigned to the conviction "nothing can be done," you may make a happy discovery—you are wrong. Help may be as close as your doctor's office.

**THE NEW DRUG STORY:** TRICHOMONIASIS, a plaguey vaginal infection said to afflict one in five American women, may soon be controllable via a long-sought oral treatment. Tests of a drug called metronidazole (Flagyl) found it highly effective in as many as 97 percent of the patients treated. Side effects were minimal, and recurrences of the infection rare. . . . EXCESSIVE MENSTRUAL BLEEDING may be successfully reduced by daily doses of capsules containing water-soluble citrus bioflavonoids and vitamin C. Canadian scientists who conducted studies report that this treatment may also strengthen the blood vessels. . . . A new drug, Provera, is reported useful in two vitally important ways; it provides a simple, accurate ORAL PREGNANCY TEST, is also a WEAPON AGAINST MISCARRIAGE. . . . News to be welcomed by MIGRAINE sufferers—check with your doctor about two new drugs. One relieves the pain of an acute migraine attack, the other may, in many cases, prevent future attacks. . . . An international conference on salicylates (aspirin) established that this common drug, in proper dosage, has anti-inflammatory effects on ARTHRITIS as well as relieving pain.

**RX FOR WOMEN FROM EXPERTS:** Quote from the President's physician, Dr. Janet Travell, to housewives who have days of telling themselves "there *must* be a pleasanter way to do housework!": "Don't call it housework, call it homemaking. Arrange equipment in your kitchen so that it is comfortable for you to work with. Rest for a few minutes between chores—and do your chores as if you were performing a modern dance." . . . Like to gossip with friends over a cup of coffee, but sometimes feel guilty when you do? Forget the guilt, advises a noted California doctor. Studies appear to prove that gossip (in moderation—after all, you want to *keep* those friends) may help you stay physically and emotionally healthy. It provides a handy outlet for frustration and discontent. . . . And along these lines, a word from a North Carolina doctor addressing a seminar on emotional health: "It's great to be a nice person, but for your own sake don't be *too* nice. People who are *too* nice get used by other people. Eventually such a person comes to hate himself for being pushed around, and to hate everybody else for pushing him." . . . Homemaking Notes from Department of Agriculture researchers: If someone in your family is ill or has an infection of any sort (or if you use a washing machine that is also used by others), it is a good idea to use a disinfectant in your family wash. Tests show that germs (including dread "staph") often survive home laundering. Check labels on the various types of disinfectants and bleaches available to discover which to use, how much to add and at what stage of the wash-rinse cycle to add it. Not all bleaches can be used safely on all fabrics. . . . Worried because your six-year-old insists that his breakfast must be a peanut-butter sandwich, custard pudding, milk and an orange snatched to be eaten on the way to school? Or because your 12-year-old demands a hamburger with his breakfast fruit juice and milk? Don't be concerned. A child should have a nutritionally adequate breakfast, says department nutritionist Dr. Mary Hill, but if he is bored with that "same old cereal or eggs *every* morning!" there's no reason why he shouldn't vary his diet with other favorite foods. However, they should include a source of vitamin C (citrus or tomato juice), a source of protein including milk, and another calorie source such as bread or cereal. . . . Final note from the Agriculture Department's busy researchers: How much does it cost to feed a teen-age boy a "moderate-cost" menu? The average is $11.20 a week. A girl in the same age group devours less of the family food budget—feeding her costs $8.70 a week. END

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# GAMBLING FEVER: WINNER LOSE ALL

Gambling, legal and illegal, is one of the biggest industries in the United States. Recently the commissioner of Internal Revenue, who should be qualified to judge, told a U. S. Senate committee that illegal bookmakers did at least a 50-billion-dollar business annually in off-track betting, and this is only one form of organized gambling.

Marriage counselors of my acquaintance, all over the country, are disturbed by the increasing number of youthful husbands and fathers who impoverish their families and wreck their homes by gambling. They squander wages earmarked for rent and grocery bills in poker parlors, on floating dice games, by placing bets on baseball, football, basketball, hockey and prizefights. Inevitably, wives and children suffer. No good marriage can be built under the handicap of heavy gambling.

With the possible exception of alcoholism, a husband's gambling confronts a wife with her most complex and rugged challenge. I mean *excessive* gambling. Nowadays, only the most rigid moralists see evil in an occasional small flier at fortune.

Gambling is as old as history. Most of us, when we take a chance, have the normal desire to win. Without undue difficulty we are usually able to hold our losses to a sensible limit, set a reasonable bedtime hour. The compulsive gambler is different. He seems literally unable to tear himself away from the game so long as he has a dollar in his pocket, a blank check in his checkbook. In these conditions, profit becomes a virtual impossibility. As a professional bookie once told my husband: "This fellow wins five dollars, he wants ten; he wins ten dollars, he wants twenty; he wins twenty, he wants forty dollars . . . so why won't he go home and quit a winner? What is it this fellow wants? Win still more? He wants to *lose!*"

Most researchers agree that men gamble to excess for the same subconscious reasons that other men drink to excess. They seek escape from pressures of which they are unaware on a conscious level but cannot tolerate.

In many cases there appears to be a definite link between gambling and sexuality. There are unquestionably gamblers who substitute the thrill of the pari-mutuel machine or roulette wheel for the satisfactions of sexual love. Some husbands gamble because they feel their wives are cold and unresponsive; others gamble because they subconsciously doubt their own masculinity.

Other gamblers seem bent upon self-destruction. They are weighed down by feelings of shame and guilt and seek to lighten the load by punishing themselves. They are happy only when they are miserable.

More common in my experience are gamblers driven by rebellion. Rebellion against responsibility, against boredom and monotony, against childhood disaffections, rebellion against their wives. Their situation is by no means hopeless. They *can* quit, and frequently do. Oddly enough, in many instances their regeneration seems to depend more on co-operation and changed attitudes on the part of their wives than on their own sworn pledges to reform.

There are reasons. Gamblers often attract, and are attracted by, women whose personality difficulties are as acute as their own. These problem wives unerringly, if unwittingly, apply the very pressures their husbands cannot tolerate.

"Wives," Professor Donald M. Maynard of Boston University told me recently, "cannot isolate a husband's gambling from the difficulties of their marriage as a whole. She knows what he is doing wrong. But what is she doing wrong? This is a problem that almost always has two sides."

## He seemed like one of the children!

I first heard of Ina and Fred Warner through caseworker friends at the Family Service in New Haven, Connecticut. When 30-year-old Ina, a tall, intensely shy woman, appealed to that admirable organization for counseling, she was desperate. Thirty-two-year-old Fred had just gone on the most calamitous gambling spree of the couple's chaotic, up-and-down marriage. Fred's prosperous auto-supply business had been taken over by creditors. His $25,000 home had been foreclosed by the mortgage holders. He was $8,000 in debt.

Said Ina: "Fred insists he loves me and our three youngsters. He depends on me, I know. Yet his gambling has made our lives a misery. Our sons are camping out with my mother right now. She doesn't want them, and she is a bully and a nag besides. For twelve years I've tried to keep a careful watch on Fred, but it's done no good. Bill collectors knock constantly at our door; process servers haunt us; we've been sued time after time. I'm ashamed to hold up my head in public.

"Even when Fred and I met as high-school students and were churchmouse-poor, he ignored my protests and used to risk part of his pitiful wages on football games. But he also helped support his younger brothers, whereas my two brothers have never supported anybody and have grown up to be as worthless as my father. Not only did my father gamble but he also threw away his money on other women until mother divorced him. She warned me not to marry Fred. But he was the only boy friend I ever had—I was too tall, too shabbily dressed, too shy to be popular—and I was so sick of her bossiness I wouldn't listen.

"I just don't understand Fred. The morning we were evicted, he broke down and cried. He looked so pathetic that I hated myself for my mean thoughts. He seemed like one of the children. I put my arms around him, and I cried too. I have never loved him more than I did at that moment.

"I've sacrificed everything for Fred—fun and recreation, the companionship of other women, peace of mind, the welfare of our sons. I've devoted myself exclusively to Fred. On Fred's account, I have lived like a hermit. Yet my best efforts to help him have failed. . . ."

By Ina's own admission, she felt her love for Fred most deeply when he was beaten and distraught. Why? Subconsciously she feared that if he acquired the gumption to mend his ways, his dependence on her would be lessened. Ina put no faith in her abilities either to hold a husband or to attract a feminine friend. From girlhood she had been ashamed of her background and her appearance. It wasn't Fred's fault she lacked friends, had few resources of her own, lived like a hermit.

Fred's gambling was the result of years of frustration—frustration as a boy and as an adult. His father early deserted the family. In boyhood Fred was overburdened by the financial and emotional demands of his mother, a woman who wept on his shoulder, expected him to act as a father to a pack of younger brothers, hand over his earnings to her. His only relief was to hold back a few dollars to make small wagers on high-school sports events. Win or lose, he experienced a feeling of independence and freedom and learned to equate gambling with the rare and pleasant emotion.

Ina leaned on Fred as heavily as his mother had, and created the same emotional atmosphere. His mother was changeable and moody and played favorites among her children, so that Fred never knew where he stood in her affections. Ina was as changeable as her mother-in-law. She alternately treated Fred like a cherished infant or a prospective embezzler.

Moreover, although Ina was unaware of it, she was as domineering in a soft-spoken way as *her* mother. Early in the marriage she cut Fred off from masculine friends on the theory that an evening out might lead to gambling. Actually she was jealous. She had frequently embarrassed him before fellow workers by calling in person at his place of employment to collect his salary check. He countered by borrowing the money for a gambling stake.

Fred gambled to find release from the tensions and strain of a marriage that was a repetition of his tension-ridden boyhood. In gambling he found a way to take revenge on Ina, his omnipresent if benevolent jailer.

Ina was intelligent enough, after counseling, to recognize and correct her mistakes. It wasn't easy, but she conquered her excessive shyness, joined the PTA, developed other outside interests. She stopped pressuring, maneuvering and checking on Fred, eventually mastered her worries, suspicions and excessive fearfulness.

When she learned to trust Fred to behave like a man of strength and standards, the whole emotional climate of the marriage changed. And Fred changed too. He became more dependable, more relaxed, a stronger personality. The Warners are still in debt, but Fred now has a well-paid job and is whittling the debt load down to size. Both Ina and Fred are convinced that his gambling days are behind him.

by Dorothy Cameron Disney

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# JOURNAL NOW



In Paris for a few days, Editor CURTISS ANDERSON visited CARY GRANT and AUDREY HEPBURN on the set of *Charade*, a movie Universal Pictures is making. Always on the job, Anderson asked Audrey when she was going to write her life story. "I haven't lived long enough to have a story," she replied. What can any editor say to that? Cary Grant has lived long enough, and his life story continues on page 23. "Cary always seems to be having a good time," our editor noted. "He's a man who loves life. Often he will interject, in the middle of a conversation, 'Isn't life good!' He likes people too—but he honestly wonders why so many want his autograph. In a restaurant a young woman asked him to sign her menu. He did so, then remarked, 'Now don't tell anyone where you got this. By the way, what are you going to do with it?' She smiled, but didn't reply. Cary said he had asked that question many times, and no one has ever answered, except to say they're going to give it to somebody—'even,' and Cary shrugged, 'if that somebody doesn't want it.'"

If March comes in like a lion, we hope it's a lion like Jake in PAUL DARCY BOLES's story, *Lucas and Jake*. He's the sort of lion you would like to have around the house, and you don't find many of those. A leading illustrator of children's books, MAURICE SENDAK, did Jake's portrait (page 68). Now, there's a lion that's a real lamb.

ROBERT MIRVISH, author of *The Runaways* (page 62), came into the Workshop recently to keep a lunch date with Associate Editor GLENN WHITE and caused more hours of womanpower to be wasted than any male visitor since CARY GRANT. A handsome bachelor with a seaman's clear gaze, Mirvish has found the ideal life for a writer. While serving on merchant ships as a radio officer, he has written a dozen novels. (*The Runaways* has been published in book form under the title *The Last Capitalist*, by William Sloane Associates.) Out of the idlest curiosity, Glenn asked him the old question "Is it true a sailor has a girl in every port?" "Yes," Mirvish answered, "and sometimes two, ten or twenty. I know one sailor on a regular run who has four wives in four different countries. He spends some time with each on every voyage—and he has fewer problems than most men with one wife." (*The Runaways* is a good yarn too.)

Did the caveman carve his club into a spoon, or was the spoon invented later by a woman? We don't know, but we suspect a woman did it. Spoons are great for lips and plate, but VICKY HARRIS, *Journal* home economist and equipment expert, has invented and patented a new cooking tool called Mix Stir, which is much better than a spoon for stirring. Mix Stir blends, delumps, minces, mashes, whips *and* stirs. "Mix Stir is an excellent aerator too," says Vicky, the inventor, "and prevents sticking, scorching and spattering." Stirs you up, doesn't it? Available at most department stores.



*Grant, Anderson and Hepburn on set of* Charade.



*Seaman Mirvish. Editors Jean Anderson, Jim Abel.*



*Glynis Johns, "too-old"* Journal, *and Linda Bruhl.*

Studies of recent U.S. marriage patterns show that almost two fifths of all brides and one eighth of all grooms are in their teens. And, according to the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D.C., over half of these wives have children while still in their teens—one out of six has two or more. These statistics sum up the basis for JEAN ANDERSON's remarkable account, *Teen-Age Marriage Craze*, page 66. The writer, a Jean of all trades on the *Journal* staff, is master of a good many—reporter, cook, photographer, and painter. "Houses, that is," Jean explained. "I've painted my apartment seven times in five years! During my last vacation I painted my landlady's duplex apartment in exchange for one of her paintings. She's an artist, and I love art." She likes teen-agers, too, and hopes they will approach marriage with a little more wisdom after reading about the experiences of their peers in her article.

*The House in the Homescape*, page 103, is just the merest taste of RICHARD PRATT's new book, *The Ladies' Home Journal Book of Landscaping and Outdoor Living* (published by Evans-Lippincott). For 25 years Pratt was the *Journal*'s architecture and garden editor, and all color photographs in the volume are of projects he developed for this magazine. "The others I collected especially for this book, and all the writing is new—although the ideas were developed during my years on the *Journal*," Pratt told us. "I hope *Journal* readers will read the book. It's theirs—they inspired it."

Every now and then an old copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal* appears in a movie, as it does in Paramount's new release, *Papa's Delicate Condition*, starring JACKIE GLEASON as Papa Griffith and GLYNIS JOHNS as Mamma Griffith. The copy of the *Journal* appears briefly in an early scene in the Griffith parlor; the time is supposed to be 1912 or 1913. One sharp-eyed *Journal* subscriber, catching this fleeting glimpse of an old friend, wanted to know the exact date of the issue; so we asked Paramount. "I would be overjoyed to tell you," a publicity agent answered, "but the old *Journal* with the baby's face on it is missing from the property department. They are sure that someone walked off the set with it as a souvenir." He sent us a still shot, though, and our reader-mail editor, JOYCE POSSON, quickly identified it as the issue of December, 1909, not 1912 or 1913. "Well, so the magazine had been around the Griffith home three or four years!" producer JACK ROSE alibied.

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# . . . AND THEN



**50 YEARS AGO** The horrendous Dayton flood occurred in March, 1913; throughout Ohio 3,000 lives were lost. Former Princeton professor Woodrow Wilson became President, J. Pierpont Morgan died, and a Vermont poet named Robert Frost published his first book of verse.

Rabbi Hirsch tells *Why Divorces Are Fewer Among the Jews* and concludes that "Jews do not marry for romantic or sensual reasons, but out of regard for the family."

Opportunities for women: "Forty out of every 100 working women in America are domestics."

"Two motorcars, a crest on one's note paper, and a butler are often a screen behind which a woman hides a broken heart," believes Editor Bok.

Jane Addams, speaking up for a minimum-wage law for her sex, says, "A woman in a sweatshop may sew 21 seams in one corset, for which she earns five cents for a dozen completed garments."

In the March, 1913, *Journal*, Editor Bok rails against "heads loaded down with puffs and 'rats', hobble skirts so tight that they reveal the figure at every step, sleeves too short, necks too low, and stockings of thinnest transparent silk."

"Chest-cold remedy: Rub on a mixture of turpentine, camphor gum and lard, and cover well with hot flannel."

"An upright piano for $175 includes delivery from Chicago, a piano stool, and decorative fringed scarf."

"Save the gummed flaps of unsealed envelopes that come through the mails for mending torn books or labeling fruit jars. Keep your worn white kid gloves for covering hat buckles."

## "The W's tickle when they go down"

And the O's roll. And the K's go bump, bump. And the L's wobble. It's a happy inspiration, this new Alphabet Vegetable soup from Lipton. It has alphabets shaped from enriched egg noodles . . . a gardenful of crisp, fresh vegetables, a sea of brawny beef stock. It's exactly what you'd expect from Lipton: another delicious soup that tastes like Mother just cooked it.




BEEF NOODLE • MUSHROOM • TOMATO • TOMATO VEGETABLE • GREEN PEA • CHICKEN NOODLE • CHICKEN NOODLE WITH MEAT • CHICKEN RICE • ONION • CREAM STYLE CHICKEN • COUNTRY STYLE POTATO




White glove test shows frying right in New Crisco gives

# digestible fried foods with no greasy taste!


So little grease you can pick it up...


yet see no grease...


feel no grease...


taste no grease!

**No grease on the glove! No greasy taste in the French fries! So digestible!** These unretouched photographs show how potatoes fried right in new Crisco have so little grease after normal draining, you can actually pick them up with a spotless white glove—and see no grease.

Highly unsaturated new Crisco has an exclusive vegetable formula with added, special protection against greasy taste. No other shortening has Crisco's exclusive formula! Everything you fry and bake right in Crisco is extra delicious . . . with Crisco's famous digestibility.

And how reassuring to know that new Crisco is highly unsaturated . . . with double the preferred unsaturates many scientists believe are better for you.

Crisco is America's finest vegetable shortening—contains no animal fats. Try new Crisco for digestible fried foods with no greasy taste.

**CRISCO**

- EXCLUSIVE VEGETABLE FORMULA
- HIGHLY UNSATURATED
- SO DIGESTIBLE





# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

**His arrival in New York, his first love, his career in the theater of the 'Twenties . . . Cary Grant continues his story in his own words—one of the most remarkable careers in motion-picture history.**

SYNOPSIS OF PART I: *"For more than half my 58 years, I have cautiously peered from behind the façade of a man known as Cary Grant." Thus Archie Leach began his story of an unhappy childhood, his turbulent school years, his joy in discovering the theater, his delight on being hired for an American tour. Sixteen-year-old Archie's adulation of fellow passenger Douglas Fairbanks Sr. began as he and other members of Bob Pender's youthful troupe steamed toward New York.*

**PART II** Manhattan Island. That skyline in the early-morning July sunshine. New York City. There it was; but was I *there?* Was I actually there at the ship's rail, neatly scrubbed and polished, standing with a small, solitary band of Pender-troupe boys—none of whom had slept all night for fear of missing the first glimpse of America? The excitement. Those skyscrapers I had seen so many times before. Oh my, yes. In England. In Bristol. In the films.

That familiar silhouette, of which the highest edifice, the most prominent spire, in that year of 1920, was the Woolworth Building. If any happy medium, any fortune-telling gypsy, had prophesied I would marry the heiress granddaughter of its founder, no palm would have been crossed with *my* silver. Father always advised me to strike a happy medium, and it would have been the perfect excuse. That's a very feeble joke, which I set up purposely, and not very well either; but it's the kind of joke only an ex-vaudevillian such as I can't resist. All right, don't forgive me. I don't care.

I used to apologize for every little thing I said or did, or hadn't said or hadn't done, or forgotten to say, etc.; I used to apologize for living. Now I've given it up—I mean, apologizing. Not living; I've only just started that.

Lady Elsie Mendl, a dear nonagenarian, toward whom I gravitated for amusing conversation and relaxed relief at many a dreary



*Noel Coward attracted my youthful emulation.*



CULVER

*Ingrid Bergman, a fascinating, full-blooded yet temperate woman of courage and strength.*



*Alfred Hitchcock, who directed me in* Notorious *and three other films.*



KNOPF-PIX

*Marlene Dietrich, who smilingly helped me in my inexperience.*



EUROPEAN

*Judy Garland, who touches me deeply by her voice and presence.*

# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

dinner party, often adjured that one should "never explain, never complain."

One afternoon, when she was 91 years old, I carried her in my arms down a narrow winding back stairway in a wing of her exquisite villa in Versailles and, not being able to see, but only gingerly feel the steps beneath my feet, I was troubled for my precious cargo's safety. Yet Elsie chattered unconcernedly and gaily about her plans for redecorating and entertaining and *living*. That was about a year or so before her death. Any words of philosophy from such a woman are worth consideration. So nowadays I accept the consequence, whether reward or penalty, of whatever I say, write, or do, and "never complain, never explain."

After customs' inspection, at which I had absolutely no treasures to declare, one of producer Charles Dillingham's representatives herded us directly to the Globe Theater where we waited around, stealing wide-eyed glances at Broadway and Times Square, while our mentor, Bob Pender, went into grave discussion with his old friend Fred Stone, the versatile star of the musical comedy that was rehearsing there. It transpired that, because of Mr. Stone's change of routines in his new show, our act was to be placed in Mr. Dillingham's other production, which was about to open at the New York Hippodrome.

So off we scurried to present ourselves at the Hippodrome, then on Sixth Avenue between 43rd and 44th streets: the world's largest theater; playing daily matinees and night performances, except Sundays, to 10,000 people a week, more than 2,000,000 people each season. It contained a revolving stage a city block wide and possibly a half block deep, on which appeared only the most renowned and spectacular acts of those days, selected from every nationality and country: "Poodles" Hanneford and The Riding Hanneford Family; Marceline the clown; The Long Tack Sam Company of Illustionists; Joe Jackson the tramp cyclist; Powers Elephants, an amazing water spectacle in which expert girl swimmers and high divers appeared and reappeared in an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



TWO NEW TYPES HAVE BEEN ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL

# Breck Hair Set Mist

Now three fine sprays that hold hair softly, beautifully in place for hours — never leave hair stiff or sticky.




NEW SUPER HOLD
*for Firm Control*

Super Hold Breck Hair Set Mist is especially made for you if you have hard - to - hold hair or a hard-to-hold hair style.




ORIGINAL
*for Medium Control*

Original Breck Hair Set Mist is ideal for regular use. Its medium hold is best suited to most hair and hair stylings.




NEW GENTLE HOLD
*for Light Control*

Gentle Hold Breck Hair Set Mist has a light hold, exactly right for all easy-to-hold hair or for the soft, casual hair stylings.

*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K

*New Super Hold, New Gentle Hold, and the Original Breck Hair Set Mist: 2 oz. 65¢; 8 oz. $1.50; 15 oz. $2.25. Plus tax.*

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# Lent is cheese-time

**FOR PROTEIN... FOR VARIETY**



1. Cheez Whiz. Kraft's Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread that combines creamy taste when you [illegible]

5. Kraft [illegible] Swiss with that delicious process cheese goodness of [illegible] natural Swiss variety.

9. Louis Rich Tuguese Unsalted Light Flaky Meat. [illegible] Reduced

2. Kraft Deluxe Slices, the best-tasting pasteurized process cheese you can buy. Five flavors.

6. Imported Kraft Camembert [illegible] refrigerated all the way from Denmark. At room temperature it's ripe!

10. Kraft Sharp Natural Cheddar—Shredded. A [illegible] cup to the [illegible]

3. Kraft Gouda—a gay Dutch-type cheese with a heart of gold. Beautiful on a cheese tray and delicious.

7. Cracker Barrel Natural Cheddar in Sharp, Extra Sharp, Mellow—both wedges and 10-oz. sticks.

11. Kraft Whipped Cream Cheese in six open bowls. So fresh and fluffy it spreads even when icy cold. Six interesting flavors.

4. Kraft Party Snacks are the creamiest of pasteurized Neufchatel cheese mixed with other good things.

8. Crown Brand Swiss Gruyere and Trauben Swiss imported from Switzerland. Processed so it travels.

12. Kraft Hand-i-Snack Links pasteurized process cheese foods in 5 flavors. The link slices to cracker size.

13. Five bite-size cubes Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese—guaranteed fresh when you buy it or your money back.

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made or imported by **KRAFT**

derstage tank containing 960,000 gallons water; a highly trained ballet corps of 80 embers; a chorus of 100 singers—and us: r little petrified troupe of English music- ll knockabout comedians, pantomimists d stilt-walkers.

There were more than 1,000 people in the st and approximately 800 nonperforming ployees. It was necessary for everyone, m stars to roustabouts, to punch a time ck so that, by curtain time, each person uld be accounted for or, if there were ab- ntees, replacements speedily rearranged the various acts and chorus formations roughout the show.

It was an astonishing assemblage. A tal- ted, colorful family of colorful, spangled rformers in a mammoth, colorful extrava- nza and, from opening night to closing, r troupe was an unexpectedly big, color- success. In the show—and in the family. at remarkable international family. We red them all, and reflectively they loved What you give you get.

Because of our youth, we teen-agers lived under the jurisdictional eyes of b and Mrs. Pender—across the hall from em, in a sort of long Pullman apartment, which each of us had to go through one other's bedrooms to get to the bathroom. e fellow at the end had the comfort of ing closest, but the discomfort of the ffic's full concentration. I was the thest away, nearest Eighth Avenue.

We had rotating duties. I learned to keep counts for, cater for, and market for, to sh dishes for, to make the beds for, and cook for every other occupant of that artment, according to the daily allotted k. Well, thanks to my Boy Scout train- . I knew how to cook a stew. You see, tain vegetables took longer to cook than ers, and the meat went in at a different e from the potatoes. Right.

Stew was my *pièce de résistance* when the ekly turn came around for me to cook. rhaps I should have been a chef. There's at stew; and I've done rather well with m, too, don't you think? I've always agined it might be helpful to own a res- rant, in which one could serve healthy rtions of rare opportunities, fresh view- nts and sweet talk, buttered up, mixed otions, dry wit, shredded ego and warm ndshakes—which gives you some idea of e kind of word games we play in Holly- od between scenes in order to keep the st happy, while we waste all those mil- ns and millions and millions of dollars I p reading about.

It's well publicized that none of us in llywood knows what he is doing—ac- ding to all those who aren't doing it with Wonder who gets all that wasted money, the way? It's spent. Somebody gets it. mebody benefits somewhere in our indus- . Never mind; it gives two or three ciferous journalists a fine opportunity to nd someone else's business, while expos- their envy and lack of exact knowledge. nder why that small group of writers ey're males too; fancy that) are so con- ned about the doings of *actors;* and if y themselves have ever wondered why? Over a long period of time a general age of a public figure emerges no mat- what truths, semitruths, or actual truths have been written about him. e press has treated me extremely well r *my* long period of time, and I've had asant and mutually benefiting relation- ps with almost all its members.

Only a very few are guilty of the sensa- nalism that attracts the unhealthy mind. t those few cause, even if undeliberate d subconscious, momentary harm, and n appalled at the unconscionable way y twist and distort facts. Why *does* the nted word take on such authenticity? ey besmirch their profession in much the ne manner that a few tasteless producers or public opinion about the whole of llywood.

In recent years much inaccurate, biased d, alas, too often, vituperative copy has en written about Marlon Brando, Eliza- h Taylor, Frank Sinatra and Marilyn nroe, and recently in the Letters to the

# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

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Editor column of a magazine I came across this: "*Sirs:* To those who helped make Marilyn Monroe's life happy, thank you and God bless you. To the ones, and you know who you are, who helped toward her destruction, there is nothing I as an individual can say." Makes you think?

It saddens and astonishes me that the very people who frenetically fight to acquire the luxuries of life, so obviously resent those who've already acquired them. It lurks behind their every word and action. But what man can stand another's success if he feels that his own lack of it suffers by the comparison?

Well, it's a free country. Everyone has a right to air his ignorance and dissatisfactions. Including me.

There have been writer-directors, writer-producers, film cutter-directors, director-producers, and cameramen-directors; but let actors become actor-producers—oh, it shouldn't happen to a worser, lessable fellow; and all the resenters and dissenters club together. With clubs.

When I hear someone question or damn the trend toward independent production of today's stars, I'm reminded of a group of remarkably capable people of a previous era: Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who not only studied their craft thoroughly and made films of their own choosing—quite successfully, too, according to the public's reaction—but banded together to manage their own studio, distributing company and circuit of theaters as well, under the United Artists banner. Their retirement from active film-making was the beginning of that organization's decline; and only recently, with a new aggregation of independent companies, in which artists share in the profits, has it again begun to flourish.

To anyone with knowledge of the film industry's inner workings, it's ludicrous to blame upon stars the troubles that beset some major companies. Indeed, one trouble is that there are *insufficient* stars. But articles written about the men most responsible for mismanagement of studios and production, for worldwide distribution leases and methods of bookkeeping, for lack of forethought in light of changing conditions, and reluctance to build new stars; or for the sales of films to the movie theater's greatest competitor, television, would bring little revenue to the writer or attention to his words, because the names of the men who were at fault are without reader interest. So the stars it is.

Yet Universal Studios, where I work, presently engages the services of more stars than any other company in Hollywood—Rock Hudson, Doris Day, Marlon Brando, Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Gregory Peck and others—and consequently has become, under the capable leadership of Milton Rackmil, the most successfully functioning company in our business. Stars are proffered complete financing for their ventures and, with the collaboration of the best writers, producers, directors and technical talent available under the protective shelter of Universal-International's goodwill, have turned out the recent record-breaking successes that are reflected in the company's highly profitable operation, and financial statements.

In a world in which almost everyone blames someone else for a position in which he himself has put himself, and in my profession particularly, criticism—rather than encouragement—is defended as if it's a virtue; but if those self-appointed criticizers, both within and outside our belabored industry, keep up their criticism long enough, there won't be any industry, or stars, left to criticize. Then what will the criticizers criticize? Themselves? That'll be the unlikely day.

Somewhere they'll manage to seek out new targets for whatever hurts them. Everybody does. Ah, well, if every knock is a boost, it's no wonder we're so amazingly successful!

In 1951 a friend of mine, an erstwhile writer and director named Don Hartman, became head of production at Paramount's Hollywood studios where, on his first day in office, some of the corporation's New York business executives came to welcome him. At that gathering one of the men opined that a recent film was an excellent film, since it represented an investment of about $1,000,000 and had made $2,000,000 in profit. Don agreed that it was profitable all right, but disagreed with the claim that it was an excellent film—and was momentarily squelched with the reply that he, Don, was an artist and therefore did not understand business. That night at dinner with me Don couldn't get the remark out of his mind; and suddenly it occurred to him how best he might have retorted.

He could have told that meeting, and that man, about a certain fellow who owned a typewriter and some foolscap, erasers and pencils—an outlay, including part amortization of the typewriter's cost, of probably not more than $30—and, with that total investment, turned out a piece of writing for which, only that week, Harry Cohn, then head of Columbia Pictures, gratefully paid $1,000,000. The writer's name was Garson Kanin and the writing was called *Born Yesterday*.

My mind went to Larry Adler, who, carrying only a pocket harmonica, need never be without means of sustenance. He could enter any place in the world, where any language is spoken, and by playing a few melodious ear-arresting notes, earn the bacon and eggs, three, and be effusively offered shelter and comfort, free. Think of that. A means of livelihood in a small harmonica. Added to a large talent! Oh, I bow deeply to artists!

Warming to his own examples, Don Hartman thought about another man, in France. Unretired, even now, at 82. A man who had some used paintbrushes, a lot of half-squeezed tubes of oil paint and a canvas. An investment of, let's say, oh, $22.80? Well, this fellow, this nonbusinessman, this artist, put some paint upon that canvas and calmly sat down to wait for the phone to ring, which was hardly a moment, and said, "Yes, Mr. Soandso, if you will really enjoy having it, I could arrange to sell you my new painting. A quarter of a million dollars, please." And the caller answered, "Oh, thank you, thank you! Please save it for me. I'll be right over, Mr. Picasso." Now what did that Paramount executive mean: artists aren't businessmen?

I can only suggest that businessmen retaliate by becoming artists, so that they, too, can more quickly acquire all those butlers, valets, chauffeurs, playgirls and high-powered cars; and caviar and champagne and emerald-studded swimming pools; and a colossal gold-plated mansion.

Well, that Eighth Avenue apartment was no mansion, I can tell *you*. It wasn't even much of an apartment, and the nearest thing to a swimming pool was the kitchen tub where we nightly lined up after the show, to wash our socks and handkerchiefs and, whenever the order of the day demanded, the dish towels; followed by a cue at the communal iron and ironing board. I was able by now to keep house, cook, sew buttons on, and do my own laundry, and consequently had a fair degree of independence. So, naturally, having such independence, it was about time to become dependent upon a girl. How extraordinary that as soon as a man becomes self-reliant he wants to become reliant upon one of the opposite sex. I suppose that's because it is the only way for him to someday teach a son how to become self-reliant—so that he in turn can become reliant upon one of the fairer and, I'm certain, stronger sex.

She was in the show. A ballet dancer. Blond, blue-eyed and bountifully bosomed. About a year or so older than I. Of all the Hippodrome girls, I lavished my timorous ogles only on her. And only from afar. She didn't seem unmindful of my distant infatuation, but somehow neither of us ever managed to improve the relationship. Still, her presence inspired me to better work whenever she was watching, and I became extraordinarily reliant upon her smiles of approbation. Ah, it takes a woman to bring out the best in a man and sometimes, alas, the worst in a man, depending upon what you consider worst or best, of course. Often they're interchangeable.

At Christmas, after hours of shopping and agonizing indecision, I selected an incredible gift for her, now that I think back over it. A multicolored woolen coat-sweater-and-scarf combination that would have won the first two falls with any rainbow. In those days I hadn't aspired to the extravagant production costs of dressing one's leading lady, nor to the fashion world of Norell, Balenciaga, Molyneux or Dior. I bought it at Macy's. Proving that even then I knew where to get good value.

I missed my inamorata's encouraging looks on Sundays, but, what with sampling different-flavored ice-cream sodas (for breakfast, mind you; how could I have done that?), and those huge banana splits (which were unknown in England then), and the days' sight-seeing and the evenings' movies (there were no Sunday movies in England either), my thoughts kept busily occupied.

I traveled New York City from one end to the other. From the Bronx Zoo to the Battery.

I spent hours on the open-air tops of Fifth Avenue buses. (How unkind of the company to have discontinued them.) I contentedly rode from Washington Square, up the Avenue and across 72nd Street, to the beauty of Riverside Drive, with its quiet mansions and impeccably kept apartment buildings. It's all quite different now. I passed Grant's tomb countless times without an inkling that I would someday be known by the same name. Even if not similarly memorialized.

With the Hippodrome season closing and the performers planning future engagements in faraway places, and everyone trotting around saying good-byes, humor-coated in a variety of accents, languages and embraces, I became quite despondent. I dreaded the bustle of packing backstage that last night, as I have at the finish of every show or film I've been associated with ever since. I am always content to stay doing what I'm doing wherever I'm doing it; only circumstances seem to propel me on. I seldom leave anyone or anyplace of my own conscious volition. When the meal or party or association is over, and the people or person close to me no longer there, I seem unwishing to move; without urge to change the situation, even though it could be for the better. Perhaps death is like that. Perhaps it is better on the other side of death; but I'm in no hurry to get there to prove it.

Meanwhile I manage to like wherever I am; inside and outside of me.

The show closed. The building began to empty. And while the other boys impatiently waited outside the stage door, I languished around the time clock, longing for a last tender look from my beloved. Her name was Gladys Kincaid and, for her, I can only hope that by now, unlike me, she has hordes of tiny grandchildren joyously romping all over her.

When she appeared, I remember standing there tongue-tied and fuddle-headed, while people milled around us at the time clock, and those nitwits outside kept putting their heads around the door yelling "hurry up" and "come on." Oh, the pangs of youth! Charles Lederer once wrote that youth is a series of low-comedy disasters. We both stood there, though with the condition of my knees I'm amazed I stayed

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# PARTIES À LA CARTE (GUESTS MAK




Pick from six partyable shapes of new, snappy-savory SOCIABLES. Top with cheese strips and tasty slice of boiled ham... the party begins!

Crisp, crunchy, wheaty TRISCUIT WAFERS make a toasty-good base for sardines dabbed with tangy mustard and a slice of tart lemon rind.

Place a slice of hard-boiled egg on munchy, potato-flavored, chip-shaped CHIPPERS. Add a bit of spicy salami and dot with parsley.

Scoop up creamy onion dip and dab gene ly on nippy SWISS N' HAM FLAVORED CRAC For extra zip — snip of Dromedary pim












# THEIR OWN) ON NABISCO SNACKS




Munch up the whole-wheaty crunchiness of TRIANGLE THINS topped with delicious tiny shrimp and dab of tangy mayonnaise, lime.

Top spicy, bold, oniony FRENCH ONION THINS with a slice of luncheon meat, tiny cocktail onions and just a snip of ripe, fresh baby tomato.

Crisp, zesty vegetables go great on delicate, flaky, wheat-rich WHEAT THINS. Try nibbles of radish, pickles and a caper for great flavor!

Serve up tempting ripe and green olives, tomatoes and radishes on the tangy, smoked-bacony-goodness of crunchy BACON THINS.

**NOW! THESE TWO FAVORITES IN BRIGHT NEW PACKAGES!**

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# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

upright, mumbling something like "I do hope we see each other again." Both of us together. At the same time..Same words. And then she was gone. And I was left there, alone, with her lingering perfume. And my shyness. Which I could have kicked. Here I was seventeen, and incapable of sufficient progression toward testing that birds-and-bees theory. Sufficient progression! I hadn't even held her hand!

That following day, Sunday, our troupe departed for Philadelphia to begin what turned out to be a glorious tour of the entire B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit. We performed in new, first-class, well-equipped theaters in Cleveland, Boston, Chicago and throughout the principal cities of the East, including, at the tour's end, the epitome of variety theaters, that goal of all vaudevillians, the Palace in New York City.

It was 1921. The beginning of an era that became known as the "Roaring Twenties." An era that caroused unmindfully toward its eventual stock-market collapse—payment of the piper.

The popular songs were *Japanese Sandman, Margie, Avalon* and *Whispering.*

Man o' War was the great horse, having won both the Belmont and Preakness stakes.

The Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the sale of liquor, was in effect. In Manhattan alone there were more than 5,000 speakeasies. Americans seemed frantic to appear sophisticated by looking blasé, bored or blotto.

Young girls were known as flappers, and young men as either cake eaters or finale hoppers. No, I don't know why.

The shimmy-shake, a dance not unlike the twist, was being shook at every party or nightclub in New York.

The Treaty of Versailles had been signed, and trade with Germany resumed.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was coming into prominence.

Life expectancy was 55 years as compared with 50 at the turn of the century.

The motorcar, thanks to Ford, was becoming available to middle- and lower-income groups.

Bill Tilden was the men's singles tennis champion.

Sacco and Vanzetti were found guilty of the crime of killing a paymaster.

*The Jest*, starring John and Lionel Barrymore, was the theater's dramatic success, and Marilyn Miller sang and danced in Jerome Kern's *Sally*, the hit musical.

Jack Dempsey was heavyweight champion of the world, and Woodrow Wilson was in the final days of his Presidency.

In 1922, during the tour, I was excited and pleased by being presented to ex-President Wilson when he attended a performance at the Keith Theater in Washington, D.C. He sat in the back row close to an exit nearest the stage-door alley and, as he left the theater in a wheelchair, the members of our troupe together with the Foy family, who headlined that particular vaudeville bill, were lined up to meet him. He warmly complimented our antics and seemed happy to be there, and I was struck by the smiling simplicity of this kind man. He died in 1924.

Also during the tour I saw Jack Dempsey at Atlantic City. I had been basking and snoring in the sun on a deserted strand of beach, which he'd probably chosen to avoid causing a commotion at one of the more frequented beaches. It was mandatory in those days for men to keep their chests covered, and he wore a green one-piece bathing suit. His legs were slim, but his rippling shoulder muscles were perfectly developed. He looked to be about my own height of six feet one and could not have weighed much more than 180 pounds, which is what I weigh today. Yet that frame carried enough punching power to floor a man as huge as Jess Willard.

Within only moments of his appearance on the beach, dozens of running, shouting people seemed to come from nowhere, zeroing in on him, waving pieces of wet autograph paper, thoughtlessly intent upon bedeviling his evident desire for a quiet, peaceful swim. Poor man. It should have given me pause to wonder about the kind of public life a celebrity leads. Yet, oh, for the life of a celebrity! Hmmmm. Once in later years I spotted Charles Chaplin in a drugstore near Times Square and, watching from an unnoticed distance, saw person after person contrive to talk to him or approach him on some pretext or another or, too often, to ask for his autograph. What do people do with autographs? It's a harmless enough pursuit, but with what useful objective?

I have written thousands upon thousands of autographs. The daily stream begins with the first showing of one's face in the morning and ceases only at night in the privacy of one's rooms. The gratification of just one request brings the next watchful person toward me, resulting in an endless chain, as newcomers arrive to see who is in the middle of that group over there. By the time I've escaped, the original requester is home comfortably tucked in bed. I've been stuck in hotel lobbies, restaurants, airports, washrooms, and parking lots. I've been backed up against walls, and conspicuously pinned in the middle of traffic and theater rows; an innocent blight to all who had the misfortune to be seated near me. Well-abiding citizens regard me with baleful eyes as the cause of the blockade or disturbance that whirls around them. According to them, I'm to blame. Not the autograph seeker. No, the fact of me is to blame. If I refuse to sign, I'm mean. If I agree to sign, I'm a menace. What to do?

Except for children, whose requests I try to fulfill whenever practical, the people I would like most to know are those least inclined to approach me. Instead I am often confronted by the aggressive type. Their tactless trespassing as I lift a fork to mouth is accompanied with remarks such as "My children will *kill* me if I don't bring home your autograph" or "My wife won't *believe* I saw you if I don't get your signature." Such opening gambits trouble me about the status of their family relationships. I get indigestion. I burp.

It has been written that I am rude to autograph seekers. That's not true. I am rude only to rude autograph seekers.

Still, there are compensations, and the ceaseless daily bother is forgotten when occasionally some considerate person comes quietly alongside me to say "Mr. G., I just want to thank you on behalf of my family and myself for the many happy hours you've given us." I want to embrace him or her before they slip from my view, leaving me aglow and breathing easily again.

Some parents, in a foolish effort calculated to touch the cockles of my heart and bring attention to themselves as well, have even steered little two- or three-year-old children off in the direction of my table. The bewildered little tot wouldn't even recognize President Kennedy, much less me, and usually winds up entangled in a waiter's legs or looking beseechingly up into my dinner partner's face while the piece of paper floats slowly to the floor. That poor sweet child. Those poor silly parents.

Attracted though I've always been, I've never invaded a celebrity's privacy. But one day while walking along Broadway past the Hotel Astor, I saw Greta Garbo approaching and stood stock-still in surprise as she went by; then dashed wildly around the corner, through the whole length of the Hotel Astor lobby, along what was known as Peacock Alley, and quickly composed myself at the other end in order to stand nonchalantly on the next corner to watch her go by again. What is it that attracts one's curiosity toward a public face? Do we want to see if their eyes are the same color we thought they were? If they have freckles, warts or blemishes? If their appearance holds some secret that we can fathom? If they're as tall or short or older or younger than we expect them to be? Do we want to make sure that they are human and therefore not unlike ourselves? And why would we want to do *that* anyway? I've never been certain what people expect to find. I just hope they aren't too disappointed when it concerns me.

At the tour's end, accompanied by other ambitious members of the troupe, including Bob Pender's younger brother, I decided to remain in America and try to obtain work on my own. After kindly giving me the amount of my return fare to England in case I should ever need it, Mr. Pender left for London with his sadly depleted company—the company he had so patiently and lovingly worked to train and maintain. It must have been very disappointing and difficult for him to leave so many of his boys behind in America, our land of opportunity; but youth, in its eagerness to drive ahead, seldom recognizes the troubles caused or debts accrued while passing. And here, as I reminisce, the fullness of my gratitude to Bob Pender and his wife, both of whom are now dead, wells up within me. I hope they know.

That summer, like most summers in the theatrical world, jobs were scarce. Especially for nontalking vaudevillians. There was a wide gulf between a talking actor and a silent actor, and no one seemed willing to help me bridge it. "Have you ever spoken lines?" "What experience have you had?" Even today it's difficult for me to believe I once dreaded those questions at each interview, and in every agent's office. No, I hadn't spoken lines, and wasn't sure I wouldn't keel over in fright if I ever had to; and my youthful appearance at eighteen, which is such an indefinite age in any profession, signified little experience and qualified me for practically no theatrical jobs at all. To speak a line on a stage became my ambition, my highest hurdle, my greatest fear.

Eventually, of course, I learned to risk hearing the sound of my own voice in front of an audience; and later, in films, to accepting its accent resounding in the immense amplification of our modern movie theaters. I've also reluctantly grown accustomed to the tremendous size of my face in close-ups; to accepting the magnification of all my imperfections. All there. The way I sound. The way I move. The way I look. All magnified to the very bags under my eyes. It's quite easy for everyone else to think it's easy; but could *you* bear such magnification? Seeing yourself as others see you is not only 'orribly revealing, it's downright masochistic, that's wot it is.

Until only a few years ago I had a recurring vocational nightmare stemming from my early fears in the theater. In the dream I stand on the lighted stage of a vast theater facing a silent, waiting audience. I am the star, and I am surrounded by a large cast of actors, each of whom knows exactly what to do and what to say! And I can't remember my lines! I can't remember them because I've been too lazy to study them. I can find no way to bluff it through, and I stand there, inept and insecure. I make a fool of myself. I am ashamed. I try to speak, but don't know what I am talking about. Now, actually, in life, I don't mind not knowing what I'm talking about. It's just that I don't want anyone else to know that I don't know what I'm talking about.

The meaning of my dream would be clear to any amateur psychologist. Even though now well established in my profession, I often feel insufficiently prepared, insufficiently knowledgeable; fearful of appearing foolish and publicly shamed.

I sat and stood around the National Vaudeville Artists Club in West 46th Street, a comfortable haven after the hot pavements I walked daily that summer of 1922, hoping for a dropped word, a clue about a job. Free from the sedate influence of Mr. and Mrs. Pender, I acquired the corni habits in my attempts to become quic Americanized. I'd been to the Palace to the Marx Brothers, billed as the "Great Comedy Act in Show Business; Barr None." I noticed that Zeppo, the yo handsome one, the "straight" man, the low I copied (who else?), wore a miniatu neatly tied bow tie. It was called—h onto your chair—a jazz bow. Well, if t was the fashion, it was at least inexpens enough for me to follow.

So, sporting the new tie, attached t rubber band which went around derneath my collar, I went to visit an acquaintance whose good opinion I sough a comedian named Don Barclay, who been friendly to each of our troupe when headlined with us in England. He was new show and greeted me warmly in dressing room, but said nothing about clever new tie. So eventually, and rat casually I thought, I got the conversat around to style trends, and in particu my jazz bow and what did he think of Don Barclay looked at it with benign c centration, then slowly reached over pulled it away from my neck and let it s back. We both burst out laughing, and was the last time I wore the tie; but and I have been friends ever since. Ye later we worked together, as comedian straight man, through long Army, USO hospital tours, during which we of couldn't find a clean shirt, much less a fa ionable tie.

After a few jobless weeks my savi were spent, and I began nibbling into emergency money put aside for ret passage to England. Eating, for such a enous appetite, was a bit of a problem; fortunately, being a tall dark-blue-sui young bachelor who wouldn't arrive wear brown shoes, fall off the chair, or drink fr a finger bowl, I was often invited at the minute to round out the guests at din tables on which were some fine spreads.

One evening a young man named Ma whose father, I believe, conceived the i of daylight saving time, invited me to d at his family's home on Park Avenue. I asked to call for Lucrezia Bori, the Met politan Opera lyric soprano, who was rage of New York at that time.

Although I felt only awkwardly adequ as her escort, she treated me as if I wer sought-after, mature man-about-town, carefully requested that we walk to party along Park Avenue, because the e cise, she said, would be good for us.

In every way it was a fine, fateful e ning. At the dinner I met a man nam George Tilyew. We exchanged the "a what-line-of-business-are-you-in?" geni ties, and he told me he had offices at Co Island in Steeplechase Park, which I ga ered his family owned, operated, leased managed; I wasn't fully listening at t point because my mind, always alert to possibility of a job, was wondering how b to benefit from the introduction. Stee chase? Hmmmm! An amusement pa wasn't it?

I remembered seeing a man walking stilts along Broadway advertising so thing or other, and heard myself suggest to Mr. Tilyew that perhaps I could do same for him. He agreed that perhap could. I said, yes, well, perhaps I could vertise Steeplechase Park by walking and down in front of the place. I didn't c to invade that other fellow's stilt-walk territory and risk getting my comeuppa or, rather, comedownance. Mr. Tilyew s yes, perhaps I could, it might be a fine i and would I see him at his office whene convenient? *Would* I?

Leaving the party, Miss Bori again s gested that we walk, this time because cool evening breeze would be relaxing, said; and with a job in tomorrow's offi and pride in my companion, I felt confid and protective. A seldom feeling.

It wasn't until years later, when t dear Lucrezia Bori lunched with me Paramount Studios in Hollywood, tha

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

learned she had correctly guessed that the cost of cab fares would have busted me for the week.

The most famous, the most talented are, I've always found, the most considerate. Humility and greatness become part of each other, and a delightful old story suddenly comes to mind to illustrate the point. A headwaiter was asked how he managed to seat satisfactorily the celebrities that frequented his restaurant, and he replied, "Oh, I never bother about it. Usually those who matter don't mind. And those who *mind* don't matter."

I've known so many celebrities throughout my life. So many renowned, colorful people who have been good to me, tolerant of me and helpful to me, and I wish to acquaint you with some of their names, not merely in a burst of immodesty or name-dropping, but because I'm proud of having known them and look forward to seeing what I write about them. I shall relish dropping their names and trust they'll often drop mine. Aside from those mentioned elsewhere in my story—because I never mention people who've shown me unfriendliness—they include:

Noel Coward: whose success as actor, playwright, director, and composer-lyricist, was so remarkable that it attracted my youthful, but pitiable, emulation. In the late 1920's I'd wavered between imitating two older English actors, of the natural, relaxed school, Sir Gerald DuMaurier and A. E. Matthews, and was seriously considering being Jack Buchanan and Ronald Squire as well; but Noel Coward's performance in *Private Lives* narrowed the field, and many a musical-comedy road company was afflicted with my breezy new gestures and puzzling accent. Still, everyone has to start somewhere and, in a way, everything starts with pretense. One *pretends* to do something, or copy someone or some teacher, until it can be done confidently and easily in what becomes one's *own* manner. I doubt if Noel was flattered by my mimicry, but we've remained friends over the years. I lunched with him recently in my home town of Bristol.

Joseph Von Sternberg: the director of Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and me in *Blonde Venus*. In 1932. The first morning of shooting he suddenly stopped everything, grabbed a comb, and parted my hair on the wrong side, where it's been ever since. He bemoaned, berated and beseeched me to relax, but it was years before I could move at ease before a camera. Years before I could stop my right eyebrow from lifting—a sure sign of inner defenses and tensions, to be seen in many actors and actresses. Some transfer it to a twitching stiffened elbow.

And Marlene Dietrich: who smilingly accepted my immaturity and inexperience with comforting patience.

Irene M. Selznick: daughter of an industrial pioneer, Louis B. Mayer; proud producer of two grown sons, and of Tennessee Williams's splendid stage play *A Streetcar Named Desire*, which brought Marlon Brando such unforgettable acclaim. Irene has listened to some pretty deep confidences of mine and, merely by listening, unreproachful and unshocked, has helped me more than she can know. Irene has perception and integrity and, together with many other of her friends, I've been a moderate investor in each of the plays she's produced in New York; they include *Bell, Book and Candle*, *The Chalk Garden*, and *The Complaisant Lover*. And, whenever possible, I've flown East to attend each opening night with her; we sit in the back row, where my nervousness and concern for everyone in the cast seems to put her serenely at ease.

Countess Dorothy di Frasso: a friend for over 20 years. A friend whose rare ability to laugh at herself so often dispelled my own gloom. Although I had previously dined with Barbara Hutton on the *Normandie* in 1938, it was Dorothy who reintroduced us, when she and Barbara returned from a visit to Honolulu.

Dorothy's escapades were the gossip's delight, and her palatial Villa Madama in Rome was the scene of indescribably lavish parties. The Villa Madama, the classic site of so many Hubert Robert paintings, was taken over by Mussolini's Fascisti government for Hitler's use during the war. In light of events to come, it was Dorothy's haunting grief that she didn't arrange to leave a time bomb in the place before departing to live in America. She died in her sleep in 1954—on a train returning to Los Angeles from Las Vegas, where she had visited Marlene Dietrich. It was my unhappy mission to accompany her body to New York for the funeral and a gathering of those who, like myself, would miss her amusing presence and the loyalty of her friendship.

Merle Oberon: who, propelled by my cowardly insistence and her own irresistible sense of the romantic, approached Betsy Drake on the deck of the *Queen Mary* and introduced herself; then, while I hid in the nearest companionway, she invited Betsy on my behalf to join us at lunch. That was how, in 1947, I met the dear wife who recently divorced me.

Frederick Lonsdale: the fey, wise and humor-filled playwright, author of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and many other successes, who spent years of his life crossing by ship between London and New York and who, like me, was deeply attracted to Betsy when we all met on the *Queen Mary*. In fact, had Freddy been 20 years younger, I would certainly have lost her to him. Until his death in 1954 he was probably my closest friend.

Sir Alexander Korda: the imaginative power behind the forming of London Films. A man of old-world charm and an amused regard of life. He sometimes stayed with me at my home in Bel Air and I with him at Claridge's in London.

During the early years of transoceanic flying, Alex and I crossed the Atlantic many times and, accustomed to the unreliability of planes' heating systems in those days, we learned to bring along heavy sweaters. On one trip, in 1946, after comfortably settling ourselves, we both began fumbling around in our airplane bags beneath the seats, and simultaneously came up, grinningly pleased with ourselves, holding two identical pairs of brown fleece-lined zipper-fronted slipper boots we'd bought at Abercrombie & Fitch as a surprise for each other. We had four pairs between us.

Cole Porter: probably the world's best known living composer of contemporary music: about whom the film *Night and Day* was made in 1945, and whose life I see ineptly portrayed, with little understanding of such extraordinary talent or the graciousness of its possessor. Although Cole must have sensed my lack of insight, he appeared genuinely pleased about the picture, and frequently invited me to his home and many entertaining parties there. His welcoming smile, seldom absent from his face, still remains fresh in my memory; yet I've never properly voiced my appreciation to him, nor the extent of my admiration and affection.

Ingrid Bergman: a fascinating, full-blooded yet temperate woman who has the courage to live in accord with her needs and strength enough to accept and benefit by the consequences of her beliefs in an inhibited, critical and frightened society.

CONTINUED ON PAGE




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# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Ingrid needs no uninvited busybody to proclaim her debts; she knows and pays them herself. I commend her highly to you.

A few years ago I visited Ingrid and her husband, Lars Schmidt, at their comfortable house in the country outside Paris, and, hearing them discuss a wish to purchase an old, curved, unvarnished wooden cabinet to fit into a particular corner, I decided to try to find one as a surprise present. Two years later I saw the perfect piece in a Chelsea shop window in London, and put in a call to Ingrid to see if she had bought one by then, and happily learned she hadn't; but while I was sitting out the incredible time it takes to reach the continental operator, and the usual hours of delay on European calls, the dealer sold the cabinet to some man who sauntered in off the street. What about *that?* I have never effectively explained to Ingrid why she and Lars haven't received that perfect cabinet I told her I'd found.

Clifford Odets: who wrote and directed the film version of *None But the Lonely Heart* with Ethel Barrymore, Barry Fitzgerald and me. The film received many awards, none of which were as meaningful as the reward of Clifford's lasting friendship. I enjoy his stentorian convictions and the courage he has to emphatically proclaim his everchanging beliefs. A stimulating, generous man.

Peggy Lee and Judy Garland: each of whom touches me deeply. They move me strangely, not only by their songs but by their presence. When I am with them, I feel content and happily at ease without need for oral communication.

Howard Hawks: who directed the popular *Bringing Up Baby, His Girl Friday, Only Angels Have Wings, I Was a Male War Bride,* and the not-so-popular *Monkey Business.*

George Stevens: the director of *Penny Serenade, Talk of the Town* and *Gunga Din.*

Leo McCarey: who directed *The Awful Truth* and *An Affair to Remember.*

George Cukor: who directed *Holiday, Philadelphia Story* and *Sylvia Scarlett.*

And, of course, Alfred Hitchcock: who made *Suspicion, Notorious, To Catch a Thief* and *North by Northwest.*

Each of those directors permitted me the release of improvisation during the rehearsing of each scene—rather in the manner that Dave Brubeck's musical group improvises on the central theme, never losing sight of the original mood, key or rhythm, no matter how far out they go. The above directors permitted me to discover how far out *I* could go with confidence, while guided by their quiet, sensitive directorial approval. I am deeply indebted to each of them for their permission. And their patience.

Stanley Donen: the young director with whom I formed the Grandon Company, which produced *Indiscreet* and *The Grass Is Greener.* Recently he proffered the irresistible bait of Audrey Hepburn in the leading feminine role of *Charade;* and a promise that Peter Stone, its author, would rewrite the central characters in a way that would bridge the wide difference between Audrey's age and mine. That's going to be *some* bridge. We're making the picture, as I write these words, in Paris—where, in testimony to Stanley's persuasiveness, I shall spend a chilly winter missing the warm Palm Springs desert and the home and horses I enjoy there. Stanley and I disagree about many points of picture-making, but no disagreement disturbs our mutual regard. Someone once said that if two partners in business are in constant agreement one of them is unnecessary!

Because their names are so often exploited, I find myself reluctant to include Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco. But they're the most attractive coup I know—young and mature, gay and se ous, indulgent yet protective parents two unusually beautiful children. Wh I'm in their company, my pleasure plac a perpetual grin on my face. Grace kee fondly in touch with friends she made Hollywood, before leaving such an unfi able vacancy in the ranks of our leadi stars, and her husband, Prince Rainie equally shares her welcome of those sa friends.

I've rarely been privileged to celebrate holiday, whether Easter, Thanksgivi or Christmas, with a family, but about thr years ago, Betsy and I attended a qu Easter Sunday service in the family cha at Monaco. And, later, watching the ch dren excitedly running back and forth their mother and father during the tra tional egg hunt, I was suddenly caught u awares in a large wave of gladness for be there, and sadness for a childhood I could clearly remember or appreciate.

Grace and Rainier are considerate, sti ulating hosts, and recently, after dinner their unpretentious, comfortable apartme in Paris, the conversation of our sm group ranged from the serious subject child rearing (and what more serious su ject is there than the guiding of a life?) word games and wince-making puns. talked of absent friends, particularly David Niven and his wife Jordis, w brighten any group anywhere. And, list ing to such easy, pleasant conversation thought how satisfying it is to be accept by these affectionate but unaffected peop

Robert Arthur: the producer, whose fices adjoin mine and who worked so d gently toward the tremendous box-off success of *Operation Petticoat* and *T Touch of Mink.* He and Stanley Shapi the unequaled comedy writer who wr both pictures, have been steadying in ences to my flights of impracticability.

And the closest to me of all, my lawy manager, Stanley Fox, without wh friendship and counsel I'd be adrift.

There are other people whose names might know. Mostly successful self-m men—though, in a way, every man is s made, I suppose—men in politics and garment industry, men in sports and financial world; and still others wh names or the degree of our closeness could not know, but who will, when t read this, know that I know.

Some I see often. Some I see seld Some, alas, are dead. But I still feel communion of their love. For all of th I've had special feelings.

Recently someone said that he'd ne met anyone who had been inside home. It seemed to the interviewer, who peated it, that the statement signified I no friends. Well, it's probably true that didn't know anybody who had been in my home, but then I don't know any who has been inside his.

I know men and women who have dens of people around them constantly, not a friend amongst them. They group gether in fear and secret dislike of one other, and when not with one ano openly gossip about one another.

There is one man whose name I omit in deference to his profession: the do who guided me through the therape ordeal of many sessions and experim with a hallucinogenic drug known as L Much has been written about them, later I shall try to describe the experien and what have been, for me, their ben cial results.

Now, let me see. Where was I in story? . . .

Oh, yes. I got the job at Coney Isla

*(To Be Concluded)*

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*• If your store doesn't have this display, send for your free folder or mail 50¢ with your name and address, and we'll send you your pattern (sizes 10 to 16). Address: SEGO Pattern Offer, Dept. B, P.O. Box 888, St. Louis 88, Mo.*

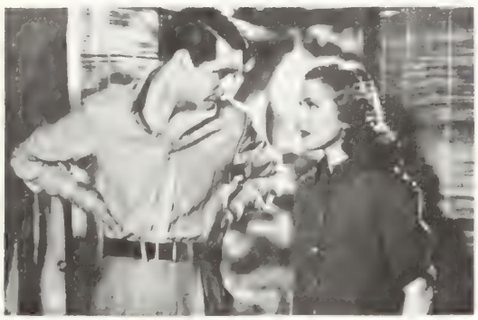
PET
MILK COMPANY
MILK PRODUCTS DIVISION

# How many titles of these Cary Grant movies can you name?

see answers below



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.




10.



11.



12.



13.



14.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CULVER PICTURES, INC.

1. *Only Angels Have Wings* (with Jean Arthur, 1939).
2. *Topper* (with Constance Bennett, 1937).
3. *Suzy* (with Jean Harlow, 1936)
4. *North by Northwest* (1959).
5. *His Girl Friday* (with Rosalind Russell, 1940).
6. *Once Upon a Honeymoon* (with Ginger Rogers and Walter Slezak, 1942).
7. *Gunga Din* (1939).
8. *Gambling Ship* (with Glenda Farrell and Jack La Rue, 1933).
9. *Bringing Up Baby* (with Katharine Hepburn, 1938).
10. *In Name Only* (with Carole Lombard, 1939).
11. *The Philadelphia Story* (with Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart, 1941).

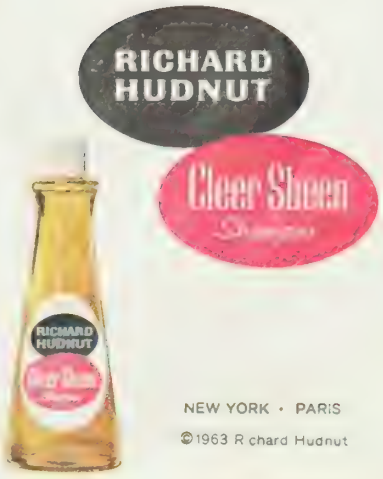
NEW FROM RICHARD HUDNUT




## ...makes hair beautiful six ways

- Two special ingredients help give your hair exciting shine...a young look.
- Three conditioning agents work to bring added natural highlights to your hair.
- A unique, gentle cleansing ingredient leaves your hair refreshingly clean.
- Its exclusive formula rinses out thoroughly – to give your hair silken texture.
- A carefully-chosen conditioner remains in your hair until your next shampoo.
- Conditions deep, provides immediate extra body for more manageability.

*...and Richard Hudnut guarantees it... or your money back!*




NEW YORK · PARIS

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# ADMIRAL DUPLEX

## Full-size freezer! Full-size refrigerator! 23.5 cu.ft. in one beautiful cabinet!

Now, Admiral brings you the largest capacity, most beautiful refrigerator-freezer in the world. And there's no defrosting ever! The left side of the Admiral Duplex is all freezer... the right, all refrigerator. No wasted space. All the fresh and frozen food storage you'll ever need in one compact, counter-depth cabinet that fits flush to the wall. Think of it! No more squeezing foods into an overcrowded refrigerator or tiny freezer compartment. And everything within easy reach!

**3 convenient sizes! 5 beautiful colors! No defrosting ever!**



**18.9 cu. ft.* capacity**
7.7 cu. ft. freezer
holds 269 lbs.,
11.2 cu. ft. refrigerator.
41" wide.



**23.5 cu. ft.* capacity**
9.5 cu. ft. freezer
holds 334 lbs.,
14.0 cu. ft. refrigerator.
48" wide.



**25.5 cu. ft.* capacity**
9.5 cu. ft. freezer
holds 334 lbs.,
16.0 cu. ft. refrigerator.
52" wide.

Best of all, foods stay at peak freshness with Admiral's famous "Moist Cold" refrigeration system. Save money, too! The Duplex costs less to buy and operate than two separate units. Even cuts your shopping trips! Your whole family will enjoy the convenience of an Admiral Duplex. Three different Duplex sizes to fit any kitchen. Five fashion tone colors to make it more beautiful — Copper Bronze, Turquoise, Shell Pink, Citron Yellow, and Polar White. See the new Duplex now!




Admiral sold in 110 countries. Admiral, Chicago—Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

*Net NE



# THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

by HARLAN MILLER

A man may *praise* his wife's new dress with safety; she adores his good taste. But let him dare utter one word of adverse criticism (such as "Those fringes on your sleeves. . . .") and she hates him!

So far my Dream Girl has refrained from razzing me about my near-collision with a car while exercising on my bike. I think she's waiting for my bruises to heal.

When the wife of our town's stingiest millionaire ordered the $5 steak, he tried to economize with link sausage on mashed potatoes. Imagine his indignation when his check turned out to be almost as big as hers!

As if good ham and eggs weren't a dish fit for the gods, at our last brunch we were served Eggs Roquefort with Ham Suzette LaVerne. (When I travel I can get three superb meals a day by ordering plain ham and eggs.)

One of our town's ardent hostesses set a new record—she served drinks for two hours and 50 minutes before we were allowed to eat, at nearly 10 o'clock. (I fooled her by raiding the icebox at 8:35.)

I'm assured by campus friends that no collegian's face has been slapped in recent years by a coed. (Either the boys have lost their drive or the girls are more tolerant.)

Of the eight small ones who live next door—four to the east and four to the west—all are cherubs and angelic, though for brief moments their wings aren't quite visible.

I tease my Dream Duchess, will she ever become a redhead, like me and two of our children. "If I did," she retorts, "I'd act like a redhead too." (She evidently cherishes a mistaken image of redheads.)

At a nearby college a house mother confided, "I'm puzzled why a girl will risk being campused for a week just to stay out 30 minutes late on a date." "What you need, ma'am," I said, "is a refresher course."

Before I'll believe our town's Junior Chambermen are in earnest about solving our traffic jams, they'll have to begin to ride their bicycles downtown themselves instead of adding 100 cars to the chaos.

A teen-age girl in the next block confided to me that she was frustrated when she had five dates with a boy and he didn't try to kiss her. "That's worse than a boy trying to kiss you early on his first date!" she said.

They've burned down and demolished old Crocker School, where I learned most of what I know from fifth through eighth grade. Just to make room for a four-lane turnpike, the American substitute for invasion.

Yep, our collegian has convinced me, by playing loud, doleful, repetitious classical phonograph records devoid of melody, that he's the highbrow of the family.

. . . When my pals refuse to believe the lovely, tall, slim girl I was lunching with is my daughter-in-law.
. . . Or Patrick is late for dinner every night because of his evening basketball game,
. . . And our collegian hitchhikes home to save the train fare for a girl's corsage.

. . . Or our strong, silent son-in-law suddenly becomes vocal in a four-page letter,
. . . And my Dream Girl iodines my nine bruises with the skill of a wartime nurse's aide.
Then I'm able to admire without dismay the dazzling parade of pretty girls; no qualms, no regrets.


Perfect Spaghetti Sauce

complete with
tomato · cheese · herbs · spices




CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

*Now from Betty Crocker*



NEW

# LEMON VELVET FROSTING MIX!

It's the frosting lemon lovers have waited for! Fresh from the Kitchens of Betty Crocker it comes, tingling with the tang of sun-drenched lemons. Heap its rich, thick glory on Betty Crocker's moist and tender Lemon Velvet Cake. Then call your lemon lovin' family and behold their double delight.





*When it comes from the box with the big red spoon it <u>always</u> comes out better!*

© General Mills Inc 1962

# Knorr takes you on a kettle cruise of England

CASTLE COMBE, ENGLAND

**1st stop: Knorr Beef Noodle Soup...*extraordinary!*** Beef soup that sings out its English inspiration—that's Knorr® Beef Noodle Soup Mix! The beef is bully, the aroma hearty and delectable, the soup different from any you've ever tasted before! It's just brimming with baby beef balls, fresh-cooked egg noodles, a host of fine vegetables . . . and the flavor of adventure only Knorr gives soup!








## 2nd stop: Squire Soup

- 1 foil pak Knorr Beef Noodle Soup Mix
- 1 tomato, peeled and finely chopped
- 3 cups water

Boil water in saucepan. Stir in soup mix. Add tomato. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Bring to boil again. Reduce heat, partially cover and boil gently 5 minutes. 4 servings. Enjoy it at lunch with grilled cheese sandwiches and fresh fruits. Delicious for supper with cheese rarebit and crisp green salad.

## 3rd stop: Beefeater Stew

- 1 foil pak Knorr Beef Noodle Soup Mix
- 1 lb. boneless chuck, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 4 medium potatoes, peeled and diced
- 2 cups water • 1 medium onion, chopped • 3 Tbsp. oil

Coat chuck with flour. Heat oil in large skillet. Add beef. Brown on all sides. Add onion; cook 5 mins. Stir in water and soup mix. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Bring to boil. Cover, reduce heat and simmer 30 mins. Add potatoes. Simmer until tender, about 30 mins. Serves 4.

## Knorr makes Europe's best selling soups

NOW 9 NEW KNORR SOUPS!

CHICKEN NOODLE • BEEF NOODLE • HEARTY BEEF • SMOKY GREEN PEA • CREAM OF LEEK • CREAM OF MUSHROOM • GOLDEN ONION • GARDEN VEGETABLE • SPRING VEGETABLE

NOW MADE IN AMERICA BY BEST FOODS DIVISION, CORN PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK, N. Y. TRADEMARK LICENSEE OF KNORR NÄHRMITTEL A. G., THAYNGEN, SWITZERLAND.



## *JOURNAL ABOUT HOME*

**New products this month are small in size, but big in convenience.**

A SHOE-IN FOR COMFORT: And what's more important with spring cleaning coming up? Women will be climbing hundreds of stairs, walking *miles* in their own homes. And feet bear the weight of it all. A good preventative for beat feet, suggests our fashion department, whether you work in the house or out, are Air-Step's new Wondersole loafers and oxfords, with inner soles sculptured to support every contour of the foot. Try them for size—and comfort—at your local shoe store. From about $12.

SAGGY-STOCKING SYNDROME? If you wear seamless hose, you've had it—the frustration of keeping them straight, slim-fitting and *up*. From Belle Sharmeer comes a new "twist," a line of proportioned hose, hallmarked at the top center-front to eliminate twisting, straining, crooked gartering. Distaff editors who have worn them like them. Saves time, they explain, guesswork—and stockings. About $1.50 each pair.

ADVICE ON MAJOR INVESTMENTS—upholstered furniture and floor coverings—is given in two new buying guides. One is *Pocketbook Guide to Furniture Buying*, 25 cents, from the Kroehler Manufacturing Company, Dept. LHJ, P.O. Box E, Racine, Wisconsin. The other is *Choosing Your Carpets and Rugs*, free, from the American Carpet Institute, Dept. LHJ, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

ANTIQUE LAMPS HAVE GONE ELECTRIC: From Sylvania, 60- and 100-watt incandescent bulbs which look like Early American chimney lamps, work indoors or out, in table or floor lamps or from suspended fixtures. Each has a 3,000-hour life under normal usage, and eliminates the chore of cleaning—no soot or flame blackening. Caution: If you use the lamps outdoors, be sure to use outdoor fixtures to protect bulb from moisture. Cost of the new bulbs (they fit conventional sockets): under $2.

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT. A compressed-air cork popper. "It works," say editors who have used it. The gadget looks something like a hypodermic syringe, eliminates broken or pushed-in corks, lost tempers. Simply insert the needle of Cork Pops into a cork, push the plunger and, presto, the bottle is open. Each set (including spare air cartridge, enough to open 100 bottles), $5.98.

GOOD NEWS FOR MUFFIN LOVERS (and women who hate to scour the pans—who doesn't?): Mirro has lined its newest muffin pans with Teflon. Result, according to our Home Management Department: muffins and cupcakes fairly slide out with their beautiful brown crusts intact. Furthermore, the pans can be quickly wiped clean for reuse. Editors point out that any Teflon-treated pans last longer if you treat them gently. For Teflon saucepans they suggest pampering with Rubbermaid's special heat-proof rubber turner. It's good for stirring and mixing as you cook. Cost of the muffin pan: $1.19; the turner, $1.69.

INSTANT ITALIAN-STYLE ZUCCHINI? Well, almost. It's Del Monte's new canned Italienne Zucchini that needs only heating—then eating. Our food test-tasters tried it, and their verdict: good color, good texture and as for flavor—"yum!" About 39 cents for a one-pound can.

GLAMOUR TO GO: As compact as any portable hair dryer we've seen is Westinghouse's new one in a molded-plastic luggage case that's less than one foot square, and weighs five pounds. Its lacy drying hood adjusts to fit over largest rollers, channels warm air to all parts of the head, has its own plastic "bonnet box." Extra features: spot drying attachment, nail dryer (you can do all 10 at a time), rotary nail buffer, perfumer (to scent your hair as it dries), storage for rollers and pins, removable mirror. (Model HZ50, under $40.)

ENJOYING FROZEN OUT-OF-SEASON FOOD? Here are some sound shopping suggestions from our Home Management Department. To be absolutely sure of the frozen food you're buying, to be certain it hasn't thawed and refrozen: (1) Check the storage-cabinet thermometer. It should read 0° F. or less. (2) See if the packages are kept below the "fill" line. (3) Feel packages carefully. They should be smooth, not misshapen or bulging. (4) Have frozen food double-wrapped—even in winter—so that it doesn't have a chance to thaw out on the way home. Insuring the goodness and freshness of frozen foods calls for keeping them frozen. Try it.


Bring real cook-out flavor right indoors with Kraft Barbecue Sauce




**What a choice!** Hickory Smoke flavored Barbecue Sauce with a touch of real hickory smoke right in it. Or regular Kraft Barbecue Sauce. Both made with 19 herbs and spices. Better take the two of them—your family will want both!





# *"Proportioned–for me?"*

Yes, you. For new Kotex napkins give you a choice of 4 proportioned sizes.

Not just different length napkins, but different depths and widths to meet your absorbency needs.

Each has the moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

Nothing protects quite like Kotex.
That's why, now more than ever, Kotex is confidence.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects <u>you</u> best?



REGULAR
Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.

MISS DEB
For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

SUPER
Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.

SLENDERLINE
Narrowest, deepest, shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.

New softness outside, new softness inside

KOTEX and SLENDERLINE are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corporation.



# This is the spread your grandmother used

*(maybe she made it herself)*

# This is Imperial... better in so many ways!

Imperial Margarine has a light, fresh flavor many discriminating peo have come to prefer. But Imperial is better in more ways than flav

Imperial helps you cut down on saturated fat. Imperial has the health benefits that come from pure vegetable oils.

Imperial is dependably uniform. You get exactly the same level of nutrition, the same fresh color and flavor in every pat.

Imperial is so much easier to spread... lets you spread as little as you like.

And, you get a nice thrifty feeling when you serve Imperial. Try Imperial. Discover why it's best for your family.




Any way you use Imperial, Lever Brothers Co guarantees complete satisfaction or your money

***imperial*** *. . . better in so many way*

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FIRST IN A NEW JOURNAL SERIES:
THE WORLD WE WANT

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
MARCH, 1963



*Can we have a society in which the elderly are honored and treated with compassion during illness and infirmity, mental or physical? The world we want is not one in which aging relatives are a burden to their families. The first step in ameliorating this circumstance, we believe, is to face it realistically. In this day of small houses, it is often not practical for the aged to stay with their married children—nor, indeed, is it kind. Community understanding and responsibility can make possible better ways to care for the aged. The desired end is to permit the aged to live in comfort and dignity, maintaining a sense of personal worth, while preserving, rather than jeopardizing, the love and respect of their children.*

CURTISS ANDERSON Editor

# WHEN OLD FOLKS BECOME A PROBLEM

BY MARGARET PARTON

**"GRANDMOTHER IS WRECKING OUR FAMILY LIFE!"**

*Dear Editors:*

*For the past five years my mother has lived with us. We brought her here from the hospital to recover from a broken hip. Now mother is 90. Feeble, tottery, particularly since a stroke two years ago and a series of slight strokes since then.*

*Our house is small. Two bedrooms. We had to turn our dining room into a bedroom, giving mother this room because she preferred being in the center of activities, and because it was conveniently midway between the kitchen and the bathroom, and she could also watch our one television set from bed.*

*My husband, God love him, does not complain. He retreats to the basement with hammers and saws and drills, but I'd like to be free in the evening once in a while. A free weekend would leave me deliriously happy. Recently our 15-year-old daughter offered to stay with grandma while my husband and I went out. Mother had another slight stroke while we were gone. That was a terrifying experience for a young girl. In five years we have had one vacation of eight days.*

*Five years—1,800 days. Tying shoe laces. Hunting the misplaced hair combs. Giving baths. Cooking mother's special diet foods in addition to our normal meals. Giving enemas. Driving mother to the doctor. To the oculist. To the dentist. Giving more enemas. Three enemas were required one day before we had results. Driving mother to the chiropodist.*

*Certainly mother revels in going "slowly, slowly to the car" and slowly, slowly down one supermarket aisle and slowly, slowly up the next, shopping for the "little delicacies" the doctor has forbidden her. The other customers and the clerks are highly entertained while I try slowly, slowly to explain again and yet again why she can't have those chocolate candies and nut-covered pastries. So she sulks for the rest of the day. If I'm lucky. Sometimes she sighs and sulks for two or three days.*

*Children and grandchildren can be punished. I can say, "Stand in the corner for five minutes." Did you ever try to correct a willful, self-centered 90-year-old?*

*In a nursing home there are always trained attendants on duty. And those attendants work in shifts. Not 24 hours a day, week after weary week!*

*An acquaintance marveled, "You must treasure these moments; your mother can't live much longer." Oh, no? Her sister is 94 years old.*

*The physical strain is obvious. The brainwashing, the mental strain may not be so apparent.*

*And it is too expensive. There are the teen-age dances and picnics that we can't chaperon because we can't leave mother alone. We have had to give up participation in the PTAs at elementary and high school, leadership of the Girl Scout troop, the church work we enjoyed so very much. Now is the time for our 15-year-old daughter to have her friends at home, for group parties and impromptu record-playing sessions. With grandma asleep in the dining room? Or worse, grandma awake, scowling disapproval of the current teen-age dancing and dress? We had open house for our son when he was a teen-ager, we knew all his friends. Our daughter goes to Nancy's house!*

*Many people would say we are being good to my mother. But are we being good parents to our daughter? In the final analysis, whose life is more important? One who has lived 90 years, or the girl of 15, just starting to live?* A READER

Does the situation sound familiar? It should, and probably does. Mrs. B., as we will call her, is not alone.

Medical science, which sometimes seems a mixed blessing, has in this century learned how to prolong life as it has never been prolonged before. There are today more than 16,500,000 persons in the United States 65 years old and over—five times as many as there were in 1900. In the decade 1950 to 1960, there were each year, on the average, 426,488 additional persons 65 and over, compared with the previous year.

Sixty-five is the arbitrary age (set by German politicians a century ago for dark reasons of their own) at which "old age" is said to begin. It does not particularly concern us here, for we all know that many people are capable of carrying on creatively and independently for 10 or 15 years beyond 65. It is the period after that which is of increasing concern to the middle and younger generations: in the decade 1950 to 1960 persons of 75 to 84 showed a 41.1 percent increase in our population, and persons of 85 or older a 60.8 percent increase!

Statistics show that three mothers to every father live with their children—probably because the wife usually outlives her husband. And they live with their children not because they particularly want to (statistics also show that the majority wish to maintain independent homes) but simply because the family doesn't know what else to do with them when living alone becomes dangerous or impossible.

The ideal old grandmother is, of course, part of all our dreams. She sits placidly and rosy-cheeked by the fire, knitting useful things for the children. She trots happily to her room when we have company, and makes no comment on that raucous *Sweet Adeline* at 2 A.M. She bakes bread, weeds the garden, and leaves the rearing of children to their parents. She shares the wisdom of her years with us, when we ask her, and her wisdom is enriching. And every once in a while she goes off for a long visit with someone else in the family.

If this is the kind of mother or grandmother you have, you are lucky—and probably unique. For it seems to be one of America's best-known, but also best-kept, secrets that there are a lot of perfectly *terrible* old women around. They nag our children to the point of nervous tics, or they spoil them silly. They demand constant attention—as in the case of Mrs. B.'s mother—or else they wander off, get lost and have to be brought home by strangers. They criticize the cleaning woman so mercilessly that she quits—and they never approve of what we cooked for dinner. If they live with us, they are firmly convinced that they are still the mistress of the household, and they scold our husbands for that second cocktail.

The family is in a constant uproar, and worst of all CONTINUED ON PAGE 121


OUT
CLOSED



# The Girl in the Curio Shop

*He wanted to impress her, even if she talked a bit crazy. For, as Arnie said, the girl was a real find—an original.*

It looked like an ordinary tangerine. I walked past a couple more stores and slowed down. I walked past one more and stopped. Then I turned around and went back. It had occurred to me that it might be wax, but one glance was enough to tell that it wasn't. It was a real tangerine lying there in the window of a curio shop in West Los Angeles along with a derringer, a sadiron and a bowl of old buttons. Well, I thought, maybe it had got there by mistake—fallen from someplace. But it wasn't touching anything. If it were removed it would leave an empty space, and there wasn't another empty space in the whole window. Somebody had put it there. Everything else was about what you would expect to find in this kind of shop—mostly junk, but at least nonperishable junk.

As I opened the door a little bell tinkled. This also was standard. I looked around for the inevitable little baldheaded man with thick glasses. Surprise No. 2. The clerk was a slender brunette with blue eyes.

"Can I help you?" The voice was soft, exciting.

I hesitated. For some reason it suddenly seemed important for me to make a good impression on the girl—to say the right thing. I said casually, "What's the price on the tangerine?"

"A dollar seventy-five, I think." She reached into the show window and picked it up. "No; I'm sorry, a dollar fifty."

Now, I might mention that this is the accepted procedure in a place like this. When you ask the price of something, the proprietor will say what he thinks it is and then he'll check the tag and quote a lower price. And he will act surprised and upset as if there has been a mistake, but he is willing to take the loss. This is the technique I would have expected if I had been pricing a ceremonial sword or a piece of Cedar Rapids jade, but somehow not for a piece of fruit.

Also, I might add that there had not been any strike among tangerine growers or any crop failures. I didn't know what they were selling for in the markets, but probably ten cents each would have been tops.

"Uh-huh," I said to the girl, handing it back to her carefully. "Well, I didn't have anything special in mind—just more or less looking."

She told me to go right ahead. I browsed around for a few minutes and finally left with a meerschaum cigar holder—$2.

The next day I went back to the shop during my lunch hour. The tangerine was gone. Where it had been were three cookies wrapped in cellophane. The bell rang again and this CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

By WILL STANTON



# England's Merry Prince Andrew

His name is Andrew Albert Christian Edward, and he was three years old in February. He is second in line to the throne of Great Britain, after his 14-year-old brother Prince Charles. His 12-year-old sister Anne is teaching him the royal wave of the hand to the adoring British public, but Prince Andrew is more interested in exploring the world than waving at it—as is evident in these photographs by Lisa Sheridan. He was active as a baby, and is developing into a vigorous, muscular boy. It may be his sports-loving father, Prince Philip, will find more in common with him than with the serious, somewhat introverted Charles. Andrew is healthy, inquisitive, full of merriment and noise: his silver spoons took such a banging that his nurse replaced them with wooden ones. He sees his mother, Queen Elizabeth, morning and night at Buckingham Palace, the family's wintertime dwelling, and for longer periods in summer vacations at Windsor Castle. But he is as much a part of a happy family circle as is young John F. Kennedy, Jr., of our own White House.



uckingham Palace has dozens of hiding



aces for a little boy who likes to tease his



se and shout, "Nannie! I was hiding here!"



dsor is fun too. It has daisies in the grass.



It's hard to know which is most fun: the Welsh Corgis, Windsor battlements or mother.



He has many toys, but Teddy's the favorite.



"Mother, this old castle has *holes* in it!"

# THE RUNAWAYS

*For two years Dmitri had led and protected the little band of orphans. Now he must choose: Could he abandon them—even to save himself and Katya?*

Dmitri was twelve years old only as age is reckoned by time. The eyes, the face, the expressions of authority and intelligence were ageless. What are the factors that turn a boy of ten, in all save physical attributes, into a man at twelve?

The first blow struck Dmitri's life on June 22, 1941, the day the Nazis crossed the borders of Russia and all-out

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

*Escape was a nightmare. Dmitri was only a boy, but Katya had to trust him. What choice did she have?*



war began. At that time he was ten. His father worked on road construction and was away much of the time.

"You are applying yourself to your books, Dmitri?" was one of the first questions he always asked on being reunited with the boy.

"Yes, papa."

"Good. Education. It is the only way up."

Dmitri's father was an excellent woodsman. He often had the boy with him, hunting and trapping. In their excursions into the woods, they came to know each other. The father was a rock, to be counted on. Despite his close-mouthed habits, he instilled in Dmitri a sense of self-reliance.

On the day he left, Dmitri's father stood in the single room, before the stove. "You know where I'm going?"

"You will be a partisan," said the boy.

"Yes. I know this region. I know the woods. There are bad times coming, Dmitri. You are going to know the war soon, because Murmansk is an important city, and a seaport. Look after your mother, and try not to be afraid."

"I will, papa."

They were not a demonstrative family, despite their closeness, but his father held CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

# BY ROBERT F. MIRVISH

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

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# GEM OF A SPRING WARDROBE

Spring is in the air, and what looks fresher than an immaculate navy-blue suit with a crisp white piqué blouse. This is the nucleus of our 1963 Gem of a Spring Wardrobe. Its main virtue is the endless opportunity to mix and match. Skirts that combine with three blouses. Blouses that can be worn day or night. A vivid red coat goes over all.

Left: This delightful suit of navy-blue wool in a twill weave (Anglo) has a short jacket and a high-rising skirt. Her straw hat is by Adolfo, the lizard bag by Artbag. Vogue Design No. 1198.



This sleeveless crisp white piqué (Stoffel) blouse is waist length and has three pearl buttons. The slim high-waisted skirt is belted in a contrasting color and has a trim pocket detail.

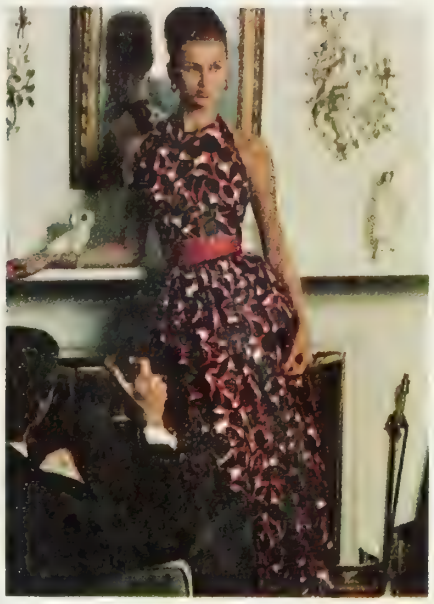


The suit skirt in a repeat performance with a printed red, white and blue silk shirt (this can also be worn with the floor-length matching skirt at right). Pink mohair sweater by Anne Rubin.





OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 118.



This charming printed silk surah (Jacques Maisch), to be worn for evening, combines the long skirt and a halter top. This pattern includes the print shirt. Vogue Design No. 5859.

Left: Our cherry-red coat in a Forstmann woolen is a perfect topping for the entire wardrobe. The collar is away from the neckline. White straw hat by Sally Victor. Vogue Design No. 1204.



A pleasant surprise . . . how prettily the white piqué suit blouse combines with the long printed silk skirt. For contrast she wears the red cummerbund. A gold bow pin by Mimi di N.

Left: This wonderful semifitted white wool princess dress rises to many occasions. We show it with Monet gold chains. It can also be worn with the blue suit jacket. Vogue Design No. 5649.

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIONEL KAZAN

# TEEN-AGE MARRIAGE CRAZE

*"Morals are definitely more lax than in our parents' day."*
*"About 90 percent of the teen marriages I know were forced."*
*"Some girls marry to move away and play house."*
*"There's this cotton-candy image of marriage."*
*"When you marry so young, each other's habits are just something awful to take."*
*"A girl can be a woman at 17, and a woman can be a girl at 35."*
*"Before my steady could drive, his grades were good. Afterward he just lost interest."*
*"Most parents either don't know how to explain sex or wait until it's too late."*

One evening last summer three teen-age steady couples from a large Midwestern town decided to triple date. They didn't go to the movies, they didn't go bowling. They hunted up a justice of the peace and got married. None had finished school. None had any means of support other than his parents. They had simply dared each other to get married, and "you don't chicken out on a dare."

Such a daredevil attitude toward marriage is shocking. Fortunately it isn't the norm. But whether teen-agers marry out of whim, love or necessity, the fact remains that the number of high-school marriages is increasing at an alarming rate. Almost 40 percent of the brides in our country are teen-agers, according to the June, 1961, *Bulletin* of the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D.C.

Is going steady a factor? Many psychologists believe it is. What then compels 13-year-olds to wear weddinglike bands and promise to date only each other? Why is going steady IT in almost every high school, junior high and grammar school in our nation?

Sociologists, guidance counselors, psychologists and parents have pondered the problem. Surveys have provided such explanatory phrases as "bandwagon effect," "parent substitute," "security seeking." But what do the teen-agers themselves think? How do they explain going steady, teen-age marriage? The *Journal* asked them to sound off—and sound off they did.

"Parents aren't doing anything to discourage early dating," explained a slim, brown-eyed 17-year-old who is editor of her high-school newspaper. "If anything, they are *en*couraging it. You find them planning dances for children in grade school. It's almost a status thing. If one mother sends her daughter to dancing school, another mother feels she must send her daughter too."

From a 14-year-old in a different school came a more stinging reply. With alternate pauses and rushes of words she spoke, twisting the ring her steady had given her—a slim silver band which she wore on the third finger of her right hand. Her dress was a simple cotton print, her hair peroxided and ratted into a bouffant too old for her face, manner or figure. "I think," she said, "that some adults just push their children out of the way as soon as they are old enough. Like you don't hear of parents' being home when parties are given, and they get really wild. Parties aren't for necking . . . they're for meeting people and having a good time. But when parents aren't around, anything can go."

A similar reaction came from a nervous 14-year-old boy, who said in a voice that was beginning to break, "Many parents don't take time for their children, they don't take their social problems seriously. And so the children don't confide in them, and start secretly meeting with someone, and after a while maybe they elope. They feel they are punishing the parents for not helping them."

A poised 19-year-old New Yorker blamed herself, however. "The summer I was 15, I went steady with a boy who was 21. My parents didn't know—they would have objected violently. I don't know why I did it . . . I guess I wanted to be able to go back to school and say I had gone out with someone during the summer. You see, I had never dated before. I felt much more immature than the other girls, and I wanted to be mature and thought this was the way to do it. I broke it off after two months because the boy had marriage in mind and I was just doing it for kicks."

### A STEADY IS SECURITY

For many teen-agers, going steady means "being understood," according to an inquiry conducted by the national YWCA among its teen-age members. There were more than 700 responses from boys and girls in 42 states. Characteristic of the teen-age answers to the why of going steady, but more articulately expressed, is this comment from a 17-year-old Nebraska girl:

"In a world where dad works both at the office and at home, where mother bowls or plays bridge, and where schools and churches are so big that a boy or girl is constantly with strangers and has few chances to make truly close friends, the steady provides the love, counseling, advice, understanding and security a teen-ager desires. Most teens do not look at going steady as a time of sexual experimentation but rather one of calm and safety when they may develop new interests and new skills in getting along with each other."

Of those polled in the YWCA study (all were between the ages of 12 and 20), 58 percent said they were going steady, and of those who were not, 25 percent had at one time. Less than 5 percent, however, would admit that they went steady "because everyone else does." More frequently they wrote: "It gives me self-confidence." . . . "It's a sure way to get places." . . . "I love him." . . . "It's cheaper. (A boy does not have to impress his steady with how much he can spend. She knows.)

How do teen-agers define going steady? "It when a boy dates you more than any other gi and you go out often," explained a 16-year-ol Iowa girl. To a 16-year-old boy in the East means, "You just give a girl a ring or som other hands-off token and don't go with anyon else."

The ring or symbol of belonging to someon is important, teen-agers told *Journal* reporter As one senior girl explained, "When I wen steady for the first time, I was just sort starting to date. I was in the seventh grad and just went to dances with this one boy. Bu in the eighth grade I wore a boy's ring, an then it was official."

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOING STEADY?

"I think it definitely limits the acquaintanc that you make," said an 18-year-old high school senior, a small girl with enormous brow eyes and dark heavy hair which hung straigh to her shoulders. "It doesn't limit your circ of friends, but it does limit the amount tha you get to know these people—boys and girl Because if you go steady, you're not include in a lot of girl activities—slumber parties an things—and you miss a lot of deeper friend ships."

"You can also lose your best friends," ob served a girl in the same class. "The times I'v broken up I've lost my steady as a frien completely."

"And you miss going out on a lot of differen dates—with different girls," added a junio who has been going with the same girl fo three years.

Why then has going steady caught on?

"The structure of today's teen-age societ makes it hard to avoid," explained a boy in fil ing out his YWCA questionnaire.

A teen-age girl explained it this way t *Journal* interviewers: "It's important to be couple. A lot of parties are set up primarily fo couples, and if you don't have a steady, yo hesitate to go because you make it an od number."

A number of senior-high-school students fe that there was more going steady among th younger kids. "It means you're grown up, said one. "In high school you don't go stead unless you like someone exceptionally well. think maybe 10 percent of the kids here g steady [her school has an enrollment of abou 1,000]. In junior high I'm sure it's greater be cause more importance is placed on it."

Another reason offered: "By the time yo reach high school you're dating boys going o to college, and you either have to break up o stop dating, period!" CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

**by Jean Anderson**

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAYMOND JACOBS






MAURICE SENDAK

*Jake wasn't an ordinary lion. Lucas knew his secret—but would these little boys understand? Could he trust them to care?*

It was the time when he could relax a little, letting go in all the clean sun that showered down on this part of the zoo.

So Lucas, who would be sixty-five next Tuesday, July sixteenth, was sitting on a box beside Jake's cage down on one of the side paths where not many sightseers came. He was eating a Delicious apple, a fine specimen of its kind. He took distinct pleasure in biting into it with teeth that were largely his own.

All morning he'd been thinking back to when he'd been a boy and, on a day like this, would have been footloose and free as a big bird. He'd always liked zoo work, even if it didn't give you much status with friends and fellowmen. Yet a man needed somebody to look up to him. An admirer—maybe a relative. Lucas didn't have one ring-tailed relative, admiring or not, on earth.

He finished his apple, flipped its core into a trash can and leaned back, hugging his knees and cutting an eye at Jake.

Jake lay quiet, cinnamon-colored body shadowed, just a few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

# ALBUM OF A SHIRT COLLECTOR

By CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
FASHION EDITOR

Some people live in shirts—day and night. This spring they will have a field day, because it seems as if every fashion has been taken from the shirt. Jackets are cut with shirt collars and cuffs. Sometimes they even have side slits. If the jacket has a waistline, it blouses loosely above, as a shirt does when belted outside of or tucked into a skirt.



## The Suit Shirt

Stolen from the shirt, right down to the cuffs, the jacket of this straight-skirted suit is gathered and tied at the waist with a ribbon of white leather. The suit is loose and easy with a collar worn open or closed—a great foil for sweaters or blouses. In a tablecloth check of camel and off-white wool mohair loop; about $75, by Stefan for Briarbrook.

AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON; WOODWARD AND LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.; I. MAGNIN, WEST COAST; HIMMELHOCH, DETROIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEANLOUP SIEFF



## The Evening Shirt

Under a pullover shirt jacket that will go over other skirts in your closet is a matching sleeveless dress. Worn with or without jacket it is a charming late-day look. In an off-white rayon-and-acetate crepe; about $45, by Mr. Mort.

AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, NEW YORK; HOCHSCHILD KOHN, BALTIMORE; JORDAN MARSH, MIAMI; SCRUGGS-VANDERVORT-BARNEY, ST. LOUIS.



## The Jacket Shirt

Two parts here separate and multiply in uses, both of cotton piqué. The blond jacket has a red-dotted cowboy tie at the neck; the narrow black dress has a slip bodice. All by Mlle. Ricci. Fisherman's straw hat by Madcaps.

AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, NEW YORK; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND; JOSEPH MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO; GODCHAUX'S, NEW ORLEANS.



## The Dress Shirt

Another version of the shirtwaist dress—in two parts, of white coin dots on a sunny yellow pure silk. The shirt-sleeved top an extra blouse, has a floppy Buster Brown bow, the skirt its own camisole. About $50, by Mr. Mort.

AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, NEW YORK; CHARLES STEVENS, CHICAGO; JOSEPH MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON.

part 1
the figure



# PROJECT: YOU

This beauty feature begins a series with a very special purpose. The Journal's Beauty Workshop will show you—and your mirror—that good looks, good grooming, and self-assurance are all acquired skills, skills you can easily make your own. PROJECT: YOU is a beauty course that every woman can participate in—no special talents or materials are needed. You'll find the lessons as basic and easy to use as a biscuit mix. We've put down in easy-to-follow, how-to form the fundamental rules that will guide you in finding and making the most of your own good looks. Part One, which appears on these pages, takes up the problems of your figure. In future issues, there will be portfolios dealing with hair care and styling, skin care, makeup, grooming, and the special beauty problems of the older woman. All of the PROJECT: YOU pages can be used as a workbook. We've allotted space for your own personal measurements, comments, and findings. And, since we know from our reader mail that women never stop wanting to be more attractive, the material we've included has been very carefully edited to be helpful to women of all ages.

**BY BRUCE CLERKE, BEAUTY EDITOR**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN GREENBURG WOOD

# how to find you

It is always difficult for women to judge themselves fairly. We are so familiar with our overall body structure that we're incapable of seeing ourselves without prejudice. However, Edith Head, Paramount Pictures' famous fashion designer, has found an amusing but extraordinarily useful way of helping actresses to see themselves as others see them. "Off with your head," she says, "and psychologically you're another person, just as capable of evaluating your own figure as you are of passing judgment on a friend's."

All you need to try Miss Head's experiment is an ordinary paper bag (cut peepholes for your eyes) and five yards or so of sewing tape or ribbon. Wear a bra and pants or an exercise leotard, as Paramount actress Elizabeth Allen is wearing, for facing up to your mirror.

Before you proceed to take your measurements, check off these general impressions of your figure:

POSTURE: Good ☐ Fair ☐ Bad ☐
POSTURE PROBLEMS: Round Shoulders ☐
Dowager Hump ☐ Swayback ☐
Others_____

BODY TONE: Firm ☐ Flabby ☐

BODY PROPORTIONS: Generally Good ☐
Heavy Limbed ☐ Thin Limbed ☐
Heavy Torso ☐ Thin Torso ☐

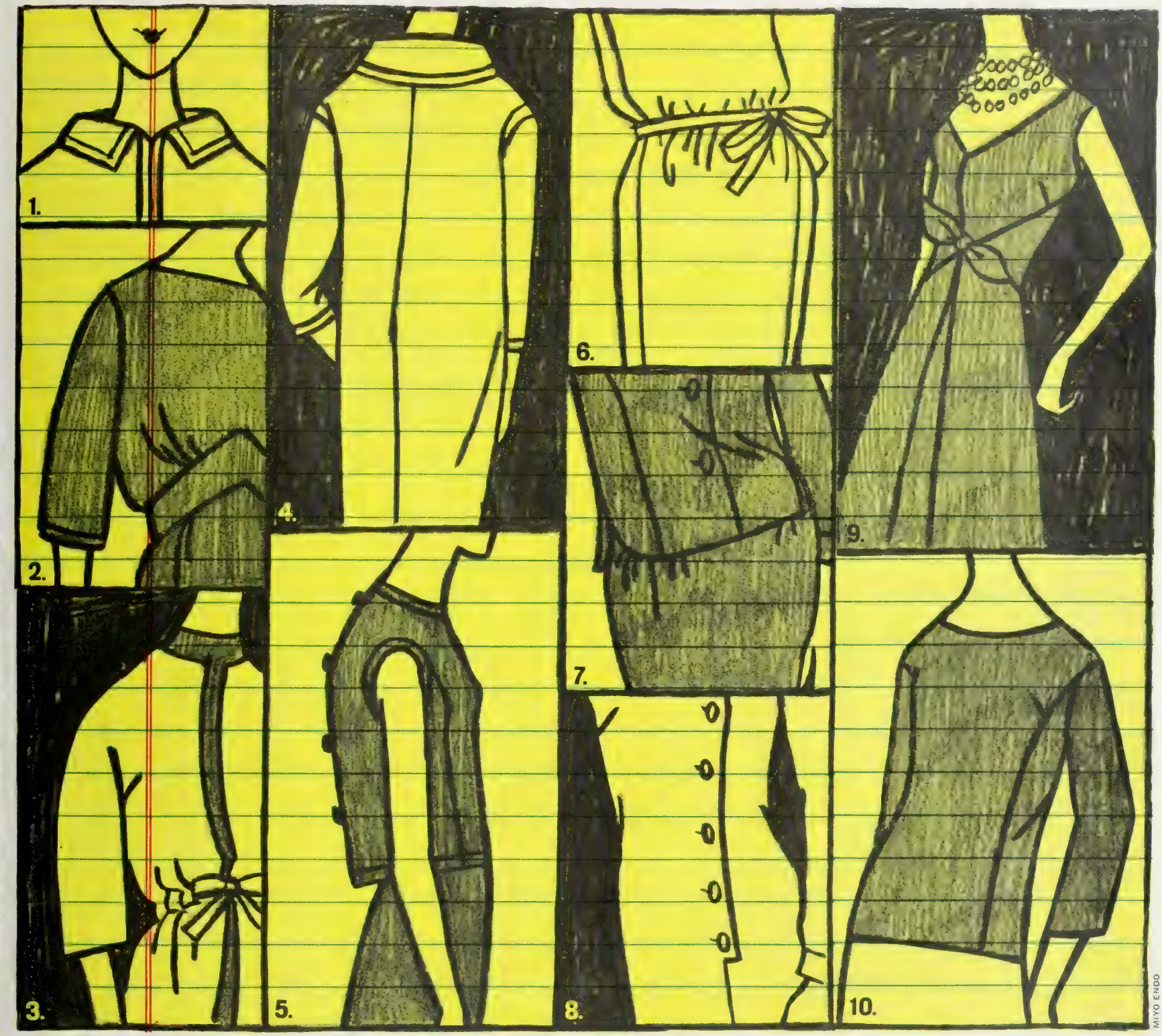
To determine your proper weight, it is necessary to know the type of frame you have. Measure your wrist at the joint between the wristbone and hand, and check the findings on the opposite page. Then weigh yourself.

Now take your measurements to fill in the rest of the chart. Measure the bust at the fullest part, the underbust at the breast bone, the waist at its smallest part, the upper hip at the top of the hipbone, and the lower hip at a point eight inches below the waist. After you measure, tie at the measuring points with ribbons or tape.

Make a permanent record of your silhouette as it is now. You'll want to make other comparative outlines later to check the progress you're making through exercise and/or diet. Stand against a length of heavy wrapping paper or a flush door (the inside of a closet door for instance) and trace with chalk or pencil around your figure. (This last is easier said than done. We suggest you enlist the aid of your husband or a friend to get a truly accurate tracing.) Now you're ready to decide which areas of your body will need concentrated exercise. The tapes that are standing in for your measurements will guide you, as will the bulges that have appeared in your traced silhouette. Shade these areas on your master figure chart, and choose your exercise routines accordingly.



# how to dress what you have






The choice of clothing is most important in disguising and/or minimizing figure faults. From the current Vogue Pattern catalogue, we have chosen some examples of what we consider excellent ways to use fashion as figure camouflage. (1) A collar that is set off from the neck makes it appear longer and thinner. Blouse No. 5756. (2) Heavy or flabby arms look best when they are covered to the elbow. Dress No. 5753. (3) Soft, blousy lines bulk up a thin figure. Redingote and dress No. 5797. (4) The easy fit across the shoulders and the set-away collar of this beltless coatdress make it an equally good choice for the swaybacked and round shouldered. No. 5775. (5) A thick rib cage goes unnoticed under this overblouse which also makes an excellent top for the short-waisted girl. No. 5821. (6) Heavy or bumpy thighs won't show if the skirt is eased and allowed to hang loosely. Dress No. 5752. (7) A round tummy takes fashionable refuge under an overblouse jacket and eased skirt. No. 5844. (8) An easy-fitting coatdress hides many imperfections—short-waistedness and upper hip bulges among them. Dress No. 5799. (9) Both long-waisted and broad-hipped figures are flattered by the fit of the raised waistline of this dress. No. 5842. (10) A long overblouse hides any midriff or waistline problems. Blouse No. 5755.

# SONG OF THE SOUP KETTLE



**By Nancy Crawford Wood,** **Food Editor** When March winds blow, sing the song of the soup kettle—and family and friends will sing your praises. Our Mulligatawny (above) is full of bite-size chunks of chicken, rice and tender carrots. Serve it with Parmesan-toasted garlic bread and crisp relishes—it's a real *meal!* Our Borsch (opposite) is another of the best of soup meals, rich with beef and sausage slices (and a generous spooning of dairy sour cream, to be added at the very last minute). A steaming kettle of split-pea-and-ham soup, thick and hearty (page 80), is a classic favorite. Have some hot, crisp buttery croutons handy to sprinkle on top. Fireside Bean-and-Bacon Chowder (page 81) is designed for chilly evenings. Try serving plates of antipasto before this great soup. And fruit and cheese for dessert—perfect! Recipes for Mulligatawny and 15 other soups begin on page 123.



**Borsch** (1) Simmer a soup bone that has about 1½ lbs. beef on it, 1 quart water, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper in a 4-quart covered kettle for 1 hour. Add 6 beets, scrubbed; simmer until meat and beets are tender, about 1 hour. (2) Cool, cut meat into bite-size pieces; peel beets, cut into julienne pieces. Save broth. (3) Sauté ¾ cup chopped onion and 2½ cups shredded red or green cabbage in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, about 5 minutes or until onions are transparent and golden. (4) Add to broth with ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ¾ cup tomato juice and ½ cup finely grated carrots. (5) Cover, then simmer 30 minutes. Sauté ½ lb. thinly sliced Polish-type sausage until golden (remove casings). Add to soup with meat and beets. Reheat. Serve with sour cream. Makes 2½ quarts, 6 servings.



**Canadian Ham-and-Pea Soup** This is a two-day soup. (1) Trim excess fat from 1 ham bone with meat (about 2½ lbs. total weight). Render a few trimmings in a 6-quart kettle to obtain 2–3 tablespoons drippings. Discard trimmings. (2) Sauté ⅔ cup chopped onion and ⅔ cup chopped celery in drippings until golden. (3) Add 1 lb. quick-cooking dried split green peas, 4 quarts water, ¾ teaspoon summer savory, ¼ teaspoon each powdered ginger and pepper, and the ham bone with the meat. (4) Cover and simmer slowly for 4–5 hours, stirring occasionally. Uncover for last hour of simmering to reduce liquid. (5) Cool and chill overnight. (6) Cut meat into bite-size pieces, discard bone. Return meat to soup, cover, and heat to simmering. Soup should be quite thick; boil uncovered to thicken further if necessary. Taste for seasoning. Makes about 3 quarts, 8 servings.



**Fireside Bean-and-Bacon Chowder** (1) Simmer 1 cup pea beans, washed, with 2 cups water in a 3-quart covered saucepan for 3–4 minutes. Cool 1 hour. (2) Fry 8 slices bacon until crisp, curl a few pieces for garnish, crumble the rest and add to beans. Save drippings. (3) Sauté ¾ cup chopped yellow or red onion, ¼ cup chopped scallions, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ¼ cup chopped celery in drippings until golden. (4) Add to beans with 1 can (1-lb.-12-oz.) tomatoes, ⅓ cup tomato paste, 1 can (10½-oz.) condensed beef broth, ½ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon basil and 1 tablespoon sugar. (5) Cover and simmer 4–5 hours or until beans are cooked. Taste for seasoning. Thin with beef broth if necessary. Garnish with bacon curls. Makes 2 quarts, 6 servings. The flavor will be even better if the soup is made the day before. MORE RECIPES ON PAGE 123

# Phyllis McGinley

## PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE




*Traveling light to a desert island? Better decide which of your prized kitchen implements you simply couldn't get along without.*

There is an old parlor game everybody must have played from time to time on desultory evenings. The basic premise is always the same. You are cast away on a desert island. Which companion, if you could select only one, would you choose to be marooned with? Or which book? Or what single lifesaving implement?

It is a famous pastime and has elicited some famous answers. Although the preferred artifact does not vary much—it is usually a knife or an ax or a fishing rod—the other selections do.

G. K. Chesteston, in response to the query, "If you could carry only one work of literature with you, what would it be?" did not mention either Shakespeare or the Bible. He answered, "The Complete Manual of Shipbuilding."

And some anonymous woman sounded equally sagacious when the question was put to her, "Out of all the men in the world, whom would you pick for a fellow castaway?"

"That's easy," she said. "A good obstetrician."

Sometimes when I am busy in the kitchen, I play a humbler version of the game all by myself. I try to decide which of my cooking tools I would most dislike to be parted from. The cookstove I give myself, the way a golfer gives himself a handicap. That is so vital an object that without it nothing else would matter.

"But suppose," I say to myself, "that I was arbitrarily limited to three or four or a half dozen gadgets. Which would I choose?" Grinder, blender, mixing bowl? Kettle, pressure cooker, roasting pan, percolator? Automatic beater, electric grill, spoon, whisk, can opener? There they sit, my slaves and minions. I love them all. But as I affectionately survey them, I wonder, had I to do without most of them, which would seem indispensable.

The answers I come up with surprise even me. For all that I value the whole array and have gone on record to attest their worth, it is usually the smallest, cheapest, most modest tools I decide to keep. Having played the game so often, I have now pretty thoroughly weeded out the list; and it might comfort some young homemaker, faced with the expense of equipping a new kitchen, to listen to it. She'll have to remember, however, that when I speak of tools, I mean cooking tools per se. Robots, no matter how ingenious, which save only time or effort (such as the garbage-disposal unit, the dishwasher) do not count. The implements I choose contribute to the ultimate glory of cuisine.

High on my list of necessary inventions, for instance, comes something as simple as a garlic press. It is small, it is inexpensive, it is unautomated. Yet I would sooner give up a dozen fancier objects. In our household we are devoted to the flavor of garlic, but to the flavor only. We do not wish to find that stalwart herb half-cooked in a stew, or raw and overlooked in a salad bowl, as I once did at a luncheon. I swallowed it in mistake for a bit of cucumber; and for days afterward I walked alone. Mobs dispersed where I came, strong men fell back swooning, in elevators I was never jostled.

So when I use garlic myself, I am wary, wanting only the faint, persuasive tang of it cooked well and truly into a dish. I slice my bean, I press it through my little gadget, and when the casserole or the ragout it is destined to embellish is done, nothing remains but the presence of grace. If I were counseling a bride, I would beg her to forgo, if she had to, the beautiful and costly pans, the elaborate machines, the seldom-used chafing dish. "Get yourself a garlic press first," I would say. "The rest can come in time."

Then I would add, considering, "While you're at it, be sure to buy a rubber spatula too."

You know the kind I mean. You can get them in any hardware store for the price of an ice-cream soda—a blunt halfmoon of rubber fixed to a wooden or plastic handle. I would be desolate if I had to stir a cake, fold egg whites into anything, unfold batter, scrape out a bowl, without it. During the war they were unobtainable except in ersatz rubber, about as pliable as [illegible] and I mourned for mine. Stoically and with[out] complaint I put up with other lacks. I [used] honey in lieu of sugar, and learned how to m[ake] sour cream do in place of butter. Still, I [knew] hostilities were over only when a neigh[bor] rushed in the back door one day with a wh[ite] of triumph. "Guess what I got hold of just n[ow]. One for you and one for me. We're at *peac*[e]. And she handed me my rubber spatula.

But then almost all the finest inventions [are] simple ones. Think how much more useful [are] paper napkins than atom bombs, matches t[han] airplanes. On the same principle I prefer [a] pepper mill to an electric oven and my lett[uce] basket to the grill which automatically rot[ates] my trussed chicken. My own pepper grinde[r] enormous, designed probably for outdoor b[ar]becues. But I keep it devoutly on a counter n[ear] to the stove, ready to flake peppercorns, [the] spice of kings, into the dish it deserves. Th[is] would lug along with me on any trek.

And although I could probably dry s[alad] greens perfectly well by the method my mo[ther] used—spreading them on tea cloths until ev[ery] drop of moisture had vanished—the lett[uce] basket made of wire is more efficient. It ha[ngs] half the day from a knob over my sink, f[illed] with lettuces or endives or watercress waiting [to] be stored in the refrigerator. I would mourn

What else do I love most dearly? Well the[re] the little pastrybrush I keep for spreading [egg] white lightly on tops of pies to brown them, [for] brushing fowl, for dusting powdered sugar o[n] desserts. There also is the pastry cutter (s[ome] people call this a pastry blender) which g[ives] you a scientific advantage in mixing piecr[ust] biscuits, dumplings. With it, your warm h[ands] need never touch the shortening and so toug[hen] the dough. I cherish the sharp scissors I kee[p] hand in a drawer, ready for a dozen uses. I [snip] parsley with them, trim crusts, cut mushro[oms] in halves, dice celery, CONTINUED ON PAG[E]

© 1963 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress, Profession: Housewife. Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan C[o.]

# 9 ways to enjoy America's favorite

## Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



## THE RUNAWAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Dmitri tightly before he left. His father also kissed his mother. He had never done that in Dmitri's presence before.

Five months later they learned that Dmitri's father had been captured and hanged after being transferred to the Lake Ladoga area north of Leningrad. He had been strung up by the heels and left that way after he was dead. Dmitri lost his mother five days later in an air raid. He was badly shaken up himself, but unharmed.

On the day after his mother died, Dmitri moved leadenly through the streets. He could obtain no food. He slept that night in a partly demolished building that was unheated and uninhabited. The next day he managed to get food from one of the communal kitchens. But the following day the kitchen was destroyed, and he did not know where to go for food. He existed in a miasma of physical as well as psychic shock. No one had time for him.

Dmitri wandered from the city. Beyond the outskirts of Murmansk he found a rocky, ribbed formation honeycombed with caves. At night he could see the air battle taking place over the city, while from the opposite direction he heard the sound of fighting against the invading ground forces.

Now that he was wholly alone, Dmitri began to assert a measure of purposefulness. The forest was near at hand and he had been conditioned to its ways. He started a fire in one of the caves and felt relatively safe, warm and secure from the war. The problem of food was his next objective. For several days he tried to trap wild game. Then, roaming too far, he found that inadvertently he had blundered across the outer edges of the battlefield. He escaped unharmed, but also stumbled on something new. Rifling the bodies of the dead, he came up with spare rations, abandoned weapons. Now he had a gun with which to hunt.

One day, foraging on a deserted stretch of battlefield, he spied another boy of about sixteen. Warily they approached each other.

"Who are you?" asked the older boy. "Where are you from?"

"My name is Dmitri Posnanski," Dmitri said after a moment's hesitation. "I'm from Murmansk."

"You're a long way from home."

"I have no home. It was destroyed in the raids."

"Your family?"

"My mother was killed in the raid, and my father by the Germans. He was a partisan in the Lake Ladoga area."

The older boy nodded. "My name is Grischa," he said. "Grischa Kyrillov. My parents are dead too. I live in one of the bombed-out houses in the city."

"I live in a cave outside the city now," Dmitri said.

"Shall we go back to your cave and eat together and talk?"

"Agreed," Dmitri said.

"Come on then." Grischa picked up a burlap sack from the snow, and Dmitri led the way. At the cave, Grischa emptied the contents of his burlap bag upon the ground. There were a Luger, some German and Finnish medals, uniform pins, buttons and insignia.

"What do you want that junk for?"

"I trade it," Grischa said.

"Trade it?"

"Yes. To sailors. For food, or cigarettes, or things like that. The food I keep and use, and the cigarettes I trade to Russians for food."

"You can find enough to eat in the woods or on the battlefield without trade."

"I must stay in the city. I have my little brother there. He will not leave our bombed-out house, so I cannot stay away too long. If anything happened to me, I don't know what would become of him."

"I see."

"You know, if you would gather things like this for me"—Grischa held up an Iron Cross—"I would trade them for you and give you part of what I get for them."

Twice each week thereafter Dmitri went into Murmansk. He met Gregori, Grischa's younger brother. Gregori scarcely ever spoke. Mostly he sat inert. He ate automatically what was placed before him. He had no control over nature's call and wet himself constantly.

One day Gregori spoke to Dmitri. "My father and mother are dead," he said.

"My father and mother are dead too."

Gregori started to cry. He was still crying when Grischa returned.

"What did you do to him?" Grischa demanded furiously of Dmitri.

"He spoke today. He told me his father and mother were dead."

All the anger went out of Grischa. He went over and held his brother.

Between them they brought Gregori out of himself, until he too was able to join them in trading on the docks. It soon became apparent that Dmitri had an innate flair for conducting the trades they made. In the bombed-out house they hoarded the profits of their trades, and the food that would keep.

More and more of the city's children had begun to engage in trading with the men from the ships. And one day calamity struck. The whole dock area was ringed with a net of soldiers, and every youngster caught in the web was taken in.

Dmitri was almost eleven on the day he and the others were caught in the net of Russian authority. It was his first meeting with Deputy Fedor Arnoldov, who examined the boys one by one. Most were Dmitri's age or younger, but Grischa and one other boy were considerably older.

"You two," Arnoldov said, indicating Grischa and the other older boy, "step over there." He turned to the sergeant. "When is the next evacuation of children scheduled for?"

"It hasn't even been arranged. Not for six weeks or more," he said.

Arnoldov swore. "What am I to do with them until then? I have more hooligans in my care now than we have facilities for." He studied the boys. "If I set you free, will you stop this illegal activity?" he demanded.

They all nodded agreement.

"All right," he said.

One of the boys started for the table to reclaim his possessions.

"Leave that," Arnoldov said curtly. "It is all confiscated." He went over to the table, picked up a package of cigarettes, opened it and lighted one. He inhaled deeply. "You can all go," he said, "except you two." He indicated Grischa and the other older boy.

"What will you do with us?" Grischa asked.

"You know both of you should have registered. You are old enough for service. Why didn't you register?"

"I had to take care of my brother." Grischa indicated Gregori.

"Oh, the sniveler. Well, we have better things in store for you than playing nursemaid."

Gregori ran to his brother and clung tightly to him. Dmitri ran to Grischa also.

"Would the two of you like me to hold you along with him?" Arnoldov demanded sharply of the two younger boys.

"No. No," Grischa said quickly. "Dmitri, I leave Gregori in your care. Look after him."

"I will do my best," Dmitri promised.

The sergeant carried the struggling, weeping Gregori outside, and the last thing Dmitri noticed was Arnoldov lighting a second cigarette from the pack on the table, inhaling the smoke from it with evident relish.

Dmitri decided to take their small hoard from the ruined house in town and return to the cave in the hills. He had a difficult time with Gregori. The boy was inconsolable. For a time Dmitri thought that he might relapse. To counteract such a possibility, Dmitri immediately forced the boy to carry his share of the hoard to the cave. This served to keep his thoughts occupied.

During the days which followed Dmitri did not venture back into the city. He foraged as before in the woods and on the battlefield. Gregori became reconciled to his lot, and Dmitri kept him busy. Finally he and Gregori made a surreptitious trip into Murmansk. They found trading resumed.

"Hasn't the deputy bothered you?" Dmitri asked one of the boys.

"He catches us from time to time and confiscates whatever goods we have on us. But as long as we are not old enough for service, he always releases us."

A recollection of Arnoldov smoking the confiscated cigarettes rose before Dmitri. Suddenly the whole situation was clear to him. One does not cut off one's sources of supply, he realized.

In the days that followed, Dmitri formed cadres among the youngsters of the city, as well as a small group immediately surrounding him. The members of his personal group gave him no trouble, for they came from among those children in Murmansk who were the most disorganized psychologically and least able to fend for themselves. They responded to his will because they had no will of their own. Dmitri did not capitalize on this situation in order to inflate his own ego. He utilized it only to make all of them more dependent on one another, and a more cohesive unit.

He had one test of power. It came not from his own group but from one of the leaders of the groups in town, over which he exerted a less rigorous control. Fortunately, this test came just after Dmitri had completed an arrangement of live-and-let-live payoffs and tribute to Arnoldov.

"I don't have to pay any attention to you," said the young man leading his band in defiance of Dmitri.

"I am the only one who was not picked up the last time the deputy made a complete sweep," Dmitri said. "I was the only one who outthought him."

"One time. Maybe next time it will be my turn to outthink him."

"Your turn will never come," Dmitri said. He left then, established contact with Arnoldov, and threatened to cut back on the payoffs if the boy in revolt was not taken in. The next day the boy was rounded up. When his band came to Dmitri to see if something could be done about obtaining his release, Dmitri said, "Let him outthink the deputy, as he boasted he would."



"Am I being punished for something?"

Dmitri had little trouble after that. He di not use power ruthlessly; he used it sparingl but decisively.

About that time Arnoldov conveyed Dmitri the news that Grischa had been kille defending Leningrad. But by this time Gregor as well as the others, had long since becom Dmitri's personal responsibility. The death Grischa merely put a seal on it.

He was twelve years old. Now, at the hea of the straggly line leaving the battlefiel Dmitri gave a fleeting look back to Gregor moving purposefully along, three boys behin him. It was seldom any more that the past i truded at all.

It took Dmitri and his band several hou after leaving the battlefield to reach the rock stretch of high ground, pockmarked by cave which was their destination. But they were hardy lot, used to physical exertion, accu tomed to bitter cold.

With Dmitri still in the lead, the others e tered the cavern and lighted several torch set into the walls. "Good," Dmitri said. E eryone dropped his sack and six of the bo flopped down wearily. Dmitri turned to Mi hail. "Tell Gregori he can come in too. W won't need a lookout."

"Why not?"

"Deputy Arnoldov won't have us on h mind just now. Not if what you saw was tru Mikhail. Arnoldov will have more importa problems."

"What did Mikhail see?" another boy aske

"The American ships are coming in," Dmit said. "I don't think we have to worry a longer about Deputy Arnoldov raiding us

"Why not?" asked Yuri, a slight, active bo of ten. "He would give anything to round up."

"Not if he can't get the cache," Dmitri r plied. "Every time he picks up one or two you, he knows the rest of us move the cach He's wasted enough time in these hills alread trying to locate it—now he will have too ma other things on his mind. Besides, we're t valuable running free. He only wanted to gr off his share. He hardly got enough cigarettes satisfy himself and his superiors. Now t ships are coming again, and we'll be able satisfy his needs. He has to have us to get wh he wants.

"There is something else I want all of yo to understand," Dmitri continued. "If t ships are coming again, it means that the A lies are growing stronger. And as the war i proves, the authorities in Moscow are goi to try and take us in hand. We have done ve well so far, but now we must build up o stores of money."

"What good is money? We have a box fu and nothing to buy with it."

"I'm not speaking of Russian money. mean American money. Or British pound What chance do we have if we stay here? If t authorities catch us, they will send us to o of their reconstruction schools. We have no f ture; the authorities will always be suspicio of us. If we want to look to the future, there only one thing to do. When the time come and the war starts to go against the Nazis, v must get away from here. We must start we A group of schoolboys like us could g through the lines; we could even get out Russia!"

"Leave Russia?" Ivan said incredulous

"Why not?" Dmitri demanded.

"But—but—who would take us in?"

"Who takes us in here? No one. We a alone and we must rely on ourselves to su vive. Otherwise, there is only one end for u the government reconstruction schools. Is th what you want?"

"But to leave Russia ——"

Dmitri studied them. "It is just a thought he said reassuringly. "Just something for us think about if there is no other way."

They all seemed to relax at that.

"Alexei," he said, "did you get the vodka

"Yes."

"Good. I will take it now. All of you st here and eat," Dmitri instructed them. "Lat go to the top of the hill and check the ships f me. I must go and see Grant Hollis."

"I will start the fire and we will roast t potatoes," Vladimir said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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# NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"Yes. And open some of the tins," Dmitri told him. "Now that the ships are coming, we can begin eating better."

He considered the coming interview with Hollis, the American. The simple and perplexing fact was that Grant Hollis disconcerted Dmitri. The American had such detachment about possessions, contrary to everything Dmitri had ever been led to believe about Americans. Dmitri, reared on slogans, was only now learning that people did not necessarily conform to government edict.

His encounters with Arnoldov had been equally disillusioning, for in behavior Arnoldov was anything but the rigidly tailored picture of Russian officialdom that the government liked to promote. Indeed, he, like Dmitri, was addicted to piling up assets—not only government assets, but personal ones as well.

Their most recent encounter had been the most formidable. Systematically Arnoldov had picked up Dmitri's followers one by one, so that each time their cache of stores had to be moved by the boys that remained. In the end, all had been taken except Dmitri, who had shifted the stores himself, singlehanded, to the cave they now occupied. Then there ensued several weeks of frenetic hide-and-seek. Dmitri never came near the cave where the cache was located. Finally the deputy had released Vladimir, the smallest of Dmitri's band, to seek Dmitri out and arrange a truce. Out of desire for cigarettes, coffee, sugar, Arnoldov was prepared to parley.

They met alone, in the hills.

"You know that one day I shall have to pull you in," Arnoldov said.

"You wouldn't try and help me, for a consideration?" Dmitri demanded. "We have already done a lot of business together."

"One always weighs a proposition, of course," Arnoldov conceded, "but fundamentally, Dmitri, there is not a chance at all when a matter of serious government policy is involved. For the moment what difference does it make if I allow you to run free in exchange for a few of the comforts of life—soap, cigarettes, coffee, extra rubles? Right now, the war itself is everything. But you must know yourself, Dmitri, that when the war starts to peter out, I must resume my role as a strict party functionary."

"You know I am clever, deputy. You've said so yourself. Why not help me? I could be useful to our country."

"No. You could never be thoroughly reconstructed. In any case, on your record will be the mark of unreliability. It's too bad. Eventually, you know, I will pick you up."

"You may pick the others up, as you have done, but not me."

"You cannot live in a cave for the rest of your life. And if I get the others, you know they will be used as a club to get you. You are a leader. You would not desert them."

"We have a pact. Anyone picked up is on his own."

"You'd permit them to undergo a painful experience to preserve your own freedom?"

"How would I help them by giving myself up?"

"It might help a great deal. Then we would bundle all of you off to a reconstruction school together, and straighten out your thinking."

"I wouldn't give myself up."

"I wonder. In any case, let us talk of more important things—the reason, indeed, for this meeting. You know that I became difficult only because the boys we pick up for our weekly confiscations seem short of their quotas these days."

"Yes. There have been no ships for a long time now."

"Come now. You have plenty in your cache."

"That may have to last a long time."

"I could raid your cache and take it all."

Dmitri grinned. "If you could find it."

"You want to see me make an all-out effort?" Arnoldov demanded sharply.

Dmitri backed off quickly. "I'll try to see that you get an increase this week. And from now on, if you release the boys."

"Good. By the way, I have another interesting piece of news for you. Moscow is going to send someone up here to try to coax you wild little devils back into line. A woman. You had better be on your guard."

"She will get nowhere with us. No woman will ever take me in."

That same day Katya Markova reported to Arnoldov. Katya was a schoolteacher, and had been reassigned, she understood, as a form of punishment for recent events that had placed her in a bad light. Until her marriage she had never had difficulties with the authorities. Then she met Rodion, and slowly everything changed. Now, standing here, almost in exile before the post-office building in Murmansk, she knew that she had to go on, and let the past remain the dead issue that it was.

Fedor Arnoldov was cordiality itself. "Ah, Katya Markova," he cried. "Delighted. Delighted. So you have come to us at last. Please be seated, my dear Comrade Katya. How do you like our barbaric city?"

"I haven't seen much of it."

"Well, there is little to see. Still, I might add, my dear, that had the war not come, both of us might have expected to find a much nicer situation here."

Katya wondered at the allusion. Did it mean that Arnoldov, in linking her with himself, was also doing penance in Murmansk? But this need not necessarily be so. Murmansk was not a dumping ground for people who got into trouble. It was Russia's most vital link in the supply line through which the Allies sent her material, and some of the most competent people in the war effort were stationed in the city.

"I understand that the school system here is somewhat disorganized," she said quietly.

"Disorganized! My dear Katya, you put it mildly. It is almost nonexistent."

Katya's brows knit in a frown. "I was informed that now an effort is to be made to restore order and start again."

Arnoldov laughed, a heavy, hearty laugh. "Ah, Moscow," he said. "How little they understand our problems. Most of the children here are dominated by a band of youngsters who haven't homes and run wild. Getting such hooligans to go back to school is impossible at this time. Meanwhile, I have other duties for you."

"But my instructions were to begin work immediately with these children. They must be brought under control, and processed for re-education as soon as possible."

"Easier said than done. The key youngsters live in the hills. They are a cunning group, and they have led us the devil of a chase. No, for the time being they must be ignored."

He took out a package of American cigarettes and lighted one, puffing luxuriously.

"Do you mean, then, that the children are to be abandoned?" Katya demanded.

He looked at her fixedly. "You don't wish to co-operate with me, Katya Markova?"

Katya knew she was on dangerous ground. "It's not that," she said hesitantly.

Arnoldov shuffled some papers on his desk. "I see from my reports that you have a record of opposing authority," he said softly.

Katya went pale. "I wish to be of as much service to you as I can," she responded, "only I was put on test by Moscow to prove myself with the children here in Murmansk."

"What assistance do you want of me?"

"You say there is one group of youngsters who are responsible for the behavior of all the children?"

"That is correct."

"How many children are in this group?"

"It's hard to say. In the hard core, I think about eight. But they exert influence on many other groups."

"But there must be one guiding spirit."

"Yes. A boy named Dmitri."

"Then we must catch him."

"Easier said than done. Dmitri is wise, and he is elusive. To pick up a lesser boy in his group would mean nothing. He is a good boy really, but he has his head now and his independence. And I have duties to the war and cannot spend all my time planning a campaign against children. My feeling is that it does not matter if they remain unsupervised for a few more months. Once the war goes wholly our way, bringing these children back in line will




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no problem. But now the convoys are being sumed. Tomorrow, the first of what proms to be a continuous succession of convoys ll arrive. From then on, I am sure the Gerans will resume their bombing attacks on the rt of Murmansk. This is a crucial period. o you think I can allow even one soldier to used to round up hooligans and get them ck to school?"

"What is it you want me to do, then?"

"At the moment I am in serious need of inpreters. I see by your dossier that you have d training in English. When necessary, I nt you to assist my people in Immigration board ships when they arrive at the dock, til the entry formalities are concluded."

"That will not take so much time."

"And in the evenings I would like you to be charge of the restaurant facilities at the Inurist Hotel."

"I see. This is an order?"

"Let us say a request. But I won't take no an answer."

Katya opened her mouth to retort, but what s there to say?

Grant Hollis came out of the longhouse in ich the survivors were quartered. For the t time his long, involuntary incarceration, hout benefit of jailers, was beginning to tate him. He wished he were free of the ole deadening impasse of waiting. Even en the convoys resumed their schedules, ant was dubious about his chances of rening home aboard the first ships to arrive. s rank might help; he was a chief officer, h a master's papers.




*I wish I had a drink,* he thought, sitting on a mp, while the light, fine, sifting snow drifted vn and continued to cloak the land.

t was here that Dmitri discovered him. eirs was a peculiar relationship, formed by ombination of chance and Dmitri's intuibusiness acumen. In the spring Dmitri had ne upon Grant sitting on this selfsame mp, whittling away at one of his miniature ires. By this time Dmitri had already acred a rudimentary knowledge of English, ained in trading with sailors.

"Hello," Grant had said at their first meeti. "Do you understand English?"

"A little," Dmitri said. "A little. But I uld like to speak more."

"You seem to be doing all right," Grant d. "Do you live near here?"

Dmitri was wary. "Yes," he said, "in town."

They were silent.

"What is it you make?" Dmitri demanded lly.

"This?" Grant held up the figure he had ved. It was a replica of an old Russian, in ded jacket. "Want to look at it?"

Dmitri accepted it and examined it. "It ks very much like a Russian peasant."

"Would you like to have it?"

"No. I cannot take it. You have worked to ke it."

"I've got dozens of them. I carve them all time."

A glimmer of an idea caught and held itri. "You have many?" he asked.

"If I'm stuck in Murmansk as long as it ks like I'm going to be stuck here, I'll have ugh to build a bonfire by the time I leave."

Dmitri handed the carving back. "I must go ," he said. He had an idea, and when he an idea he liked to go off alone and exe it, to turn it over and over in his mind.

The following day he returned and sought nt out. Grant was not at the longhouse.

"He's gone to the International Club to get two-drink vodka ration," another survivor rmed the boy.

Dmitri waited. It was two more hours beGrant finally appeared.

"Hello," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"You went for vodka. You like vodka?"

"It helps me pass the time."

"I can get you vodka."

"Uh-huh. Well, what's the price? You know I'm a survivor, and haven't much to trade with."

"The other survivors, no. But you, yes. You have the little figures you carve."

"But I offered you one yesterday and you wouldn't take it."

"I do not take things without giving something in return. To take without that understanding gives you an advantage over me."

"I see. Well, I haven't thought of making figures to sell. If you want them you can have them for nothing."

"No. But I will exchange vodka for them. To take them for nothing would give you an advantage over me."

"Very well. What exchange shall we agree upon?"

"You will give me fifteen carvings for this bottle of good vodka," Dmitri proposed, producing a small flask that he had acquired on his way to meet Grant. "And I want you to make more of them for me. I will trade you more vodka for them."

Grant looked at the small, serious-faced youngster. He laughed. "Do you know what you're saying? You're really offering me a job working for you. You're employing me."

Dmitri thought this over silently. "Yes," he said. "But it is not a bad thing, is it?"

"I thought only the government was allowed to hire workers in Russia," Grant gibed.

"You won't agree to exchange then? You won't do it?"

"Sure I will. Why not? I'm an American. I believe in free enterprise."

"What is that? What you just said?"

Still laughing, Grant tried to explain free enterprise to Dmitri. The boy nodded. Grant could see him squirreling away the explanation, a precocious look in his dark-blue eyes.

As the spring and summer months passed, Dimitri and Grant continued to trade. They grew to understand each other, and a certain amount of intimacy developed.

As the days passed and the boy's English improved under Grant's tutelage, their talks became more and more wide-ranging, and Grant could not help being impressed by how much Dmitri was able to retain of what passed between them.

For his part, Grant indeed had presented Dmitri with his first paradox: a man who could have ready access to most of the material things in life, yet was genuinely indifferent to them.

When the first German raid in many months hit the city of Murmansk, Dmitri was a long way from the dock area and a long way from the cave. Head down, he raced along the street, keeping under cover, and then across the open ground until he found an opening in the rubble. Then, as swift as a ferret, he forced his way inside. It was snug. It was reasonably safe.

He lay thus, speculating on the size and seriousness of the raid, watching the first pencil-thin searchlight fingers poking their way heavenward. Huddled into the earth, peering out, he saw a bomb strike an apartment building down the street. The concussion sent a cloud of powdery dust into his eyes, almost blinding him, and then the two concrete slabs over him ground together, groaning, shredding bits of cement, but holding sturdily.

Then Dmitri, with the instinct of a groundhog, knew that the time was right to emerge. The sounds of battle had ended. He had almost passed the street when a sound like the whimper of an animal arrested him. It came from the ruins of what had been one of the remaining concrete houses. Dmitri circled the ruins warily. He could hear whimpers quite clearly now. They were coming from under a section of wreckage.

Dmitri looked about for something with which to dig and found a battered piece of metal that he could use as a scoop. He tackled the rubble before him industriously. A hole appeared, the size of a barrel. He stuck his head through and shouted, "Who's there?"

The weeping did not abate, but the hysteria seemed to lessen.

"Can you answer me?" he called, reluctant to enter for fear that some of the shaky debris might cave in and trap him as well as whoever



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was inside. "Can't you speak? I can't do anything to help if you don't answer."

A female voice, barely overriding tears, gasped, "I am here, with my father and mother, and my brother Garnov."

"All right," Dmitri said, "don't move. I'm coming through."

There was ample space for him to enter through the opening; but as he passed inside, debris under his feet gave way and he went plunging down into the darkness.

The girl screamed. Dmitri had no idea of what he was falling into but, relieved if shaken, he staggered to his feet. "I'm all right," he said. "Don't get excited." The girl had broken into a violent fit of weeping.

Dmitri rummaged in his pocket and found a packet of matches. He found himself in a kind of cellar, gazing into the terrified eyes of a girl of twelve who was huddled directly before him, her clothes covered with dirt and grime. Not far from them most of the cellar roof had come down, leaving them in a small, hollowed-out section that still appeared to be relatively intact. The match burned down rapidly and Dmitri hastily lighted another from the first, but not before he saw something that made him keep his head rigidly facing the girl, so that he held her attention fixed on himself.

"Are you injured?" he asked.

"I don't know. There's all this stuff on my legs."

"Nothing heavy. Dig it away with your hands and see if you have anything broken."

Now that someone was beside her, instructing her, some of her fear seemed to be leaving her. But as he lighted another match, she looked behind her and screamed.

"No," Dmitri ordered quickly, "turn around. Don't look."

But she was beyond cautioning.

Her eyes were fixed on a man's booted legs, all that protruded from beneath a massive fall of debris. Then her glance shifted to the body of a woman, a boulder the size of a fist embedded in her skull. Lastly, she stared at the crumpled figure of a boy, distorted and broken under a concrete fall.

Suddenly she scrambled to her feet, inertia gone, and began to claw her way toward the remains of her family. There was a rumble of sound, a cascade of dust. A huge section of debris came sliding down and completely covered the body of her brother.

Dmitri grabbed her. "Don't," he cried. "You'll bring the whole place down on us."

She struggled in his grip. In trying to hold her he had to drop the match, and they were in the dark. Fiercely she fought to free herself. "Mamma, papa," she screamed.

Dmitri drew back his hand and slapped her hard as he could. She stopped struggling momentarily, then began again, and once more he slapped her, while all about them bits of stone and plaster, dust and dirt continued to fall. This time she subsided limply.

"Climb out," he ordered, his voice emphatic with authority.

"But my mother, my ——"

"Climb out," he ordered again, and he thrust her forward.

On hands and knees she scrambled forward, up the sloping rubble to the opening. He followed her. Outside she collapsed on the ground, weeping quietly.

"Let's get away from here," he said. "These ruins don't look any too safe to me."

He pulled her to her feet, forced her to walk. "Come," he said.

She did not ask where. She did not speak at all. She followed him.)

Katya had no way of knowing whether the events of her first evening on duty at the Intourist Hotel restaurant were to become routine or not. At the start she found her job reasonably interesting. There was much to occupy her, records to keep, decisions to render. But as the evening wore on, the men who arrived grew rougher, their behavior less disciplined, and even their jocularity and generosity disquieting. Once the men discovered her role as supreme arbiter, they proceeded by various stratagems to try to get her to increase their liquor rations. They offered her soap, nylons, meat, coffee, cigarettes, rubles, even rolls of toilet paper. One old sea captain, uninterested in extra vodka, but rather in receiving personal favors from her, offered her a hundred pounds of butter if she would go to bed with him. The incongruity of the proposition made her laugh aloud.

Facing her directly was Mr. Kennedy, the chief officer of the *Star of Evening*, and beside him at his table was the man with the beard whom he had come in with. Katya realized that both men had heard every word that had passed between herself and the old captain. She flushed furiously, both embarrassed and irritated, and at the same time could scarcely keep from responding to Mr. Kennedy's wide grin. The bearded man was an even more galling observer, for he was looking at her speculatively, yet sympathetically.

The bearded man rose and approached Katya. "You're new here in Murmansk, aren't you?" he asked.

She found his overture unaccountably disturbing. "How do you know?" she retorted shortly.

"I'm by way of being one of the older inhabitants of Murmansk. I've been here more than a year. I've been coming to the Intourist all that time, but I've never seen you here before."

"I arrived only recently."

"That explains it. My name is Grant Hollis. I just wanted to say that you shouldn't take

## THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

By MARION LINEAWEAVER

Out of the sand in March
The raw cold rushes,
Heaping the surface like silk.
The fleetest, lightest web
Of a bird's claw crushes
Into it with a skitter
Of crinkling starch.
The wind is milk,
So perfectly fresh, cool,
Smooth on the tongue,
And the spring mist violet,
Incredibly young.

what some of our boys say too seriously. Some of them have been at sea a long time, and where a pretty woman is concerned you can't blame them for trying."

"You Americans have something to learn. The slave markets were in Africa, and in your own Deep South. We don't trade people here for a hundred pounds of butter."

He nodded. "I'll tell that to some of those political prisoners I see around town," he said.

His words pierced her like a barb. She had resented the sympathy he had expressed in his glance moments before, but now, suddenly, coming from him, the allusion to political prisoners brought Rodion's death home to her. For the first time since Arnoldov had given her the news, she was truly conscious that Rodion was dead, why he was dead, and where he was dead. A sudden assault of pain shook her, and tears flooded her eyes.

"Go away," she said. She felt desolate. She was here, in a city on the edge of the world, and Rodion was dead, and her own status under a cloud and the job she wanted to do with the children was being frustrated, and instead she saw before her a vista of nights of endless duty in the Intourist restaurant, where people came and swilled vodka, and were abusive and suggestive. It was a depressing prospect indeed.)

"I'm sorry," Grant Hollis said, and he left and resumed his seat beside Kennedy.

At a quarter to nine, machine-gun-armed guards suddenly appeared. "Raid," they shouted in Russian. "Air raid. Everyone down to the basement."

Going down the wide hotel steps, Katya found herself trailing Grant and Ray Kennedy.

"How long do these raids last?" Ray asked.

"Too long," Grant said. "I've seen ther last all night, and all the next day, and th next night. If we had a few fighter planes would make a difference."

"There are fighter planes on some of th ships at anchorage in the Kola," Ray sai "P-thirty-eights."

"Did they unload any of them today?"

"No. The only ships they brought to th docks were those that were damaged. The didn't want to lose them."

"They bloody well might lose these othe carrying the P-thirty-eights, keeping them o there in open water. That would be eve worse."

Katya could not conceal her shock at th seeming lack of discipline, this criticism their own leaders, among these men fro outside Russia; and this shock was intensifie by her now painful awareness of Rodion death. What, she could not help wonderin would Rodion have thought of these ou landers from the capitalist world? And ho pitiably feeble had been Rodion's revolt, wi what tragic eventualities, in comparison wi the monumental heresies she heard mouthe incessantly all evening by the strangers wh came to Murmansk by sea.

"Why don't you sit over here with us? Ray invited Katya.

"No, thank you."

"We may be down in this cellar for hours Grant said. "No one is going to annoy you, offer you a hundred pounds of butter shower your affection on them."

Ray grinned, and she began to feel foolis So she nodded, and they made room so th she could sit between them on Ray's coat.

Katya began to feel quite cozy. Ray had h head back against the thick sheep fur Grant's coat, and his eyes were closed. H was already asleep.

"How can he go to sleep so quickly?" s asked Grant, nodding toward Ray.

"As chief officer on a voyage like the o he's just been through, I doubt if he's ha more than a couple of hours' sleep at any o time for days," Grant said.

"You were in a previous convoy?"

"It was quite a while back. More than year ago. My ship was sunk."

"You've been here ever since?"

"Yes."

"It is not easy here," she said. "I was teacher, and now I run a restaurant f drunken sailors."

"Well, why do it? They must be usi teachers in some parts of Russia."

"It is the war," she said, knowing that wasn't only the war. She resented having react defensively to an inquiry that open up wounds of self-questioning. Grant, for h part, had no idea of the painful recollectio he was causing her. "Actually," she said, was sent to Murmansk to work with the ch dren, to set up classes for those who have be orphaned. Many of the children cannot ev be accounted for. It is not an easy situation

Suddenly the noise of battle was all arou them. Ray, sleeping imperviously through all, was jarred slightly as someone moved u easily on the other side of him, and his hea fell onto Katya's shoulder.

"I'll push him away," Grant said.

But the head resting on her shoulder w reassuring to Katya. "It's all right," she sai

"Maybe I ought to go to sleep myself Grant said. "The end result looks migh comfortable."

She smiled.

They sat in silence then, and all arou them there was a stillness in the cellar wh beyond there was only the sound of wa

Dmitri came to the top of the rise just day inched its way into the sky. He paus and turned to the girl who was climbing t slope behind him. She was no longer weepin but merely trudged after him, head be stoical eyes downcast.

"Listen," he said, "I cannot take you o of the cold until I talk with you. I cann risk taking a chance on you if I can't be su about you. Are you hungry?"

She nodded slowly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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for particular women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"Well, we cannot eat either until we have had our talk. Will you speak or shall I let you go, to find your way to the authorities so that you can be placed in their care?"

"There is nothing to go to the authorities about. I will come with you."

She said it in a dead, flat voice. He knew that at the moment she was numb with grief and fatigue, that she did not care. But he had to decide whether, when all these emotions wore off, she would be safe for them.

"We are all boys," he said. "There are no girls among us."

"I have no one else to go to," she said.

He saw that she recognized him as someone tied to her. "I will take you to where the others are. You are one of us now," he said.

The first few days she remained apathetic, inconsolable. It was on the third day that little Vladimir did not return in time to cook. He had gone down to the dock area and had been caught in a raid and was unable to return to the cave. Nadya sat at her usual place in a corner, out of the way.

"Who is going to prepare the food?" Mikhail demanded.

There was a discussion about whose seniority exceeded whose. Dmitri listened impassively. Then he rose and walked over to Nadya.

"You can cook?" he asked.

She lifted her head. "Yes."

He pulled her to her feet and urged her over to the dented stove. "Cook," he said.

She stood unmoving for a long time. Then irresolutely she moved among the supplies. She touched a potato. She examined a cabbage. She slowly began to sort the canned goods, studying what the cans contained from the pictures on the labels, for the writing on them was in an alien tongue. She never said a word. But she began to prepare the meal. She was hesitant at first, her movements were awkward. But Dmitri, unobtrusively watching as she progressed with her task, was satisfied.

When the food was ready she brought servings to each person where he was seated or stood about the cave.

"This is very good, Nadya," said Mikhail, wolfing it down.

"You have done very well, Nadya," Gregori said.

She barely acknowledged their words, but she looked quickly at Dmitri, just once. He nodded his head approvingly, and she quickly turned away. She took food for herself, and sat alone and ate.

A day or so later, as Dmitri was leaving the cave, surprisingly Nadya came to him. "The food could be much better," she said, "if I could have some spices to season with."

"You will have them."

Dmitri returned that night with the spices. The sight of them produced the first spontaneous reaction of interest that she had displayed since Dmitri had brought her to the cave. Many of the herbs were items that even in the best of times were all but unavailable among her class in Russia. She pinched and smelled everything.

The following day Dmitri took her outside the cave to the site where he had found her, where her family still lay entombed.

"If you like, I will see that someone lets the authorities know about the bodies."

She made a negative reply by slowly moving her head. "No," she said, "let them be. It does not matter now. Come, Dmitri, I want to go home."

Home. The word struck him oddly. She meant, of course, the cave. It was the first time that Dmitri had ever considered their community hideout in this sense. Usually one said, "Let's get back to the cache," rarely ever even "to the cave."

"Yes," he said, "we will go home."

Vladimir was the fifth boy she had approached in as many days, and Katya hoped that this one, because he was manifestly young, would be more pliable.

"My name is Katya Markova," she said, smiling. "I am a schoolteacher. Where do you go to school?"

"There is no school," said Vladimir, already anxious to end the conversation.

"Would you like to go to school? To start again?" she asked.

"What for?"

"You don't want to grow up uneducated, do you? Wouldn't you like to amount to something?"

The boy scarcely listened. His eyes were on the dock road, which was empty. Suddenly he turned back to her. "Would you like to buy some soap and cigarettes?"

"I do not smoke."

"You bathe, don't you?" he demanded with an impish laugh.

She laughed too. "Yes," she said, "but soap is supplied to me at the Intourist Hotel, where I live."

"You live at the Intourist?" He was suddenly cautious.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Why do you trouble with us," he countered, "if you have everything you need? We simply buy and sell a few things in order to live."

"I know. I understand your problem. But the war will end someday. Then you will all be gathered up anyway and sent back to your books."

"What you mean is that we will be sent for re-education, isn't that right?"

"Well, you need both. Isn't it wiser to prepare now for your future rather than wait until you are forced?"

"Would you like to buy a carving?" he demanded, switching the subject. He held the wooden figure of a Russian soldier out toward her.

She was satisfactorily distracted. "Why, that's very nice," she said. "May I hold it?"

"It is a thousand rubles," he said.

**We must learn to live together as brothers or we will perish together like fools.**

**MARTIN LUTHER KING**

Reluctantly she returned the carving to the boy. "I would like to buy this figure, but I do not have the money with me. Could I meet you tomorrow and buy it from you?"

"I don't know if I will have the same one tomorrow. I may sell it today. But we have all sorts of figures. Come down around the dock area in the morning. I will find you."

The following day, in the early morning, she was back at the dock area. Vladimir was nowhere to be seen. The previous night the raids had been particularly bad and Katya wondered who took charge of these youngsters and saw to their safety. She knew that Dmitri was their leader, but it was inconceivable to her, in the light of the havoc wrought by the bombings, that a boy so young had the experience and judgment necessary to protect those around him.

Vladimir stepped out in front of her unexpectedly, from behind a tree. "Good day."

"I thought you would not keep our appointment," she said. "I have been here for more than half an hour, looking for you."

"I had to be sure that you were alone. That it was not a trick of the authorities to pick me up."

"You don't trust me? Believe me, I only want what is good for you."

"Perhaps we have different ideas about that," he said with a sly smile. "And it is not my turn to be taken in and searched. I paid my share last week."

"What does that mean?"

He realized that she had no idea about the arrangements with Arnoldov. "It is nothing," he said. "Did you bring the thousand rubles?"

"Yes." She brought out the money.

He took it, counted it and thrust it inside his padded jacket. He looked up at her. "You don't know how to trade, do you?" he asked. "I could have taken your thousand rubles and run away and given you nothing."

"I see. Well, what should I have done?"

"You should have made me hold out the carving with one hand while you counted out the rubles in my other hand."

"I see. Yes, I do not understand trading."

"And *you* want to teach *me*," he said contemptuously, handing over the carving.

She examined the carving. Crude th it was, she recognized the bundled broom and the bent back of one of th women who swept the front of the post o She held it in her hand, experiencing a pe emotion.

This carving belonged to her. It was denly something intimate and pers neither practical nor educational. It w thing outside of anything she had ever o before. One could not feel thus about clo about food, about lodgings and furnish These were allocated proportionately b state, depending on one's utility. But carving belonged to her.

"Did you mention to Dmitri that you me yesterday?" she asked the boy.

"I told you I don't know any Dmitri."

"Please. I mean no harm. You must told him. You must have discussed wha talked of yesterday with him."

A shadow crossed his face, swift, fle but unmistakable. Vladimir had indeed ta to Dmitri about her.

"And what do you think, Vladim Dmitri had asked.

"I don't know. Can it be, Dmitri, tha truly wishes to help us?"

"Do you think her sincere?"

"It is strange, but I do."

Now, facing Katya and thinking of the cussion at the cave about her, Vladimir "Can I ask you something?"

"Anything," she said, "and without f

"Are you really sincere in what you you want to do for us?"

"I am sincere. I only want to help y

"Then you can help by trying not to a meeting with Dmitri. When the time co and it is right, he will see you."

He disappeared, leaving her standing i road, holding the small figure in her han

Grant Hollis had spent the afternoon o at the docks aboard the *Star of Evening,* ing with his old shipmate, Ray Kenned was the last day that the ship was to re at its berth. Tomorrow, partially discha with temporary repairs of the gaping ho its side effected, it was to move back ou the anchorage.

"How long will you be out at anch Grant asked.

"I don't know. We'll have to come into the berth again later and finish charging, then make more adequate re before sailing for home. Heard anything a repatriation orders yet, Grant?"

"Nothing."

"I asked the naval attaché if he cou arrange for you to go home with us."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd see what he could do not to count on it."

After leaving the ship, on his way to Intourist Hotel, he thought about Katya fact was that after a rather promising b ning, his relationship with her had d iorated precipitately. That first night, du the raid, their last quiet exchanges befor had dozed off had seemed altogether nat as if suddenly she and he were meeting common level. But with the arrival of mo there had been a change; she withdrew her earlier reserve.

With all this churning in his mind, h tered the hotel restaurant. Then, crossin room, he stopped in midstride. His eye mained riveted on her table. On her desk s a carving. A carving of a Russian pe woman.

Grant's first instinct on seeing his ca was to ask Katya how she had acquir But after an almost spontaneous move i direction, he sat down instead, ordered v and tea, and deferred his approach to until she might be a little freer to talk.

The raids had produced a decided ch in the routine of the hotel customers. W a week earlier, on the night the raids had resumed, people had been dilatory about ing the restaurant, six nights of brutal cessant attack had by now conditioned the drunks to a very real awareness o danger of being caught unprotected. As

CONTINUED ON PAG



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

as word was passed that a raid was on its way, the room emptied.

Grant hung back until all the other guests had left, and then approached Katya.

"There is a raid," she said curtly. "You had better go to the cellar."

"I know. I wanted to ask you something."

"Yes?" She looked at him guardedly.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, picking up the carving.

"Why should you be curious?"

"Because I carved it."

"I don't believe you."

He fumbled in the pocket of his fur-lined jacket, drew out a half-finished carving and his sailor's clasp knife. Slowly, under her gaze, he began to finish whittling out the figure of a ragged Russian boy.

She watched with a bewildering mixture of emotion. In a way she experienced a sense of physical violation. It was as if his long, tensile fingers, pressing the knife against the wood, were working on her own body.

"Where did you get it?" Grant asked.

"I bought it. This morning."

"You didn't have to do that. I'd have been happy to carve one for you, or several, for that matter, and for nothing."

He had no realization of the connotation his words invoked in her. For to her it seemed that now her carving was being placed in the same category as the hundred pounds of butter the captain had offered her.

She flushed. "We don't take things as gifts!"

"How much did you pay for it?"

"A thousand rubles."

"A thousand rubles!" Grant exclaimed, his eyebrows rising. "Do you mean to say that Russians are willing to pay one thousand rubles for these carvings of mine, Katya?"

"Not Russians. Americans and others from the ships."

"Well, I'll be damned. Dmitri! That shrewd little financier."

"You—you . . . know Dmitri?"

"Of course."

"Dmitri, the leader of the other Russian boys?"

"I don't know anything about that. But from what I've just heard I wouldn't put that past him either. We never talked about that. Mostly we talked about general things, and I traded him these carvings for vodka."

"But—but—you've seen him? You know what he looks like?"

"Sure. A kid about average size for his age, twelve now, blond, sharp, mature for his age, unemotional, not easily ruffled."

Her head spun dizzily. "And do you also know Vladimir and the other boys?"

"Vladimir? No. I don't think so."

"I bought this carving from Vladimir."

"Well, I never sold any of those things to anyone but Dmitri." Grant grinned. "He sort of has a monopoly, I guess, as we in the capitalist countries would call it."

The guard reappeared with a final warning about the oncoming raid.

"You had better go to the cellar," Katya said abruptly.

"I'll wait for you, if you like."

"No. No. I have a few moments of additional work here. You go ahead."

The cellar was quite crowded. Grant found a place to sit and tried to make himself as comfortable as possible. A short time after he arrived, Katya came in, but purposefully sat down away from him.

The sound of the raid increased in the cellar as the battle swept toward the heart of the city. Amid the noise, Katya tried to sort out her thoughts. Grant Hollis was a link to the boy, Dmitri. Could she use Grant to further her contacts with the outlaw youngsters? Would he help her? He had been making overtures to her. But did she want to risk involvement with him, even for the purpose of furthering her work? How would such involvement be viewed by the authorities? How would they take fraternization with him, whatever her motives? She had no highly placed allies to whom she could appeal if she got into trouble. She was, moreover, already on probation. And yet she had been assigned a specific job, at which she was until this moment making no headway. Her one ro back to party respectability lay in bringi in the wayward youngsters, when no one el had been able to do so. And she had to c this soon, for she had no illusions about wh would happen if she did not. Someone el would be sent from Moscow if she continue to show no results. To court Grant Hollis f help was a risk, but to remain passive was a equal, perhaps greater one.

She rose, moved about the basement, final paused before Grant. "May I sit down?" sh asked.

He looked up, blinking his eyes, heav lidded, until he saw who it was. Then h moved to make room for her, spreading h sheepskin-lined coat for her to sit on.

"I would like to talk to you about Dmitri

"Anytime. Now, if you like."

"No," she said quickly. "We are not su posed to fraternize too much. If we are see talking too long it could cause trouble."

"Home of the freedom-loving people the U.S.S.R.," he said caustically.

He saw her lips tighten and even in th poor light noted that her eyes glinted angril

"All right, all right," he said, "I'm sorry. guess I'm too sleepy to be diplomatic." H paused. "When would you like to talk?"

"Could you come tomorrow? To my hot room. Three o'clock."

"Sure."

"Can you be there on time? You see, I mu send away the key woman on the floor."

"I know the routine," he said. "Don't fo get that I've been in Murmansk for quite while."

He was a little annoyed, now that they ha established liaison. He had not expected it be this easy. Something of what he was thin ing must have come through to her, for sh drew in her breath harshly. "If you are thin ing like the drunken captain with the hundre pounds of butter, I have made a mistake

"Look, what did I say?" Now he liked th way the conversation was going. Somehow h didn't want it to be just another nylon trade.

"I have a serious problem," she said ea nestly. "I think you can help me if you will. would like to talk with you. Nothing more

"OK," he said, "so we talk. What room a you in?"

"Three seventeen."

"I'll be there at three tomorrow, on time

Suddenly they were smiling at each other.

When Vladimir returned from his secon encounter with Katya, he said, "Dmitri, think she really means to try and help us

"Perhaps she does," Dmitri said, "but sh is not the government."

"What do you think then, Dmitri?" Mi hail said.

"I think I should wait before I speak her."

"But will we still try and obtain foreig money?" Gregori asked shrewdly. He ha been with Dmitri longest of all, and was mo attuned to Dmitri's moods and attitude tha the rest.

"Yes," Dmitri said.

"Do you really think it is possible for us leave Russia?" Yuri asked.

"You have all been thinking too muc about that," Dmitri said in an effort to chang the subject. "We collect foreign money b cause in Russia it is always worth more tha our own. There are people here who will pa highly for it, far higher than the worth of it rubles."

The boys looked at him uncertainly.

"I don't think I would like to leave Russ no matter what happened to me if I stayed Ivan said. "It is all right for you, Dmitri. Yo speak English quite well now, and you are home with new ideas. But I do not think would be at ease among strangers."

"It seems to me that the woman at the hot is very nice," Vladimir said. "Also she pretty. And she is not fat."

"Hear the little one, will you?" Ivan said.

"She reminds me of my mother," retorte the boy.

There was an awkward silence. It was th first time that the question of lost famili had ever been introduced into a general di cussion. Looking about, Dmitri was aware

mething new that had emerged for all of em. They were very comfortable now; they ıd ample stores of food, and assets probably excess of those of most of the people in the ty. They even had a measure of safety from e authorities because of the arrangement ey had with Arnoldov. Now, re-emerging, ere memories of the past, of family. These me with a full stomach and a secure place to ep. Most of all, Dmitri knew, they were inıced by the presence of Nadya.

"I will think of the woman from the hotel r a few more days," Dmitri said, "and then shall see."

"The food is ready," Nadya said from her ace on the fringe of the group. "Will you all t now?"

"What do we have, Nadya?" Vladimir deanded. "I could eat a commissar."

"You eat more than a commissar," she said.

"Why not? I work harder," he retorted.

It was something new, this levity. It began th Vladimir always, but the others were beıning to participate.

After the meal, Dmitri rose. He felt hemmed at the mercy of problems too great for him. *hy plan and worry?* he thought. *Submit. How d can it be?* But three years of self-deternation, three years of fighting to survive d successfully doing so, and seeing the virs inherent in how he had survived, were rd to stifle now. Boy though he was, he had en his own man too long. The self-reliance ıt had given him status and purpose in his

## O TEMPORA

By RHINA P. ESPAILLAT

"When we were young"—she
looked at me—
"We were not fools to vanity;
We did not stain our lips with red,
But trusted Nature's hand," she
said.
But she was nearing eighty-two,
And wore her hair a livid blue.

n eyes, he was discovering, was a trait that, e having emerged, could not be discarded. uld it be drummed out of him by force?

He fastened his coat about him and discovd Nadya standing beside him.

"You are going to the city?"

"No. Just to watch the raid for a while."

"I have not been out of the cave since yesday," Nadya said.

He met her eyes, and their odd, smoky-let color gave entreaty to a plea her tongue uld not voice.

"Get your coat and come along if you like."

She followed him wordlessly. Outside, the was bitingly cold. They stood side by side viewed the scene. It was Nadya who finally ke. "I do not think you have given up the a of leaving Russia," she said. "You know gs that the rest of us do not. You underıd things that we do not. And you are not tent with only food and a place to sleep."

He could just make out her face in the poor ht.

"The others will not leave Russia," she said. ey do not ask for very much. If they are en by the government, so long as they are and clothed, and told what to do, they will ontent."

Her evaluation paralleled his own thinking. as a truth they both knew.

"Do you really think you could escape from sia?" she said.

"I don't know. It would take planning. But other day I saw a map in a copy of *Pravda*, ted on the bulletin board near the post e. Do you know that the border of Russia he north touches the borders of Finland Norway?"

"Finland I know. They are fighting us. But way? I am not sure where Norway is."

"It would be possible to cross the front s and go through Finland into Norway."

"If you go, I would like to go also."

"Well, it is all just an idea. We shall see."

"No," she said. "I do not wish you to do with me as you do with the others. You tell them it is all just an idea, about the money and everything. But still you think about going. I wish you to take me with you if you go. If we all stay, all right. But if you go alone, then I wish you to promise to take me also. Go or stay, I wish to know that you will not leave me alone. Not even with the others."

"And if I cannot promise you that?"

"Then I will leave the cave and go to the authorities in town and they can do as they wish with me. It is better to do it now, because I do not want to make trouble for you, and I would not willingly see you go alone later."

He could just make out the whiteness which was the blur of her face in the dark. He saw the purposefulness in it.

"Very well," he said, "if I go, I will take you."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

She placed her hand on the sleeve of his padded jacket. They stood and looked down at the city and the estuary, to the tracers arcing across the sky, and occasionally they saw a splash of flame on the ground where some new, vital installation had been hit and set afire.

Grant Hollis was sitting on a tree stump when Dmitri approached him.

"Hello, Dmitri," he said. "You're around to trade early this week."

"I did not come to trade," said the boy.

"Oh, got something else on your mind?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can help me."

*Well*, Grant thought, *first Katya and now you.*

"You know much about geography, do you not?" Dmitri asked.

"Well, I'm a ship's navigator, so I know something," Grant said.

"How far would you say it was from Murmansk to Norway?"

"Where in Norway?"

"The nearest part of Norway."

"Oh!" Grant looked at the boy. "What do you have in mind?"

Dmitri studied him silently. He had to make a decision. Could he trust this man?

"You want to leave Russia, isn't that it?"

"What if it was?"

They looked at each other.

"I see," Grant said. "You are thinking about the shortest distance overland."

"Can I trust you?" asked the boy. "Will my ideas be safe with you?"

"Do you think I would sell you out? I don't even mind that you sell my little figures for a thousand rubles, and make a huge profit on them. I respect you for it. We've talked together a lot in the past months. It's been a real experience for me to watch how your thinking has changed, from day to day almost. It's very impressive."

Dmitri had listened to him throughout, but something in Grant's earlier words had caught and held him.

"Who told you the price for your carvings was a thousand rubles? Some sailor?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I saw one of them last night at the Intourist Hotel, on the desk of a woman who works there. She told me she paid a thousand rubles for it. I think you may lose this particular customer, Dmitri. In the future, I may want to give her the carvings for nothing."

"That is no great matter. But I am interested in this woman."

"Yes? That's odd, because she is interested in you. She has asked me to come to the hotel this afternoon to talk to her about you. Do you have any idea what she has in mind?"

"Do you know who this woman is?"

"Yes. She is an interpreter, who works on the ships, and at the Intourist Hotel restaurant at night."

"And also she has been sent here from Moscow to try to bring me and the other young people in Murmansk back to what is called reconstruction classes. She is a teacher, but I'm not sure some of the things she wishes to teach are the best thing for us. If I give

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



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| MENU I | | Approximate Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Deviled Veal Continental* | 1 serving | 230 |
| Asparagus | 5 stalks | 19 |
| Tossed Green Salad— | | |
| Low Calorie Dressing | 1 serving | 25 |
| Emerald Foam* | 1 serving | 18 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 298 |

*DEVILED VEAL CONTINENTAL

(about 156 calories per serving)

¾ lb. veal scallopini
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 tablespoon cooking oil
¼ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup condensed consommé
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
½ cup yogurt

(1) Dust veal lightly with the flour, mixed with paprika, salt and pepper. (2) Heat oil in a skillet. Add veal and sauté quickly until golden on all sides. Remove veal. (3) Add the onion to pan drippings and sauté a few minutes. Stir in consommé and mustard and cook a few minutes to blend flavors. Return veal to pan, cover and simmer about 15 minutes until veal is tender. (4) Just before serving, blend in yogurt. Makes 4 servings.

*EMERALD FOAM

(about 18 calories per serving)

2 envelopes low calorie lime flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1¼ cups noncaloric lemon-flavored soda
1 tablespoon lime juice
½ teaspoon grated lime rind
1 teaspoon sugar
1 egg white
Pinch salt

(1) Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in soda, lime juice, rind and sugar. Chill until mixture is syrupy. (2) Beat until very fluffy, using a rotary or electric mixer. Fold in egg white that has been beaten until stiff with the salt. (3) Spoon into 4 dessert glasses; chill until set, about 1 hour. Makes 4 servings.

| MENU II | | Approximate Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Fillets of Sole with Mushrooms* | 1 serving | 187 |
| Steamed Carrots and Zucchini | ½ cup serving | 20 |
| Celery Victor* | 1 serving | 14 |
| Frozen Thawed Blueberries | ½ cup serving | 45 |
| Low Calorie Dessert Topping Mix | 1 tablespoon per serving | 14 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 280 |

*FILLETS OF SOLE WITH MUSHROOMS

(about 94 calories per serving)

¼ lb. mushrooms, wiped and sliced
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
4 fillets of sole (about 1½ lb. total)
½ cup chicken broth
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon herb-flavored salad dressing mix
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
4 thin slices lemon

(1) Sauté mushrooms for a few minutes in butter or margarine. Set aside. (2) Lay fillets, slightly overlapping, in one or a shallow casserole. (3) Mix together remaining ingredients, except lemon slices and parsley. Spoon mushrooms over fillets and arrange with lemon slices. (4) Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 20 minutes, or until fish flakes easily with a fork. Makes 4 servings.

*CELERY VICTOR

(about 14 calories per serving)

4 celery hearts
Chicken broth
¼ cup low-calorie Italian dressing
½ teaspoon lemon juice
Romaine leaves

(1) If you cannot get celery hearts, use a few outer stalks, and cut off some of the top leaves. Cook the hearts, or stalks, in chicken broth to barely cover, until just tender. Let cool in broth and drain well. (2) Pour dressing and lemon juice over the celery, cover and marinate overnight in refrigerator. Serve on a bed of romaine leaves. Makes 4 servings.

# HOW TO DINE WELL



# ON 300 CALORIES

BY MARY JANE ENGEL

| MENU III | | Approximate Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Chicken Livers en Brochette* | 1 serving | 117 |
| Curried Rice | ½ cup serving | 66 |
| Watercress Salad— | | |
| Low Calorie Dressing | 1 serving | 25 |
| Grape Snow* | 1 serving | 89 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 297 |

*CHICKEN LIVERS EN BROCHETTE

(about 117 calories per serving)

¾ lb. chicken livers
6 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon sesame seeds
8 small white pearl onions
1 green pepper
12 small mushrooms

(1) Cut chicken livers in half, along the natural dividing line. Soak them for about 1 hour in soy sauce, to which you have added sesame seeds. (2) Peel onions, seed and cut pepper into 8 even-sized pieces. (3) Parboil onions in a little boiling salted water for about 10 minutes; the peppers about 3 minutes. (4) To assemble the brochettes, alternately skewer mushrooms, chicken livers and vegetables on 4 long metal skewers, dividing ingredients evenly. (5) Brush brochettes with some of remaining soy sauce-sesame marinade, and broil about 3 inches from heat, 6–8 minutes on each side. Brush often with the marinade. If you like livers well done, cook a few minutes longer. Makes 4 servings.

*GRAPE SNOW

(about 89 calories per serving)

2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 cup grape juice
1 tablespoon corn syrup
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
Granular noncaloric sweetener to taste
1 egg white

(1) Soften gelatin in cold water for a few minutes. Mix into boiling water and stir until dissolved. (2) Add grape juice, corn syrup, lemon juice and rind. Mix well and add a few shakes of sweetener to taste. (3) Pour into freezer tray and freeze until almost firm. Turn into a chilled mixing bowl and beat until fluffy. Quickly fold in the egg white, which has been beaten until soft peaks form. Return to freezer tray and freeze until firm. (4) About 15 minutes before serving, break up sherbet with a fork, and spoon into chilled mixing bowl. Beat at high speed with mixer until sherbet is pale grape colored and very fluffy. Mound into serving dishes and serve as soon as possible. Makes 4 servings.

| MENU IV | | Approximate Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Shrimp-Stuffed Tomatoes* | 1 serving | 109 |
| French-Style Green Beans | ½ cup serving | 15 |
| Rye Wafers | 2 | 34 |
| Lemon Meringue Dessert* | 1 serving | 135 |
| Coffee or Tea | | |
| | | 293 |

*SHRIMP-STUFFED TOMATOES

(about 109 calories per serving)

4 large tomatoes
1 can (7-oz.) shrimp
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
¼ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper
¼ teaspoon powdered dill
¼ cup fresh bread crumbs (1 slice bread)
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
4 teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Cut off tops of the tomatoes, scoop out pulp and dice. Turn tomatoes upside down on paper towels to drain. (2) Wash shrimp well, drain and chop coarsely. Mix with diced tomato pulp and set aside. (3) Melt butter or margarine in a small skillet and sauté onion, celery and green pepper a few minutes. Remove from heat and mix in remaining ingredients, except Parmesan cheese. Add tomato-shrimp mixture. (4) Sprinkle the inside of tomatoes with a little additional salt and pepper. (5) Fill tomatoes, mounding them slightly. Sprinkle each with 1 teaspoon cheese. Place in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until heated through, about 25–30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

*LEMON-MERINGUE DESSERT

(about 135 calories per serving)

3 tablespoons cornstarch
1½ cups water
3 eggs, separated
¾ teaspoon granular noncaloric sweetener
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
Pinch salt
2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla

(1) In a small saucepan mix together cornstarch, water, egg yolks and sweetener. Cook, stirring over low heat until mixture thickens, about 10 minutes. (2) Remove from heat and stir in butter or margarine, lemon rind and juice. (3) Pour into an 8" pie plate. (4) Beat egg whites until frothy with cream of tartar and salt. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until stiff meringue is formed. Stir in vanilla. Cover filling with meringue, bringing it to the edge of pie plate, making sure it touches the rim. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until it is delicately browned, about 10 minutes. Cool before serving. Makes 4 servings.

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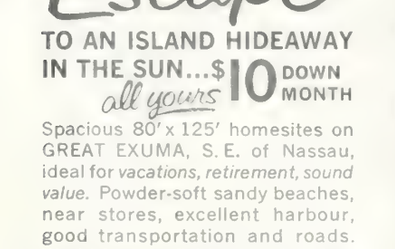
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

you my trust, would you tell this woman that I am inquiring how far it is from Murmansk to the border of Norway?"

"I won't tell her anything that I haven't your permission to tell her," Grant said evenly. "You really want to try and make it overland? In winter?"

"It may have to be in winter. I do not think I have enough time left to wait for spring."

"You think the authorities will be after you?"

"They have always been after me. At the moment it is just not convenient for them to round me and the others up. But eventually they will feel that they must."

"A hike to the Norwegian border would mean a trip of more than a hundred miles, perhaps two. It would be over some of the very worst terrain."

"I am accustomed to the climate and countryside in the north. I have gone about it with my father since I was a small boy."

"But, kid, you'd have to cross the whole northern battlefield."

"We go to the battlefield every day to scavenge. It would be nothing to cross it."

"I see."

"You think it would not be more than two hundred miles?"

"I'm sure it wouldn't be more. Probably a bit less. If you like I could get you a map of the terrain, and even a pretty accurate idea of what towns there are."

"Would you do this for me? I would give you two bottles of vodka for the information."

"I wouldn't do a thing like this for vodka."

"What would you want? I have some American money."

Grant saw that it was useless to try to transmit his intent to the boy. "I couldn't bring the actual charts from the ship. What I would have to do would be to make tracings, on thin paper, and notes. Then you could copy them over again."

"Will it be difficult for you to do this?"

"Not so difficult as what you are going to try to do afterward, when you have the information."

They were silent a moment, each absorbed in his own thoughts. "This woman," Dmitri said, "the woman at the hotel you will speak to this afternoon. She is very beautiful?"

"Yes," Grant said slowly. "I think she is."

Dmitri nodded. "So Vladimir said. It must be so. Well, good-bye."

When the boy had disappeared from sight, Grant remained where he was, thinking back over their conversation. Now he understood why he had become important to Katya. She was a policewoman, pure and simple. It wasn't nylons that this babe was after, Grant told himself. Or soap. Or a hundred pounds of butter. It was meat. Human meat. On the hoof. She wanted those kids.

His first reaction was one of boiling fury. *To hell with her,* he thought. *She can sit in her room and rot before I'll ever show.* But then a measure of control reasserted itself. Why not go to see her? It could do Dmitri no harm. And perhaps he might even learn something that could be of use to the boy.

At five minutes to three Grant started up the stairs to the third floor of the Intourist Hotel. He proceeded along the hall and stopped before the door numbered 317. He rapped quietly. The door opened immediately and she said, "Come in."

He entered and she quickly shut the door.

"Did the key woman see you?" she asked without any preliminary greeting.

"I passed her on the stairs. But how would she know where I was going? There are dozens of rooms on this floor and above."

Katya relaxed at that. "Would you like to sit down?" she asked. She motioned to the wooden chair beside the table. She walked nervously back and forth across the room while he lighted a cigarette. He studied her until she became aware of him watching.

"I'm nervous," she blurted out frankly.

"Of me?"

"Of all this. It just is not done, you know. It could cause me much trouble."

"Perhaps you'd rather I left."

"No. No. I've already taken the chance. But was it worth it? Will you help me?"

"What is it you want of me?" he asked.

"You know Dmitri. I would like to arrange a meeting with him. It is very important."

"Important? Why?"

"I can't discuss it."

"I see." He extinguished his cigarette carefully. "Well, good day."

She jumped to her feet. "Are you going to help?"

"No. Why should I stick my neck out for you without even being given a reason for what you want me to do?" Then, his anger getting the best of him, "Who are you to me? A woman who works in a bar."

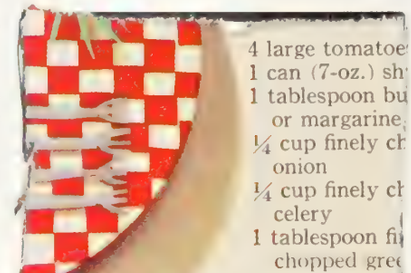
"I am a schoolteacher," she said, her face flushed, eyes flashing angrily, her own rage matching his. "That bar. It's something I have to do, because I can't follow my real job. I should be working with children, helping them, teaching them, and instead I have to sit in a smoky room and fight with animals about how much they can have to drink."

Suddenly she was crying. Until that moment even her furious outburst hadn't swayed him, but he was discomfited by her tears.

"Why don't you tell me something that would make me want to help you?" he said quietly. "Give me a reason why I should."

"You mean something in exchange . . . like what your captain asked for in exchange for the butter."

"Look, if I want a woman, I know where to get one for a few bars of soap. But I like this boy, Dmitri. I've known him for some




time. If you can't get it (1) Cut off, it means that he is deliberat and g clear of you because you're a threat to him. Well, you can't expect me to offer him up to you. If you want my help, you've got to show some justification for requesting it."

She raised her head slowly. "I see."

He held up his hand. "One thing more, before you say anything. Even if you tell me your story, I can't guarantee anything. And if I can help, it may take time. I don't want you getting any wrong ideas."

"I've already had one wrong idea," she said quietly. "I'll trust you."

"You're the second person to decide that today," Grant said.

"Who was the other?"

"Dmitri."

"I see. Well, let me explain my position. I was sent here from Moscow for a specific purpose. To see if I could induce Dmitri and all the other children running wild in Murmansk to return to school."

"I don't think that Dmitri will be too impressed with the kind of schooling you have in mind for him," Grant said.

"What right have you to say that? Are children of nine and ten to decide their own destiny?"

"Dmitri is twelve now."

"Yes. But the others whom he influences are not. They are all younger. There are children of seven and eight down in the dock areas, bartering with sailors so that they can live. Is this how children should be brought up? Are children to be allowed to decide such things for themselves? Would your government permit them to run wild like this? Decide for themselves whether or not they should be in school? I think not. Someday the war will end and then what will be their fate? Dmitri is the leader of all these boys. I want to talk to him. If I can convince him that what I want to do is best for him, he will be able to convince the others. Don't you understand? All I want is this chance with him."

"I see." Grant became silent, thinking.

Observing his reaction, she moved to ploit it further. "You want to know why yo little carving was so important to me?" demanded. "To me it represented a first t sign that I had communicated with these ch dren. I think I can be good for them. And day I talked to Vladimir, I know I reach him. I know that he has spoken to Dm about me."

"Well, if you're making progress, why you need me to intervene with Dmitri?"

"Because time is running out. I know. Dmitri and for"—she had almost said "me," but she caught herself just in time—"a for all of them."

"You know I will have to ask his perm sion first."

"Any way that it can be arranged."

"I'll try. But I can make no promises. Ca leave now, without compromising you?"

"Yes. I think you should go. But first I w have to send away the key woman in the hal

He waited while she went out, and he hea her conversing in low tones with the woman. He went back to the table and fr his pocket he brought out a carving he h just finished. It was the figure of an old ma

After some moments Katya returne "You'll have to hurry," she said.

From behind her partly open door s watched him traverse the hall and start dow the stairs. Then she closed her door and we back into her room. The first thing she s was the second carving on the table. Her i mediate reaction was uncertainty. Th slowly she smiled. She walked to the ta and stood looking down at the two figur the old man and the old woman. She cou not keep the pleasure she felt from showing her eyes.

It was no easy matter to arrange transport tion with the Russian authorities so that might be taken out to where the *Star of Ev ning* was anchored, but Grant managed it.

Dmitri came to the longhouse on Frid just before noon, and Grant produced t folded sheets of thin tracing paper. "The pro pects of such a trip are not as impossible as thought."

"I'm glad."

"For one thing, the nearest Norwegian se tlement is only a little more than a hundr miles from here." Grant spread the map on tree stump, after first brushing away all t snow. "This is the closest settlement I foun Kirkenes." He indicated the position on t map, then proceeded to give the boy the da on climate, terrain, weather, topography th he had acquired from the sailing directio and other sources. Dmitri did not interru him once, but concentrated on every wo that was said.

"Well," Grant said when he had finishe "are you still of a mind to make the attemp Dmitri?"

"Who can tell what the future will mak necessary?"

"Dmitri, what makes you think you w have it better if you leave Russia? You'll be a strange land, without family, money an special training ——"

"I thought it was possible to live in capitali countries by buying and selling things. Didn you tell me that was so?"

"Well, yes, that's right. But you're just boy ——"

Dmitri made a short, chopping gesture wi his hand, as if to say that Grant had raised superfluous question.

"I have been talking to the woman at th Intourist Hotel, you know," Grant went o "She asked me to arrange a meeting betwee you and her."

Dmitri shrugged. "She has asked a doze others to try and do that."

"Why won't you talk to her, Dmitri? Un less you do, you won't really know what sh has in mind."

"It may be that this woman has somethin to say worth hearing. It may also be that th is a trick to catch us all at one time."

"She assures me this is not so. She says th she wishes to help you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"This may be her wish, but can she make promises for her superiors? Who is this woman, and what authority has she got?"

"Perhaps if you met her, you could get the answers to those questions. Listen, Dmitri, she says that the time is coming when the authorities are going to take stronger steps against you children. Do you want to wait for that?"

"Why do you think I have asked you for the maps?"

"But is that what you really want? To leave your own country? Or would you rather return to school, be educated, and grow up here?"

"Let me ask you this. Do you think I should meet this woman?"

"I think it never hurts to hear what someone has to say who feels that they can help you."

The boy fell silent.

Grant found it interesting to watch him. His face betrayed nothing, but there was no doubt that he was turning everything they had said over in his mind.

"I will not give you my answer now. I will think about it some more," Dmitri said.

"As you like. Remember, Katya says that time is growing short."

At about the same time that Grant was talking to Dmitri, Katya was alone in her room. There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Deputy Arnoldov."

Her immediate reaction was panic.

"Ah, Comrade Katya," he said, "I'm happy to find you in. May I enter?"

"Yes. Please do," she said, successfully keeping a stammer out of her voice.

He crossed the room and sat down. "You are surprised to see me?" he said.

"Well, I know how busy you are."

"I have had a report from Moscow concerning you, Comrade Katya," he said. "It seems that Moscow keeps receiving reports about the children here, and how they are all running about out of hand. Moscow is annoyed because you haven't turned in any report on how you are coping with the problem."

"But . . . but," she stammered, "I've had almost no time to deal with the problem."

"Yes. I know. It's most unfortunate." He rose. "Well, I just came by to let you know what is happening. I should not like to see you in trouble with Moscow." He came across the room and put his arm about her, as was his habit, in friendly fashion. And then she was suddenly riveted with shock. She felt his hand on her breast, and there was no mistaking the intent. She leaped away from him, and he made no effort to restrain her. He merely looked at her, his red beefy face slightly flushed, and said, "If I can do anything for you, my dear Comrade Katya, you may be sure I shall be happy to. I want us to keep on with our happy relationship. Perhaps we can even improve upon it." He walked to the door, looked back, smiled, and left.

Grant came in very late. It was well past nine o'clock and the restaurant was so congested it was difficult to move. They had time only for a quick exchange of words.

"I didn't think you were coming."

"Miss me?" he grinned.

"Please," she said. "What did he say?"

"Who? Dmitri? It's a long story."

"Will you wait, so we can talk later?"

"I'll wait."

"We'll have to meet outside, after the raid is over."

Katya finally appeared. She came in the odd twilight early hours of morning, the wintry northern lights still flickering overhead, and the whole world revealed in the indistinct outlines of the seasonal time and weather. It was very cold, and Grant had been stamping up and down, past the curve of the hotel driveway, waiting for her to arrive.

"I am sorry I was long. I had to slip out without anyone noticing," she apologized.

"It's cold out here."

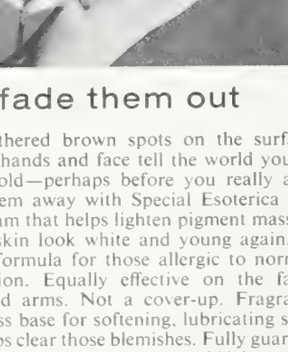
"Yes." She cast an apprehensive glance behind her. The hotel, with windows blackout-shuttered, was a massive, blotched, two-armed monster in the dark.


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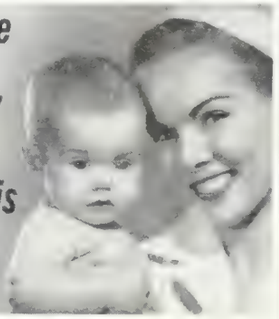



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"Could we get a little way off from here she asked tentatively.

"What is all this? I know you people a supposed to have reservations about foreig ers, but no one else I've met up here has ca ried things to the point you have."

"Sometime I will explain to you why I ca take chances that some of the others do."

They were silent.

"Grant," she said, "what did Dmitri say

"He wants time to think it over."

"Do you think he will talk with me?"

"Winning him over is important to yo isn't it?"

She hesitated. Walking beside him, holdi tight to his arm, conscious that they we talking naturally and without subterfuge, s had an overwhelming urge to tell him ever thing about her own situation. "You are ve sympathetic to talk to," she said instead.

"That doesn't answer my question."

But she couldn't answer his question ho estly. It might prove to be too dangerous.

"There is some personal ambition," she a mitted evasively.

"Well, if your personal ambitions pro mutually advantageous to you and Dmitri, might not be so bad."

Even in the cold, she felt herself flush. "I good of you to say that. I'm sorry I was so a rupt with you those other times we talked wish I could tell you why I have to be so caref but I cannot. Perhaps, after I've met Dmit it will be better. But for now, could you n come until you have some word to bring?"

He turned to face her in the snow. They d not stir, but stood looking at each oth *He's going to kiss me*, she told herself. S was pervaded by a wild, anticipatory exci ment. Almost she leaned toward him.

"I'd better take you back," he said quiet

He took her arm and they walked back ward the Intourist Hotel.

"One thing more, Katya. I want to be al to get in touch with you, if I have to, withe waiting all night in the restaurant, or un an air raid drives us to the cellar."

She thought the problem over. "I'll tell y what we can do," she said. "If you have son thing to tell me in the afternoon, come to t restaurant at two-thirty. I'll pass by shor after that time each day, and when you s me you'll know that I will be arranging for t key woman to leave the floor at three. That the best time, there are so few people abo You can come up then, at three."

"Fine. Why don't I just do that every d anyway, and report what I know?"

"No. It would be too difficult to arrange don't know if I'm being ——" She paus She had to be more discreet.

This strange burgeoning feeling she w experiencing with him had almost betray her into admitting to Grant that perhaps s was being watched.

Dmitri made his decision at night, watchi the raid on the city from his vantage point a hill far from Murmansk. It was the fi night that the city had air support of its ow The incoming planes no longer had an uni peded run to the city save for ground fi Long before enemy planes reached th destination, they were met by the newly rived American planes. And when the atta was broken off, far earlier than usual, Dm knew that the turning point in the war h come to Murmansk at last.

The following morning he set out throu the hilly countryside to find the right cave his purposes. He systematically relocated c tain key items from the cache and stored th in the new cave he had chosen. It was sm and unlikely to be discovered by Arnoldov his men, even if they made a concerted sea in force at some later date, for Dmitri's ent purpose was to use it solely as a repository a small quantity of selected stores, and not house any of the boys in the group.

Late on the second day he had all the thi transferred. When he was done, he rose a surveyed his work. He was satisfied that one could tell that there was anything hidd in the cave. He reached for his torch to lig his way out, and then stopped, very still. the light of the flare his shadow was thro on the ground; just behind it was anot

adow. He turned and stared into the violet-
ed, unhappy eyes of Nadya.
"You followed me," he said. "Why?"
"You are preparing everything so you can
away," she said.
"I always plan ahead. It doesn't mean that
n going to do it."
"I think you will do it."
The flaring torch outlined the deep shadows
her eyes and a mute appeal for honesty.
"I think I will too," he said, and the words
me out involuntarily.
"You promised you would take me."
"Perhaps it would be for your own good if
u stayed here."
"No!" The word burst from her explosively.
e gripped his hand. "You are the only one
ave now. And if I stay, even if some of the
ers stay, I am sure that none of us will ever
each other again. We will be sent sepa-
ely to separate places, because I am a girl
d will not be sent with the boys."
Dmitri nodded slowly. The first thing the
thorities would do when they evacuated the
ildren from Murmansk would be to disperse
m. They would be scattered throughout
ssia, to facilitate the reconstruction process.
"Yet to go with me, if I go," he said, "might
very hard for you. We'll have to cross bat-
fields, and country we don't know."
"I don't care. I don't want to be alone. If
u refuse me, I'll follow anyway. You
uldn't stop me."
Her hand was tight in his, and a wave of
otective sympathy went out from him to her.
"If I go," he said, "I will not go without
u."
"You promise?"
"I promise."

**hen men and women agree, it is only in
eir conclusions; their reasons are always
ferent.** **GEORGE SANTAYANA**

She put her arms about him and began to
. He held her awkwardly with one arm
out her shoulders, while he held the torch
ve them with his free hand.
"We have to go now," he said gently.
She released him and stepped back.
The following day Dmitri gathered all the
ungsters about him.
"All of you have been worried about leav-
Russia," he said. "I did not want you to
nk that I had definitely decided on this al-
dy, but you all think so nevertheless. What
ish you to know is that if there is no other
y, if we have a choice between being sent to
econstruction school without any future,
leaving Russia, then I would be for leav-
the country. But I am going to see what
can do first to avoid that. That's why I
e decided to meet with this woman at the
ourist Hotel, and see what she has to say."
There was a murmur of approval.
"You all want to stay in Russia, don't
t?" Dmitri demanded.

Mikhail spoke for the rest of them. He was
rthright boy, and Dmitri respected this in
n. "It is where we live, Dmitri. It frightens
o think of going among strangers."
"It is not easy to give up the place where
have always lived," Alexei chimed in.
"We do not speak any other language, at
t not well," Yuri said.
"I'm glad that you are going to speak to
woman," Vladimir said. "I like her."
"What I have in mind to do," Dmitri said,
to try and find out from her what we can
ect at the hands of the authorities if we
uld all give ourselves up."
"But not give up right away," Gregori said.
nly when we must."

Three days later, early in the morning,
itri came in search of Grant at the long-
se. "I have thought over the matter of the
man at the hotel," he said. "I will see her if
can meet somewhere not in the city."
"Where then?"
"In the hills. I will take you there now."
They set off together. Dmitri did not trou-
to take a circuitous route, but guided Grant by the straightest and most direct course. He had no fear of discovery. The place he had chosen as a rendezvous for his meeting with Katya was so located that he could scout the entire area to make sure that she had come alone before he showed himself.

"I will return most of the way with you. You lead the way, and I will tell you where you are going wrong, so that you will have a second check."

He left Grant well before they reached the outskirts of the city. He had to point out only one instance where Grant had taken the wrong turn.

When he was alone, Grant looked at his wristwatch. It was about one. He could make the Intourist Hotel by two-thirty easily.

Proceeding through the town, he found himself hurrying a little. It had been three days since he had seen Katya. There had been a moment that last night in the park as they stood facing each other, when he had been certain that, if he had kissed her, he would not have been rebuffed. And the urge to do so had been so tantalizing that he had almost succumbed to it. He had been intimidated, however, by the fear that if he had misjudged, such an action would have destroyed the relationship they had so slowly built up.

But he could not deny that, if things went on as they were, and the occasion arose again, he doubted whether he could maintain the necessary self-control. It was astonishing for him to find himself emotionally aroused about a woman he had so recently met. Especially since the future held no prospect of furthering any interest they might develop in each other. Time was running out for him in Murmansk, just as it was for Dmitri.

Katya descended the hotel stairs, having left her room at two-thirty, just as she had been doing for the two previous days.

It had been an odd two days, during which Grant Hollis had been much in her thoughts. The morning after she had left him standing in the snow and hurried back into the Intourist Hotel she had experienced the odd feeling that it was someone else who had participated in the meeting with Grant at the park. Her emotional reaction was incomprehensible to her. Even back in her room, the meeting seemed to pervade her mind. She had to admit that she had been disappointed that he hadn't kissed her. What was happening to her? What was this man to her? The entire situation seemed ridiculous.

She approached the restaurant wavering between a fear that he might be there and a fear that he might not. Stepping through the entrance and seeing him there was like receiving an unseen blow. He was facing the door, and their eyes met. With an effort she forced herself to pass him without any greeting. She exchanged a few trivial words with the woman who took her place during afternoon hours in the restaurant. Then she hurried out.

Once out of the room, she made for the stairs. She had to make a real effort to control herself while the key woman took an interminable time to unlock her door. Then, as her head spun with this wholly unexpected emotion, she had to instruct the key woman rationally to go below immediately and make arrangements so that she might take a bath that night before she went to work.

"It is a bad hour. I don't know whether it can be arranged," grumbled the old woman. She argued for some time, and Katya found her nervousness mounting. *What if I can't get rid of her before Grant arrives?* she thought.

But finally the key woman left. Katya stood before her open door, in the hall, waiting for Grant to come. When finally she heard footsteps mounting the stairs, she knew instinctively that they were his.

"Come in quickly," she said when he reached the door. "I can't rely on that fool key woman." Her voice was brusque, consciously so, for it was the result of an effort on her part not to show openly how happy she was to see him.

He passed her, entering the room, so close that their clothes brushed. She was acutely aware of even so tenuous a contact. She closed the door behind her and shot the bolt home, then leaned with her back against the door, afraid to move.

He sensed how disturbed she was. He had no intimation that this was caused by his presence here in the room. "Are you in trouble?" he asked uncertainly.

"Trouble? Trouble? No. Everything is all right." She could not seem to organize her speech properly.

He shifted his feet hesitantly. Something was wrong. Maybe he had underestimated the rigidity of the authorities, the difficulties that consorting with aliens could bring to Katya. He looked at her indecisively, his eyes taking in her unnatural perturbation, and then he walked back across the room to her. He gripped her arm, and she went weak, her knees beginning to tremble.

"What is it, Katya? Have I caused you some kind of trouble?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124





Give her the aspirin recommended 4 to 1 over any other by Children's Doctors

*in a national survey . . . among those who named a particular brand*

When your small daughter is hot from fever . . . it will probably come as no surprise to you if your doctor recommends St. Joseph Aspirin For Children.

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42% answered. And of those who specified a brand (over one-third of all who replied) an overwhelming 81% named St. Joseph Aspirin For Children.

Yes, over 4 times as many doctors recommended it! St. Joseph Aspirin For Children has the dosage most doctors favor . . . the orange flavor and creamy texture youngsters prefer . . . the safety cap for their protection. And . . . it was the very first aspirin to offer these important features.

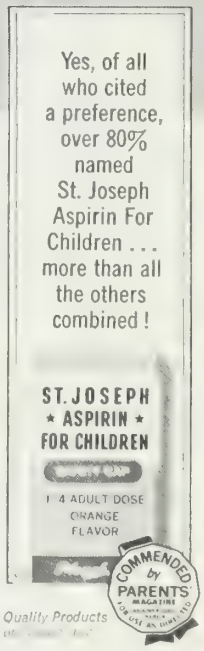
The next time one of yours has a cold or fever, or is restless from minor aches, be ready with this mother and child favorite.

***NOTE:*** Don't give youngsters unneeded antacid ingredients. The majority of children's doctors recommend pure aspirin . . . and for the best aspirin, insist on genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. (In Canada ask for St. Joseph Bebetine for Children.)

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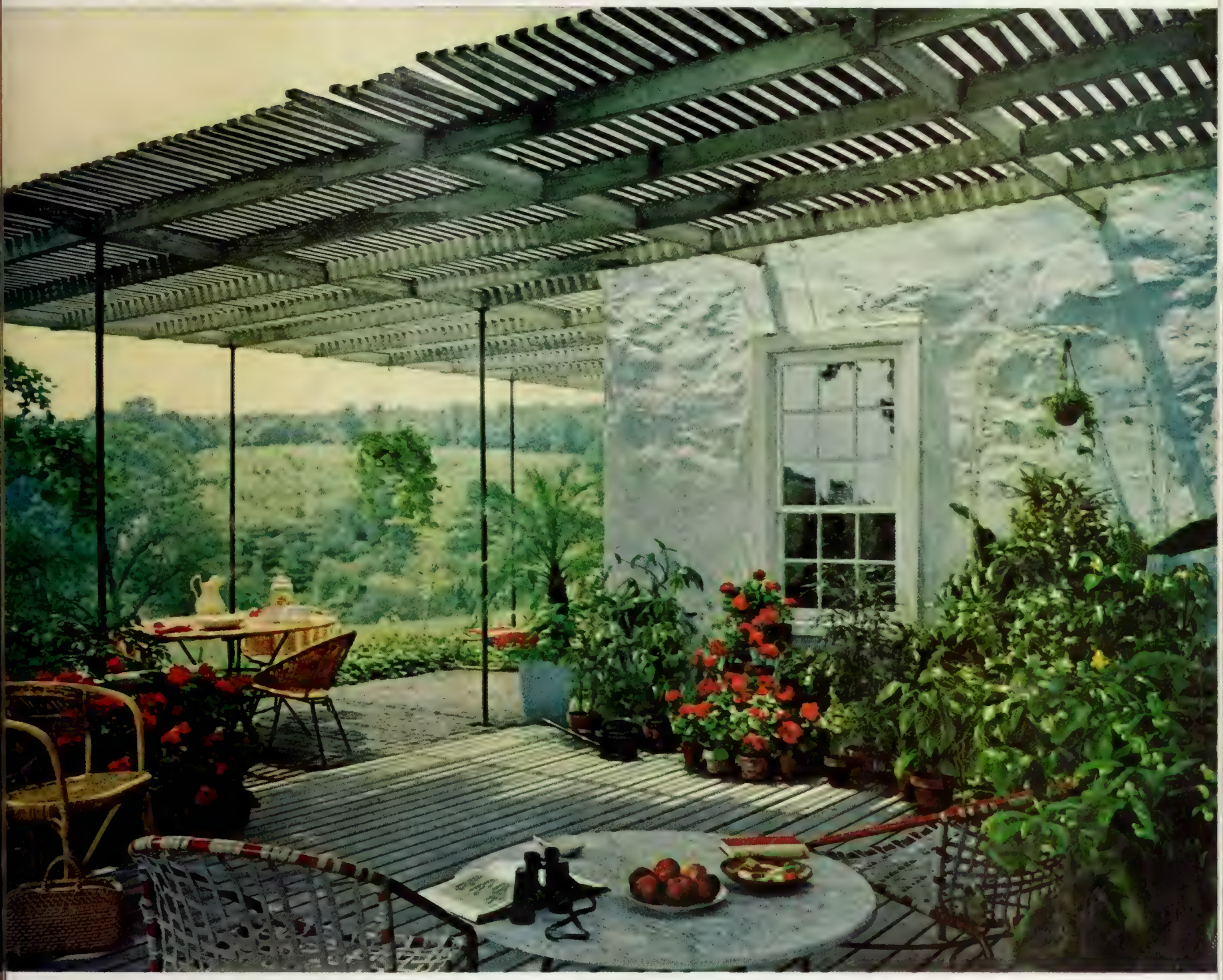


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# 9 Ways to Increase Your Living Space





PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

*What family can't use more room! Here and on following pages are ideas for converting space you may already have into livable areas. We begin outdoors with two examples from the just-published Ladies' Home Journal Book of Landscaping and Outdoor Living by Richard Pratt (Evans-Lippincott, $7.95; deluxe boxed edition, $9.95; current prepublication prices, $1 less for each edition).*

## THE HOUSE IN THE HOMESCAPE

*The two most important of all the homescaping features that enlarge the living space of the house are a terrace and a deck. Both are illustrated above, the deck in the foreground. This is close kin to a porch, with an off-the-ground, self-drying duckboard floor. Beyond the deck is an adjoining open-air room paved right on terra firma, hence the name "terrace." Both terrace and deck in this case are semishaded by a slat trellis that lets in light and air in just the right amounts.*

---

*The little house at the left in its homescape is completely surrounded by paving right up to the walls. Openings are left wherever trees (like the slender ginkgos here) and shrubs (like the Japanese andromedas) are called for. On this side the dry-laid brick paving broadens out into a commodious terrace. It is furnished for all kinds of living, framed in by fencing and flowers, with an extra-long plant bench for an all-summer display of geraniums.* **BY RICHARD PRATT**

KRANZTEN



**CITY GARDENS** *can be transformed into airy living rooms. Above: This sylvan retreat outside the Chicago home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Barnes was once a concrete yard walled with brick. Ivy now camouflages the wall. Old brick, found beneath the garden earth, replaces the concrete paving. Cactus pots hide a manhole cover. Low-cost bits and pieces of old furniture were matched by painting them black.*

*Left: New York yard was converted to a Japanese garden that, with its pebble floor and evergreens, is easy to keep in a dusty, sunless city. A fence of bamboo palings in a redwood frame visually enlarges this narrow garden. It has a lift-up gate for access to the next garden. Redwood platforms serve as tables, rattan beach backrests as chairs. Candles (left) perch on stair steps.*

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## SPAM AND VEG-ALL GOULASH

**Cut** 1 can SPAM into 9 or 10 slices, then into triangles.

**Place** in 1½-qt. casserole and heat in 425° oven while preparing other ingredients.

**Cook** 1 cup (2 oz.) wide egg noodles 5 min.; drain.

**Blend** and add to noodles 1 16-oz. can VEG-ALL Mixed Vegetables (with liquid), 1 can cream of mushroom soup, ½ cup milk and 1 tsp. minced onion.

**Pour** this VEG-ALL mixture into casserole with SPAM, reserving 6-7 slices for top.

**Arrange** reserved SPAM slices on top.

**Bake** 30 min. at 350°. Serves 6.

"SPAM" is a registered trademark for a pure pork product packed only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., General Offices, Austin, Minn., U.S.A.



# KITCHEN IN A CARPORT

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

*Design by Edmund Motyka, A.I.D.*
*Photographs by Ernest Silva*
*Colored and wood-grain plastic by Formica*

When is a carport not a carport? When it's partly a kitchen, partly a patio and festive enough for a party. The area is open, yet covered by a roof of crisscross beams and translucent plastic which let sun and moonlight through (but no rain). One outside wall is subdivided to house basic cooking equipment inside and gardener's tools outside. The big kitchen is a step away, to cope with complicated cooking. But, best of all, the arrangement is convertible. At summer's end, everything folds neatly behind red, blue, green, orange and yellow plastic-fronted doors, and the car can come home.



*pullout barbecue cart (above) has hidden talents—a set-in charcoal grill, a leaf serving shelf big enough for two, a carving block, drawers for cooking , bins for charcoal and supplies. The cart can be used, as shown, to support foldout wall-panel dining table or, because it carries its own equipment, eled and used elsewhere. When not in use, it backs neatly into the storage wall. red, orange, yellow, green and blue strips are plastic-fronted doors which hide ge areas for electrical appliances (the carport has outlets for using them), es, even folding chairs and cushions (no toting needed). Furthermore, if floor is needed for dancing and relaxing, the tabletop folds up to free it.*





*Top: The carport's wide board fence insures privacy, good ventilation. Behind the director's chair (foreground) in the blue column is a barbecue cart, backed in for storage. The floor is flagstone, set in red cement. It's colorful, quick to clean.*

*The outer side of the storage wall serves a purpose too. It opens into the yard, is a weatherproofed home base for rakes and hoes, hose and hat. Its center section, opposite the table, even includes a potting shelf. What more could a gardener want?*

*To get Kitchen in a Carport plans, send $1 for Carport Plan No. 2981 to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa. Residents of Pa. add 4% sales tax.*

# 4-WAY STRETCH

By CYNTHIA KELLOGG

*To make room for your family to grow and expand its activities, consider converting "waste space" like a porch, basement or garage into a*



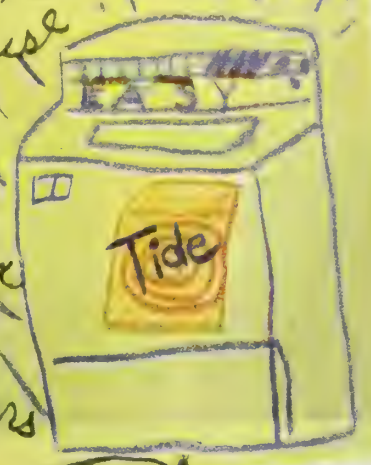
**BASEMENT** *originally the boiler room in a New York brownstone, was converted into a comfortable sitting-dining room (above) with a convenient kitchen (left). Heating equipment was moved to a storage area behind the new kitchen, and pipes were removed from the ceiling and sunk beneath a new quarry-tile floor. An opening was cut in the ceiling to accommodate a new stairway leading to the first floor.*

*All walls were replastered, except one stone foundation wall which, with the rebuilt brick fireplace, inspired a relaxed country-style decorating scheme. The addition of dark wood shutters on the existing windows enhances the country feeling, as does the pair of gay orange trees painted on sliding doors that close off the kitchen. This remodeling project was planned by architect Harold Edelman and cost $5,000.*

November 28, 1962.

Dear Mr. Easy,
My Mother says you must be the smartest man their is about washing because you made our new washer so good and because you put a box of Tide inside of it. Now even my brothers cloths get clean.
Love
Karen Ann Denton

P.S. This is no.






## Sometimes a fellow's fans exaggerate a little.

Calling "Mr. Easy" the smartest is a slight exaggeration, Karen. But the men at the Easy Appliance Division of the Murray Corporation of America know as much as anyone about getting clothes clean. They do a lot of washing—all kinds of clothes and fabrics, every day of the week. That's how they find out the kind of washer your mother needs, and the kind of detergent she needs, too.

**They put a box of Improved Tide in all new Easy washers. Now isn't that a good recommendation for Tide?**

When Mother uses Improved Tide in her new Easy, no matter what she washes—cottons, linens, miracle fabrics—she'll get them as clean as possible. Easy has different cycles for the different washable fabrics, and no matter which cycle Mom chooses, Improved Tide's hard-working suds get the clothes as clean as can be.

**What's more, Improved Tide now adds new freshness to the cleanest wash you can get.** Pretty good reason for all moms to wash with Improved Tide, wouldn't you say?

Tide samples, and this ad, supplied by Tide pursuant to agreement with appliance manufacturer.




**Easy knows your cleaning problems. Easy starts you right by putting Improved Tide in their washers.**

**ATTIC** *was transformed into an office-guest room by decorator Murial Hanna (Mrs. David) Redner in her Pennsylvania home. The walls, ceiling and some furniture were painted white. Floor is white mosaiclike vinyl ($1.48 a square foot, by Amtico).*

*Above: Wall behind a sofa bed (about $165, Simmons Hi-Riser) was faced with a basket-weave covering ($10.75 a roll, Murals Inc.) that hides nail holes and makes it easy to change decorations. Color scheme goes into hall with a blue-and-green rug, a white paper with blue sunburst ($27.50 a panel, Murals).*

*Right: Flowered fabric laminated on a window shade ($15 for lamination, Illinois Shade) sets the color scheme. Mr. Redner made the desk by covering a plywood top with white plastic and placing it on two cabinets. Tea cart keeps materials for Mrs. Redner's hobby, decoupage, easily accessible.*

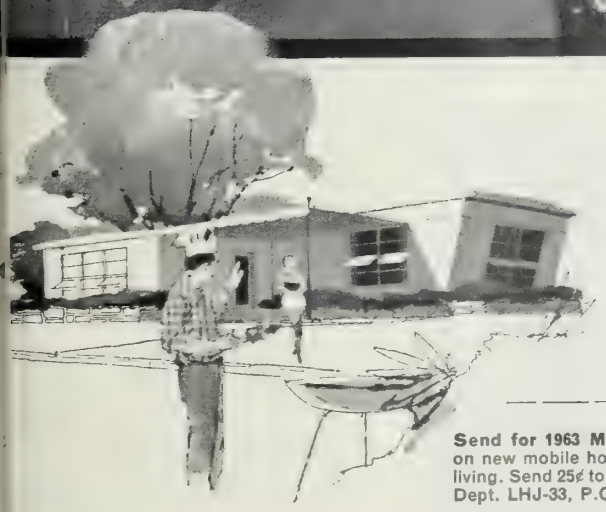


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NAME_____

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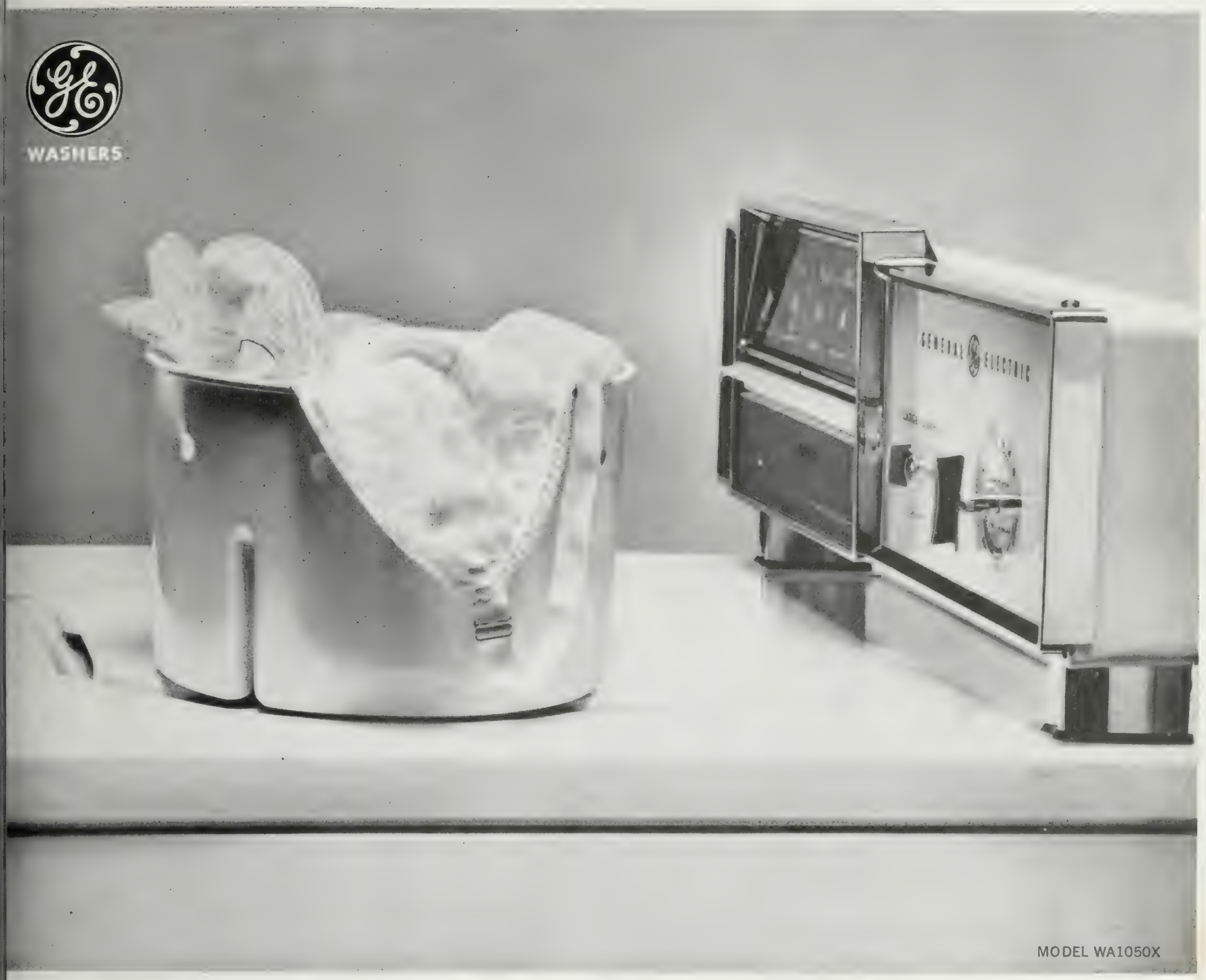
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**PORCH** *was enclosed to double the space of the 12x15-foot living room in Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Johnson's home in Chardon, Ohio. The porch wall once extended along the back of the sofa, and the ceiling was reinforced at this point with a steel beam before the wall was moved nine feet to the porch edge. One souvenir of the porch remains—a corner column of stones collected by the orginal owners, Mrs. Johnson's parents.*

*A new bookcase-stereo wall (right) creates a foyer and is faced with closets on the foyer side. Mr. Johnson paneled the fireplace wall, and new wall-to-wall carpeting hides the joining of the living-room and porch floors. By pitching in to help, Mr. Johnson kept remodeling costs to about $2,000. Remodeling plan by architect Bruce Huston; decorating by Frank Smith of Halle Brothers, Cleveland.*



WASHERS




MODEL WA1050X

# MINI-BASKET washes all the things you now wash by hand

*(12-pound-capacity washer by General Electric now has a small, extra washbasket. It is for little loads and uses little water.)*

The exclusive MINI-BASKET* washes frilly socks, nylons, woolen socks, unmentionables —all the things you separate from the laundry and labor over at the sink. Leftover loads. Last-minute loads.

The MINI-BASKET is ever so gentle. It has no fingernails and wears no rings to snag delicate fabrics. It uses about the same amount of water you do when washing by hand at the washbowl.

It washes separately, as part of the MINI-WASH system, with its own speed, water needs, controls. Indeed, it is a washer within a washer. When MINI-BASKET is not on duty, lift it out and put it away. Now you're ready for a mammoth wash . . .

**Huge, 12-pound capacity**

The big washbasket gets great big 12-pound family loads truly clean. How can it wash so much, so thoroughly? The whole washing system is so powerful, and the action is so relentless, that dirt cannot survive. Hard as it works, this washer can be trusted: in laboratory tests, it has worked the equivalent of 40 years without lying down on the job.

**And the Filter-Flo®** washing system cleans and re-cleans the wash water, traps lint-fuzz in the filter, not on your clothes. Filter-Flo works for both MINI-BASKET and 12-pounder.

More helpfulness: This General Electric multi-cycle washer can be set automatically for any size load, any kind of fabric.

**Two washers in one.** Mammoth 12-pounder and thoughtful little MINI-BASKET. *Only General Electric has it.* See your General Electric dealer, and you will never wash anything by hand again—except yourself. **Trademark of the General Electric Co.*



MINI-BASKET *is an exclusive little washbasket that fits inside the big 12-pound washer.*

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC



**GARAGE** *in Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Humphrys's home in Gladwyne, Pa., became an all-purpose room when its raw walls, floor and ceiling were finished. It is used by Mr. Humphrys, an artist, as a home studio and (left) a workshop; by whole family as an informal sitting-dining-hi-fi room.*

*The garage measured 22x24 feet. It was already wired for lighting, and opened into the utility room and kitchen of the house, making it easy to tap the central heating system for baseboard heating. Mr. Humphrys did most of the work himself. He replaced the garage door with windows (out of sight at left), installed the acoustical tile and wood beams on the ceiling, the mahogany-stained plywood on the walls and the asbestos tile on the floor. Sliding doors close off the workshop. Costs were $1,228, including professional help with lighting and heating.*



Do it with

# Del Monte




## mix it up,

Clean 1 lb. cooked shrimp; mix with 1 cup sliced celery and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Season with French dressing. Serve on lettuce with 1 or 2 slices of Del Monte Pineapple for the sparkle that makes this combination of flavors the best you ever tasted. (Serves 4 to 6.)

## team it up,

For tomato aspic, dissolve 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin in boiling syrup from No. 2 can Del Monte Pineapple Chunks. Stir in 1 cup Del Monte Tomato Sauce and 2 tsps. lemon juice. Chill in shallow pan or ice cube tray. Unmold; cut in cubes. Team with the bright flavor of Del Monte Chunks. (Serves 5 to 6.)

## ham it up–

Drain well 1 cup (No. 1 can) Del Monte Crushed Pineapple. Spread 8 thin slices of cooked ham with mix of 6 ozs. cream cheese, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. lemon juice and 1 cup finely diced celery. Heap 1 Tbsp. of Del Monte Crushed Pineapple across the narrow end of each ham slice; roll and chill. Wow!

nothing fazes the field-fresh flavor of Del Monte Pineapple



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# TEEN-AGE MARRIAGE CRAZE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

In New York City a group of girls who were juniors and seniors at an exclusive East Side school agreed that going steady was a phase of growing up.

"Most of my friends did the going-steady bit," said one of them who obviously considered it childish. "We started fooling around with it in seventh grade, but would just hold hands. Then we started for real in about the ninth grade, and by that time I didn't want any part of it."

"Kids do it so they can say, 'Look! Isn't this wonderful! We're in love!' " agreed a girl in the same class. "To feel adult they have to be in love."

Do steadies really feel that they are in love? In the YWCA inquiry, 70 percent of the participants admitted that they "did kiss a lot," 15 percent said they "petted a lot." But 83 percent also showed affection by "helping each other in difficult situations" and by "doing things for each other." These same steady daters were also asked if they showed less affection in time, and 14 percent admitted that they did; 39 percent said they just plain "got bored."

Two Pennsylvania junior-high-school students, not a part of the YWCA study, made similar comments. Said a 15-year-old boy, "I think there are really some people who are in love young, but most teen-agers just think they are, and after a while it wears off."

"My girl friend likes this boy an awful lot," began a 14-year-old girl, "and they've been going steady since the beginning of August. He's tired of her now and wants to break it off." The girl paused, then continued, blushing, "Once I thought I was really in love . . . with this football player. But we broke up. I don't think anyone is in love—as the real definition of the word. I think we're too young and it's just puppy love, because when you break up, you can always forget about that person. It may take a while, but by then you usually like someone else."

## ARE MORALS IN JEOPARDY?

From a 17-year-old girl came this remark: "I'd been going out with this boy for about a year, and I didn't want to date anyone else. But the problem of morals came up, and I worried that I couldn't keep him because I wouldn't go to bed with him at age 15. I don't think a girl at 15 should have to think about that, but stupidly enough I thought I was in love with the guy."

"I don't know how the girls feel about it exactly," began a 16-year-old junior. He prefaced his comment by saying, "just to show you how seriously I take going steady, I've gone steady about 17 different times." The boy was small, dark and intense. As he spoke, he tapped the floor with the heels of his highly polished black Italian-style loafers. "When you go steady, you feel obligated to go a little farther on each date. It's just naturally expected of you."

The question of going steady and its effect on moral values was put to the teen-agers in the YWCA inquiry, and of those who answered, 44 percent of the girls agreed that going steady did make it more difficult to hold onto their moral standards, 28 percent felt that going steady made it easier, 22 percent of the girls said that they either had no problem or that going steady made no difference.

"It's easier because you're on your own and you're not with the crowd so much," said a 16-year-old in New York. Crowd effect was mentioned by several other teen-agers in the YWCA inquiry. As a Nebraska girl commented, "When you go out with another couple, it's hard not to do what they do."

Fear of lax morals seems to be the strongest parental objection to going steady. "That and the fact that it ties you down too much," said a boy who is going steady. "My parents understand going steady the way I understand it. They just don't like it."

"They don't like it when it gets too serious," added a 17-year-old girl. "When you see too much of each other, it's like being married."

A 14-year-old girl who has been going steady with a high-school junior since August admitted that her parents did not approve at first. "They thought we were too young, and I understand that because sometimes boys and girls get to know each other too well too young. If I date a boy they don't like, I try to do what they think is best. They like the boy I'm going with now, so everything's OK."

## DOES STEADY DATING LEAD TO TEEN-AGE MARRIAGE?

According to a survey conducted in 1958–59 by Dr. Lee G. Burchinal, while he was assistant professor of sociology at Iowa State University, it may. He interviewed 60 girls who had married before graduating from high school and 60 girls of similar backgrounds who had not. In comparing answers, he learned that the girls who had married young had: (1) started dating younger, (2) begun going steady earlier, (3) gone steady more often, (4) been in love more times, (5) dated more frequently at earlier ages, (6) begun more serious dating sooner and more often, (7) known a larger number of close friends who had married young, (8) dated older men more frequently, and (9) more often had a mother who married young.

"Some of these individual differences were small as an average," qualified Dr. Burchinal. "But the important point is that the girls who had married while still of school age consistently were ahead of other girls on all of these factors."

In a later report, Dr. Burchinal stated that about a third to a half of all young marriages involve premarital pregnancies and that such pregnancies are highest among couples where both the boy and the girl are of school age.

"I think the percentage of forced marriages is much higher," said a 15-year-old boy in a small industrial town. "I know of one boy who wasn't allowed to go with a girl, and so he started secretly meeting this girl and pretty soon they had to get married. Now I think they're the most unhappy people I know."

From a small 17-year-old girl, who wore no makeup but high heels and stockings, came this remark. "I've known quite a few girls wh have gotten married. It's sort of as if th had to."

At the same interview was a 19-year-o girl. As the younger girl spoke, she sat finge ing a strand of hair and nodding in agreemer "I had quite a good friend who got married she said. "It was a forced marriage again. A I just knew—even at the wedding—that th were going to be divorced, and they were

"They're just wasting their lives," inte rupted the 17-year-old. "It's as though ever one is going around saying, 'Try this, try th Whatever you do, don't be yourself, do wh the crowd does.' It's kind of mass psycholog You see it on TV, you see it in advertisement you see it in the movies. Everybody's in group and everybody's having fun."

Another 17-year-old girl, who had be sitting quietly listening to the other two gir suddenly spoke up. "I think there's this ave age American cotton-candy image of ma riage—you have the little vine-covered co tage. Like this new Doris Day-Cary Gra movie. This is evil against good, and goo wins out. The candy girl wins a suave, deb nair husband without any letting down of h morals, and the message is, 'This can happe to you, too, girls, if you'll just stand on th corner and let someone splash mud on yo raincoat.' It's just this great big ridiculous ir age that in the end everything will be happy

In the end, unfortunately, it often isn Bureau of the Census figures show that annu ment and divorce rates are highest and th probability of second and third marriag greatest among women who married for th first time at 19 or younger. Divorce rates we 12.6 per 1,000 women married at 15 to compared with 4.8 for those married betwe 21 and 25.

Partly responsible, perhaps, is the glamo ous image of love and marriage. Dr. Lester Kirkendall, who teaches marriage and fami relations at Oregon State College, offers th case history of a broken marriage.*

* Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 236, *Too Young To Marry* by Lester A. Kirkendall.

had known Don throughout our four
of high school, but never dated him until
tter part of our senior year. That year I
ected Queen of the May and crowned in
eous coronation ceremony. As I stepped
from the stage after being crowned,
net me at the foot of the stairs. He asked
a date, and I agreed to go out with him
xt week. On that date he said when he
e being crowned queen, he knew he
me."
beginning is pure Hollywood. The two
y married and lived happily ever after-
–for less than a year.
made fun of me and my parents," the
id, analyzing what went wrong. "He
t my standards foolish and called me
ow. He really wanted nothing in life
d a car and a good time. When he hurt
never apologized, but took even more
age. I couldn't respect him."

**HOW REALISTIC ARE TODAY'S TEEN-AGERS?**

ds who end up getting married miss so
" said a 17-year-old girl who dates
l. "Maybe it's wrong to want to have
d go to parties. It isn't that I'm a social
ly, it's just that when you get married
ng, you have to take on all this re-
bility, and I don't think girls at 15 or
."
n another teen-age girl came this ob-
on: "I think the average girl at 15 or 16
g to be overwhelmed. I think the cards
acked against her before she even

another reaction: "My mother has
been kind of Gung Ho marriage,
e is pushy to a certain degree. I'm
this boy now whose parents she knows.
t thinks the world of Tracy, and if I
announce my engagement to him,
e really happy. But I don't think I
Oh, every now and then I get in these
nk moments where I think about mar-
nd a baby and it's all fine and dandy
u think about dishes every night and
every morning and laundry every week
anging beds and cleaning house! And
u think, *Oh, no!*"
girl stopped speaking and lighted a
e. She inhaled deeply, then blew the
out in quick little puffs. "I have a
who's 17," she continued. "She's en-
nd plans to get married in June. But
e is different because she lives in a
own, and marriage is sort of an out
r. I think she figures if she marries the
e's been going with him since eighth
she can move away and get a job and
use. I think this is where she's not too
because getting married is simply an
rom that dull town!"
e or manifestation of rebellion ap-
peatedly in studies as a motivation for
marriage. Both Dr. Burchinal and
rkendall acknowledge it. Also con-
an important influence upon the rise
ol-age marriage is prosperity, for in
f abundance teen-agers have little
y finding work and their parents can
e to support them if necessary. Inci-
f early marriage invariably drops in
on years. Many sociologists believe,
t teen-age marriage is a reflection of
curity of our times, of the need for
people to find someone from whom
receive unquestioning loyalty, af-
and warmth.
factors frequently cited are those
e teen-agers themselves have already
d: acceleration of adult status, the
gon effect, the false romantic image
by our mass media, which may
exual experimentation and ultimately
marriage.
if a girl is pregnant," said a priest in
Eastern town, "we try to dissuade her
rrying. We try to arrange for her to
nd have the baby quietly. It has been
erience that many of the forced mar-
re mixed marriages and that most of
l. We try to discourage early dating,
eady. But the church is but one voice.
the blame rests with the parents and
ity. There seems to be a lessening of
alues."





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**PREGNANT BRIDES HAVE CHURCH WEDDINGS**

In one study Dr. Burchinal found the premarital pregnancy rate to be 87 percent among marriages in Iowa where both bride and groom were of high-school age. He points out, however, that these marriages are not elopements. "One curious finding," he added, "was that the premaritally pregnant brides more frequently had conventional weddings than other brides. Approximately 81 per cent of the pregnant brides and only 54 percent of the nonpregnant brides were married in their hometowns. Apparently the girls, their families and clergymen accepted the fact of forced marriages, if these were generally known, and proceeded with conventional weddings."

A girl in a small Pennsylvania town expressed it this way: "I don't think people are shocked by much of anything around here any more. The kids who don't get pregnant, don't get married. It's accepted."

Another teen-ager who was a victim of forced marriage said, "I know girls who go out and sleep with any boy, but they're not the kind who have to get married. They're too smart. It's the ones who are going steady and don't think about getting in trouble or the problems that come later. There's no sex education in school—oh, something called health in twelfth grade—but that's a little late. I think most girls pick up what they know off the street. It starts with the first dirty jokes in about fourth or fifth grade. Your mouth kind of flies open when you first hear them, but after a while you get used to it."

A 16-year-old in the same town who was a bride at 14 admitted that she, too, had married because she was pregnant. "But I don't think what I did was so bad, because there was a girl here who got pregnant at 12. The boy wouldn't marry her, and so she went off to have the baby. She was going to put it up for adoption, but after she saw the baby, she












couldn't. So she brought it home with her. That was about six years ago. Now she has just gotten married for the first time, and her daughter was in the wedding."

### STATISTICS DISCOURAGE TEEN-AGE MARRIAGE

Teen-agers themselves—at least the single ones—eschew early marriage. But what of those who did marry at 14, 15, 16? Are they sorry? Would they do the same thing all over again?

"No, I wouldn't," admitted a 17-year-old girl named Sandra, who had just celebrated her first wedding anniversary. She was a tall girl whose head seemed curiously small for her matronly figure. Sitting on the floor in one corner of the scantily furnished living room was a seven-month-old baby girl. Although her arm was festering with a smallpox vaccination, the youngster entertained herself by ripping pages out of old magazines. San picked the child up and set her on her lap. she did so, her face seemed softer, youn almost pretty.

"We had to get married," Sandra s smoothing the red-gold down on the bat head. "We should have waited—at least u my husband had finished college and I adjusted more to growing up.

"My idea of marriage was all fantasy, liv in luxury, not having any problems—mo for one, and getting used to my husbar little habits for another. When you go stea you don't know all your boy friend's li habits. I have to do everything for my h band—run his bath, lay out his clothes, m a snack whenever he's hungry. I couldn't it in the beginning, but I do it now beca it's easier than arguing.

"Our biggest problem is money. My h band wants to go to college—that's one th

## GEM OF A SPRING WARDROBE

Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 64 and 65.




**Vogue Design No. 1198** Suit and Blouse. Designed by Ronald Paterson of Englan 10–18 (31–38) $2.50, in Canada $2.75.
Suit version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Blouse shown requires 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

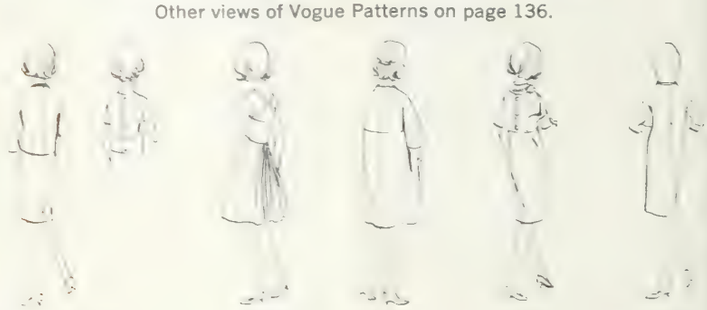
**Vogue Design No. 1204** Coat. Designed by Mattli of England. 10–20 (31–40) $2.5 in Canada $2.75. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 1

**Vogue Design No. 5859** Blouse, Skirt, Halter and Pants. 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, Canada $1.65.
Blouse, long skirt and halter shown require 6¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 1

**Vogue Design No. 5649** One Piece Dress. 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.1 Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 60″ fabric without nap. size 14.

## TEEN-AGERS MAKE IT A BRIGHT SPRING

Other views of Vogue Patterns on page 136.




**Vogue Design No. 5657** Suit and Blouse. Teen sizes, 10–16 (30–36) Junior Miss size 9–15 (30½–35) $1.50, in Canada $1.65.
Suit shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, teen size 12.
Blouse shown requires 1¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, teen size 12.

**Vogue Design No. 1211** Evening Dress and Hood. Designed by Jacques Gres. 10–1 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada $3.30.
Dress shown requires 3 yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Hood shown requires ½ yard of 45″ fabric without nap.

**Vogue Design No. 5666** Coat and Scarf. 10–20 (31–40) $1.50, in Canada $1.6 Coat shown (without scarf) requires 3 yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5731** One-Piece Dress and Scarf. Teen sizes, 10–16 (30–36) Juni Miss sizes, 9–13 (30½–33) $.75, in Canada $.85.
Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, teen size 12.

**Vogue Design No. 5775** One-Piece Dress. 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.1 Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by ma enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoon Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These pattern will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please includ 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *Calif. and Pa. residents add sales ta

reed on right away, that he would go. don't know where we'll get the money. an't afford the apartment, it's $80 a and my husband only gets $62 a –$69 when he works on weekends. But n't afford to move either, so I guess we're My parents would help a little, but my nd doesn't like them to.

ey were fine about our getting married. to be perfectly honest, my father was f hostile at first. I don't think he could it, because I was in the ninth grade. the end they were very helpful. We even rmission to be remarried in my church. my relatives gave us money, and noth- is ever said. My grandmother pitched stood by us. Ours is the type of family grandmother stands up for you, every- e does too.

ound here a lot of the kids go steady, erybody just looks at you and says, 'I r if she's pregnant yet?' I know, because hat way, too, before I went steady. In t two years quite a few girls have gotten ble and had to drop out of school. You to school if you're married, but not if showing.

ne of the kids who got married are a hard time. One thing that helped my id and me more than anything was our own place right from the begin- You just have to break off with your s when you get married. And you have ak with some of your friends—it took or my husband to do it, but he stays with me now instead of hanging around e single guys.

ink teen-age marriages have a good of working out if you realize that ge is a different world. You have to be take part in community activities. And way from in-laws. You just have to o be on your own, and realize you fford what you could when your family pporting you.

ink I'm luckier than some of the other o have gotten married, though. I have n group of married friends, my parents ally been a help, and I think my hus- s mature enough to accept responsi- We talk our problems out and don't go g home to our parents. I think my hus- s happily married because he has a he never did before—and he has a nily he can call his very own.

have a different kind of love for each ow. It's not hearts and flowers any- We respect each other. I want to help band do what he wants to do. And I ow that he is the only one I ever . I don't sit around thinking how it be to be married to someone else, like girls do.

going to take a long time for us to get we want to be. My husband figures it e seven years to go through college. ld take the easy way out, forget about but I certainly don't want to deprive his education."

baby, who had been busy unbuttoning ther's blouse, suddenly began to cry. stood up, moved over to the window. ars her father coming," she explained. l you like to talk to him?"

### 19-YEAR-OLD HUSBAND TALKS

ra's husband, Allen, just 19, moved and heavily up the flight of stairs to the floor apartment. He was a slightly y, an inch or so shorter than his wife. ess seemed to round his shoulders, a defeat sobered his face. Carelessly he to an overstuffed chair. "You're re- g teen-age marriage?" he began, spitting the words out. "Sure, I'll talk Why not?" Sandra gave the baby to er and left the room to prepare supper. moment the boy did not speak, but erving his daughter. Then he looked said, "I think she's smart . . . I hope go to college. And I can tell you, I'm g to let her go steady . . . not until or 17 . . . and then I want to know the oing steady is a matter of maturity. The ature you are, the less advantages there going steady. If I had been mature ally—been able to control myself on a would not be married today. I don't think you should take on the responsibility of a family when you are so young. Possibly responsibility is good for you. It makes you grow up quickly, but maybe you miss something in growing up too fast.

"I want to go to college and study aeronautical engineering. Frankly, I would like to be with the space program. I find it exciting and stimulating. It will be a long time . . . we realize that. Sandra is trying to help. She's quite a skillful seamstress, and when we get the sewing machine paid for, she will be able to clear $20 to $25 a month.

"The love I now have for my wife is not the excitable kind. I am more tolerant and understanding. At first all of her little habits irritated me terribly. But now I can accept them. I think our daughter has had a lot to do with that. She is sort of a common denominator in our lives because her happiness is paramount to both of us right now. But if I had a friend who was thinking of getting married at the age I did, I would advise him to think it over again—to reconsider. I guess I would tell him not to."

### A BRIDE AT 14

Mary Beth is a tall, large-boned girl who married Tom when she was 14. Today she is 16 and, although dressed in tight black slacks, a simple cotton shirt with its tail out and loafers, she looked more like 26. Her eyebrows were dark and carefully plucked, her hair cut short, curly and blond-orange. Her husky one-and-a-half-year-old son, Tommie, clung to her knees, burying his face against her, then broke into sobs when she pushed him away and said, "Go play." Mary Beth, Tom and Tommie live in the first-floor apartment of a row house. There are three large square rooms—living room, bedroom and kitchen—each opening into the other. The living room, the middle room, is sunny, neat and furnished in Early American maple reproductions. In one corner is a confusion of


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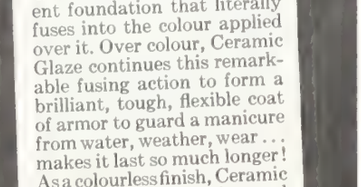
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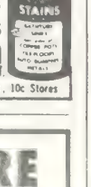


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toys and near it a hulking, old-fashioned television which flickers and sputters but doesn't give up. Settling on a plaid sofa and speaking in a voice loud enough to be heard over the set, Mary Beth began to tell her story.

"My husband didn't want me to talk about our marriage, but I couldn't see anything wrong with it. Besides, I don't do everything he wants me to.

"I met my husband when I was 13 at a dance over at the high school. Some other girls and I went. Tom was 17, a junior at the time. We liked each other right away, and pretty soon we were going steady. About six months later we decided to get married. We hadn't particularly talked or thought about getting married . . . but, well, we had to get married. That's what you find more and more. I belong to this card club with nine girls, and out of the nine, only one got married because she wanted to.

"My parents were quite hurt about it, and my father wouldn't talk to me for days. But after my uncle talked to him, he accepted it. My family has been a big help. They gave us all our furniture, our dishes, pots and pans—they still buy clothes for me and the baby. Tom squawked at first, but now that we have our own place, I think he's glad.

"His parents leave us alone. They don't buy anything for the baby, except maybe at Christmas. But they're older and more old-fashioned. My husband had not dated much when he met me. I started dating when I moved here in the sixth grade, because with all the girls it was nothing but boys, boys, boys. But it was supervised dating. The boy's father or mother would drive you to the movies and pick you up afterward.

"If we hadn't had to get married, I don't think either of us would be married now. As I told my husband, I wouldn't have married until I was about 25. I would have gone to college and worked for a while. He probably would have waited until he was around 21 or 22. His parents wanted him to go to college, but he never cared about it himself.

"My estimation of my husband is a lot different from what it was when we were going steady. He'd been so nice then, given me a birthstone ring and a friendship ring. And, well, my parents had a happy marriage, and I guess that was the picture I had of it.

"We moved in with my parents to begin with, which was a mistake. It wasn't that they weren't good to us, they were. We had our own living room and bedroom, but we were still under my parents' roof and it was hard on Tom. We had lots of squabbles because he wanted a lot of attention. He'd just throw everything everywhere and wouldn't even go get an ashtray. But I couldn't wait on him, because I was sick when I was pregnant and for a long time after the baby was born. The doctor won't let me have any more children for five years, but I don't mind. One's enough.

"We separated twice during the first year. My husband was at the stage when he wanted to run with the boys, and I didn't like that. And we had difficulties because his mother had different ideas about who he was going to marry. She didn't like me, and after we were married, she went out of her way to get her son back. If I had known what I was in for, I wouldn't have gotten married. I had to drop out of school in the ninth grade. Up until then I had thought about being a physical therapist. I think now I'm going to go to beauty school so I will have something I can do. You don't have to have a high-school diploma for that.

"The second time we were separated—it was after the baby was born—I was thinking about divorce. But after two or three months Tom came back and asked me if I would come with him to find an apartment and see if we could work our marriage out. If it didn't work, we would at least know we had tried our best for the baby. Things were better when we got our own apartment except that the baby didn't remember his father and was scared of him. And Tom would try to force him into a lot, and he blamed it on me that the baby didn't like him. It was simply that he was too rough. I talked to Tom about it—I guess we were both learning not to get mad so fast—and Tom began to be gentler. Then Tommie started to come up to him and give him kisses, and it opened up his heart. Lately, the baby has got us close together.

"Another of our big arguments was that Tom wanted to handle the money. My father had always given my mother the paycheck, so I wasn't used to having the man handle the money. Tom gives me five dollars a week spending money. We go grocery shopping together, and he pays that out. And if Tommie needs new shoes or something, I get the money from him.

"We're making out pretty good now—or were until Tom got this new car. I think cars are to blame for an awful lot. As soon as my husband was 16, he had the family car constantly. Before he could drive, his grades were good. Afterward he just lost interest and would drive around all the time.

"Sometimes I feel like I'm getting in a rut. Tommie is quite a handful. He has a mind of his own, and in the evening I'm so fed up I could just sit down and cry. Tom is understanding now and will say, 'Why don't you take the car and go for a ride?' So I do. I usually go home and see my family. It's funny, I think both of us would go to our parents if we had a serious problem. But, as I said, Tom is a help now. When I come back, the house will be all straightened up.

"Still, I think no matter how much you try to hide it, you get mostly in ruts. You just get fed up with things around the house because your child won't behave. And because you are so young, you wonder if you're disciplining the child too much or too little. If I can be as good a parent as my parents were, I'll be happy. They were both married quite young, my mother at 16, my father at 19.

"My idea of marriage wasn't realistic. I pictured everything as perfect. No quarrels. But you find out it gets a little bit different after you're married. It makes you grow up faster, and that's not good. You should be able to enjoy the rest of your time in high school. My girl friends, the ones who didn't marry, all seem so kiddish now. They come over to tell me their problems—but compared to mine, they all seem so small.

"I don't try to paint too pretty a picture of marriage to my girl friends, as though it is the perfect thing. It isn't."

## TALK'S NOT CHEAP ANYMORE

By LEE FOEHR

I used to write "The Editors",
Expressing my opinion
On happenings in any town
Or country or dominion.

There's less of free expression,
now,
Of mine there is a dearth
Because it costs five cents to send
My little two cents' worth.

### SOME HAVE NO REGRETS

Although some teen-age couples regret marrying and wish they could erase their mistakes and begin again at 14, 16, or 19, others, given emotional maturity, financial security, and understanding parents, seem to be making a go of marriage.

Ted is 20, the father of a three-year-old boy, a year-old daughter and a three-week-old boy. He is foreman on the four-to-midnight shift at a small plastics company in a small town. When Ted was 16, he began going steady with Sue, 14. A year later, in May, they were married. Their first son was born at the end of the summer. Sue dropped out of school in the 10th grade, but Ted returned and was graduated. He and Sue are now buying their own home, a three-story red-brick row house which stands on a hill to the north of town, overlooking the river and steel mills. The living room is small, square and cluttered with toys. In one corner, toward the dining room, stands a playpen. And in the dining room itself, a baby carriage. Window sills, tables, shelves are all bright with football tro bowling trophies, baseball trophies.

"Most of them are mine," Ted said. in a large chair with his legs swung ov arm. "But some are dad's. This used to house. We're buying it from him."

"We lived with his parents at first," Sue. She is a small girl, with white, translucent, skin. Her hair is dark b short and very curly. She was weari make-up and did not look old enough the mother of the baby she was nursing

"I didn't put too much thought into riage when I was going steady," said T

"I did," Sue interrupted.

Ted let the remark pass. "Steady tends to show two kids what it would b if they were married," he continued. just go out, and one thing leads to an With us it led to marriage, but my fami pretty nice about the whole thing. We married in our church. Oh, I took som ding from the guys at school. They'd say like, 'How does it feel to be the only da the class?' or 'Is your son coming to gr tion?' but that didn't bother me.

"I think one of the troubles today i kids 16 and 17 are all trying to be a big to act like 24 or 25. They want to go o conquer as many girls as they can. I k few fellows who talk about nothing how many girls they've slept with. Se like it used to be—it's wide open today. getting toward a single standard—peopl to have intercourse and see what it's lik

"I think Sue and I always had a realistic idea of marriage. To us it having a home and a family. Sue under that I work hard, so if I should want out at night, she lets me.

"I guess our biggest problem was used to each other. When you go steac may love a person, but you don't love little thing about that person. Quite kids got married at about the same ti did. One couple has busted up.

"The biggest obstacle you have in a riage is yourself. Your in-laws can be or a hindrance. My parents never h against Sue or me, and they didn't try our lives. They realized that we were m and that we had to work out our own lems. They took us in because we didn' much money, and they knew I wan finish school. I think we paid them month, but later we found they had pu in the bank in the name of our first so

"I guess you could say I got marri cause I thought I could do the job. Ar felt she was mature enough. Oh, we had kiddish spats now and then, but nothing serious—the kind where one of you er on the outside looking in.

"I don't regret anything I did, and I think Sue does either. We have a pretty life. After supper she does the dishes take care of the two older kids. When w problems, we talk them over betwee selves. Whenever I feel I'm getting in a go out and do something different. I've taken up painting. Here, I'll show

Ted disappeared into the dining roo returned with two canvas boards. "I d much last night at midnight when I got from work." The paintings were the num kind, both were outdoor scenes. The manship was painstaking. "I get a kick these," Ted said. "I hope to get them fi in time for our anniversary. Sue's a picked out a lulu for me—the Last S We want to hang it in the living room

"The church is very important in ou We were married there. I think eloping you're afraid to face facts, and that mea will be afraid to face them the rest of yo

"Sue and I faced the facts. And w facing our problems. We both want ou dren to have everything they need. C won't go overboard so they'll expe much. And I don't think I'll be so strict want to sneak on me. We just want t them what they need in the way of lo understanding.

"No, I'm not sorry I got married."

And Sue, who had been quietly nursi baby the whole time her husband was t smiled and said softly, "No, I'm not e




STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART OF THE SUN-DRENCHED SAFFLOWER

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■ Now, thanks to safflower oil, you can enjoy a delicious new margarine—Golden Glow—higher in poly-unsaturates than any leading margarine, including 100% corn oil margarine.

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**Your husband will love it**—your whole family, too. Golden Glow's fresh, sweet flavor is so delicious. Try it—and see!

**IF YOU'VE DECIDED YOU WANT POLY-UNSATURATES . . . YOU WANT DELICIOUS NEW GOLDEN GLOW!**






# Art Fo

"Without women, the arts would die," Vincent Price, the actor-art expert, declares. Today, thanks to women's hankering for paintings and sculpture to decorate their homes, the arts have never been healthier.

The days are gone when a pair of hunt or flower prints was sufficient art for any living room. The "museum look" is now the style, involving so many pictures, pieces of sculpture and folk art, *objets d'art*, architectural and archaeological relics that, in some living rooms, walls, shelves and tabletops are almost hidden. These new collections are not confined to the living room either—they overflow into every room, including the kitchen and bath.

With such a demand, it is as easy to buy art now as it is nylons or automobiles. Art galleries are sprouting like mushrooms in the big cities, where art auctions are almost daily events. Museums and department stores are now starting to dispense art. The final proof that art is "the only necessary luxury," as Vincent Price calls it, is its appearance in the stores of the country's second largest retailer, Sears, Roebuck and Co.

"Well, we sensed a need," a Sears official explained, in discussing his company's plunge into the art world. The big need for art, Sears felt, was in cities and towns where there were no galleries, or few. Since art is one-of-a-kind, it could not be included in the company's famed mail-order catalogue, which offers Americans in the hinterlands such new necessities as mink stoles, diamond rings, tours of the United States and Paris-designed gowns, along with such timeless Sears staples as poultry fences and yard goods. So the company decided on a traveling exhibition-sale that would visit stores in towns with few galleries. The exhibition would include about 300 pictures and be replenished from a giant stockpile of art.

Looking about for an authority to buy art for them, Sears lighted on a man "widely known and popular, whose word would be accepted"—Vincent Price, a member of the Fine Arts Committee for the White House, a commissioner of Indian Arts and Crafts (one of his passions) for the United States Department of the Interior and a board memb of the Archives of American A in Detroit and of the Los Angel County Museum. Price has a tw star rating with the public—in m tion pictures and, after his partic pation in the art category on a T quiz program, in art knowledge.

Sears gave him 90 days to asse ble a collection and, aside from the agreement that "too many nud might be uncomfortable," Price ha only his own tastes to consult. F the deadline at the end of last A gust, he had amassed 2,800 picture written brief histories for all of the helped with the cataloging, and s pervised the framing. (Mrs. Pri helped out by designing the frames In his spare time he made a mov

At a Chicago preview of the fir exhibition, Price was bounding wi enthusiasm for such coups as Rembrandt etchings, 100 works "the greatest engraver that ev lived," Alphonse Legros; a Picas and a Miro, an American India painting of Sitting Bull on sug sacking and some original cartoo of *When a Fella Needs a Friend* Frank Briggs. His Sears associat seemed stunned at suddenly acqu ing nearly 3,000 pictures, and we nervously asking visitors, "What you think?"

The collection started on its tra els on October 16 in Denver, and mid-November Sears had to slo down its itinerary to permit Price replenish the depleted stockpile. tremendous success," a Sears spoke man advised us, confessing that ev Sears officials "got carried away and bought pictures themselves.

The average purchase was b tween $100 and $250, although, Sears's surprise, a few sold at t $2,000–$3,000 level. The price ran in the original collection was $10 f a small, framed Salvator Rosa etc ing in sepia (a price tag less tha many reproductions) to $3,000 for giant oil by Eugene Berman. Europ the Orient and America were a represented and the age span w from Rembrandt (1606–1669) to u known—so far—painters of 196 The most popular types of pictur were etchings and watercolors, po sibly because these blend easily in decorating schemes, Sears thinks.

It once bothered Price, as it do most dealers and artists, that wom

# :veryone

nember their color schemes when y are buying pictures. In his tty 1959 book on his adventures collecting, *I Like What I Know*, bemoaned the fact that artists ose palettes differed from wom- s color schemes could starve to th, and he accused women of ving "built-in tape measures in ir hands and almost no picture he right size."

But he has mellowed since then. n interview at the Chicago show, declared that there was absolutely hing wrong with matching a nting to the draperies and, in t, felt that perhaps women worry much about whether they are ing something because it is dec- tive and not primarily because it *art*. "Why, Michelangelo did his nting as decoration," Price re- ured us. Art is not a separate en- , but part of a home, he feels, and ilies "can take it from there" in amount of study and art activi- they do.

Recalling his own precocious start collecting (a Rembrandt etching, .50, bought on time at the age of , Price advised the beginning col- or to look a lot before the first chase. "Go to the museums and, here aren't any, look at the mag- nes at the dentist's."

Decide what you like, not what neone else likes. "Remember, the st fun in the world is finding out at other people think about what have." Then, bone up on your ice. "By buying what you know, will know even better what you e when you buy again.

"Don't get stuck in one period— y the rich do," he counseled, ob- ving that some people think that t must be handpainted in oil on vas." The Sears collection re- ted Price's magpie interests. In dition to oils, lithographs, etch- s and engravings, it included sters, primitive Indian paintings, glish watercolors, book illustra- ns, costume designs, comic strips d cartoons ("art must have hu- r"). He suggests that women con- er children's paintings (he bought e by a 12-year-old girl) and pho- graphy ("you buy this art form all e time in post cards"). In his own lection, he has even framed the st jacket for a record of Shelley's etry.

He recommends buying a lot of things that cost little rather than plunging the whole art budget into one painting. "I've never spent a lot, and a price tag doesn't impress me—lots of my things people never heard of."

The Sears collection included many kinds of unknowns (one reason why prices were so reasonable). Price bought works by art students, by the forgotten contemporaries of the French Impressionists, by neglected American painters who are considered by some to be "too realistic" for today, by painters of the West when it was young. "What does a name mean? It's the point of view that counts—art is the difference between excitement and non-excitement when you look at it."

As to hunting grounds for art, the prospective buyer might consider some of Price's sources. First of all, etchings and lithographs are the most available "because there are more of them." He considers modern, abstract art hard to buy—it must be studied carefully for "fakes and phonies." American Indian art also requires careful study.

In addition to the galleries, he went to bookstores. "A good book-dealer is always interested in prints and graphics," and it was at one such dealer that Price bought the English watercolors that were so popular. Another likely source are shows by students in art schools. He also bought from interior decorators—"in fact, one museum director I know depends on them; they may not know what it is, but it is good."

Geographically, London is the great art market of the world, not Paris or Rome, he says. In this country, "New York is always the center," but the Northwest, he thinks, is the most fertile art area in the country today, followed by Los Angeles "with its 28,000 art students," the Southern states, St. Louis, Chicago and Maine.

No matter what, where or whose picture a woman buys, Price is convinced that art is a wonderful investment. "It improves you, it cultivates your taste, it provides new interests, it does not become obsolescent—if it goes out of fashion, it will surely come in again." Which is more than you can say about those draperies women want to match. END


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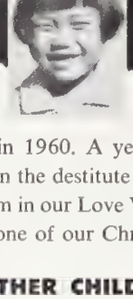


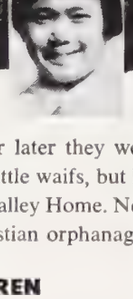

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Yung Soon (H-2)


Ok Ja (H-3)


Bok Soon (H-4)

Their father, a tenant farmer, died of peritonitis in 1960. A year later they were abandoned by their mother. A humble pastor took in the destitute little waifs, but his own circumstances forced him to seek refuge for them in our Love Valley Home. Now they are praying for sponsors to maintain them in one of our Christian orphanages.


Chun In (H-5)


Chun Il (H-6)


Yung Soo (H-7)


Hae Myong (H-8)

## HUNDREDS OF OTHER CHILDREN

**(including the children pictured at left) with stories just as tragic, are waiting for word that someone cares enough for them to become their sponsor.**

For only $10 a month (that's about 30 cents a day) you will provide for the child's necessities—food, shelter, clothing and education. We provide a Christian home, staffed by Bible-believing Koreans. The children will be taught the Word of God and surrounded by a wholesome atmosphere. Among these children may be Korea's future Christian leaders.

The child you select will know you as sponsor. A photo and the life story of the child will be sent to you; children who are able to write will correspond with their sponsors. If the child is not able to write, one of the staff members will do so. There's a new and undreamed-of blessing awaiting you as an "adopted" "Mommy," or "Daddy," "Big Brother" or "Sister."

The need for sponsors is urgent. The appeal is for many who will answer a child's prayer for someone who cares enough to care for *him*. Do what *your* compassionate heart tells you to do—NOW!

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**To maintain** 158 orphanages, supervised and staffed by Bible-believing Christians.

**To serve** more than 21,500,000 meals each year.

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In sharing this ministry with us you show genuine COMPASSION, which is the new name of this work, known for the past 10 years as the Everett Swanson Evangelistic Association. We believe our new name is more descriptive of the spirit and nature of the work.

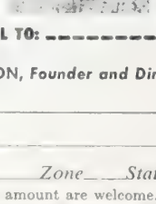
### Disease Takes His Parents

Jong Po. Disease robbed him of both his father and mother, and Jong was taken into the home of neighbors. Several months ago, when the neighbors could no longer assume the extra burden, they brought him to a COMPASSION orphanage. Unsponsored, Jong needs someone to take a personal interest in him.


Jong Po (H-10)

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Kim Bong Soon. She lost her father in a fishing boat accident in July 1961. Not too long after, she was deserted by her mother. Relatives, unable to care for her, brought her to our Love Valley Home. Kim is a precious little girl who is praying for a sponsor.


Kim Bong Soon (H-9)

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I prefer ☐ Boy, ☐ Girl. With God's help I will send $10 a month. Please send my child's name, picture, address and FULL PARTICULARS. I understand I may discontinue at any time. Enclosed is support for ☐ first month, ☐ one year.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but want to help a child by giving $_____

☐ Please send folder, "Information About Sponsoring Korean Orphans."

EVERETT SWANSON, *Founder and Director*

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# Command performance

**What's so funny? It's mamma, and even family pandemonium responds to her light touch.**

**By Ginny Anderson**

With toddlers or teen-agers, parents frequently play roles that run the scale of emotion, from the soap-opera part of tyrannical mother driving her daughter insane by refusing to sugar-starch a petticoat at seven o'clock in the morning, through parts in all kinds of intense dramas and mysteries (the main mystery being why it was so easy to raise children before you had any). Yet we neglect to play the role that can often help us the most, that of comedian. Even with a touch of slapstick.

I have worked (and it is work!) at the theory that if parents are happy and easygoing, their children will be too. It *is* successful. I don't go around grinning like an idiot—children are too discerning not to recognize forced gaiety—but I do try to "approach" rather than "reproach" each day.

This could be called "anticipated living." Approach each day the night before. For instance, when my children miss their usual bedtimes by two hours, I can anticipate their reluctance to get up the next morning. Shall I play the heavy-handed dictatorial mother, or the warm understanding mother who hated to get up too? Why fight it? Relax! With a little comedy, tickle them out of bed. Or, if they have a record player in their room, turn it on ten minutes earlier and let them get up to music. They'll have to get up to turn the record off or over. The ice is broken, they are up and you haven't had to yell, because you anticipated the problem the night before and mentally wrote your script.

If your children are young enough not to think you're a screwball, you can pull your husband's hat down over your pin curls and, dressed as mothers usually are in the morning, try a slapstick, "Myrt, the flirt, it's time for work," plus a soft-shoe routine. The incongruity of mom performing will make Myrt wake up happy, especially since her name is Mary. I'll leave you to your own devices for keeping the children from crawling back into bed.

Your family will get interested in your vast repertoire and follow you around just to see what you'll do next. The lines don't have to be showstoppers; it's the change of attitude, the unexpected, that starts the day sunny. And smiles are free, and as contagious as measles.

It's amazing how much further one gets using humor instead of anger. The catchall drawer in our kitchen, always overflowing, got pulled out too far at least once a week, everything scatt and the atmosphere became cha while I stood over the culprit. One my ten-year-old stood with the dr dangling from his hand, dreading expecting my angry explosion.

"H'm-m," I said, "short dra ignoring the whole mess. Surprise him chuckle good-naturedly as h placed everything. "Short drawe the password, now, *before* they p out.

When boys walk in with muddy on your freshly scrubbed floor, their jackets on the drainboard head for the refrigerator, don't y them; play the role of inventive g Place paper towels or newspaper rectly inside the door. Suggest skate to the refrigerator. It will a to their sporting interest. In th frigerator have a coat hanger t extricated before they can remo quart of milk. Hanger in hand almost reflex action to stick it jacket to get rid of it. The jacket be hung on the refrigerator handle be thankful for small favors.

Your home is the stage, the "str man" and audience your family. star is *you!* Your husband will t supporting role; he plays it anywa he won't be out of character. Tur hat upside down to hold a unique f arrangement (use a bowl, of cou most hats leak).

Put your son's model plane in t frigerator or your daughter's note in the breadbox. They'll get the g hint that yours is as logical a for their belongings as where the them. Simple? Maybe even a bit but they look around expectantly, ing "mamma goofed." Of course ma doesn't "goof" every day. Then it w be old stuff.

I usually goof accidentally, then the most of it. If I absent-minu empty an ashtray in the sack wit chocolate éclairs instead of the ga I can either throw them out quiet place a whisk broom beside them a note, "Be my guest." My fam never quite sure whether I am dun intelligent. They have to stay clo home to find out.

They also bring their friends h One day three boys came home wit first-grader. They stood staring as I ufactured sandwiches. I handed out thinking they'd go outside to but they continued to follow every I

"Didn't you come to play?" I

CONTI

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CONTINUED "No, we came to watch," one of them told me.

"Watch what?" I asked as I jumped over the dog and poured coffee into my saucer. The boys giggled, but my son howled. He knew I was "goofing" on purpose—*especially for him.*

It was faster and more fun than ordering them outside. They went willingly. They had made him prove his statements. When they told their mothers I probably lost forever the chance to be president of P.T.A. My son's life wouldn't have been affected much if I hadn't goofed that particular time; but I believe the *little* "backings up" automatically keep a child turned toward home, knowing he'll find a strong supporting cast there.

Another day my boys and several friends were sprawled on the porch.

"My mom's got a new job," I heard one say. "She makes as much money as dad. She's sure smart."

"My mom's pretty," another volunteered.

"Mine's president of the P.T.A.," a third said.

I pressed closer to the screen waiting for my own to speak up. After all, I'm a room mother at school and a den mother for Cub Scouts. I felt I could compete in a small way. During the long silence I mentally prompted from the wings, running down a list of nice things they could say about me.

I guess my sons were running down a list, too; but finally one said, "My mom's"—he hesitated—"fun."

That *was* a flat apologetic press notice. However, I decided to be a real trouper. After all, mom can't be pretty or smart, or president of P.T.A. forever. But it doesn't matter if she's a child bride of sixteen, a young mother of twenty-three, a matron of forty, or grandmother at sixty—mom can *always* be fun!

Now suppose you don't feel like laughing. Let's be very basic and take an ordinary day in the life of a mother. If you have numerous children, you know the kind I refer to. (Days, that is.)

Your head aches, the children are noisy, the TV is blaring, the radio is blaring, the neighbor kids whose mothers are making money or pretty are chasing your kids, the dog is chasing all of them and some thoughtful child put the cat in the china closet so it wouldn't get hurt. You look like a refugee from an autograph party, the insurance man comes to collect, your teen-age son clumps in with four hungry pals wearing size-twelve shoes with mud to match, a man comes to sell you a vacuum cleaner (if it doesn't take up kids, don't buy it), your in-laws call to say they're dropping in with their four children, and your youngest son skips up and says, "Do something funny, mamma."

You can drop dead, if you can find room on the floor, or scream and tear your hair, which takes more energy than you have left. You can also place a shaking hand on young son's shoulder, the other on the crick in your back, bend your knees out (old cowboy style) and sing, "*Oh, stake me out with an old-age pension, 'cause I sure can't stand this awful tension.*" (To the tune of Lone Prairie.) Then laugh with the kids that's all you have time for anyway. Let the in-laws and husband come—not to a tense family in a cluttered house, but to a home topsy-turvy with love and laughter.

Try it; tide yourself over the rough spots; act it up a little. I guarantee you'll be in demand for many curtain calls.

I didn't stumble on the advantages of home theatricals or using humor accidentally. My oldest son taught me when he was five years old. He was in the hospital awaiting surgery. The operation would determine whether he would live or die. He was frightened and apprehensive. In the strange surroundings and strained atmosphere he must have been searching frantically for something understandable, familiar, something to assure him that everything was all right. Finally, he turned pain-glazed eyes to me and said, "Please, mamma, make me laugh."

His spirit, that nebulous thing that even the doctors were counting on, was showing. He was game if I could play my command performance. His request broke through my veneer of control and I glanced away, just in time to see the masked surgical nurse coming through the door.

"Here comes the Lone Ranger," I said, throat aching from swallowing tears.

"Where's Tonto?" he followed the lead.

The nurse's understanding eyes crinkled over the mask. "He's waiting upstairs. Want a ride on Silver?"

We lifted him onto the white cart then—the dreaded moment—perhaps the last chance ever to see his eyes light up with a grin.

I grasped his feet between my hands and said seriously, "'By, darling, you have such a sweet face."

His toes wriggled in delight, pain forgotten for a moment. "Mamma," he grinned, "I'm up here."

In mock surprise, I turned and kissed him good-bye. The nurse wheeled the cart away. At the door he waved weakly and called, "'By, mamma. Hi-yo-Silver." And the nurse pushed him out of sight.

He was playing his part and taught me to play mine.

Humor can be a real challenge. Accept it. Good, hearty laughter will help your family face their own individual future "command performances." EN

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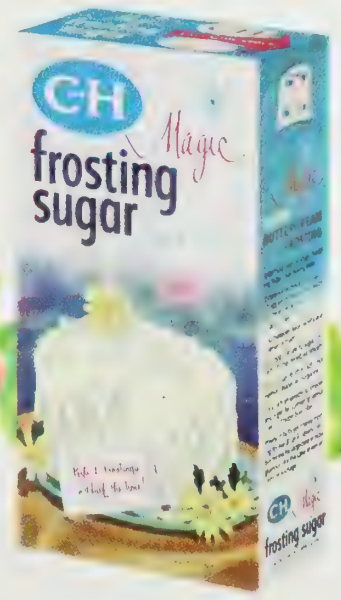

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# STRANGE USES

*Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,*
*Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.*

By MARY K. BLACKMAR

Caesar's clay, though royal, might find an ignominious end, says Shakespeare; but not so with American antiques. Many a very humble relic has in our day been raised to a quite new, exalted rank. It is natural for us to regard our family heirlooms with interest and a certain amused respect. But this whimsical affection has led us into making some peculiar reincarnations.

Buttons, for example, have risen in the world, appearing now as costume jewelry and as hat ornaments. Minute old washbowls, often of precious china, figure now on buffet tables as elegant salad bowls. But an opulent old china foot bath, masquerading as a punch bowl, may verge on the bizarre.

Old copper and iron kettles, apple-butter boilers or even hog scalders, promoted to modern hearths as wood and kindling holders, are still so "functional" as to be acceptable. Iron trivets as wall decorations are pardonable because of their interesting designs and their beautiful handworkmanship.

Our grandmothers' silk shawls and hand-woven or embroidered counterpanes may be used as table covers or wall hangings, often with harmonious effects; and the blue-and-white hand-woven linen of old farm grain sacks makes lovely picnic tablecloths.

One ingenious young matron made herself a distinguished set of curtains by fagoting together a grandpaternal outfit of diapers. The soft hand-loomed texture of the cloth, with its elegant "diaper" pattern (small, closely repeated figures in relief), gave her draperies truly uncommon style.

Coffee and end tables have been evolved from the most incredible origins. One may endure to see a cobbler's or a saddler's bench ennobled, but to find a tiny old five-plate Pennsylvania iron stove nestling against the end of a brocade davenport does really give one pause. The standing desk of an old-fashioned lawyer may learn to function as a modern playroom bar, but an ancient flax spinning wheel, still upholding a hank of dusty fibers, should keep its place as a strictly museum piece.

An iron dog that cracks nuts in his mouth when his tail is smartly struck would be welcome in his own character anywhere. An old-time wooden bench on rockers, with a wood box contained in its innards, is so really useful as to be an asset to a gameroom or a picnic porch. But a lovingly made old cradle, formerly the nest of a tender baby, does seem abused when turned into a holder of dry wood.

Amusing doorstops emerge from decoy ducks, sadirons, and the metal statuettes from the tops of mantel clocks.

Flower holders shape up from almost anything—old bowls, pudding molds, pitchers, tall-stemmed compotes and celery holders as well as all types of vases—while sturdy old soup tureens are highly favored for imposing "arrangements." But when a long-retired chamber pot emerges into the drawing room or banquet hall in newly acquired floral splendor, the humorous intention seems almost weird.

Modern lamps take form out of an even vaster variety—pickle jars, bottles, sugar bowls, whiskey jugs, and all sorts of candlesticks. A tall china teapot has a cheerfully maudlin air dispensing light. A cavalry boot, though startling, is permissible; while an old army bugle, beautifully burnished, has sentimental as well as artistic charm. But an old-time coffee mill, the kind of box to hold on the lap, with a little hopper above and a little drawer below and a long handle projecting up and out, does cut an antic figure as a luminary, and even hints that chaos may be waiting just around the corner, along with dissonant music and man-made satellites.

One of the greatest users of antique treasures is the ubiquitous cigarette, which has climbed its way into boxes of Sheffield, tooled leather, inlay and lacquer, while no bit of Meissen or Haviland, honey dishes, fruit saucers or silver porringers are too precious to lend themselves as ash trays.

An old merry-go-round horse, retired from his circuit, is an engaging figure wherever found. One we know presides as a sign at the gate of a well-known horse farm, especially proud and prancy since his original worn horsehair tail has been replaced by one of cleverly carved wood. But no use, apparently, has yet been found for that glamorous life-size steed that in the horse-and-buggy days proudly stood to display the finest handiwork of the harness maker. Maybe someday he, along with the iron deer and dogs which graced Victorian parks, will once more be gathered up into the tide of fashion. Who knows? Strange things happen.

END


*See opposite page for 5 reasons why you should try Confidets*

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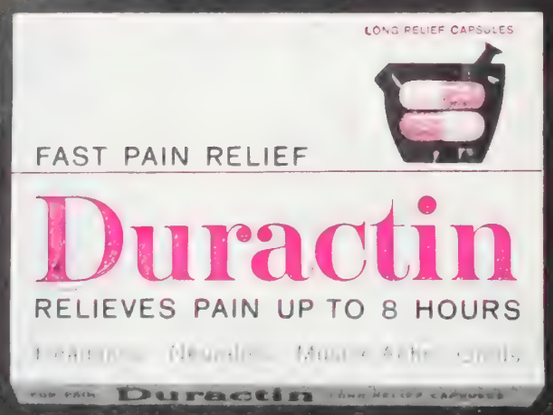
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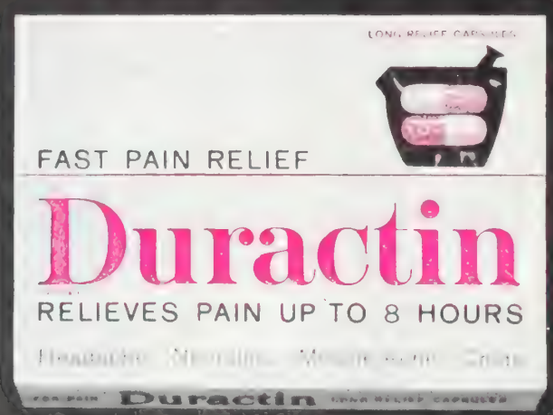
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# How To Meet a Financial Crisis

**By SAM M. FLEMING**

*Past President of The American Bankers Association*

What do families do if the main wage earner loses his job, or is forced out of work by a serious and costly illness? What do they do if they find themselves suddenly responsible for the care of a widowed mother or father? Even the prospect of a new baby can bring serious difficulty to a family that has not planned for a time when mother may have to give up her job.

At such a point of crisis, financial problems must be handled on a sound priority basis. The following steps are prescribed in a program of financial "first aid," although they are good preventive medicine for families who have not yet reached a crisis point.

1. An essential first step is to assess all of your obligations, including the family budget. The situation may be less serious than you think.

2. Speak with your creditors. Most would rather get their cash eventually than take your goods or take you to court. If you go to them with a sound repayment program—and obvious good intentions—you may find them willing to accept smaller monthly payments than you had agreed to pay, or—if your prospects are good—willing even to postpone payment until you have got back on your feet financially.

3. Consolidate overdue bills with a single long-term bank or other low-cost loan. Most families who are in trouble financially are working against time. They simply do not have the money to pay all that they owe at once. Many of them, however, could afford to make small monthly payments on the total sum of all they owe, *and* profit from the difference between bank-loan and installment-financing charges.

4. Reassess expenditures to see what you can cut out; then set up a workable budget. In planning a crash budget for a family in trouble, I try to start with the "musts." You must eat, must pay your utility bills, must pay the main wage earner's transportation to and from work (or to and from job interviews), must keep up payments on insurance policies and health plans. My method is to take the sum of these, subtract it from whatever the family's emergency income is, and then decide with them how much of what's left can go to creditors.

5. Let the whole family "in" on the crisis. No budget is workable unless all members of the family—everyone who has a hand in spending the family money—understand and agree to it.

I believe that even children should be advised of financial cutbacks, at least to the limit of their understanding. Children who don't know may interpret a sudden lack of "extras" as a sign of parental disfavor. Many children who do know, on the other hand, seem to accept the new spending limits in much the same way they accept regular bedtimes and assigned household tasks.

## GETTING THE MONEY YOU NEED

The second step in your crisis program is getting the money you need as safely, conveniently and economically as possible. You have to watch your step. Unfortunately, a small group of people who lend money make it their business to prey upon people in trouble. They often attempt to disguise interest up to 40 percent yearly in terms of "discount rates" and "easy-payment plans" that leave you uncertain as to the period of your obligation.

Even more serious are fine-print provisions for refinancing in case of default. These can mean that if you miss one payment, your loan will be refinanced, meaning you will be required to reborrow the whole amount you owe, including interest.

People go to high-cost lenders in times of crisis because they are convinced that they can't get the money they need from other sources. Many of these people actually *are* eligible for bank loans. Others hold insurance policies with provisions for low-cost loans that can be repaid at the convenience of the borrower. Still others are members of pension funds which have provisions for low-cost loans.

Your eligibility for a bank loan can only be decided by your banker. Take your problem to him. It may be that you have sufficient collateral in your home, or other holdings. Or, it may be possible for him to arrange a personal loan without collateral if your prospects are good and if you have a cosigner whose personal credit is good.

Or, if you are in debt beyond your means, and threatened with court action, he may be able to arrange a bank, or credit-bureau, trusteeship. In this case, the bank collects your income, allows you a fixed share for living expenses, and arranges with your creditors to pay them from whatever is left.

Now also is the time for preventive planning to prevent future crises.

Keep your living costs within reasonable limits. Rent or home payments and household upkeep should not take more than 25 percent of your income. Food should not amount to more than 30 percent.

Use savings accounts to "budget" unexpected heavy expenditures like medical bills and seasonal ones like "back-to-school" and heating expenses over at least a year's time.

And remember, you will be susceptible to financial breakdown until your "rainy day" savings amount to at least six months' regular income. After your savings have reached that amount, you can begin building a *growing* savings account, saving between 10 and 15 percent of your income for investments, a new home, children's college expenses.

Keep installment payments on "big" purchases below 20 percent of your monthly income. Always "shop around" for financing to be sure you are getting it as cheaply as it can be had. And always "stretch" to make big down payments. Remember, your down payment is interest free. You can use the advantage a big down payment gives you, either to shorten the period of the loan or to decrease the size of your monthly payments. Either way you save on finance charges or interest fees. END




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## IEN OLD FOLKS COME A PROBLEM

TINUED FROM PAGE 57

e is no respite. Once upon a time fam- used to be big, to live close together to share burdens. But the industrial lution and the westward movement in rica changed all that; now families, even g, live far apart and scattered. Often the of an ancient parent falls on us alone, our ands, our children.

this case, where does our obligation lie? is, after all, *Mother*. We love her, and we erately want her old age to be as easeful happy as possible. But if she is embitter- he family and crushing our young—what ?

is an agonizing question, and one which hink Mrs. B. has expressed most elo- tly. To try to find an answer for her, and ll women in a similar situation, we showed etter to a number of experts in the fields ocial work, psychiatry, gerontology and ion, asking particularly for practical sug- ons as well as general thought on the lem of the aging in our population.

r. Alvin I. Goldfarb is associate professor e New York School of Psychiatry, Con- nt on Services for the Aged for the New k State Department of Mental Hygiene, one of America's most distinguished geri- psychiatrists.

t is very hard to say on the basis of a let- hat the real situation is," he commented. all know that children, the sick and the should be kept at home whenever pos- . This is best for them emotionally, speeds ovement and is usually best for the fam- However, there are conditions and family mstances which strongly indicate the wis- of hospital or institutional use. Each case o be considered individually, and the pros cons carefully weighed.

t is quite possible that in this case Mrs. B. glecting her mother, ruining her husband, spoiling her child by keeping her mother e home.

Her mother may have a disorder called a nic brain syndrome, which means severe of memory and disorientation. If this is her intellectual capacity is undoubtedly ly decreased and is far below that which nay have formerly shown. Such a woman s protective care on a custodial and super- y level. She's had strokes. She may be ntinent. If she needed three enemas in one she may have had a fecal impaction. 's a job for a trained nurse to handle, not ner daughter. If this is so, this woman s *nursing*.

ne could be taken care of in terms of our nology (which holds that you must keep ner at home as long as you can stand it) nere were a large house with a separate where the mother could be cared for t from the rest of the family, and if her ters were furnished with hospital-type pment—a low bed which can be cranked position, a sit shower, and so on. This is sort of arrangement wealthy people can e, but for people who have a low- or lle-class income this sort of expensive ar- ement is impossible.

n contrast, the kind of care for a severely aged parent that Mrs. B. describes is not eping with our present social views.

n our experience, home care is given to ill mothers by three classes of people: the who have very strong family ties and don't know community resources; the who can set up an adequate nursing en- nment, and the misguided, who place the of the mother above the interests of the of the family.

his lady is trying to keep her mother e, when I think she should be looking for od nursing home.

f my guess about the mother's condition rrect, Mrs. B. has a very legitimate com- it. She is describing a situation which is g I don't know how many millions of le today. This is a problem which our ty appears to be unwilling to face on a ular level at the present time. Our society has a much larger proportion of very sick older people than ever existed before in history, and there are going to be more.

"The people who are trying to take care of the older ones need some kind of help from the organized community. The extended family—where sisters and brothers and aunts and cousins all lived close together and could help each other—has almost disappeared. It has been replaced by the nuclear family, which consists of a father who works, a mother who often works, and a child who goes to school or is working. So there is no one to stay home and take care of grandma. In fact, Mrs. B. sounds as if she, too, would be better off if she were working.

"Certainly she has a right to know that she does no wrong in complaining about this situation. She has a right to know that she is dealing, to the best of her ability, with an impossible situation. She has a right to know that there may be community resources to help her, but that the experts feel the resources available are not yet adequate.

"This is a time of change. The old ideas are not pertinent in our present society. Nor are the methods of other countries—the close Indian family system, for instance. Experts today are trying to answer this problem in terms of our American problems and growth. We recognize in common with all peoples that the care of our older parents is an obligation—of course.

"But what we are facing is a new problem in the world, and it must have new solutions, because so many of these people are physically and mentally ill, as this mother is.

"By neglecting the problem, we are pushing Mrs. B. to take care of a sick person with inadequate tools. But keeping her at home does not really satisfy the old lady's needs. For instance, trained personnel might be able to teach her to tie her own shoes—or recommend shoes without laces. She might enjoy the company of her contemporaries, and that of younger people who are trained to understand her particular problems.

"I think Mrs. B. should begin by looking for a medical specialist in geriatrics who knows he is treating the whole family, and not just the grandmother.

"And I think she should recognize the fact that the whole family is miserable—but that the one suffering most is the 15-year-old daughter. She is certainly not getting a good example for her own middle or old age, and she may take the first opportunity she can to get out of the home and never come back.

"Mrs. B.'s gripe is legitimate, but she should follow it with action. Does help exist in her community? If not, she should—when and if she solves her own problems—take an interest in helping to organize it.

"The medical department of a state university is often a good source of information. There are generally local branches of the various religious sects: The Protestant Welfare Agencies, Inc., the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, and Catholic Charities. A visiting nurse would be helpful, at least as an interim solution. And she can ask her local hospital whether they have a home-care service, as many hospitals do.

"Nursing homes, hospitals and county homes have had bad publicity—but if she investigated them, Mrs. B. might be surprised to discover there *are* good facilities as well as bad. Unfortunately, however, she happens to live in a backward state, where institutions are declining their responsibilities and insisting that dotage is a family responsibility. It isn't, not any more.

"Alas, neither Mrs. B. nor her mother were trained for old age, as we all should be. The training should begin in youth. Otherwise, dotage may represent an intolerable burden which threatens to destroy the family. People who, under these circumstances, must send their aged parent away for care should not feel guilty."

Dr. Nathan S. Kline, a noted educator, research psychiatrist, and for the last ten years director of research at Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, New York, felt that before looking for a nursing home, Mrs. B. should look for solutions within the home.

"There must be something she can work out!" he said. "For instance, who is taking care of that 94-year-old aunt she mentions? Couldn't grandma go stay with her for awhile?

"Mrs. B. needs to explore all possibilities for even temporary relief. For instance, are there other families in the neighborhood with elderly women in the home? How about getting some of these elderly women together from time to time, and having their daughters take turns grandma-sitting—the way younger mothers do with small children? And her mother might enjoy these little outings, for, by and large, people of this age like to be with their contemporaries, and not be subjected to all the pressures and anxieties of living with adults who are in turn worrying about their children.

"It seems to me Mrs. B. is doing a very dangerous thing in trying to carry this load all by herself. What about her husband, for instance? Can't he take over some of the burden? She talks about not being able to go shopping without worrying about her mother. But in most towns shops are open at least one evening a week—and she could shop then, while her husband and her daughter stayed at home with grandma.

"It seems to me that the young daughter needs to be given more responsibility. What is Mrs. B. trying to raise—a hot-house flower? An old lady's 'little stroke' is, after all, not a terrifying or traumatizing experience for a young girl, if she is strong and accepting of the aging processes. It is a fact of aging life, which a young woman should learn to accept and to handle. Mrs. B. could earn some free time and at the same time give her daughter a sense of responsibility and obligation if once in awhile she would leave her daughter in charge of grandma. Let the parents go out and visit their friends in the evenings sometime, and let the girl grandma-sit. Otherwise, the girl will grow into the kind of selfish woman who feels no responsibility toward her parents as *they* grow old.

"Mrs. B. at least has a sense of responsibility and obligation, even if it does keep her in emotional conflict. But, as a friend of mine says: 'Maturity is the ability to tolerate conflict.'

## CHANGELING

By F. B. JACOBS

Little Jeanne Anne Baillargeon,
carried off by the Iroquois,
coddled and kept for a pretty toy,
was homesick again when they
rescued her;

missed the campfire's bustle and
stir,
strained her ears for a signal owl;
met the good nuns' platitudes with a
scowl,
no tears, just that balefully hooded
stare;

tore off the ribbons that bound her
hair,
kicked away homespun and swore to
find
deerskins such as she'd left behind;
turned her mouth from the convent
bread.

Tamed somewhat, years after, and
wed,
she would slip out, leaving the roast
on the spit,
wary as foxes and roebuck flit,
steal home wordless through black
midnight. . . .

Rocking a cradle at dusk, she might
stare across it with empty eyes,
and weave into *habitant* lullabies
a tongue not French and a strange
wild tune.


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"More insurance! Why, we haven't even bought a baby carriage yet!"



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"When are you justified in calling an old person from the home? When you can't stand it any more, I guess. But Mrs. B. hasn't reached that point. She just hasn't explored all the possibilities which could help her."

After we have listened to the experts and their various solutions, the question in many minds may still be one of morality. In the kind of dilemma Mrs. B. describes, what is the right thing to do? Does modern theology condone putting an old mother in a home if there is no other relative to care for her (and she is actually wrecking the rest of the family)? To this end, we asked for a comment from the Rev. Mr. Clarence K. Hewett, minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Atonement. Marion Peters Hewett, a brilliant young theologian versed in psychiatric principles as well as theology.

"If she really feels this was all she came," he said, "and if I could talk to her, I would say: 'Look, mom can you help your mother while you're lying on your back in a hospital bed? Because if you go on this way, I think you're going to crack up and that's where you'll find yourself.'

"The Biblical commandment is to go as far as you can go with your own conscience and your own strength. Then, when you can't go any further, look for help. In this case I think she has reached the point where she needs help."

First of all, her husband should be made aware of the situation. Has she really asked it over with him? Also, she might consult her minister. A recommendation could be given. Or even a good old family doctor—and there are still some around. And one of these might be able to help her make an adjustment within the home.

The second-best solution is to put her mother in a home for the aging. She should understand that it is not cruel. Choosing to place parents in homes for the aging (otherwise all the Bible commands should not be set aside as building such homes as they have are—Pythian-ages and Masonic, as well as Jews' Mosaic) theology is clear on this point. When you have a chronic homemaker-wrecker, one always have to choose the lesser of the evils. It is equally clear that if you have to choose between the preferences of a very old lady and the emotional needs of a child who has like dread of her, you must choose the child.

"I have just received her first letter from Christian correspondents—sweet in Matthew and wonderful in Proverbs—so." A man shall leave father and mother and shall cling to his wife." This commandment takes precedence over all the injunctions to honor our father and our mother—and it is only an afterthought that it does not specify parent-child relationships."

It is clear that while the experts differ in detail, they are agreed on one thing. Mrs. B needs to re-evaluate her present living arrangements and to make some changes within the bounds of possibilities.

Within the home a number of steps could be taken. She could find some way of getting grandma out of the dining room, where she sits like a decaying spider in the center of the web. Perhaps a second television set installed—television can be found cheaply nowadays—in grandma's room or one of the bedrooms, and the living room would be converted into a kind of studio-bedroom for the young girl.

She can be helped with grandma about shopping once a week in the supermarket, and so more. She can give the daughter and the husband more responsibility (and thus free herself for much-needed outings. She could suggest to her husband, who seems to be handy with his hammer and saw, that he convert the basement into a recreation room for the daughter and her friends.

But all of these are stopgaps. What Mrs. B really needs, as do all the experts indicate, is outside help. Once she has found it, she must decide that with the added outlay of presumably money she can keep her mother at home. Or she may decide, as Dr. Goldfarb urges, that the time has come to look for a good nursing home.

This, it seems, is easier said than done, for there is a dreadful shortage of facilities in America for the aged and the sick. Private nursing homes are expensive and often inadequate. County homes are usually pretty [illegible]. Church homes are often the best, but de[illegible] recent building activity, their waiting lis[illegible] long. And the Medicare Bill has not yet passed. (If it were, it would provide Mrs. mother with 90 days a year of hospital, 180 days of nursing-home care, and 240 of visiting-nurse and occupational-ther[illegible] care.)

Still, if she looks around long and enough, Mrs. B. can probably find a solu[illegible] And if she does not, she can, at least, t[illegible] that she, like millions of others in Ameri[illegible] living in the midst of vast social change [illegible] predicament—with few other family mem[illegible] nearby to help her—is indeed a reflecti[illegible] the disappearance of the extended family[illegible] fact that her mother has lived to 90, an[illegible] aunt to 94, we'll demonstrates the m[illegible] profession's increasing ability to prolong[illegible] Mrs. B.'s acceptance of a burden wh[illegible] wrecking her family indicates that she [illegible] many Americans in this situation, is basin[illegible] life on a concept which professionals i[illegible] field of aging call "outworn . . . a mythol[illegible] And the fact that she may have troub[illegible] finding a solution reflects the slowness [illegible] which our communities have moved to a[illegible] the problem of old age.

Experts prophesy that in the next 40 [illegible] the number of old people in our popul[illegible] will almost double—to around 30,00[illegible] persons. Unless we are to have many m[illegible] more harassed Mrs. B.'s and embittered [illegible] our society will have to reach ou[illegible] meet the needs of the aged in ways it ha[illegible] not even begun to think about.

In the meantime, we can begin to pr[illegible] ourselves—as our parents rarely did—fo[illegible] own old age.

We can stop agonizing over the pa[illegible] years, and the gray hairs; we can s[illegible] stop coddling within ourselves that ag[illegible] death are as much a part of life as birt[illegible] youth. We can understand the truth o[illegible] sentence so often quoted by the speci[illegible] "An old man becomes what he has been [illegible] more so." And so, indeed, does an old wo[illegible]

Public knows this. In the Reader's Di[illegible] "I hope [illegible] possess well-regulated [illegible] and easy tempers. Old age itself is no m[illegible] than [illegible] if they are different[illegible] comfo[illegible] who in that case, they find even youth[illegible] irksome to them as old age."

By the time we meet them, our paren[illegible] formed—we can care for them physically[illegible] we cannot change their basic personalit[illegible]

Our obligation is to accept the prob[illegible] our own aging with grace, dignity, [illegible] humorously—with humor. And, by our exa[illegible] to teach this acceptance to our young[illegible] cannot teach this while at the same time [illegible] nursing in the home an ancient parent wh[illegible] never learned the lessons of life and [illegible] their own course—and our consciences—[illegible] be clear.

## THE ARMY OF MERCY

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the Red Cross. Throughout the world there are some 90 Red Cross, Red Crescent (in Moslem countries), and Red Lion and Sun (in Iran) societies with a total of more than 157,000,000 volunteer members. That is quite an army.

In the United States the American Red Cross, a nonpolitical, nonsectarian army of mercy, is supported solely through voluntary contributions. They are as the slogan says: Always there . . . with your help." And your help is what is needed. Remember this when the Red Cross or the United Community Fund asks you for your help. Support the army of mercy—your Red Cross.

## NG OF E SOUP KETTLE

TINUED FROM PAGE 81

### MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

(Illustration on page 78)

- ɔ. stewing
- icken, cut up
- arts water
- spoons
- onosodium
- itamate
- spoons salt
- lespoons butter
- margarine
- ve garlic, peeled
- d crushed
- ip rice
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 cup diced, scraped carrots
- 1–2 teaspoons curry powder
- ½ teaspoon saffron
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup light cream

ut chicken, water, monosodium glutaand 2 teaspoons salt in a 5-quart kettle. r, simmer 2½–3 hours, or until chicken der. Cool chicken in broth. (2) Remove from skin and bones and reserve; return s to broth and simmer 1 hour longer. Strain and cool. Skim fat from surface. The can be made entirely the day before you to serve it, but certainly cook the chicken l. (3) Melt the butter or margarine in a kettle and sauté the garlic and rice until s straw colored. (4) Add the onion and ts and sauté a minute or two; do not alice to become too brown. (5) Bring 10 chicken broth to a boil and add to vege-s. (6) Season with curry powder, saffron, ining 1 teaspoon salt and the pepper. ner until rice is cooked. (7) Add chicken cut into bite-size pieces. (8) Blend corn with the milk and add to soup. Cook stir until thickened. Just before serving ream, reheat, but do not allow to boil. If is too thick, add more milk or chicken . Makes 4 quarts, 8–10 servings.

### SEAFOOD VEGETABLE CHOWDER

- small raw
- imp, cleaned
- deveined
- es bacon
- finely chopped
- on
- (10-oz.) minced
- ms
- s milk (about)
- e potato, peeled
- diced
- 1 package (10-oz.) frozen succotash
- 2 (10-oz.) cans frozen condensed oyster stew soup, slightly thawed
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika

ook shrimp in about 2 cups boiling, salted until pink and tender. Drain and reserve l. (2) Cool shrimp. (3) Fry bacon until crisp, ve, drain on paper towels and crumble. ave ¼ cup bacon drippings in skillet and onion until pale golden. (5) Drain liquid clams into a measuring cup. Add reserved ip liquid and milk to make up to 4 cups. ut liquid in a 4-quart kettle. Add diced o, succotash, oyster stew soup, pepper paprika. Simmer 15–20 minutes, or until o is cooked and flavors blended. (7) Add p (cut in half if large) and minced clams. until bubbling. Sprinkle bacon on top of before serving and taste for salt. Makes 3 quarts, 6–8 servings.

### HLAND LAMB-AND-BARLEY SOUP

- lamb shanks
- ve your butcher ck the bones)
- ¼-oz.) cans
- cken broth
- poons salt
- spoon cracked
- per
- ½ cup pearl barley
- 1 cup quick-cooking dried split green peas
- 2½ cups diced scraped carrots
- 1½ cups chopped onion
- 1½ cups diced celery
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup chopped parsley

ash lamb shanks and trim off all fat. shanks, chicken broth, 3 cups water, nings, barley and peas in a 6-quart kettle. and simmer about 2 hours, or until meat k tender. (2) Remove lamb shanks and nough to handle. (3) Remove meat from and cut into bite-size pieces. Reserve (4) Return bones to broth and add all ning ingredients except parsley. Cover. Simmer for 1 hour. (5) Remove bones, add meat, heat to simmering. (6) Adjust seasonings to taste, and add a little more chicken broth or water if soup seems too thick (this soup is served fairly thick) and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Flavor will be even better if soup is made the day before, cooled, covered and refrigerated overnight. Heat slowly to bubbling before serving. Makes about 4½ quarts, 8–10 servings.

### CARIBBEAN SOUP

- ¾ lb. ground beef
- ¾ lb. ground lamb
- 1 onion, peeled and minced fine
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon marjoram
- Pinch powdered savory
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Yellow cornmeal
- 2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed beef broth
- 4½ cups water
- 1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) golden onion-soup mix
- 1 package (10-oz.) frozen cut green beans

(1) Mix beef, lamb, onion, garlic, all seasonings and eggs. (2) Using 1 tablespoon to measure, form into balls and roll in cornmeal to coat. (3) Place on baking sheet and chill 20 minutes. (4) In a 4-quart kettle heat beef broth, water and onion-soup mix. Bring to a slow boil. Drop in meatballs. (5) Cover and simmer about 15 minutes, or until meatballs are almost cooked. (6) Raise heat to slow boil again and add green beans. Cover and cook until beans are tender. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### QUICK MINESTRONE

- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 4 (10½-oz.) cans condensed beef broth
- 7 cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- Dash nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 1 can (1¾-oz.) onion-soup mix
- 1 cup macaroni shells
- 1 package (10-oz.) frozen baby lima beans
- 1 package (10-oz.) frozen mixed peas and carrots
- 2 cups diced leftover meat
- 2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped

(1) In a 4-quart kettle sauté garlic in butter or margarine until pale golden. (2) Add beef broth, water and all seasonings. Bring to a boil. (3) Add onion-soup mix and macaroni shells. (4) Boil uncovered until shells are almost cooked. (5) Add frozen vegetables and meat. (6) Simmer until vegetables are tender—about 10 minutes. Add the tomatoes at the last. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### MR. MURPHY'S SOUP

- 1 can (11¼-oz.) condensed green-pea soup
- 1 can (10½-oz.) condensed tomato soup
- 1 can (10½-oz.) condensed beef broth
- 1 soup can milk
- ⅓–½ soup can sherry

(1) In a 2-quart saucepan blend green-pea and tomato soups until smooth. (2) Add beef broth and milk. (3) Heat, stirring occasionally. Just before serving add the sherry. Makes about 1½ quarts, 4 servings.

### CORN CHOWDER

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¼ cup minced onion
- 2 (1-lb.) cans cream-style corn
- 2 (10¼-oz.) cans frozen potato soup, slightly thawed
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon celery seed
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 3 cups milk

(1) Melt the butter or margarine in a 2½-quart saucepan. Add the onion and sauté until pale golden. (2) Stir in all the remaining ingredients and simmer 15 minutes or until heated and the flavors are blended. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE


NEW RECIPE IDEA

# Macaroni 'n' Tuna Seaside Skillet

MACARONI 'N' TUNA SEASIDE SKILLET

## Savory, new dish that's quick and easy to make

Here's a tasty meal you can fix right on top of your stove—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni with Cheese Sauce—combined with onions, peas, and tuna. It's high in flavor, but low in cost.

- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
- 1 can (7 ounces) tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 cup cooked peas




In skillet, cook onion, mustard, and paprika in butter until onion is tender. Add macaroni, tuna, and peas. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY



# HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

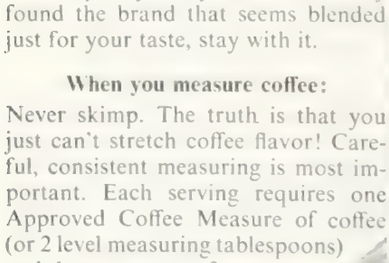
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

**When you buy coffee:**

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

**When you measure coffee:**

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



**When you brew coffee:**

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

**When you serve coffee:**

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

**When you judge coffee:**

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

*Pan-American Coffee Bureau*

### EASY SOUTHERN GUMBO

1 can (10½-oz.) condensed chicken gumbo soup
1 package (1⅜-oz.) spring-vegetable-soup mix
1 package (4-oz.) tomato-soup mix
4 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon gumbo filé powder
1 cup sliced okra, fresh, frozen or canned
12 oysters

(1) In a 2½-quart saucepan mix the chicken gumbo soup, spring-vegetable-soup mix, tomato-soup mix and water together. Stir until the dehydrated soups combine with the liquid. (2) Add the salt, pepper, gumbo filé powder and okra. (If you use canned okra, drain, rinse with cold water and add it to the soup later with the oysters.) Cover and simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. (3) Wash oysters and drain well. Add to the mixture and cook just until the edges are curled. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### QUICK BOUILLABAISSE

1 can (10¾-oz.) condensed tomato soup with rice
1¼ cups water
½ lb. raw shrimp, shelled and deveined
½ lb. small scallops
2 fillets flounder or haddock, cut into pieces
Cooked meat from 1 medium lobster, or 1 can (6½-oz.) lobster meat, boned
Pinch powdered saffron
[illegible] teaspoon garlic salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ cup dry white wine

(1) Heat the soup and the water in a 2-quart saucepan until boiling. (2) Add the shrimp and cook, covered, about 10 minutes or until they turn pink. (3) Reduce heat to simmering, and add all remaining ingredients except the wine. Cover and simmer 10–15 minutes, stirring gently from time to time. (4) Now add the wine, simmer for a minute or two. Makes about 1½ quarts, 4 servings.

### CHEESE-AND-LEEK SOUP

2 (1⅞-oz.) envelopes cream-of-leek-soup mix
4 cups cold water
2 (11-oz.) cans condensed cheese soup
2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream-of-celery soup
1 cup evaporated milk
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon seasoned pepper
½ cup dry sherry (optional)
4 slices white or whole-wheat bread
Garlic salt

(1) In a 2½-quart saucepan mix the cream-of-leek soup with the water until smooth. (2) Stir in the cheese and celery soups, evaporated milk, Worcestershire sauce and pepper. (3) Cover and heat, stirring occasionally; do not allow to boil. Simmer for 10 minutes. (4) Add the sherry if you like and heat for a few more minutes. (5) Toast the bread and sprinkle *very* lightly with garlic salt. Cut each slice into tiny cubes to make croutons. Serve each bowl of soup with a few croutons sprinkled on top. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### HERBED CHICKEN-RICE PEPPER POT

2 (1½-oz.) envelopes chicken-rice-soup mix
6 cups water
2 (11-oz.) cans condensed pepper pot soup
¾ lb. honeycomb tripe washed and diced
¼ teaspoon powdered savory
Dash powdered thyme
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

(1) Mix all ingredients except parsley in a 2½-quart saucepan. (2) Cover and simmer for about 1½ hours or until tripe is tender. Stir occasionally. (3) Just before serving stir in the parsley. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### CHILI-BEEF-AND-MACARONI SOUP

1 cup elbow macaroni
1 can (11-oz.) condensed chili beef soup
1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes
1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) garden-vegetable-soup mix
2 cups water
1 teaspoon salt

(1) Cook the macaroni according to package directions in plenty of boiling salted water. (2) Mix the remaining ingredients together in a 2-quart saucepan. Cover and bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes. (3) Drain the macaroni and stir into the soup and continue simmering for 2–3 minutes. Makes about 1½ quarts, 4 servings.

### CREAMY TUNA-VEGETABLE SOUP

[illegible] cup butter or margarine
2 cucumbers, peeled and thinly sliced
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Pinch dill
2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream-of-vegetable soup
2 cups milk
2 (7-oz.) cans tuna fish
⅔ cup dairy fresh sour cream

(1) Melt the butter or margarine in a 2½-quart saucepan. Add the cucumber, onion and dill and sauté until onion is pale golden. (2) Stir in the remaining ingredients and heat, but do not boil. Add a little more milk if soup seems too thick. Makes about 2 quarts, 6 servings.

### CRAB BISQUE

1 envelope (2½-oz.) tomato-vegetable-noodle-soup mix
1 envelope (4-oz.) green-pea-soup mix
1 quart water
1 cup light cream milk
1 can (7-oz.) crab meat, flaked an boned
1 tablespoon lem juice

(1) Empty soup mixes into a 2-quart sauce Add water and stir until the soups are solved. (2) Bring to a boil and simmer about 5 minutes. (3) Stir in cream or milk crab meat and reheat, but do not boil. (4) before serving stir in the lemon juice. M about 1½ quarts, 4 servings.

### CREAM-OF-MUSHROOM-AND-SPINA SOUP

1 can (15⅝-oz.) cream-of-mushroom-soup mix
2 cups water
1 package (10-oz.) frozen chopped spinach
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dried minced onion
2 cups milk

(1) Empty the soup mix into a 2-quart sa pan, gradually add the water and stir unti soup is dissolved. (2) Bring to a boil and the frozen spinach, salt and onion. (3) C and simmer for about 5 minutes or until spinach is tender. (4) Cool slightly and bu an electric blender until smooth or purée food mill. (5) Add milk and reheat, stir Makes about 1½ quarts, 4 servings.

### CURRIED-ASPARAGUS-AND-AVOCAD SOUP

¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons grated onion
2 tablespoons curry powder
2 cups chicken broth
2 (10½-oz.) cans condensed cream-of-asparagus soup
2 cups light crean
4 egg yolks, slight beaten
¼ cup sherry
2 small avocados, peeled, pitted a diced

(1) Melt butter or margarine in a 2½-q saucepan. Add onion and curry powder sauté for a minute or two. (2) Add chi broth and simmer for 30 minutes. (3) C bine asparagus soup, cream and egg yolks bowl, then stir slowly into the hot chic broth mixture. (4) Heat, stirring consta until just simmering. (5) Before serving ad sherry. Garnish each serving with a s spoonful of the diced avocado. Makes abo quarts, 6 servings.

## THE RUNAWAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

He was looking down at her, and her lips were parted, her eyes blazing and bright, her breathing shallow.

"No . . . trouble." Somehow she got the words out.

He felt her arm trembling under his grip. Her whole body was trembling, he saw. The rise and fall of her breast was apparent under the cloth of her blouse. His eyes traveled to her face, to the slow flush that was rising from the base of her throat. His eyes widened. With a single compulsive gesture he pulled her to him. She found herself unwilling to resist, unable. She could scarcely credit what was happening to her; that this man . . . stranger . . . alien could make her feel this way. She moaned as she felt the roughness of his beard against the skin of her face, and then his lips on hers.

There was a knock on her door.

The room was suddenly and frighteningly back, and the hotel was back, and who she was was back, and where, and her station in life, and crashingly the thing she had just done.

"Yes. Yes," she called.

She had been mad, here in the hotel, in the middle of the afternoon, with an American . . . leaving herself so vulnerable. It could be Arnoldov knocking. Anyone could be coming to see her, on business of some kind.

The voice of the key woman came through the door. "It will be all right about the bath, six o'clock."

Katya went limp with relief. "Thank you," she called through the closed door.

She heard the woman's footsteps, fainter and fainter as she shuffled off down the hall. She turned and leaned against the door.

He was watching her. She moved from the door and came to him. He put up his arms to her, and she came to him.

"I am taking a great risk," she said. "Here, like this, in the hotel."

"Yes. I understand now."

"You must go soon," she said, as they held each other. "You came to talk about Dmitri?"

"Yes. I forgot all about him. He will see you in the morning. I'll have to guide you to him. It's to a place outside of town. In the hills. It's not an easy climb."

"It will be easy," she said.

"What are we going to do from now on? About us. You and me."

"Let's not think of it now. It can wait."

"I don't want to go."

"I don't want you to." She paused. "But you must."

He left without touching her.

She arrived at the small park half an hour after Grant had reached it. They started off into a night in which the sky was full of flickering shadows.

There was an exuberance in her as proceeded, a sense of well-being. The e evening, since he had left her room, had pa in a blur for her. She had scarcely been a of the noise and confusion of the restau that evening, performing her duties lik automaton. She felt that anything and ev thing was possible now. She would not pe herself to dwell upon how tenuous this found thing was. That Grant was an alien, he would have to sail soon, that she was m in problems that seemed insoluble, she no thought to. Her brain seethed with i Grant would take her to Dmitri. Some she would convince the boy that to follow suggestion was the right course for hi she could succeed with Dmitri, the other yo sters would be easy. Success with Dmitri w spring her free of Arnoldov's dominance

They arrived at the meeting place and fo the clearing empty save for themselves.

"He isn't here," she said.

"He will be," Grant assured her.

Dmitri appeared twenty minutes later came toward them abruptly from a clum trees, openly, and the first thing K noticed about him was his face. She felt so thing inside her turn over at what she in his countenance, and experienced the thin thread of fear that she would fail. this was no child's face. This was a face su

CONTINUED ON PAGE

**NEXT TIME IT'S COLD CUTS... SPARK THEM WITH CRANBERRIES**




*HEIGHTEN THE FLAVOR, BRIGHTEN THE PLATE WITH OCEAN SPRAY (Jellied or whole berry sauce)*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

imposed on the body of a boy, a closed face, adult, unresponsive to an emotional appeal.

"You know what I want to ask of you?" she said, gathering courage.

"I think I do."

"Give yourself up and bring the others with you. Believe me, it will be the best thing you can do. You cannot stay in the woods the rest of your life. Surely someone as intelligent as you can understand that."

"What do you offer me in exchange?"

"You will be cared for. You will have food, clothing, a place to live."

"Who will supply this?"

"The authorities, of course."

"For two years they failed to do it. In that time I have had food and clothing and a place to live."

"But how have you lived? Do you consider a cave a proper dwelling? Is scavenging for food the proper way to obtain it?"

"Today we eat better than we did even when our parents were alive and there was no war."

"But the war will end. How will you obtain a livelihood then? Don't you want to go back to school? Be educated? Grow and rise in society, become important in the community?"

"Is that what you offer?"

"Of course. What else?"

"You are saying we will not be sent to a reconstruction school to be re-educated?"

She hesitated. He watched her steadfastly, without cynicism. She saw that with him it would be impossible to shade the truth.

"Well, for a time, a period of reindoctrination possibly. But a reconstruction school is not so terrible."

"Perhaps not. To your way of thinking. But my friends and I have had no schooling now for more than three years. Will we have the same chance as young people whose schooling has not been interrupted? Even before the war, only certain students could go on to higher schools. What are our true chances for going on?"

She saw that she was faced with an issue she could not avoid. "What you say has some truth," she agreed, "but you are intelligent. And exceptions are sometimes made. For the other children, perhaps work in a factory is all their capabilities are up to. As for yourself, if you have more potential, perhaps you will go further."

"Without education one is nothing. You know that."

"Listen to me, Dmitri." And the sincerity was evident in her voice. "People do get ahead, even without schooling. There are ways. Through the party cadres. Through the factory labor committees, and the collective-farm councils. Men that never even knew how to read or write, that I taught in the south, have gone as delegates to the All-Soviet Congress."

"Men who were once, when they were young, sent to a reconstruction school?"

She had honestly believed that what she was telling him was possible. Now, in one sentence, he had shown her that it was inapplicable. "Well," she said helplessly, "is it your intention to remain here until you are taken at gun point? Or will you pursue the life of a rebel and a bandit until you are finally hunted down and killed?"

"My intentions are my own."

"They will be coming for you soon. And what about the others? Who are you to speak for them?"

"I do not stop you from speaking with them. You have spoken to Vladimir. To others."

"But they will not listen to me without your approval."

"Can I give you approval when I am not myself convinced? You know what is best for me, you say. But how can you? Whom do you speak for? What authority do you have? How do you know, after you have convinced me that what you believe is true, that the authorities have not plans for us, worse than reconstruction schools? Labor camps. Worse."

And again she could not answer. For she had no power to assure him. Whom did she indeed speak for? Whom did anyone speak for who was outside the party machinery?

"You know Deputy Arnoldov. Do you think you can beat him?"

"He has not taken us yet."

"He will have to in the end."

"But not yet. First he will round up the young people in town. The easy catches. We will be the last. He would not want to lose all his sources until he must."

"All his what?"

"His sources of supply. If you know him, you must know that he smokes American cigarettes, drinks American coffee, washes with American or British soap, eats fish that comes from the Scandinavian ships."

"Are you saying that you bribe a deputy?"

"Bribe? No. But there is a little game we play. Once a week the deputy rounds up all the children and confiscates whatever they have. We always see to it that they have a wide selection of the things the deputy wants. Then the children are released. Do you think so many children could be running free, as they do, without an official agreement?"

She felt something inside her give way. Of course. What a fool she had been! Arnoldov did not want the children rounded up until it became mandatory. That was really why he had her on duty at the restaurant.

"I see you did not realize the true situation," Dmitri said quietly, almost sympathetically.

"But . . . but . . . he is a Soviet deputy."

He is also a man, one who likes a good ciga-rette, a good cup of coffee, and good so

A silence descended between them.

"I will have to go now," he finally "I'm sorry. I think you are sincere. Tha wish to help. But surely you must see tha cannot. You can't offer enough. You ha any real authority to act for anyone, don't even know the reality of things. time ever comes, as I have told D Arnoldov, it will be no woman that bring in. Perhaps the deputy himself, who u stands reality. I am sorry. You must see it cannot be you."

As he turned to leave, he looked at C "You will have carvings for me this we

"No, I had no time to do them."

"Very well. I'm sorry that our meetin not go well for Comrade Katya. But I di promise anything beforehand."

"That's right," Grant said.

"A promise is one thing. No prom another," said the boy.

Grant knew that the boy in his subtle was reminding him that he had given his not to disclose to Katya the plans that D had for leaving Russia. *The boy is* Grant thought, *really sharp. He sense I'm far more deeply involved with Katy than I was the last time we spoke togethe arranged this meeting for her.*

"A promise is a promise," Grant said

Dmitri disappeared into the trees which he had first appeared. Katya despondently on the rock without even be ing to watch him leave.

"We'd better start back," Grant said.

They left the clearing and began the r trip. She was silent, and defeat weighed h upon her. Her steps dragged. He tried t his arm about her.

"Don't," she said. "Not now, Grant numb. I feel as if the ground on which walking has been taken away."

When they reached the outskirts of th they paused.

"You look very tired. Will you be all ri

"Yes. I'll rest when I get to the hotel.

"When will I see you? Tonight?"

"No. This morning has been too muc me. Come to the Intourist tomorrow at I'll have the key woman out of the way

When she got to the hotel, the girl o desk in the lobby said to her, "Comrade K where have you been? Deputy Arnoldo been asking for you. You are to report t at the post-office building immediately."

"My dear Comrade Katya," Arnoldov "where have you been? I sent word t wanted to see you more than two hours

"I just arrived back at the hotel. I've making contact with the children," she

"What is wrong with you? You do no yourself. Are you unwell?" He led her chair, all solicitude. "You have simply doing too much, my dear Katya," he "Really these children are not worth it

She wanted to shout at him, but she not tell Arnoldov that she knew him for he was.

"I know that I am defeated," she said, she could trust herself to speak.

"Come now, my dear Katya. That is I have sent for you. In Moscow they gav the wrong job. Poor Moscow, what do know there of conditions as they reall here? But you needn't worry. I have arra a transfer for you to my staff as an interp and manageress of the restaurant. Your r is not marred. They did not mark you failure in connection with your assign with the children. Rather, you are enter being switched to more suitable duty a request of your superior—namely, my

"I see."

"Really, Katya, you look quite ill. happy now that I have made this arrange for you. You need to take things easier are far too conscientious. Forget the chi Let us bring the bloom back into your instead, eh?" He reached over and pi her cheek playfully.

"And the children. What will happ them?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, the children. I have delegate problem to Gradinkov. He will be und


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orders, but I am going to give him a free hand. Things are moving too fast now. I'm afraid that both Moscow and I want this business of the children cleared up once and for all."

Katya recognized that the inevitable was shaping itself. She was overwhelmed by a great weariness. Her head reeled, and the room seemed to spin round and round.

She felt his steadying hand upon her. "What is it? You really are ill, Katya," she heard him say.

"No. No. Just tired. Just very tired."

"Go back to the hotel. Get a good rest. If you don't feel up to it, don't work tonight in the restaurant. You have my permission to send word down if you are unable to work."

She did not remember the walk back to the hotel, or undressing. Almost as soon as she was in bed, she was asleep.

Later a knock on the door awakened her.

"Comrade Katya." It was the key woman. "They have sent word up from the restaurant to ask whether you are coming to work tonight."

"Yes," she said, "tell them I will be there shortly."

Her sleep had done her good. Her body had responded to it. But the deadening of her spirit still persisted.

The next morning, almost as soon as she opened her eyes, she was aware that she had arranged for Grant to come at three that afternoon. The day stretched before her. What purpose would it serve for her to go down to

**He who conquers by force may fancy that he can continue to do so. But the only conquests that last are where men willingly submit to those who are better than themselves. The only way really to conquer a country is through generosity.**

**EDITH HAMILTON**

he dock areas and seek out the children now? They were no longer her affair. Instead, she had only her nightly duty now, in the restaurant, and an occasional boarding visit to a hip.

And she was going to give all her free ime to Grant. Until his departure she was esolved to see him as much as possible.

*I'm going to manage some vodka from the ar, too,* she thought, *so that I'll have it for im when he comes.* This thought, illegal, unhinkable only a few days before, she now ccepted with equanimity.

Just before three she sent the key woman way on the most patently improbable errand he could think of. She discovered that she as not a bit nervous about doing so. Any ualms she had about the things she was doing ould be dispelled by thinking of what she had earned from Dmitri and what the fate of the oy and the other youngsters would be.

She set the small vodka flask on the table efore his two carvings, like propitiation efore tribal gods. And on a plate nearby ere the caviar and the black bread.

"Well," he said when he arrived and saw he display. "Planning a party?"

They raised their glasses, and she tried to own her drink in a single gulp. She began oughing. He laughed and pounded her back.

She felt a lifting, happy sensation, similar to hat she had felt the morning they had climbed he hills together to meet Dmitri, exuberant, s if everything in the world were possible. he tried to explain how she felt to Grant beween popping small chunks of caviar-covered read into his mouth. But after the second rink, she discovered that she was having a ttle difficulty articulating her words.

"Can I be drunk?" she asked.

"Not yet. But you will be if you keep drinkg this Russian firewater."

"Firewater? Yes. That's what it tastes like ithout the tea." She tilted her head. "Your eard looks funny from this angle."

"My beard looks funny from any angle. I'll robably shave it off when I get somewhere iat has a sufficient supply of razor blades."

The words seemed to fall out of the air and between them.

"I don't want you to talk about going away," she said, and she had no difficulty with her words now.

"I don't want to talk about it either," he said with matching sobriety.

But it was there.

"I know you will have to go," she said finally. "But we can ignore it for now."

"Can we?"

"No. But we must. I learned something from your friend Dmitri the other day. You can't change what has to be."

For Katya and Grant the pattern was set. They passed no day without seeing each other.

She told him everything. About Rodion. About her work. About her record. When she had told him all her personal story that she could, she said, "That's why I was ineffective in my argument with Dmitri that day. He asked me if he could ever have a real future, after being sent to a reconstruction school. He knew that he would always be suspect. And I could not honestly tell him he was wrong. Because I had my own experience as irrefutable evidence that he was right. And I personally was never involved, only through marriage."

"I see. I thought it was something like that. But we'll have to be more careful than ever, Katya, now that I understand the situation."

"There is nothing to be careful for. It does not matter. Of course we will not do anything to attract attention, but if it comes after all our precautions"—she shrugged—"it comes."

One night Grant told Katya, "Ray says the naval attaché told him that there's a good chance I may be shipped home when this convoy leaves."

"It will leave when the new convoy arrives," she said slowly.

"Yes. The same escorts that bring the new convoy up will guard this one on the way back. And the naval attaché said they're turning out so many ships in the United States now, they can't find captains for them. I have a master's papers."

"It had to come sometime."

"It hasn't yet. Perhaps I could do something to make them let me miss this convoy."

"If they need you to captain a ship, nothing you can do would dissuade them. You would only open yourself to suspicion, and in the end the reason why you want to stay will come out."

Two weeks from the day on which Arnoldov had told Katya that he was turning over the entire problem of the children to Gradinkov, Gradinkov acted.

In the roundups, three of Dmitri's group were taken—Yuri, Ivan and the smallest boy, Vladimir.

The absence of Yuri and Ivan, the two older boys, aroused no suspicion at the cave, since they were often in town for more than twenty-four hours. But as the day progressed and Vladimir did not return, Nadya began to grow restless. Dmitri was not in the cave, having taken the rest of the boys on a scavenging trip to the battlefield.

"How did the other three do in town today?" Dmitri asked when he returned.

"They haven't returned yet," she said.

Something in her voice caught Dmitri's attention. "Not at all? None of them? I think they have been picked up," Dmitri said.

"But today isn't Yuri's day to be taken in."

"If they have not arrived by morning I will go down and scout the area before I let any of you go to town."

"I will feel much better if you do that, Dmitri." She looked at him with disturbed eyes. "Only be careful. Be very careful."

The following morning he went down to the city. He avoided the dock area completely, and instead made his way to the homes of various boys in the town, with whom his hill group had an alliance. There were very few of these boys to be found. He spoke to some of their parents. They were all troubled, and said that the disappearance of their children had been reported to the authorities, but that the authorities had merely said they would investigate, and had given no report.

Dmitri wasted no further time in the town. He hurried back to the cave.

"We have to start moving the things from this cave at once," he told the others. "It must be done at once."

"We had better start, then," Nadya said.

They worked all that day and the next, shifting the goods. During that time, Yuri, Ivan and Vladimir did not appear.

Four days later Mikhail reported, "There are five soldiers coming, and one man in plain clothes."

"No one else?" Dmitri asked.

Mikhail looked away. "Yes," he said, "Yuri is with them."

"He has told," Gregori said.

"It does not matter. It's better that he has. That's why I made the rule to shift the cache. It does not put too great a burden of secrecy on the one who gets caught."

They left the cave and from a discreet distance watched Yuri lead the soldiers to the site of the old cache.

"I told you everything would be gone," they heard Yuri say. "It is a rule that the cache must be shifted if someone is taken for longer than a certain number of hours."




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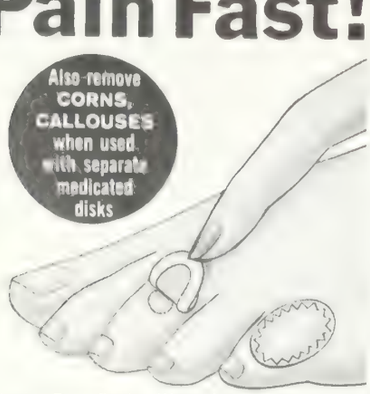
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"And you are happy to see that they have got away," Gradinkov said. "Isn't that so, you little profiteer?"

From their vantage point, Dmitri and the others watched the search party leave.

"Well, now we know the situation," Dmitri said. "From this moment on, no one goes to town. We have enough supplies to last for some time. We must decide whether we wish to be taken—for they will finally make a thorough search of the hills—or leave Russia."

"I wonder what it would be like at a reconstruction school," Gregori said.

"I don't think it would be too bad," Dmitri admitted. "They would probably be less severe with the rest of you than they would be with me. But this is not only a question of how much you may dislike the school, or the treatment you receive. What you must realize is that when you give yourself up, you set the boundary for the rest of your lives."

"But how can we be sure that our futures will be better if we escape from Russia?"

"You can't. If you leave, the future will be strictly up to you. If you stay, the future is out of your hands."

The next day he set out to check the cave in which he had hidden the supplies for the trip to Norway. He was extremely careful as he made his way through the wild countryside.

At the cave he checked out the hiding place of the supplies, satisfied that it was well concealed. Then he started back to join the others.

He was coming over the top of a rise when he saw the first line of soldiers. He halted, motionless behind a rock. Then he began to circle away from them. Three times he almost ran into patrols. The hills seemed full of soldiers.

There was no way that he could warn the others. And he knew that with the thoroughness with which the soldiers were searching, they would surely discover the new cave in which his friends were hiding.

He remained away three days, living off the countryside, a bit of rations from a dead soldier, a bird he managed to snare. Then he returned to the cave where he had hidden the cache for his planned escape from Russia. He lighted no fire. He did not try to conserve the food stores in his cache. He already knew that he would have little company on his trip to Norway. He also knew that he would have to check back on the cave where he had last left the others, on the outside chance that they had escaped detection.

Satisfied that there was no one posted in the vicinity, he made cautiously for the cave. The cave had been discovered and was empty. He stood alone in the center of the cave, knowing that only he, of his entire small band, had escaped. After a long time he turned and left.

Now he knew that he had no time to lose. But unbidden, into his mind returned the memories of the others who had lived with him for so many months. What had happened to them? How were they faring? The recollection of his last parting with Nadya came to him. Fragments of their conversations. The communion they had shared the night she had discovered him secreting his departure cache in this very cave. The promise he had made to her that he would take her with him.

Well, was it his fault that she had been captured with the others? It was unsafe for him even to remain now; even now, Nadya herself might be leading a patrol of soldiers to this very cave, for she was the only one who knew its location.

*She would never do that*, he thought. But what was happening to her and the others who had been rounded up? What methods might they be using on her and the boys to make them supply a clue to his whereabouts?

*What difference does all that make?* he asked himself. *Leave the cave now, and start for Norway. No one will ever catch you.*

He started for the cave exit, slinging the pack onto his shoulder. But he could not do it. The memory of his promise to take Nadya with him overshadowed all thought. He had to find out what had happened to her.

Grant had received his departure orders. He was to be repatriated aboard the *Star of Evening* when that ship sailed.

That night, as soon as he reached her room, Katya sensed that something was wrong.



## NEXT MONTH

### CROSSROADS FOR CAROL

Beginning in the April issue, NEAL GILKYSON STUART's perceptive story of CAROL BURNETT, the comedienne who has turned a mouthful of teeth and an appealingly receding chin into national treasures. Carol left *The Garry Moore Show* last spring, and announced she was in love last summer. Which way will her life go now?

### SECOND MARRIAGE

*How America Lives* visits a Texas family making a *second* marriage work, with his children, her children and their children all living under the same roof.

### NEW HOPE FOR CANCER PATIENTS

We bring news of a *Painless New Way to Detect Breast Cancer* without surgery. A woman who underwent this simple, 20-minute test explains what it is and how it may save your life.

### HELP FOR YOUR BUDGET

If you're a young mother—or a career girl—who must rein in her checkbook (it *is* income-tax time), don't miss Fashion Editor CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO's high-fashion, low-cost spring wardrobe.

### HOW DOES YOUR SCHOOL RATE?

For the second in our new series, *The World We Want*, GLENN WHITE attends *The Toughest High School in the United States* (not *Blackboard Jungle* tough, scholastically tough) and tells why our high schools are getting better.

### "CARY GRANT SPEAKING"

In the Conclusion of his own story, CARY GRANT revisits Hollywood's golden era.

### THE MAGIC OF MIXES

Food Editor NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD shows how to transform a can of soup, and cake, pudding or pie mixes into recipes your family will relish and remember.

### THIS KITCHEN LOVES COMPANY!

MARGARET DAVIDSON, home management editor, takes you into a kitchen that's a *treat* for mom (it's the last word in everything electrical) and a *retreat* for kids (it even has a phone booth!). All this, three delightful new short stories, and many, many other surprises are yours in the April *Journal*.

"What is it, Grant? Have you heard about the young people?"

"Young people?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

"You didn't know that they have rounded up all the children who have been engaged in illegal activities?"

He looked at her sharply. "Dmitri too?"

"No. They haven't been able to find him yet. But they will."

"They'll never get him," Grant said flatly.

"How can you be so sure?"

*Well*, he thought, *it can't matter now. Dmitri must be on his way already if the others are in custody.* "I think he has left Russia."

"Left Russia! But that is impossible."

"It's only a little over a hundred miles from here to the Norwegian border," Grant said.

She was silent for a long time. Then she finally said, "I'm glad if he got away. I wish I had gone with him."

"Yes," he said. "That's why I told you. I thought you would be glad. I knew he was going to attempt it a long time ago, but I couldn't tell you then. You were still too much of a Russian government machine."

"He is gone, then, already?"

"I imagine so. But don't let the word out."

"I won't. I like the idea of Gradinkov and Arnoldov combing the hills for months for someone who isn't there."

He smiled, then grew serious. "There's something else I have to tell you, Katya. I've got my departure orders."

Her face went white, and for a long moment she was silent. "So soon," she whispered at last. "Do you know when you will go?"

"Not exactly," he answered, with effort controlling the huskiness in his voice. "I'm leaving on the *Star of Evening*. It will sail right after the new convoy arrives. The convoy is on its way and can arrive anytime now."

She put her arms around him. "I shall miss you. More than I believed possible. I don't know how it came about, this between you and me, but I'm glad that it did."

He gripped her arms and held her away from him, looking into her eyes intently. "Katya," he said, "did you mean it when you said you wished you had gone with Dmitri? Because I think I could get you out of Murmansk with me when I sail."

"You could what?"

"I had a talk with Ray Kennedy. He thought we could smuggle you aboard the *Star of Evening* and get you out."

"You don't know what you're saying," she said, drawing back.

"But it is possible."

"No. You don't know what happens before an Allied ship leaves Murmansk. A crew of twenty soldiers go over the vessel from one end to the other, to search the ship for possible stowaways. I have seen them search. In chain lockers, in the bilges—they would even open up cylinder heads if they were suspicious."

She saw that this gave him pause. "I tell you it can't be done," she exclaimed. "Even if I could, your country and mine are allies. My government would demand my return."

"I guess you're right," he admitted slowly. "But Katya, we can't just drift apart."

She thought, *Why should I argue with him? Why mar the little time we have left? Once he is gone, I will not write and that will end it.*

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "I'll give you the address of a ship's chandler I know in Sweden. In Stockholm. He's a very good friend of mine. You can write to him and he'll forward your letter to me. Through Stockholm, we could keep in touch. I think we could eventually get you out of Russia. We could work it someway."

"No one could get me out of Russia."

"At least promise to keep in touch."

"I will keep in touch." *What does it matter*, she thought.

He brought out a notebook. "Here is Sven's son's address in Stockholm. Memorize it. Memorize it right now."

She decided to humor him. Three times during the course of that night, he checked her to assure himself that she had memorized the address. "You'll write," he said. "Even if you think you are just humoring me now

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

you'll write later. You may throw the written address away, but you won't forget the one in your mind."

She was surprised at his insight, that he had suspected her promise. She found the address drumming itself over and over in her mind.

Early in the morning Grant was coming up toward the longhouse, which stood out bare and deserted-looking in the snow, when a figure detached itself from the shadows.

"Dmitri! I thought you had gone."

"I should have. And I am going. But I would like you to do something for me. I want you to go to Comrade Katya and ask her to go see Nadya and the others who were with me, Vladimir and the rest. But particularly Nadya. You see, I promised to take her with me, if I went. I want to know how things are with them before I leave."

"Dmitri, after all you're a fool."

"Will you ask Comrade Katya to do it and then come and tell me?"

"I'll ask her. But I may sail tomorrow."

"Then ask her if she will come up into the hills to the place where I last met you both. I'll be watching for her."

"Is it worth it to you to remain, just to hear, when you can't do any of your friends any good and risk capture yourself by this delay?"

"I want to hear," he said slowly.

"I'll do my best for you," Grant promised.

That night he said to Katya, "Do you think you could get in to see the children they have detained?"

"I think so," she said. "Why?"

"I want you to do something for me. Officially, you shouldn't and it could compromise you. But I want you to try, for me."

"Ask me."

"I saw Dmitri this morning."

"So he couldn't get away."

"He couldn't leave without checking on how the others were. In particular, he wants to know about a little girl named Nadya. He promised to take her with him when he left."

"I see. Of course I will do what I can."

"Katya, I'll probably be gone before you can find out anything. Would you go up in the hills after you see the youngsters and tell Dmitri what you found out, particularly what the girl, Nadya, said? Dmitri will be at the place where you last met him. Do you think you could find it again?"

"I will do it for him. You know I will."

They had a last embrace. She came to the top of the steps with him, and watched him go. She wanted to run after him when she saw him pass out of sight after rounding the stair landing, but knew it would be futile.

She did not see him again before he sailed.

That afternoon, she went to see Arnoldov. "You have all the children now?" she asked.

"Not Dmitri."

"I think I can help there. I should like to prove myself something other than a complete failure," she said.

"You know I would like to do anything I can to please you."

"Then I can talk to the children?" she asked.

He shrugged, and wrote her the necessary permission.

The children were all being detained in one of the impromptu-built longhouses.

Katya made a point of speaking to some of the others before approaching Nadya. With Nadya she had difficulty getting the girl to speak at all.

"You know that Dmitri has not left Russia yet," she told the girl, faced with Nadya's obdurant silence.

Nadya's eyes went wide. "But he should have gone. If he stays they will surely catch him."

"He promised to take you with him when he went," she pointed out.

Nadya nodded. "You know everything."

"Yes. Because Dmitri asked Grant Hollis to tell me to come here to see you. I am to go to Dmitri afterward, and tell him how you all are. What shall I say to him for you?"

The girl gripped Katya's hands fiercely. "Tell him I want him to leave at once. He can't help any of us. Tell him I want him to get away. It would be terrible for him to be locked up like this, with the rest of us."

"If he went away, though, you might never see him again," Katya said slowly. "Wouldn't you rather he was caught or gave himself up?"

"Tell him to go away. Tell him he doesn't have to keep his promise to me. Tell him I want him to go away."

"Even though you never see him again?"

"Even so. One thing more."

"Anything."

"Tell Dmitri good-bye and good luck. Tell him I send my thanks for all he has done for me. Tell him I will never forget him."

Katya left the girl, profoundly moved by the conversation.

She climbed into the hills very early the next morning. In the pocket of her coat she carried the two figures, her talismans of good omen. Hands in pockets, she held them tightly, her last link with Grant, save for this thing she was doing, this expedition on Grant's behalf to Dmitri, who would soon be gone. And when that last human link was broken, all that would be left would be two bits of wood, crudely carved, the sole remaining testament to her life's climactic interlude.

She waited for more than an hour before Dmitri appeared. "Good day," he said. "Good day, Comrade Katya."

"Hello, Dmitri," she replied.

"You saw Nadya and the others?"

"Yes. They miss you."

"I miss all of them. It is hard to get accustomed to being alone again. I was in the hills before, alone, when I was younger. But this time it is harder to be alone."

"I spoke to Nadya, Dmitri."

For the first time she thought that some sign of emotion was going to break through his control. But he carefully checked it.

"She is well?" he asked.

"She is well. She sent a message. She said to tell you that she does not hold you to your promise to take her with you to Norway. She says that you must go away at once."

"I see."

"I told her that she would never see you again if you left Russia."

"What did she say to that?"

"She said to tell you to go. To waste no time in leaving. She did not wish to see you


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aken with the rest. It was a brave hing for her to say. I think she must ove you dearly."

"I am surprised that you agreed to ring me such a message," he said. "I hought you wanted me to give myelf up."

"I did. But I don't want you to iow."

"Why?"

"Because I no longer think that Russia is for you. Grant Hollis has xplained many things to me. You vould never do well in Russia, but ou will do well somewhere else."

"If you can see all this, you must now that Russia is no good for you ither."

"I have no choice."

"I see."

"I envy you the things you know t your age," she said quietly.

"I am grateful to you for what you ave told me," he said in return. Then, slowly, "Do you really think hat I can get by anywhere?"

"I am sure of it. Probably even in Russia, for that matter, if you had o."

"Listen, then, if you have such onfidence in me, I could take you to Norway with me, if you wish. I have nough supplies, and two people vould have an easier time than one."

The proposition stunned her momentarily. But in the next instant she aw all the possibilities. This was the ay it could be done. If Dmitri took er with him, guided her out of Russia, to Norway, she would be afe. Later, she might even manage to ip across the border farther south, nto Sweden. Then she could go and e Svenson. In any case, she would e able to write Svenson, somehow, om Norway. Yes, it could be done.

She looked at him wide-eyed, a awning, wild hope flooding through er.

"Would you really be willing to ke me with you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I will go."

"Good. Is there something back Murmansk that you cannot do ithout?"

Her hands held tightly to the two ny carvings in her pockets. They ere all she really owned. They were l she had of a lifetime that had not en lent to her by the state.

"There is nothing back in Muransk."

"Come on then," he said.

He led her by the shortest and most rect route to the cave where he had ched the supplies for the trip to orway. At the cave, he speedily sembled a knapsack for her. He ve her all the additional stores she uld carry, as well as half of the reign money that he had. He gave r a gun, and picked up the rifle. hen they started out.

She saw at once why Arnoldov had ver captured him. He was like a ing of the wild, that seemed almost take on the coloration of the terin through which they moved. With word, a gesture, he steered her, illfully, surely, like a denizen from inscrutable forest, yet one who ew every twig, every rock, every aring, every stream, every thicket. Within the first two hours her fears gan to evaporate. There was no insaying his knowledge, his aurity. He was a boy, and a giant, d he was twelve years old.

At the battlefield approaches they used. "It is winter," he said, "our eatest ally. Now most of the troops e bivouacked. From this point on, we ed only watch out for patrols. Make noise. Try not to talk at all. Fol- w me, and watch my gestures. It is t such a great distance to Norway, but the front lines bulge and spread. We can make it if we get through the next forty or fifty miles. Are you afraid?"

She looked at him. "Afraid? When I have the best guide in Russia?"

His eyes showed he was pleased. "Let's go," he said.

Traversing the battlefield was a nightmare. It took great skill, daring, adaptability, all qualities that Dmitri had in sufficient supply to do for both of them. And once the battlefield was behind them, it was as if they had shaken off a great weight. For the next day or so they made good time, lighthearted, as if this momentous experience were no more than an adventurous outing. Dmitri seemed almost to shed his reserve. But then, as another day passed, he began to withdraw into himself. She tried to cheer him, but to no avail.

Then time simply blended into numbing fatigue for both of them. Time became cold and rough terrain and a dead body passed in the snow. Time became short hours of rest or sleep, in a cave without fire or heat. Time was woods, and a deer starting in the wild northern light. Time was Dmitri, always moving before her, helping her, yet hour by hour growing more and more withdrawn.

Time was a moment when they stood on a hill and, far below, saw the village of Kirkenes and beyond it the Barents Sea. And Dmitri, in a dead, flat voice, saying, "There it is."

They stood for a long time, looking. And then the joy of realization overcame her. She




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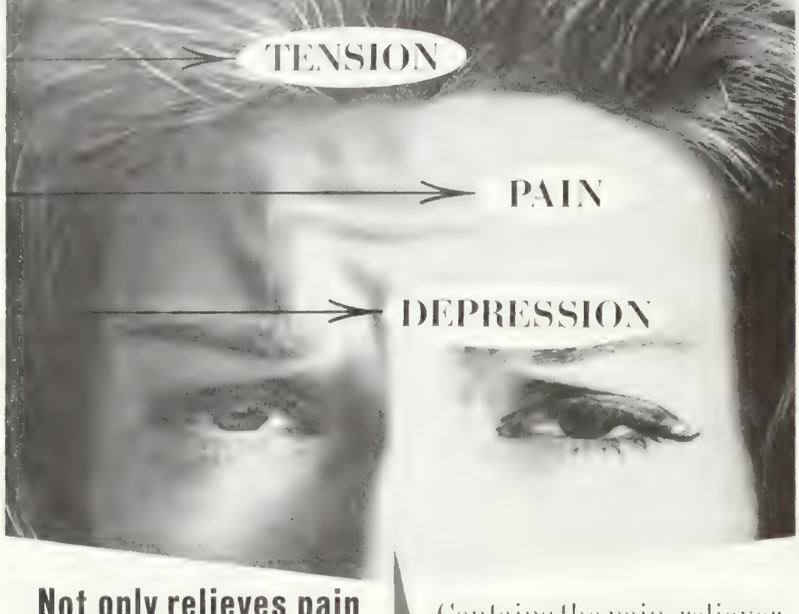
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wanted to laugh. She felt tears start from her eyes and trail down her cheeks. And despite her tears, she was sure the expression on her face was ecstatic. Then she looked at him. Nothing showed of cheer or joy.

"What is it?" she said, barely able to articulate the words.

"Do you really think I could succeed anywhere?" he asked, shifting his feet in the snow.

"Succeed! But you have! We are here!"

"Yes," he said quietly, "we are here."

"What are you thinking, Dmitri? Of course you can succeed anywhere."

"You are safe now, Comrade Katya. You are free. But me—well . . . I am going back."

"But—but . . . that's madness."

"I must go back and see what I can do for the others."

She sat down weakly in the snow. She was beginning to understand now the change that had taken place in him during the journey, the strange and ever-increasing silence, weighted, the withdrawal. He had been considering this idea of returning to Russia during all the time that he had been guiding her to safety.

"I don't want to, but I can't force myself to leave those others behind," Dmitri said.

"But you can do nothing for them."

"Still, I will be with them, to try."

"You will all be split up and separated when you get to wherever they evacuate you to."

"Then I will be with them that far."

He stood there, looking at the small cluster of a village on the Barents Sea. He stood there, a tiny Moses, within sight of the Promised Land, and she knew he would not enter.

"It is a great waste," she cried from the depths of her heart.

"Perhaps. Perhaps not. We shall see."

Slowly she rose to her feet.

"I will watch you until you reach the village," he said. "Try that house farther down, with the boat. The man is a fisherman who lives there. It is the safe place, I'm sure."

They looked at each other. She kissed his cheek. She held him tightly.

"You'd better go," he said.

He stood on the hill, and she went down to the house he had indicated. She rapped on the door. He watched her talk to the people there. He saw them pull her quickly inside. He picked up his rifle, which he had let fall. He brushed the snow from the barrel. He saw the door of the house open, and she reappeared. She waved. He answered her with a wave of his own. Then she was pulled back inside.

He turned away, and started back along the route they had come.

He walked into Arnoldov's office to find the deputy seated behind his desk, smoking an American cigarette.

"So," Arnoldov said, "you have decided to give yourself up?"

"That is correct." Dmitri took his knapsack and dropped it onto the deputy's desk. "Here is the last of the cache," he said, "the only part of it your men did not discover."

"I see." Arnoldov opened the pack quickly. His face registered disappointment. "Not many cigarettes. And what is this stuff?"

"Lifeboat rations. I was going to escape to Norway."

Arnoldov asked, "Why didn't you?"

"Would you believe me if I told you it was because I didn't want to leave my country?"

"No. Your kind has no country. You are citizens of the world."

"I will tell you the truth. I was worried about my friends."

"So. A sentimentalist after all, eh?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"You are an interesting boy. It is too bad we are going to have to drum everything that is interesting out of you." Arnoldov shouted for a guard. A soldier appeared.

"Tell Gradinkov that I wish to see him."

A few minutes later Gradinkov appeared.

"What progress have you made in rounding up that young ringleader, Dmitri?" Arnoldov demanded.

"We are on his trail. I guarantee we will have him within forty-eight hours."

"You can stop looking. Here he is. You would not have caught him in forty-eight years."

Gradinkov looked at Dmitri. "Him?" he said. "You're sure?"

"Him. I'm sure."

"This boy? He is the one who gave us s much trouble?"

"This is the one."

"The last capitalist. He doesn't look lik much."

"The last capitalist. This is he."

"Well, we'll soon eliminate his bourgeoi tendencies."

"You think so?" Arnoldov said skeptically

"Leave it to us," Gradinkov said. "Com along, capitalist."

It was an old, battered train with a wood burning locomotive that had been built befor World War I. All the cars were boxcars. The were cold, but no one complained. It woul have done no good in any case. The childre huddled together for warmth.

Nadya, Dmitri and Vladimir were huddle together in one corner. They were the onl three of their original band that had manage to get into the same boxcar together.

Vladimir looked at the guard. The guar had the food supplies for all of them in a crat near him, but dispensed only the bare min mum. The guard was chewing on some brea holding the heavy, black loaf in his hand.

"I'm hungry," Vladimir said.

"We will get nothing more to eat until ev ning," Nadya said. "Try and keep your min off food."

"I am hungry too," Dmitri said. "Both o you gather close around me. I think som thing can be done."

Vladimir and Nadya shielded him from th others in the car. Dmitri worked his finge into the lining of his padded jacket. He fun bled about until he had his fingers on one

Always laugh when you can. It is a chea medicine. LORD BYRO

the two wristwatches he had secreted ther and then he brought it out. He rose and saun tered over to the soldier on guard.

The guard lowered the loaf of bread fro his mouth. "What do you want?" he growle

"How would you like to make a trade?"

"Trade?"

"Yes. Two loaves for a wristwatch."

"Give it over or I'll take it."

"If you take it, I'll report to the sergea that you have it, and he will just take it awa from you, the way you took it away from me.

The guard looked at him uncertainly.

"Three loaves of bread and you can hav the wristwatch," Dmitri said.

"You asked two before."

"Now it is three. Do you want to trade b fore I make it four?"

"Where is the watch?"

Dmitri pulled it from his pocket. The so dier's eyes glistened. He reached out his han

"Bread first, watch after," Dmitri said.

The guard opened the packing case an handed over two loaves of bread.

"Three, or no watch," Dmitri said.

The guard gave him the third loaf.

"I know that you have been holding back o our bread so that you have extra loaves to se at the way stations," Dmitri said to the so dier. "From now on, give us the rations due u and take these three loaves out of your ow food supply. Otherwise I will tell the sergea about the watch."

When he turned back to Nadya and Vlad mir, he saw that all the other children in th car were awake and watching him.

"There is enough for everyone," he sai holding up the large black loaves.

The children broke into smiles.

Dmitri handed the bread to Nadya, who b gan to hand pieces out to all the other Dmitri leaned back in a corner of the car.

*Well,* he thought, *so this is what it will be lik going to a reconstruction school.* What, h wondered, would be the sort of thing yo could trade once you got to the school? Wha would the people really need? One thin Dmitri knew. If you were going to do busines wherever you were, even in a reconstructio school, you had to find out what the peopl wanted, and supply it. EN

# THE GIRL IN THE CURIO SHOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

ime the girl looked up and smiled. Her eyes were a light blue—almost silver blue.

"Can I help you?" she asked. "Or do you ust want to browse?"

I said, "You sold the tangerine?"

She glanced at the window. "I'm sorry—I didn't think you were interested."

"What are you asking for the cookies?"

She picked up the package and turned it over in her hand. "This doesn't seem to be marked. Let's say two and a quarter."

"That's for the three," I said. "I don't suppose you'd sell them separately?"

She frowned and bit her lip.

"It's all right," I said. "You wouldn't want to break up the set. I understand."

She put them back in the window: three ordinary-looking cookies—oatmeal, I believe.

I looked at several other things: a collection of moths in a frame; a Civil War hat; a plaster statue of an Indian. It was time for me to get back to the office, so I asked her the price of the statue. She said it was $3.50. I noticed that it was cracked and chipped in several places.

"The statue seems to have had considerable wear," I said.

The girl said she thought the way the white man had treated the Indian was shameful.

"I guess I'll take it."

She said, "You have good taste."

"That's very kind of you," I said. This sounded a little flat. "As a matter of fact," I added, "I'm an architect."

She said, "Oh?"

"Yes," I said. "I design buildings—houses, that sort of thing."

"It's nice to know the Indian will have a good home."

"I have to be getting back to the office now," I said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye." As I opened the door she called to me, "One more thing ——"

"Yes?"

"What did you care how much the statue cost if you didn't intend to pay for it anyway?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "believe me."

She said, "That's all right, it happens every day."

When I got back to the office my partner, Arnie, was sitting at his desk shooting paper clips at the wastebasket. He reached out to examine the statue. "Uh-huh," he said, "Pawnee." Now Arnie doesn't know any more about Indians than I do—maybe less. But that's the way he is. He has the knack of sounding authoritative on any subject that comes up.

Arnie is the contact man. He locates the clients and sells them some charming little sketches. Then I have to figure out some way to turn them into houses. It works out fine. I put the statue on my desk and sat down. I had a lot of work to do, but I couldn't get the girl out of my mind.

"Arnie," I said, "what is your opinion of a girl who would charge two and a quarter for three cookies?"

He said that wasn't very much to go on, so I went ahead and described her in detail. When I had finished, he put down the clips and the rubber band and swirled around in his chair facing me. "If you want my opinion," he said, "this girl is a real find. What do you care what she charges for cookies?"

"It isn't the money," I said. "It was more her attitude." Then I told him the whole story, starting with the tangerine. "Now that I've put it in words," I said when I'd finished, "it sounds pretty tame."

"Yes, it does," Arnie said; "that's what impresses me most."

"It does?"

"Los Angeles is the superlative capital of the world," he went on. "If something isn't the biggest, or brightest, or funniest, it might as well not exist. But this girl of yours has the rarest of all qualities—restraint."

He was right. I had been trying to figure out what it was that set her apart, and that was it.

Arnie had got up and was striding around the room, his eyes shining. "She didn't use a whole basket of tangerines—she didn't say they were fifty dollars each. One tangerine—a buck and a half." He shook his head wonderingly. "That's class."

"There was a kind of quiet dignity about her," I said. "It's hard to explain, but it was as though it were a vase or something she was showing me. And I didn't want to do anything to change the mood. I wonder now if it would have been better if I hadn't mentioned the tangerine at all."

"No, it wouldn't," Arnie said. "To make a point of ignoring it would have been as bad as asking for an explanation. No, the only thing you might have done was to ask about something else."

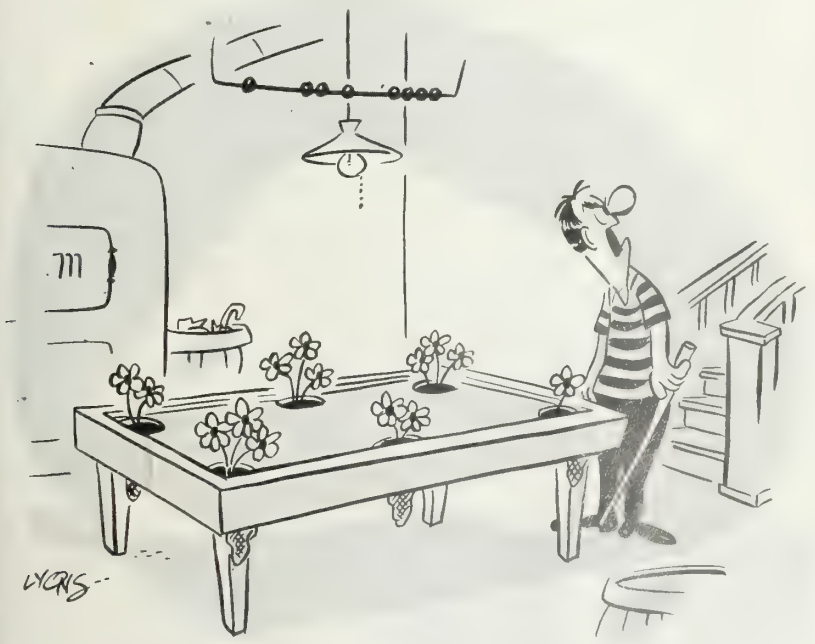
"Something else?"

"Yes, you could say, 'There's something in your window that caught my eye,' and then when she asks what, you say, 'The snuffbox—the one next to the tangerine.'"

Well, we always think of these things too late. All I could say was I'd done my best. The next day I had to go to San Francisco and it was a week before I got back. As soon as I could get away from the office I went over to the shop.

Everything seemed pretty much the same as before except there were no cookies, no tangerine and no girl.

The proprietor was short, bald and wore glasses. "Can I help you?" he asked. "Something special in mind?"




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Massengill Powder


What could I say? I couldn't tell him all I had in mind was his assistant. It might even be his daughter.

"The other day in your window," I began, "I noticed a tangerine ——"

"Oh"—he raised one hand and hit himself on the head—"another one of those."

"Another one of what?" I asked him.

"Let's not waste any of your time, any of mine," he said. "I don't know where she lives. I don't know her name. She is gone—out of my life forever, God willing."

"What gave you the idea I was going to ask about her?"

"It's a trend," he said. "Yesterday morning I come to work for the first time in two weeks. Doctor's orders. The first customer is a young fellow; he says my assistant has shown him a hard-boiled egg—price a dollar thirty-five. Well, in this business you meet all kinds. Anyhow, it turns out all he is interested in is my assistant. I explain she was only temporary help; I don't remember her name, I don't know where she lives."

I said, "But you must know."

He stared at me for a minute and then shrugged. "Exactly what the first one said. Also approximately what the second, third and all the others said."

"The others?"

"You are number seven—maybe eight. One of them has seen a piece of pie in the window—another a pickle. What do they think I am running here?"

"About the girl's name ——"

He closed his eyes. "What I ought to do is have a folder printed up—hand one to each customer. All right"—he jabbed his finger at me—"I'll explain one more time. I got sick. I put an ad in the paper for somebody to run the shop. The girl answered. She had references—good enough. To a man with my blood pressure what is a name? It seems like it might have been Brown or maybe Black." He turned away wearily. "Or it could be it just sounded like a color."

"Well," I said, "thanks anyway." I handed him my card. "If you should happen to hear from her, you might call me. I'd appreciate it."

He didn't look at the card. "I used to have such a nice quiet little business," he said.

When I got back to the office Arnie was on the phone. The floor all around the wastebasket was covered with paper clips. "You're using too flat a trajectory," I told him when he hung up. "You should arch your shots more." I went over to my desk.

"What's your trouble?" he asked. "The price of cookies gone up?"

I told him.

"You going to try to find her?"

"I want to find her," I said, "but I don't know where to start."

"Don't you ever watch TV?" he asked. "The lieutenant always goes over to the wall, to a big map." He got up, stepped over to the map of Los Angeles County and drew a circle with his finger. "Now, we know the person we're after is somewhere inside that circle." He thought for a minute. "Either that or she's outside the circle."

I said, "Well, at least it's a start."

He shook his head. "On television they always seem so sure." He went back and sat down. "All right, we don't know where she lives, but that's not important."

"No?"

"She isn't going to stay in the house all the time, is she? Chances are she's out looking for another job right now——" Suddenly he snapped his fingers.

"You've got it?" I said.

"She got her last job through a help-wanted ad. That's the way to get in touch with her. You advertise for an assistant in running a curio shop—somebody with experience in perishable goods."

"No," I said slowly, "it's no good. Even if she did answer the ad I wouldn't have any job to offer her. She'd know it was just a trick. Besides that, I'd get answers from every nut in Southern California."

"Only trying to help," he said. He fired another clip at the wastebasket.

"If you'd put the basket against the wall, you could make a lot of the rebounds."


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"Very true. Or I could walk over there with the box and empty them all in. But there's the sporting element to be considered." He tried a couple more shots—very sporting but no very close. "You know there's something romantic about this quest of yours—sort of like a wandering troubadour searching for his lost love."

"No troubadour ever had to search through a place like Los Angeles."

"That's true, it's a big town."

"Too big," I said.

"Well, if you ever figure out what can be done about that, let me know." He took one final shot and tossed the rubber band on the desk. "Now look, we've got work to do. It's time we stopped all this kidding around and got down to business."

I said, "You're right."

He sharpened a pencil and reached for a pad of paper. "All right then—where do you suppose this girl might go in her spare time?"

I thought about that for a minute. "I can think of three places she might go—Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown and Seal Rocks. The only trouble is they're all in San Francisco."

"Yeah," he said. "For the moment let's stick to this area. Well, there's Disneyland"—he started making out a list—"the Rose Bowl, Muscle Beach, Knott's Berry Farm ——" He wrote down a total of maybe a dozen places. Then he studied the list a minute or so, and starting at the top he crossed them all out. He scratched his jaw. "You know, we may have a bigger problem here than we realized. I'm beginning to think this girl is from out of town."

I could see what he meant. She wasn't the L.A. or Hollywood type. "I guess that does it," I said. "It was bad enough before, but now she could be anywhere in the country."

"Not so fast," Arnie said; "that's not healthy thinking. We know she was in town the day before yesterday, so if you're going to look for her we've got to assume she's still here."

"If you say so."

"Also we have to assume that she'd like to see you again."

"Why do we have to assume that?"

"Because if she doesn't want to see you there's no point in finding her."

"It seems to me we're making a lot of assumptions."

"If you want to get ahead you've got to," Arnie said. "Look at Columbus. He didn't know America was here—he just assumed it was."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "he assumed it wasn't. He was trying to get to India."

Arnie stared at me. "You're sure about that?"

"It's all in the books."

Arnie said, "Take George Rogers Clark. He had to have faith that he'd discover the Northwest Passage."

"He was wrong about that too."

"Oh," Arnie said, "do you want to sit there and show how smart you are, or do you really want to locate this girl?"

"I'm sorry. Where do we start?"

"You actually want to get started? You don't have any more hot flashes about Columbus you'd like to tell me about?" He shot another clip and missed by about a foot. "OK then. There's one problem we haven't gone into yet. The girl doesn't know your name. You say there are other fellows looking for her too. Even if we should be able to get some kind of message to her, how would she know it was you?"

This was something that hadn't occurred to me before. How was I going to identify myself? "I did buy the cigar holder," I said, "and the statue of the Indian—I almost walked off without paying for it—I'm sure she wouldn't forget that."

"Fine," he said. "That gives us something to work with."

He looked up at the ceiling, tapping his teeth with the pencil. "What we'll have to do is stage a robbery —— Now take it easy. I don't mean a real one. You mess up your apartment a little and then call the police to report a burglary. They'll ask what's missing. You tell them a fifteen-thousand-dollar cigar holder and a twenty-thousand-dollar

er Indian. It will make all the papers—
e newscasts. The girl can't miss it."
ated to disappoint Arnie, but I couldn't
h his enthusiasm for this scheme. I've
been very good at lying to the authori-
for one thing. Also, Arnie wouldn't be
ne to go to jail if something should go
g. "I'm afraid not," I told him.
shrugged cheerfully. "It was just a
ght."
ring the next few days he had a number
her thoughts of the same caliber.
n't try any of them. "It looks like a
out," I said. "I don't think I'm ever
to see her again."
ou've got to have faith," Arnie said.
n't you ever hear about Robert Bruce
he spider."
ertainly I've heard of him."
e'd just lost half a dozen battles and he
bout ready to quit. Then he saw a spider
to do something or other and it didn't
ed until the seventh try. So then he went
and did whatever it was he'd been trying
—kill a lot of Englishmen or something."
don't see how that's going to help me."
either do I," Arnie said, "but it's a part
r cultural heritage and it doesn't hurt to
about it from time to time."
obably I've been giving the impression
very little architecture was going on at
me, which is incorrect. When Arnie was
the office I got quite a bit accomplished.
nately he was out a lot. Then one after-
he happened to be in the office and I
ut. When I got back he had a message
e.
woman called—a Miss Julia Towne.
that ring a bell?"
owne," I said. "It sounds like a color."
ou're right. But then lots of names do—
l Turple, Herman Torange ——"
he man in the shop thought her name
led like a color. What did she say?"

"Wanted to know if you were here, that's all. I told her I didn't know when you'd be back, so she said she'd wait—said she'd be in Palisade Park."

I got in my car and headed down Santa Monica Boulevard. When I reached the park, I left my car and started walking. The path ran near the edge of the cliff, high above the ocean. I found Miss Towne under a palm tree eating popcorn, her shoes on the bench beside her. I sat down on the other end of the bench.

"I was surprised to hear from you," I said.

She offered me some popcorn. "I went back to the shop for my sunglasses. Mr. Gruber said you wanted to see me—he gave me your card."

"It was good of you to call."

"I debated it," she said. "Then I decided any man who would try to steal a plaster Indian couldn't be all bad."

I took some more popcorn. It was pleasant sitting there in the shade with the white beach and the surf far below. "I enjoy this," I said, "watching the waves come in."

She said, "You're in luck."

"I am?"

She nodded. "Yes. It's a good thing you don't like to watch them go out, because they never do."

That was something I'd never thought about. "I believe you're right, now that you mention it."

"You don't have to take my word for it," she said. "Try an experiment. The next time you happen to be on a small island, stand on the north shore and you'll notice the waves will all be coming south. Go to the south end and you'll see they're all coming north. Wherever you are, all the waves in the world are coming toward you. It's a nice feeling."

There was something about this girl that was hard to describe. She made ordinary things seem different.

I said, "After I bought the statue I had to be out of town for a week. When I went back you were gone. Your boss didn't know where you lived."

"I wondered why you didn't come back."

"I've been trying ever since to figure out some way to locate you. My partner, Arnie, thought I should do something to get my picture in the paper. Then if you saw it you might get in touch with me."

"Do something like what?" she asked.

"Well, you know the bait they use to catch Japanese beetles?" She nodded. "We were thinking maybe I could hire a helicopter, get about five hundred pounds of bait and take it up and scatter it on Disneyland." She choked. "Then when the authorities asked me why I did it I would say, 'Because it was there.'"

For a moment she didn't speak. Then she turned toward me. "You would have done that for me"—her eyes were shining—"that's something I'll treasure always."

"I didn't actually do it, you understand, I only thought about it."

"It's the thought that counts," she said.

Then we sat there for a while, not saying anything, just watching the ships move slowly across the horizon.

"Do you know," she said, "you're a very unusual person?"

"I am?"

"Uh-huh. I saw you walk by the shop and then come back to take a second look. And you didn't bat an eye when I told you the tangerine was a dollar and a quarter ——"

I said, "A dollar fifty."

"You're right. Anyhow, the others were so persistent. They seemed to feel that if something is a little out of the ordinary there must be some gimmick—some angle. They had to have some kind of explanation. Naturally I didn't give them any."

"Naturally."

She put a handful of popcorn in her mouth and chuckled. "One woman was quite indignant. She said it was outrageous to charge such a price. That was for the hard-boiled egg. I told her I was only a clerk, I didn't have anything to do with company policy. But you didn't ask for any explanation. You were the only one."

I reached out and took her hand.

"You're perspiring," she said.

"It's butter," I said, "from the popcorn." I waved my free hand at all the people passing by.

"You know," I continued, "out of all the millions of people there are it's a remarkable coincidence that we ever met. And then to find each other a second time—it's almost unbelievable."

"It's a coincidence whenever two people meet—your parents, your grandparents. It increases geometrically. There had to be a million coincidences just for us to be sitting here."

It was almost too much to comprehend. "When you think of it that way," I said slowly, "it makes it seem almost ——"

"Inevitable?" she said. "Naturally. All the waves of the world—ever since time began—all of them rolling our way."

I moved her shoes and slid over, putting my arm around her shoulders.

Inevitable or not, I wasn't taking any chances. There had been too many near-misses. If I hadn't given the man my card—if she hadn't put the tangerine and the cookies in the window. It must have been part of a pattern—a pattern I hoped would include children, grandchildren, a golden-wedding anniversary ——

Maybe after all those years I'll ask her why she did it. END

## EXCURSION

(New England, 1962)

By DAN JAFFE

e drive inland together past the
bogs,
ong the sandbanks where the pine
trees grow
ten no taller than boys on stilts.
My girl,

leep, jostles my arm as traffic
clogs,
ibs me with her nose, then yawns,
aglow
passing lights. This borrowed
car's a world

side the world that's changing as
we ride.
e hear no clang of bell buoys
counting swells
at coil into waves, unroll upon
the sand.

e mutter of engines muffles the
mumbling tide.
t though we park among the
peanut shells
d broken glass beside a root-beer
stand,

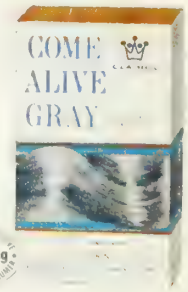
are like divers in a bathysphere,
spended in the underwater glow,
ause somewhere between the
land and sea.

kers of phosphorescent fish
appear
neon quivers. We check our
maps and go,
fting down midnight roads
toward Bethany.



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BOB RICHARDSON



CLOCKWISE:

This white nubby-wool coat is young and practical. It goes happily over the navy suit or with the printed wool. Vogue Design No. 5666. Breton by John Frederics.

Our blue-and-white checked woolen school dress has an Empire silhouette and its own separate fringed scarf held with Matty-Joy's fob pin. Vogue Design No. 5731.

The most romantic evening dress of the season is a Paris copy. The white moire has a matching hood that fastens under the chin with a rose. Vogue P.O.M. Design No. 1211.

Red, white and blue is a favorite combination. We bound our suit jacket in red to top a crisp piqué over-blouse. Vogue Design No. 5657. Daisy by Sandor Goldberger.

Nothing could be younger or more flattering than this bright printed wool dress with attached hood, side pockets and self-cord tie at neckline. Vogue Design No. 5775.

Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on page 118.



If you want the new natural look, this is how to start.



With soap and water. Any soap will do, as long as it gives you the fresh scrubbed complexion essential to the natural look. But while you're at it, why not start with the best? A soap made with the essence of roses, or crushed carnations, or violets, or lavender. Yardley makes it and the formula is secret. (No one else knows how to crowd so much fragrance into one cake of soap.) Besides bathing your skin in fragrance, it's hard-milled so it lasts longer. It won't chip or crack or dissolve into a puddle in the soap dish. In fact, the last little sliver of Yardley soap is just as firm and fragrant as a fresh cake. It's not surprising that a box of three cakes costs $1.75. Expensive? Maybe. But, how else can you feel like a pampered, flower-drenched heiress for a dollar and change? Choose from four fragrances that might have been invented for the natural look: Red Roses, Crushed Carnation, April Violets, Lavender.

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* * *

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## THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

flourish them in many cases more deftly than a knife.

There is my colander, vital as pot or pan. How, without it, could I satisfactorily drain vegetables, steam rice, or lift soup meat out of the kettle?

There are the flat wooden boards I use on either side of my sink. I have a particular fondness for them, since they are an invention of my own. My husband made them for me himself, out of good hard wood which does not easily warp; unvarnished so they can be scrubbed white like old tables. They span the counters and protect those colored surfaces which it seems almost sacrilege to scar with chopping and cutting. They are also movable, of course. When I am done with shaping large carrots into little ones, or with dicing celery or onion or cabbage, I slide the board toward me over the counter's edge, and with one movement of my hand, sweep the vegetables onto a plate held under it. Nothing falls on the floor to be trod on. No bits and pieces are left unused.

Those boards I would miss.

I must confess there are certain cherished tools of mine which I scarcely dare advise, for they are next to impossible to find in the stores. A long-handled three-tined fork is one. You can buy any number of *two*-tined forks, but seldom one with the useful three prongs. My trident is an heirloom, and look as I will I cannot discover a new one to replace it when, as must inevitably happen, the handle wears away or the tines dissolve with age and use. If you are lucky enough to come across one, grapple it to your heart with hoops of steel. Nothing could be better for testing the doneness of foods, for lifting roasts out of the oven, turning bacon, handling any sort of bulky vegetable. I employ it in tandem with another favorite implement—the long-handled wooden spoon, which is so much gentler than a metal one when you do not wish to bruise fish or fowl.

No well-appointed kitchen ought to lack either the three-tined fork or the wooden spoon. The latter is, happily, available.

The other undiscoverable item, however, is an old-fashioned steamer. I know how hard it is to procure, for I spent several frustrating weeks not long ago trying to locate one.

No, I don't mean a clam steamer, or a corn steamer. Those I was blithely shown when I inquired at my pet department store, one which specializes in kitchen goods. I refer to an apparatus designed particularly for cooking dumplings—apple dumplings, cranberry dumplings, mincemeat dumplings, especially the biscuitlike dumplings so luscious with lamb stew or chicken fricassee. We always owned one when I was a child, and I recall that it consisted of a lidded pot fitted with small cups rather like egg poachers, except that those cups were perforated. They sat in a rack well above the waterline in the pot. Into them you dropped your batter, turned up your heat, clapped on the lid, forbore to peek even once, and when, in 20 minutes, you lifted them out, there were the dumplings, airy, delicious, food for gods.

Does no one demand dumplings with stew anymore? I am beginning to think not, since the essential vessel for their manufacture has apparently disappeared. If so, something wonderful has vanished from our tables. Yet dumplings are as easy to make as—well, as easy as pie, which they halfway resemble. You must know the kind I mean. You whip them up in five minutes from flour, baking powder, milk, a bit of butter, an egg; to that basic recipe *I* add chopped parsley and a pinch of nutmeg.

The far-from-secret ingredient for the lightest imaginable tidbits of that sort is not really an ingredient but a method. If you want the dumplings light as air, they must never touch liquid while they cook. In lieu of a steamer I place them carefully on top of the meat and vegetables in my stew. The drawback there is that one never knows exactly how long to cook the meat beforehand so that the 20 minutes of extra steaming will not overdo the whole dish.

Finally, after experimenting vainly with strainers and colanders, I found a device which works. It turned up at a Hungarian food shop in New York City, and consists of a simple slotted basket fitted with expandable legs. I place it in a deep pot, spoon the batter onto its buttered surface, and although the dumplings do not emerge all the same size and shape as they do from cups, their texture and taste is the same I remember from childhood. The apparatus cost me $1.78, but I guard it like the Koh-i-noor diamond.

So far I have mentioned only contrivances which lift or cut or brush or prepare foods. What about the cooking vessels themselves? Which of my charming, hard-earned pots and pans and roasters and double boilers would I keep with me were I permitted only one or two? I do not have to think twice. All of them I treasure, but I would point without hesitation to the black-iron Dutch oven and the heavy, back-breaking iron skillets which, of all my tools, I use the most. I bought them 25 years ago at a special sale during the splendid days of the Great Depression. Four frying pans of various sizes *and* the Dutch oven cost me two dollars. I would fight for them like a tiger.

In the pot I simmer everything which must cook for a long time, such as pot roast, *pot-au-feu*, *Sauerbraten*, soup, spaghetti sauce.

**No popular saying is more commonly accepted than the maxim which asserts that time is the great consoler; and probably no popular saying more imperfectly expresses the truth. The work that we must do, the responsibilities that we must undertake, the example that we must set to others, these are the great consolers, for they apply the first remedies to the malady of grief. The great consolation for the loss of the dead, who are gone, is to be found in thinking of the living who remain.**

**WILKIE COLLINS**
THE DEAD SECRET

The skillets can be used on top of the stove or in the oven. They have no beauty, but they serve me perfectly and will outlast me. Peasant implements, no doubt; but, like fire and water and herbs, they are cookery's great gifts.

None of my favorite gadgets, as you see, is expensive. Basic tools seldom are.

I can think of several other unextravagant aids and comforts to the cook which may not be as vital as the ones I have listed, but are nice to have on hand.

I would miss my flour sifter, of course, and a good set of measuring spoons and cups. I would dislike to be separated from a wire whisk for beating eggs less brutally than does a rotary beater or an automatic one; and I find many uses for large pieces of cheesecloth. How do you keep fresh salmon whole without cheesecloth for lifting it? Or to make a *bouquet garni?*

And naturally I value my knives—my knives with serrated edges for slicing loaves, cold meats, anything solid; my sharp, sharp paring knives, honed twice a month. I admire the pliable little knife I keep for cutting grapefruit and orange sections, and the slender-bladed tool for carving fowl. If I could have only one, I would keep the last, since in a pinch it would cut everything from onions to roast turkey.

I like my opener which clamps on tight-closed lids and with a twist brings them free. I am fond of my mallet for pounding such meats as scallopini of veal, Swiss steaks and the like. I enjoy my ladles and my slotted spoons for lifting vegetables out of their broth without wasting it. And I love my gigantic soup kettle. Years ago I bought it over my husband's protests. It holds I-don't-know-how-many gallons, and he was sure we would never fill it. But all winter long it is in use. The obedient butcher saves me fine marrow bones and veal knuckles and picks out shins of beef for me; and at least once a month we feast on soup so nourishing and flavorsome that one sniffs it like a garden and makes a whole dinner from it. Yet if I had to dispense with the kettle, I could still make soup in my iron Dutch oven out of any leftover bones and vegetables I happened to have around. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, it is her handmaiden.

Coffee-making would give me pause, if I had to choose a vessel for it. Our kitchen owns an electric percolator which is as intelligent as a dolphin, making the coffee, turning it off, keeping it warm for any desired time. I am devoted to it. But if it were to be taken away, I could still brew coffee in an ordinary pot, clarify it with egg shells, and I think we would be satisfied with our drink. You see my point, I hope. The adorable gadgets which delight our lives are chiefly savers of labor; luxuries. I am as fond of luxuries as the next woman, perhaps a little fonder. But when making up my lists of the absolutely essential, they always go first.

There is only one slave for which I would weep salt tears were I to be suddenly deprived of it. That is my electric blender.

The blender to my mind is an appliance not yet fully appreciated in kitchen circles. Although no bride considers her gift display complete without one, it later is apt to sit idly on a shelf, used only occasionally for making party drinks, or milk shakes. It is considered a toy, like an ice crusher. I, on the contrary, think of it as my right-hand assistant. It occupies the most accessible corner of my kitchen, and its humming delights my ears continually at meal-getting time. Do I want to thicken a sauce, purée a vegetable, plan a cream soup, chop nuts, prepare a *pâté?* The blender does my work for me.

Before it was invented I used to spend hours making *vichyssoise* when I wanted to show off for company—pressing leeks and potatoes through cheesecloth and a sieve. Now, once they have been well simmered in chicken broth, I dump them into my amiable machine, and out they come ground to perfection, ready to be stirred into the cream. Leftover vegetables are no longer a weight on my conscience while they dry up in the refrigerator. I add them to stock, slice a bit of onion, put in a spoonful of flour and a cup or two of milk, drop in the butter or the parsley, stir them in the blender and I have a luncheon soup or a first course at dinner.

Have you tried your blender for making bread stuffings? It whirls your bread into soft crumbs in a moment. It shreds cheese for au gratin dishes. It takes lumps out of sauces, gravies, *roux*. It makes a foolproof hollandaise sauce, an excellent Béarnaise. It is splendid for mayonnaise.

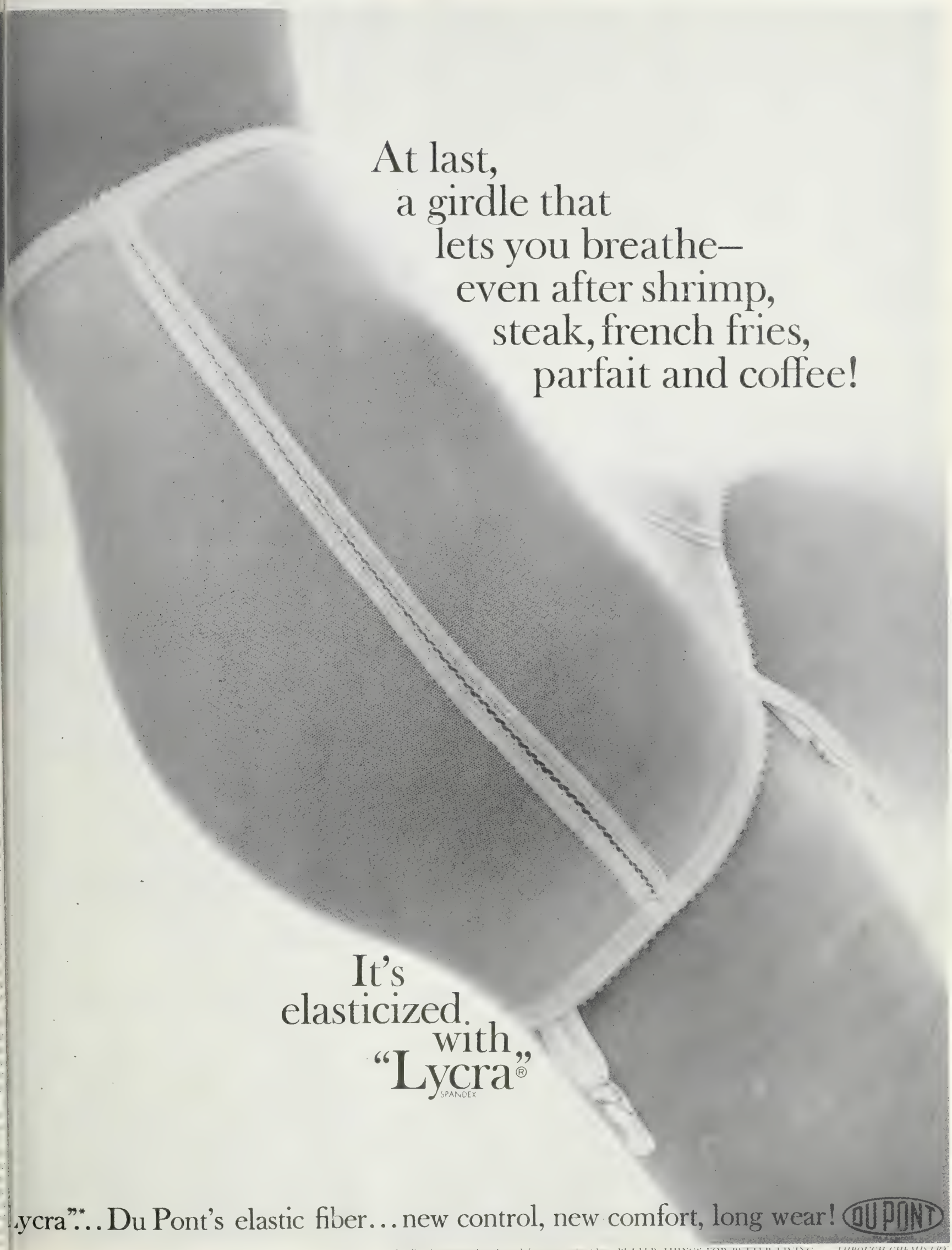
And with molded desserts it has a special cunning. One of the favorites of our table is a peach mousse, concocted in ten minutes at most. I dissolve a package of orange gelatin into a cup of hot canned peach juice. To that I add one cup of drained peaches, a quarter of a cup of port wine or Marsala and put the whole thing into the blender, solidly capping it with the lid. After the ingredients have been well whipped, I add a quarter pint of heavy cream and let the mixture twirl for a mere five seconds. (You know what happens to cream if it is beaten too long; you wouldn't want butter in your mousse.) I pour it all into a melon mold and refrigerate for half a day. If you wish to adorn your dish, drape around the mousse a generous helping of fresh or frozen peaches before it comes to dinner.

Yes, if in playing the game I allow myself electricity on my desert island, it is the blender which heads my list of necessary automations.

Your choices will not be the same as mine. After all, it is difference which gives opinion its spice. But try the amusement for yourself sometime. I think you will discover what I have, that it is the simplest, most fundamental tools you will use most often and value most highly.

I love having an army of conveniences, and so does every housewife. But the beginner does not need to despair if she can afford only a few. Let her take herself to a kitchenware department, provide herself with the simple basic vessels, the little inexpensive aids, and she can learn to become as skilled a chef as if she had spent a fortune. The Day of the Robot is not yet wholly here.

END




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**"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*




# When Mothers Work

**IT IS ONLY NORMAL FOR A WORKING MOTHER TO FEEL SOME JEALOUSY IF HER CHILD BECOMES INCREASINGLY DEVOTED TO HIS SITTER**

In a previous article I discussed some of the obvious reasons why more and more mothers are going to work, and also some of the subtle and even illogical factors which occasionally underlie their decisions. Now I'd like to suggest certain guidelines about children's emotional needs at different ages, their readiness for separation, the ways in which substitute care can be provided.

The first factor to take up is the age of the child, for the younger he is the more sensitive his personality and the more he requires the devoted, consistent care of one motherly person. Even at two months of age a baby on an examining table keeps his eyes glued to his mother and ignores the doctor. By five months he discriminates between familiar and strange people. He may cry in alarm if a stranger comes close too quickly or even if his mother wears a strange hat. He will become temporarily depressed if his mother or the woman who has been caring for him disappears suddenly from his life. In other words, he now has an intense dependence on the person who mothers him which will not even begin to lessen until he is approaching three years of age.

Many babies in the last quarter of the first year begin to fuss when the mother leaves the room. In the second year they are apt to worry a little when the sitter arrives and to make a brief scene when the parent leaves. The sharpest expressions of separation anxiety are apt to come between 1½ and 2½ years of age. If a mother abruptly goes to work at this time (or goes away on a trip) without sufficiently preparing the child, he may behave well while she is gone—often too well—but he may cling to her in a panicky way as soon as she gets home, or when she tries to put him to bed, or when she starts to leave him again the next morning. Once a severe separation anxiety has been aroused, it is apt to persist for weeks or even months. The main reason why most nursery schools will not take a child until he is three years old is that a majority of children younger than that have too much trouble separating from their mothers.

This stage of development between five months and three years corresponds somewhat to the "imprinting" that is observed in such animals as ducklings and lambs. At a certain age—soon after birth in these lower animals—they become intensely attached to their mother alone and will follow her closely wherever she goes. Once they've made this attachment, they won't confuse her with any other duck or sheep. But if it's a man or some other animal they see at this critical period, rather than the mother duck or mother ewe, they will follow him instead, and ignore their own species.

It's as if Nature is telling each of these young creatures, "For a while now it's extremely important that you stick to your mother. She'll protect you, see that you're fed, and teach you all you need to know." Incidentally, this is the stage when the mother duck or ewe becomes devoted to her offspring too. If he's removed from her for a few days after birth, she won't recognize him or care for him again.

The human child between five months and three years needs a familiar figure not just to give him bodily care, like the duckling or lamb. We realize that the most complicated kind of interpersonal relationship is being worked out. The child needs his mother for loving, for comforting, for approval, for playing, for gentle kidding, for curbing. She is progressively introducing him to the world of things and people. She is even introducing him to himself, for this is the age when he discovers himself, too, and he takes his mother's word as to what kind of person he is. From all that we have learned in the field of child psychology it is no exaggeration to say that the basic shape of his personality is now being formed through his relationship with the principal person who cares for him.

This is the age when he gets his underlying convictions about whether he is a good or a bad person, and whether the world is hostile or loving. He is acquiring a whole series of fundamental attitudes of his own—either affectionate or cold, trusting or suspicious, happy or sad, anxious or confident, cooperative or balky, kindly or cruel. I think that even his future capacity to deal with things and ideas (on which his schooling and career will be based) is being influenced already by the manner in which his mother interprets the physical world to him. Is he allowed to explore and to master some of the things which challenge him in the environment, or is he denied them, or made to fear them? I don't mean that CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

**BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.**

# Brown Sugar! On Quaker Oatmeal! Children like it!

*(and, today, Quaker Oatmeal cooks in just one minute)*

BROWN SUGAR on oatmeal? Yes indeed! Children call it "butterscotch oatmeal" and like it fine. Many new ideas for oatmeal toppings are catching on good, too . . . like raisins, jam or preserves, fresh fruits, syrup. Try them all.

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

a child's character won't change after three—it will continue to be modified by his experiences all through life—but important trends are being laid down.

A good mother is instinctively aware of all these requirements. Not that she's fussing over her child all day long, but she's ready to serve him. He's no longer a docile infant who mainly needs doting on. But he isn't able to be on his own, either. So it's a rather specialized, in-between kind of mothering he requires—sympathetic, intuitive but firm. If his own mother is unable to give it to him all day, she ought to provide a carefully chosen substitute who can enjoy him without babying him, control him without constant battles, and stay with him for a long, long time.

Most professional workers in America are still opposed to group care in nurseries for children under the age of three years, even though it has been carried out fairly successfully in Israel and Russia. One great difference is that in those particular countries, which consider it absolutely essential that mothers work in order to develop the nation, the government has been willing to pay what is necessary to provide ample staffs of suitable workers, so that young children can feel individually mothered. Also, a sufficient number of women with the right personality and training consider it important, patriotic work. In the United States most local governments have not been willing to pay for this kind of staffing, and there are relatively few suitable women who would consider this a gratifying career. (Trained nursery-school teachers are meagerly paid here, and a lot of them get married and retire to rear their own families.)

In the United States, when a mother of a very young child must work, she may, if she is lucky, have a trusted relative or friend who will care for the child (with or without pay). Or if she has plenty of contacts, she may be able to find just the right person to employ. I think it's a wise precaution and a great help for any mother of a young child to discuss all the issues with a family social agency before deciding to go to work; and they will be able to tell her whether there is a service which recruits, selects and supervises foster mothers who take children into their homes for the day. Certainly it is extremely risky to leave a young child with a woman whose character is not well known or who tries to care for too many children. The usual rule is that a foster mother or any mother substitute should not try to care for more than two infants under two years, or five of any age, including the foster mother's own children.

By the time children have reached the age of three years, a majority of them can separate from their mothers without signs of distress if they are left in the individual care of a reliable, comfortable substitute whom they know well. But the personality of the woman who cares for them is still of enormous importance. They won't flourish with one who is simply a matter-of-fact guardian. They need real affection and appreciation, as plants need water. And this is the age when they mold their own aspirations in the pattern of the adults they depend on. Of course, they also need firm guidance.

A working mother is apt to think of a nursery school for the child of three or four. A good school has lots to offer a child, in addition to motherly care: the opportunity to enjoy other children and to learn co-operation from playing with them; space; a variety of constructive playthings; music, painting, outdoor equipment. But not all the so-called nursery schools are good. Some are second-rate and some are worse. Most municipalities have not done very well in enforcing standards, so the parent has to be his own judge. It is certainly desirable that at least one teacher in each class have had nursery-school training. There should be a teacher for each group of eight to ten children. Most important is the atmosphere of the school. Are the children enjoying themselves? Do they have enough freedom in such activities as painting and block-building so that they can carry out some of their own creative ideas rather than just follow the teacher's ideas? Are they under reasonable control without the teacher's having to be disagreeable or harsh? Any sensible mother should visit the school herself and stay long enough to see how it really runs. If the school doesn't permit visiting, it's probably no good.

There are limitations to the practicality of a nursery school for solving the problems of a working mother. One is the half-day schedule in most schools. Another is the question of who takes care of the child when he's sick. Colds and other infections are very common in young children, and especially in those playing indoors in a group. Schools vary in their strictness in excluding children with symptoms. Usually it's necessary that the mother either have a job which permits time off, or know some person who will take care of the child whenever he can't go to school.

We are apt to think of the child of six as being quite independent because he is expected to march off to school all by himself and take what the school provides in the way of classmates and teacher. He's a lot more independent than he was earlier. He's proud to be on his own, and he doesn't want his parents asking too many questions about what he learned and what happened in class. But sensitive school people realize that even the six- and seven-year-old is still dependent on his teacher in a way he probably won't be when he's eight or nine. He expects her to be motherly when he needs help or comforting. And elementary-school children of all ages, when they go home from school, need to find a parent or a reliable substitute. They need a comforter when they get into a little trouble. It's not wholesome for them to feel entirely unsupervised all through the afternoon. I think a careful working mother who can't be home by midafternoon should arrange to have her children report to a motherly neighbor on coming back from school, and consider that person's house his headquarters until his mother arrives.

The personality of the child is always a factor when a mother is debating the question of going to work. One individual acts socially secure almost from infancy and adapts quickly to new people and places. At the opposite extreme is the one who is anxiously dependent and becomes very upset at the briefest separation from his mother. Obviously, it's much easier for a mother of the first kind of child to go to work. Both the anxious, overdependent child, and his mother need help from a child-guidance clinic or family social agency in any case, whether or not his mother works. If his dependence is successfully reduced by treatment, then his mother may be able to go to work without disturbing him too much.

What kind of personality should a woman have who is substituting for the working mother of an infant or preschool child? It is easy enough for me to make a list of the virtues that I think are important: She should love children. She should understand their basic needs at different ages. (I do not mean that she should know how to make neat statements, for I mistrust the person who talks too glibly about trauma and self-expression and security. She should show in actual performance that she senses and responds to a child's legitimate appeals and requirements.) She should be able to enjoy the child's company and to share his interests occasionally, so that he can enjoy her, and enjoy himself while he's with her. (This doesn't mean, though, that she is so wrapped up in him that she wants to play with him, amuse him most of the time—that would spoil him.) She should, of course, be able to control him well with a light touch and a positive approach, keep him out of serious trouble, not have to use harsh punishment or stern disapproval.

But the listing of these principles is not really helpful, because any sensible mother knows them anyway. In actuality, every mother would interpret them differently. This is to say, every mother has a somewhat different picture of how she feels her child should be treated. What seems sensible to one looks like severity to another. What seems reasonable to one strikes another as overindulgence. This has always been true and always will be, and this is one reason why each child grows up different. So any couple will want to find, if possible, a substitute for the mother who will have




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...eneral attitude. I am only pleading that ...orking mother take the time to be sure ...as found what she wants. She should ...he opportunity to see the substitute tak-...re of the child over a period of time, on a ...er of occasions, after everyone has be-...used to each other and is acting natural.

...recommendation fits well with another ...tant one. If a child is to be left with a ...tute while the mother goes to work he ...d have the opportunity to get to know ...d trust her first. This is particularly vital ...ould be done with extra care in the case ...child between five months and three ...—even if the mother is not going to work ...nly on a trip for several days. I hammer ...s point because I've known a number of ...wise understanding mothers who thought ...nnecessary and expensive precaution. In ...erage situation of a child under six years, ...y this would require about five sessions ...he sitter, of several hours each. At first ...ould not try to care for the child di-..., but only be helping the mother in some ...r other while the child becomes used to ...hen when he begins to show a friendly ...ach, she can begin to play with him, read ...n, feed him or dress him, while the ...er is still present. Only after the child has ...comfortable acceptance of such care ...d the mother go out on errands or visits, ...ones at first so that he can be reassured ...early reappearance. As the child shows ...lerance of short absences they can be ...ally lengthened. If he becomes upset, the ...ule should be slowed down. And if no ...ess is made, it's time to ask whether the ...tute is the right person.

...urally, if a child is already very secure ...a grandmother, neighbor or a regular ...it will not be necessary to go through this ...rate program when a mother goes to ... But if the sitter has previously come ...hen the child was ready for bed, and has ...ken much active care of him, then thor-...preparation for the mother's absence is ...for. If a young child is going to spend the day at the home of a relative, friend or sitter whom he knows well, while his mother works, but has not previously been cared for in that other house, this experience should be provided, in increasing steps, before the mother starts leaving him there all day.

How much must the substitute's manner of caring for a child correspond to the mother's? From one angle we can say that almost any child is a flexible creature who can and does adapt easily to a variety of adults—mother, father, teacher, neighbors, relatives. It doesn't hurt him to have to become a little neater, quieter, more obedient or more helpful to suit another person. He is able to shift in the opposite direction too. But it should properly disturb the mother who plans to go to work if the prospective substitute seems too severe in manner or too submissive. Or if she forces food. Or if she is inclined to preach a frightening type of religion. I'd say that if a mother feels serious qualms about a prospective substitute, she should not leave her with the child. If she has only mild doubts, the proof of the pudding will be in the eating. She should have the sitter be with the child on several occasions while she herself is in the home, to see the actual effect on the child. His state of happiness and adjustment after being with the woman is more significant than the mother's reaction to her.

It is hard enough to find a substitute with the good qualities that are really important to the child. There is no point looking for perfection in the small things. For example, I myself wouldn't worry about whether a woman spoke good English or was well educated or was neat and clean or had taken a first-aid course.

I should mention that it is only normal for a working mother to feel conscious or unconscious jealousy if her child becomes increasingly devoted to his sitter. This is particularly apt to happen if on any occasion he expresses the slightest preference for her (which he may do just to make his mother feel bad about leaving him). And if one of the mother's reasons for going to work was a strained relationship with the child, it will make her feel guilty, too, if he and the sitter get along beautifully. These emotions are often not recognized by the mother for what they are; instead they may make her feel excessively critical of the sitter's minor faults. Or she may conclude that the child has become unwholesomely dependent on the sitter and that she should be discharged for the child's good. These parental reactions are entirely natural; they are nothing to be ashamed about. If the mother can consider the possibility of their occurring, it may help her to retain a better perspective. For if she has a substitute who cannot make the child happy, her situation will be worse.

The question often comes up how much the mother can or should try to change the substitute's methods in dealing with the child, especially if she is a relative or friend. It's certainly right for the mother to be quite open in her statements and requests at the start, in a matter-of-fact, friendly way. This is much easier than if she is too timid to express her wishes in the beginning, then becomes upset inwardly and has to criticize. But people can change to only a limited degree, and not at all in regard to their deeper convictions. Soon the mother must decide whether the substitute's handling of the child will or will not suit her well enough. If not, she should find someone else. It's only disturbing to everyone, including the child, if the mother continues to nag the sitter or to show chronic mistrust.

If parents are looking for a sitter only for the evenings when they go out together, they won't need to be quite so sure that she has in full measure all the qualities that are necessary to make a small child secure while the mother is working regularly or while the parents go away for a vacation. On the other hand, it is shocking to hear about children being left in charge of wild teen-agers who throw parties or adolescent boys who can't resist the temptation of sex play. I don't mean that age is necessarily a barrier; I've seen thirteen-year-old sitters who were as reliable as any adult. But parents should be sure of their sitter, either from having her come early enough at first so they can become acquainted and see how she manages, or through recommendations of trustworthy friends. For the security of young children it's important to concentrate on one or two or three familiar people. To secure the loyalty of a good sitter, parents should do their part in being reliable and fair.

Finally, there are a couple of points I would like to make concerning the mother's attitude about working. The mother of a young child should not go to work until she has really made up her mind, after full consultation with a social worker in a family agency if possible, that it is the best course for herself and her child. For if she takes a job before she is quite sure, her hesitancy and guilt will make the separation more difficult for the child and herself. Almost any child before the age of three will have uneasiness at times about being left, even if he has been well prepared by gradual steps. He also looks for cues from his mother as to how dangerous this will be. If she seems anxious when she says good-bye, if she keeps turning around as she walks away to remind him that she will return in the end, if she looks conscience-stricken when he protests and is unable to tear herself away, he gets the message that she is just as worried about the separation as he is. This redoubles his fears and his protests.

Another problem for the mother who works without having resolved her guilt is that her child will exploit her feelings—gently or fiendishly. He'll keep reproaching her, demanding presents and privileges, being disagreeable to her. The worse he carries on, the surer she becomes that she is destroying his security. This kind of behavior in a child does not necessarily mean that his mother should not work, but only that she does not feel right about it. She should seek professional counseling. If a mother has to work, she should be able to do it confidently and cheerfully—for the sake of herself and her child.

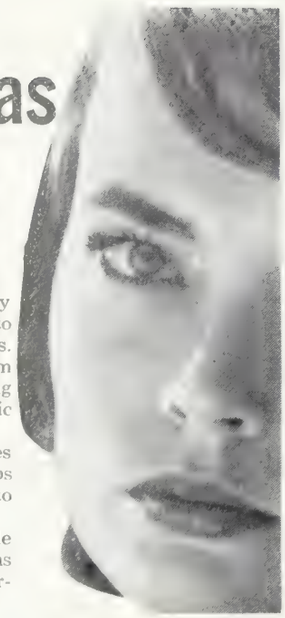
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Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

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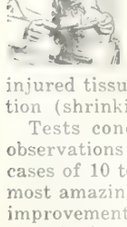
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## LUCAS AND JAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

flecks of sunlight picking out bits of his mane, one splash of light in his left eye. The eye, large and golden, resembled some strange pirate coin. Jake possessed awful patience. He could watch an inconsequential bug on the cage floor hours on end, not even his tail twitching, its very tuft motionless.

Lucas sat up as two boys came around the lilac bush and moved toward Jake's cage. And Lucas's moustache bristled a bit. His eyes got the stern cool look of a TV Westerner's—a town marshal, summing up transients.

The older boy, about twelve, padded along on sneakers soundless as a brace of leopards. The younger, eight or nine, with a thatch of sheepdoggish hair, was fiddling with a Yo-Yo. It reeled out smartly enough, but when he tried to flip it back it nearly banged his nose.

Both stopped at the cage and looked in at Jake. Lucas waited for their first smidge of smart talk. But the bigger boy's voice sounded thoughtful, not smart-talking at all. "Wonder how come they keep him here, Paddy? Not back with all the others?"

The smaller boy shrugged. He went on making his Yo-Yo climb up and roll down. "Maybe he *likes* it here."

That was as good an answer as Lucas had ever heard from a layman who couldn't know anything solid about lions. Most people thought they were lion experts.

The bigger boy's eyes widened toward Lucas. "Sir, how come he's here? Not messing around with the other lions up at the moat?"

Paddy let his Yo-Yo spin to a stop. He wanted to know too.

Lucas cleared his throat. But before he could say word one, information fountained out of the taller boy: "My name's Ridefield Tarrant. This is Patrick McGoll. Call him Paddy, sir. We came out on the bus. We each had two bits for Saturday. I didn't like the baboons, they make me nervous barking. But I sure like the lions and the tigers. Especially lions." He drew fresh breath. "We could have gone seen *Dancers in the Dark Night of Time* adults only, we know how to sneak in. But it felt like a better day for animals."

When he was sure Ridefield had finished, Lucas nodded. "You can't miss, with animals." He waited; the word coast still seemed clear. "You asked about this lion. His name's Jake. They keep Jake all by himself for"—Jake coughed—"for certain secret reasons."

Ridefield's face lighted all over. He owned very black hair and eyes like a bold Indian's. He was polite, but in a flash Lucas could tell nobody was ever going to break his inquiring spirit. The knowledge made Lucas happy about something in the universe no man ever really had a name for: glory, ecstasy; he wouldn't know.

With a glance at his own bronzed knuckles, hard as oak roots soaking up sunlight, Lucas nodded again. "Going to tell you boys the secret. Because you look like you want to know. Listen real close."

Ridefield Tarrant was leaning toward Lucas like an arrow set on the bowstring, and the mouth of Paddy McGoll had come a trifle open like that of a young bird expecting food

Lucas narrowed his eyes. "Ever hear of a Cape lion?"

Their heads shook.

"Well"—Lucas shook his own head—"only the kings of the whole lion breed. That's all they are, gents. Never in your life see a Cape lion doing push-ups on a barrel in a circus. No, sir! Wouldn't catch him dead in such a place." Almost casually, Lucas added, "Jake's a Cape lion."

"Yike," murmured Ridefield.

Lucas folded his arms. "Yep. Took from his mother when he was a young brave. Fought all the way. Killed . . . more'n you could count. Notice the bars of this here, now, cage." He pointed. "Put Jake in a cage with *lighter* bars, why, he'd be right out among you with a baseball bat. Put him up at the moat with the rest, he'd eat 'em like cornflakes. Cornflakes." Lucas touched his moustache reflectively. "He's my sole and particular charge. Jake's my special talent."

At this moment Jake twitched his le to discourage a bluebottle fly. Paddy M stiffened like a little post with hair all ov top of it. Ridges and valleys leaped int leather of Lucas's forehead. They vanishe the tufts of white hair which made him res a tough Santa Claus. "Now, I hope I did to tell you, gents. Most people, you te about Jake, they'd write to editors about stir up trouble. I'd hate for the zoo to ha shoot him."

Ridefield said, "I won't say a thing! N will Paddy."

Paddy nodded. "I don't write so good how. In penmanship I use my fingers in of my wrists. I wouldn't *tell* anybody."

"Good." Lucas stood. He felt his creak, but the looseness of the sun was ving him too. "Well, I got to be going. I be far off—but I hate to leave you here with him ——"

Ridefield spoke rather swiftly. "We going, we haven't seen the birds yet."

Lucas snorted. "Birds. They're all but a lion like Jake—now, he teache something. Well, c'mon."

The three started off. Lucas noted Ridefield and Paddy were walking back taking one last look.

And it was just then that Paddy di foolish thing. It happened because his finger was too small for the string's Suddenly, there went the whole Yo-Yo, and all, sailing between the cage ba coming to rest with a *clack* eight inc front of Jake's nose.

"*Yike*," breathed Ridefield.

Lucas could feel all the radiance of t pour itself into his veins as though he self were about twelve again, or even tough as nails, but desperately searchi a key to the whole world and all the w planets. Low-voiced, he said, "Don't an inch."

Ridefield's nostrils were white. Paddy as if whacked to the spot with spikes. walked back to Jake's cage.

He could hear the soda-water fizz of breath through great nostrils. The gold of the eyes—sometimes pale green, at times so full of sun they, too, were like were tightly covered. Jake's chin lay backs of his paws.

Lucas put his right arm between the The arm moved very slowly. Then his were touching the Yo-Yo, his arm a brushing Jake's whiskers. Lucas drew h out, stepped back to the boys, said, y'ar," and put the Yo-Yo in Paddy's fin

Ridefield tried to speak, and couldn stuck his right hand up to Lucas, and shook it. Then Paddy, dropping the into a pocket, stuck his hand out, and Lucas shook. Then Ridefield and moved off. It was as if they held som so tremendous they might burst. Streng wonder and greatness, all understoo there. . . .

They were out of sight around th bush before Lucas smiled. It was the s a man who'd earned something: more th tus. And after a moment Lucas strolled Jake's cage. He thrust his arm in, too of the mane, which felt like rope fibe gave it a minor tug.

All at once Jake came awake, th staring at Lucas with green-gold eni quiet. Jake was no Cape lion. But he have been. *All* animals of this kind wer and glorious. If they got old and prefe sleep, if they couldn't really be territ longer, or even roar much—that wa business. In some definite way Lucas f done something for Jake today; for the kingdom of lions.

He couldn't have put a finger on tousled the dark mane, felt of the surface behind the left ear—soft as a mouse—and drew his arm back out cage. He turned away; there was plenty and he didn't want to get chewed out doing it. He walked off.

Behind him, alone again to sleep years quietly, Jake kept his eyes open f more seconds. Then the eyelids trembl eyes shut. The body lay unmoving, po in the huge green afternoon.

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THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

# Painless New Way To Detect Breast Cancer

## By Ruth Lescher

**SIMPLE NEW TECHNIQUE NOW DISCOVERS BREAST CANCER LONG BEFORE IT IS DETECTABLE TO THE TOUCH.**

As Dr. B.'s nurse showed me into the examining room, I wondered why he was giving me another physical examination when he had done a very thorough one just last month. I had thought that I was here today simply to learn whether a basal-metabolism test had shown any change in my thyroid condition. Whoever heard of getting undressed and into a hospital gown to hear those results?

*Maybe he's just being unusually thorough,* I thought, as I slipped the hospital robe off my shoulders. I felt his fingers slowly probing, and my mind, wandering off into vague questions, began to focus once more. Gently, insistently those fingers pressed, moved slightly, then pressed again. But always they circled the same spot, as if trying to define what they felt. The spot was in my breast.

My eyes met his. I didn't have to ask. His own eyes foretold the possibility of what he probed to find.

Perhaps the dread of cancer is everpresent. Perhaps my subconscious had responded to Dr. B.'s signals. Without even admitting what I was fighting, I began to pour out all the facts against the possibility I dared not face. The lump, I assured my doctor, was a cyst. It was one of several I'd had for years. I'd seen a doctor the first time I discovered it and been told that there was nothing to worry about at that time. I *had* been warned that it should be watched. And it was true that I hadn't mentioned it specifically during that last checkup. Still, my defenses insisted, the lump was always enlarged during my menstrual period, which had just started. Having convinced myself now that it was nothing more than the same old cyst, I felt brave enough to ask, "Can something be done?"

Dr. B.'s answer made it clear that the time for pretense was past. "Something will *have* to be done."

"Have to be done." There was no doubt in my mind as to what he suspected. To him that lump, that simple little cyst I'd had so long, showed possibility of being malignant. I might have cancer. Somehow I managed to ask, "What do I do?"

After careful questioning, Dr. B.'s answer was, "Wait two weeks." The fact that my period had just begun might indeed have some bearing on the present appearance of the lump. In two weeks there might be an indicative change.

Somehow I got through the eternity of those two weeks. My friends were helpful. In their reassurance I felt their concern. "Don't put it off. You'll probably find it's nothing." "I worried for two years . . . then found out I was all right." And, of course, the one fact which I knew to be the truth. "If it should be malignant, you'll get it in time."

I know now that the life drive is more powerful than fear. I did my routine work. I paid up my insurance. I had my hair done. If I had to be in a hospital, I would at least look human. I was on time for my appointment with Dr. B. two weeks to the hour from the last time I'd seen him.

"How do you feel?" No one, it seemed to me, had the right to be as cheerful as my doctor was that morning.

"Terrified."

Professional gravity replaced the cheerful ease. "You have to be realistic, you know. This is something you have to face."

My hands were clammy, my forehead damp. Slowly, gently, methodically, I felt his skilled fingers palpating the lump. At last the tension broke. "It's gone down." We both relaxed, for the moment.

The clinical signs were favorable. The lump Dr. B. had discovered was one of several—the others clearly cysts. They were painful at times, and in the early stages of a malignancy there is no pain. (This is CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

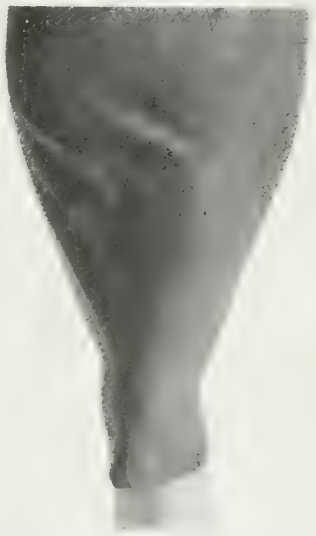
Fifty years ago, in May, 1913, the *Journal* published the first article on cancer ever to appear in a popular magazine, *What Can We Do About Cancer?* by Samuel Hopkins Adams. In 1955, Mr. Adams wrote to an official of the American Cancer Society: "We cannot, in any true sense, cure cancer. But we can check and limit its ravages by enlisting the individual in the spread of knowledge about it. . . . Two men are entitled to the chief credit in starting that crusade: Dr. Thomas S. Cullen of Johns Hopkins and Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Both of them literally risked their careers. Bok stuck out his editorial neck to a degree unprecedented in his day by treating, in a magazine addressed to delicate-minded females, a subject as raw and brutal as cancer. That both came out with flying colors does not minimize the risks that they assumed." In 50 years, has the *Journal* helped to save as many as 50 lives by consistently urging women to have periodical examinations for the early detection of cancer? Or has it perhaps helped to save only five lives? Even one? Yours?

CURTISS ANDERSON *Editor*


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# PAINLESS NEW WAY TO DETECT BREAST CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

perhaps the most dangerous factor operating against the vital early diagnosis or detection of a carcinoma.) My skin was smooth, there were no ripples or dimpling. These occur in breast cancer when the skin is stretched to cover the additional mass it hides. The lump I had was movable. A cancer grows into the tissue surrounding it, and anchors itself to the surrounding cells. There were no noticeable changes in the size of my breasts, nor was there any discharge. All the signs added up to hope. But hope is not the same as certainty. Corroboration was called for.

There was, Dr. B. explained, a new diagnostic procedure which might be helpful in my case. Though it was just coming into use it had shown a high degree of accuracy in its results so far. In a case like mine, where the clinical findings were indicative, this could be the first, if not the added check needed to substantiate them. The technique was one of X-raying the breast.

The potential use, as I later learned, went far beyond Dr. B.'s cautious description of mammography, as this new technique is called. Work in improving it is still being carried on, but results so far have been so impressive that in the past year its use has spread from training hospitals alone to hospitals all across the country. Even now the U. S. Public Health Service is evaluating the procedure, with the possibility that if it continues to show such great promise it will be recommended for general use. But I was to learn all this later. Just now, from where I lay on an examining table, the advantages seemed very clear—very personally clear.

The fear that I might have breast cancer was not dispelled by the promise of this new technique, but the dread of the unknown which had always seemed so intrinsic a part of breast-cancer diagnosis—hospitalization, being wheeled into an operating room not knowing whether I was facing a simple biopsy or radical surgery—was postponed for the moment. True, a biopsy might have to be considered later, but first we could try this new X-ray technique. As Dr. B. described it, it seemed no more complicated than having my dentist X-ray my teeth.

I did go to a hospital to have the X rays made. (They can also be made in the offices of most radiologists.) But I was there on an outpatient basis and, from the standpoint of the patient, breast X rays are simplicity itself. From a technical standpoint, they are somewhat difficult and require complex equipment. The reading of the X rays also requires highly specialized knowledge and skill.

I was asked to strip to the waist and given a hospital gown to cover me between the dressing room and the X-ray room. A technician helped me into the first of six different positions on an X-ray table. One or two of the positions were awkward, but not uncomfortable. If I had any difficulty at all, it was in holding my breath through the comparatively long (for medical X rays) exposures of four to five seconds each. And if there was anything which seemed out of the ordinary about the whole procedure, it was the leisurely fashion in which the technician proceeded. In radiology, the exposure is calculated by the length of time multiplied by the intensity of the rays—the voltage times the current. Mammography uses an extremely low voltage by medical standards, but the milliamperage is high. And multiplied by seconds, the exposure is comparatively great. It produces a considerable heating of the tube. To prevent burning out a tube, which costs $1,200 to $1,500, there must be a three-minute cooling period between exposures.

I was in the X-ray room about 20 minutes, though the process can take up to 45. Then I was asked to wait while preliminary processing of the plates was done.

My only moment of fear—almost panic—occurred when I was called back for another exposure. *They've found something wrong*, I thought, as I dragged my feet back to the X-ray room. What had been found was all to the good, though I did not know it then. The radiologist had reviewed the wet films and found that a smooth outline of the les in my breast had shown up in one of the rad graphs. As added insurance, the technic was making another, and clearer, radiogra of the spot which had been pinpointed.

The findings of the radiologist were turn over to my own doctor. He told me the go news. I was one of the two out of three wom whose lesions prove to be benign.

In my case (although this is not true every case), the results of the X rays a the clinical examinations were conclus enough so that the further corroboration a biopsy was not considered necessary.

If there should be any future changes the lump in my breast, the X rays we h would serve as a gauge by which the chan could be judged.

I thought, *It's like being given a new l* And I thought of a friend whose fear breast cancer was so deep that she had g off for six months the needed visit to h doctor. Six months of mental torture and potentially, at least—terrible danger. *I m tell her*, I thought. *I must tell her right aw*

What exactly is mammography, this si ple technique that now helps your doc make a preliminary determination whet or not a growth in the breast is benign? H revolutionary is it? What is it going to me in the future treatment of this form of can which kills more women than any oth Why, until now, did we not have this i portant new tool as an adjunct to biopsy? biopsy, as most people know, a small amou of tissue is surgically removed from a grow for microscopic examination. This procedu is considered to be the reliable means of d termining whether a lesion is cancerous.)

X rays do not penetrate all matter w similar ease. Wood and paper are more eas penetrated than is lead. In the human bod tissues such as fat and lungs are easily pe trated. Bone absorbs a considerable amou of the X-ray beam. If an X-ray beam is ma to pass through a patient and onto an X-r film, the film will show differences in dens depending on which type of tissue the bea has passed through. Where it is bone whi the beam has passed through, the film w be light, because relatively more X rays ha been absorbed by the bone—leaving re tively less to expose the film. Converse X rays passing through fat or lung w darken the film, since little radiation is a sorbed by these tissues, and relatively mo radiation passes right through the patie striking the film. The resulting X-ray ima is meaningful then, because of the different absorption of the X-ray beam by the patie X rays of the breast have presented a sp cial problem. The breast contains no bone air, but is comprised mainly of fat and oth tissues with the same density as water. The fore, to bring out the small difference density between these tissues, and to produ a meaningful film, it has been necessary develop a new technique—one which cou give greater, sharper detail, in order th abnormalities could be detected.

The first work in finding a means X-raying the breast began almost 50 yea ago. The steps were slow; the difficulti centered around finding film and techniqu sensitive enough to do the job. The metho was one of trial and error. But the inhere possibilities continued to hold forth su hope that they could not be abandoned, the hands of a few experts, such as Dr. Gershon-Cohen of Albert Einstein Medic Center in Philadelphia, it began to prove i worth. Then, in 1960, Dr. Robert Egan, the M. D. Anderson Memorial Hospital an Tumor Institute in Houston, Texas, claime a practical success with his techniques success which gave impetus to the use mammography in other hospitals.

Strangely enough, technical advances X-ray films designed for industrial use detecting flaws like shrinkage, cracks an air bubbles in lightweight metals such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1





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# Our readers write us

## AND THE LETTERS ARE STILL COMING

HAVE AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES TRADED BRAINS FOR BROOMS? (*Winter* Journal) *was written by a wife and mother of three who "believes that a modern American woman who devotes herself solely to house and children will have trouble finding her identity." As this issue goes to press, four out of five of hundreds of readers who've written us say that Betty Friedan is wrong.—ED.*

I need to feel that I am an individual, so I thank the *Journal* for printing an article which, for a change, doesn't glorify the kitchen and woman's role in it.

JEAN FIELDS, *Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

The article by Mrs. Friedan makes me mad. So I'm a nut because I am happy and satisfied staying at home being a mother to my child and a wife to my husband? If you ask me, the real nuts in this world are the people who go around saying loudly that such a thing is impossible!

MRS. C. K. MCCADAMS,
*Greensboro, N.C.*

What women did Mrs. Friedan talk to? Most women I know *want* to stay at home.

Did the efficient bachelor (who was through a huge amount of "housework" in one day) interrupt his ironing to explain to a four-year-old why ostriches can't fly? How many children helped him bake the cakes? Did he prepare a good meal from seven leftovers? Did he rip up an old alpaca-lined coat, so that the lining could be used for a child's new coat? Did he walk to a crippled neighbor's for coffee? Did he decorate cookies with the names of 34 kindergarteners? How many times did he take five minutes to play with the baby? *Anyone* can keep a house clean and children fed!

SALLY LUKENS MANN, *Hibbing, Minn.*

It just goes to show—nobody's ever satisfied! *I'm* an old bag of 37 who's been looking forward to a husband, children and a home, in that order. I'll gladly trade my situation for one of those poor, tired, bored housewives who have the world by the tail and don't know it. *Of course* the grass is always greener on the other side. But making the most of our lives is up to the individual, whether single or married; and boredom usually comes from selfishness.

ELSIE SCHUMACHER, *Hollywood, Calif.*

Nowhere in Mrs. Friedan's article ca one find a thought for children an husband. Are all women supposed t be self-loving egotists who only was dishes, mop floors and operate work saving machines, while thinking themselves? Does she never give thought to the fact that some wome find "identification" in giving the families homemade bread, homemad care and homemade loving?

MRS. MAX M. IVANCIC, *Eveleth, Min*

It is one thing to decry the role housewife because of the demands makes and quite another to insinua that anyone active in the role is a empty being, devoid of any recogni able intelligence.

MRS. RICHARD KONZA
*Devils Lake, N. Da*

Is Mrs. Friedan still married, divorced?

ANN BRUBAKER, *Boston, Mas*

● *Very much married.—ED.*

The greatest tragedy of housewives that too many are married to boys i stead of to men. With a boy, a woma is used. With a man, she has mar exciting dimensions. The problem not brooms: it is manhood.

GRACE DECKER, *Waynesboro, P*

I, too, have tried various activities, i cluding university studies at night, ar I've learned something: that *there is answer*, not until your children are o enough to give you breathing roo There's nothing wrong with admittin that you're fed up; but for now, I' the woman my family demands that be. Later, I'll seek out the gal wh used to answer to my name. I wouldn be surprised if she turns out to warmer and wiser and much mo ready for life than she was as a brid

JOYCE S. FIENBERG, *Anaheim, Cal*

### ANY OLD JOURNALS?

The Women's Archives of Rad cliffe College is seeking issues of the *Ladies' Home Journal* from December, 1883, through September, 1885. (No other magazines are needed.) If you own one or more of these *Journals*, please write to Mrs. Peter H. Solomon, Director, Women's Archives, Radcliffe College, 10 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.—ED.

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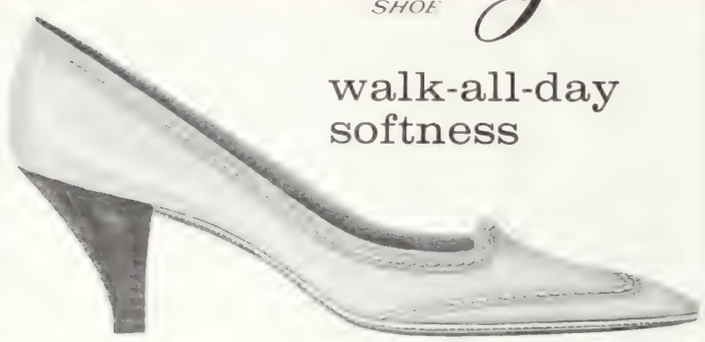
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## ARE YOU OVERPAYING YOUR TAXES?

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

*Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America*

A third of the families interviewed by the *Ladies' Home Journal* in its family money series were found to be overpaying taxes. These included some otherwise most economical families. The woman of the family can play a valuable role in stopping this quite suppressible money leak. She knows her family's expenditures and its potential deductions. Below are answers to tax questions often asked by *Journal* readers.

### CASUALTY DEDUCTIONS

"*Are casualty losses deductible?*"—Mrs. L. S., NATRONA HEIGHTS, PA.

Definitely. You can claim deduction on losses such as storm or cave-in damage to home or shrubbery, or other possessions like boats and cars, and collision damages to your car even if the accident was your fault. You deduct any part of the loss *not* reimbursed by insurance. Even termite damage is deductible if you can prove the invasion was sudden. Document losses with photographs of damage, expert appraisals, and repair bills.

### JOB-EDUCATION DEDUCTION

"*Are expenses for my husband's advanced technical course deductible? His employer pays part of the tuition.*"—Mrs. R. H., SEATTLE, WASH.

This question affects many young families today. If your husband's employer *requires* him to take the course, or if he takes it primarily to maintain his skills and his job security, the expenditure is deductible. But if he takes the course merely for general personal improvement, or in hope of advancement or a raise, the Internal Revenue Service says he can't deduct. A letter from his employer will help nail down the deduction.

### MISSING CONTRIBUTIONS

"*The* Journal *said one family neglected to deduct all its contributions. What are some that are commonly overlooked?*"—Mrs. R. S., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Contributions many families may overlook as deductions are the non-cash ones: market value of equipment and goods donated to bazaars; ingredients of cakes and dishes prepared for church and charitable events; expenses of volunteer services performed for tax-exempt organizations. For example, an adult scout leader can deduct for cost and maintenance of uniforms and insignia; out-of-pocket transportation expenses incurred in providing services to a troop or pack; expenses for postage, stationery, telephone, secretarial services, refreshments and literature.

When you give merchandise gifts, it is advisable to get a receipt, and, if possible, an estimate of value. Keep an itemized record of your donations.

### MEDICAL DEDUCTIONS

"*We did not have a medical deduction in 1961. Could we take that year's expenses on our 1962 return?*"—J. E. B., LAWRENCE, KANS.

No. Expenses are deductible only in the year paid. That is why the *Journal* recommends the strategy of "bunching." In years when your medical expenses do not amount to at least 3 percent of your income, defer payment of postponable medical and dental expenses to the beginning of the following year. But in years when you do have that much expense, you will save by paying outstanding bills before the end of the year, even if you must borrow to do so. "Bunching" also can be practiced with other deductible expenses such as contributions and property taxes.

That strategy is for future use. On your current return, in addition to the usual medical, dental, optical and health-insurance fees, be sure to count outlay for transportation to secure medical care, including car expenses (except depreciation). Remember, too, that you can deduct medical expenses paid for a dependent, even one who doesn't qualify as an exemption on your return because he or she has over $600 of taxable income, or is an exemption claimed on a spouse's tax return. In fact, if the dependent is your parent and is 65 or older, you can claim the entire medical expense paid without reducing it by the usual 3 percent of income.

Some families overlook nonprescription medicines in figuring if they spent over 1 percent of income for medicines and drugs. Costs of household medicines such as aspirin and cough preparations can be included (but vitamin and iron preparations only if prescribed by a physician).

### INTEREST DEDUCTIONS

"*I understand we can deduct interest we pay on personal debts as well as on our mortgage. How do we know how much interest to deduct on installment purchases?*"—Mrs. K. R., SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.

If the exact amount of interest is unknown, you can deduct an amount equal to 6 percent of your average unpaid balance during the year.

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**How America Lives**
**by Betty Hannah Hoffman**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND JACOBS



# SECOND MARRIAGES



**Can three sets of children—his, hers and theirs—become one unselfish, loving family? Yes, say the Roy Coopers of Euless, Texas.**

"We could reverse the divorce rate if parents only realized what their children go through when they split up," fervently believes Mrs. Roy Cooper of Euless, Texas, a blue-eyed brunette of 33 with a pixie haircut and a pretty, vulnerable mouth.

Both Billie and her brawny husband Roy have been married once before. They now live with their five children—his, hers and theirs—on a wooded back-country road within thundering earshot of Fort Worth's mammoth jet airport.

The Coopers' $17,500 bright-scarlet ranch house with its five acres is set among white gardenia hedges and pink mimosa trees. It looks mansion-size next to the neighboring farmers' simple white clapboard cottages, most of which lack bathrooms and central heat. The Texans native to this area are very friendly, hospitable people according to Roy, a factory supervisor and "damyankee" from Detroit. They often help him plow his red stony side yard to plant black-eyed peas, and he in turn helps them drill a well or raise a roof. Roy painted his house fire-engine red to please Billie, a Fort Worther, who finds the winter aspect of corn and cotton fields depressingly bleak. He says the color matches their financial situation since moving to the country four years ago—always in the red.

Oldest of the Cooper kids is Mike, Roy's son by his first marriage, an ingratiating, humorous, stringbeany 16-year-old who, as his dad boasts proudly, "never meets a stranger." Mike's cheery, "See ya little bit," accompanied by a wide white smile, seldom fails to charm. "Maybe we're pushing Mike in the wrong direction, hoping he'll go to college and be an engineer," says his father. "Maybe he should be a politician."

Sharon, 14, is also a product of Roy's first marriage, a pretty girl with dark hair, blue eyes, and long dark lashes. "She's well-stacked and has outgrown me in the measurements that count!" says her stepmother. Sharon's main current

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

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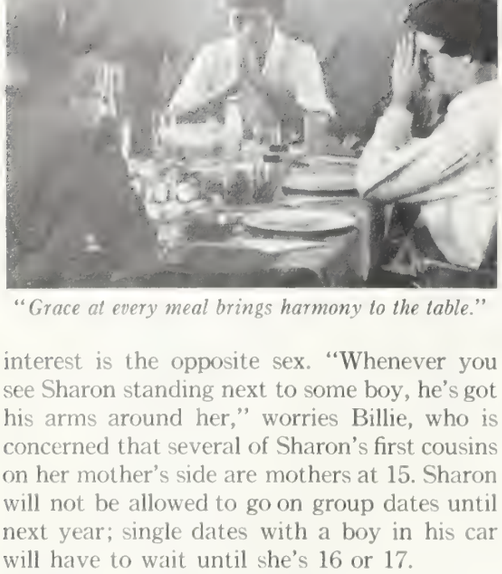
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# HOW AMERICA LIVES: SECOND MARRIAGES

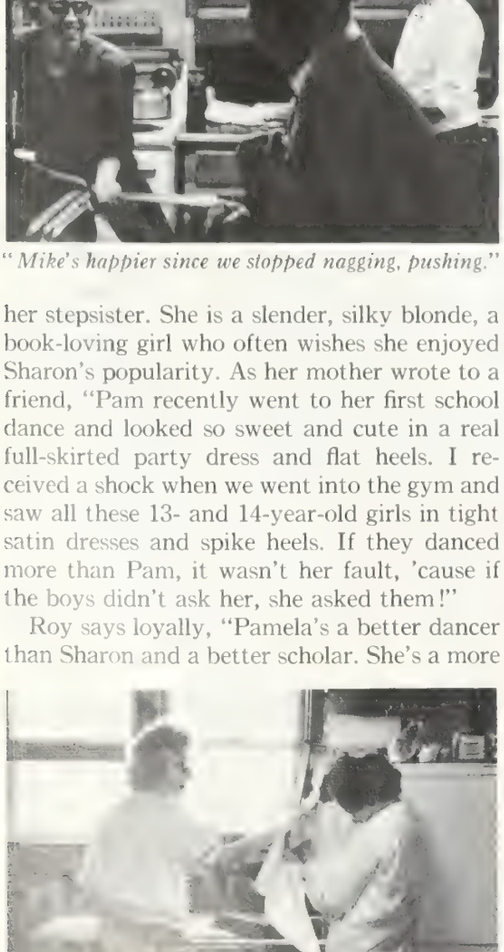
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



*"Grace at every meal brings harmony to the table."*

interest is the opposite sex. "Whenever you see Sharon standing next to some boy, he's got his arms around her," worries Billie, who is concerned that several of Sharon's first cousins on her mother's side are mothers at 15. Sharon will not be allowed to go on group dates until next year; single dates with a boy in his car will have to wait until she's 16 or 17.

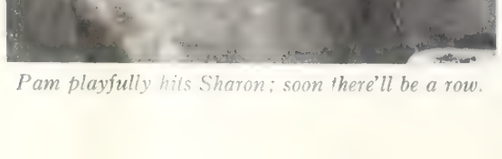
Billie's daughter by her first marriage, Pamela, is only seven months younger than



*"Mike's happier since we stopped nagging, pushing."*

her stepsister. She is a slender, silky blonde, a book-loving girl who often wishes she enjoyed Sharon's popularity. As her mother wrote to a friend, "Pam recently went to her first school dance and looked so sweet and cute in a real full-skirted party dress and flat heels. I received a shock when we went into the gym and saw all these 13- and 14-year-old girls in tight satin dresses and spike heels. If they danced more than Pam, it wasn't her fault, 'cause if the boys didn't ask her, she asked them!"

Roy says loyally, "Pamela's a better dancer than Sharon and a better scholar. She's a more

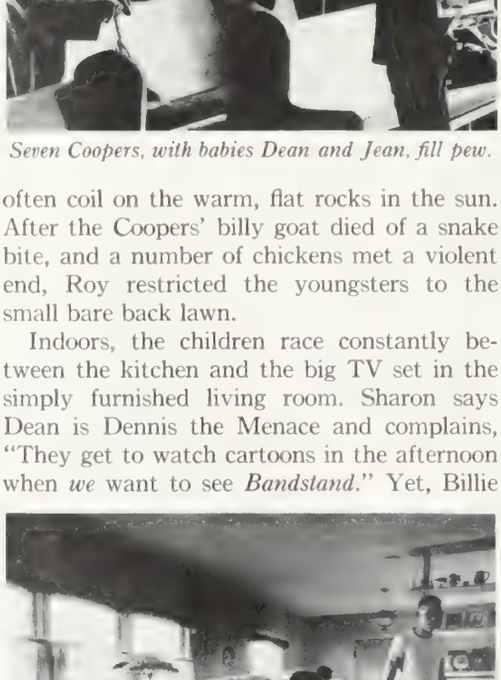


*Pam playfully hits Sharon; soon there'll be a row.*

thorough worker too. Sharon helps willingly with the housework, but she's apt to do a sloppy job. When Pamela tackles something, she gives it her best."

Nine and eleven years younger than the girls are Roy and Billie's children, Jeannie, five, and Deannie, three. They are handsome, busy, affectionate imps who spend almost every waking hour with each other and their mother, since there are no available playmates for them.

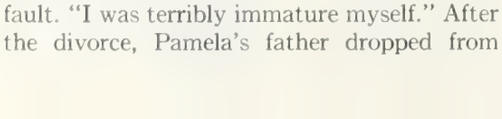
Their ample back yard with its chicken run is a steep, rocky slope bordering Bear Creek; here water moccasins and copperheads



*Seven Coopers, with babies Dean and Jean, fill pew.*

often coil on the warm, flat rocks in the sun. After the Coopers' billy goat died of a snake bite, and a number of chickens met a violent end, Roy restricted the youngsters to the small bare back lawn.

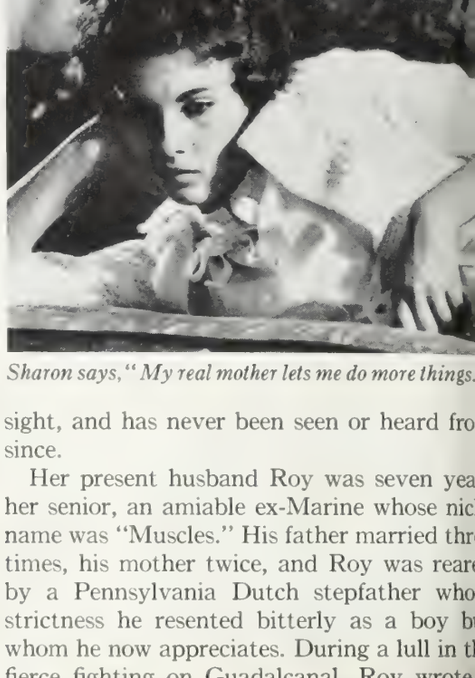
Indoors, the children race constantly between the kitchen and the big TV set in the simply furnished living room. Sharon says Dean is Dennis the Menace and complains, "They get to watch cartoons in the afternoon when *we* want to see *Bandstand*." Yet, Billie



*"Kids used to sit and argue; now they pitch in."*

believes, "It was the babies who made us a family."

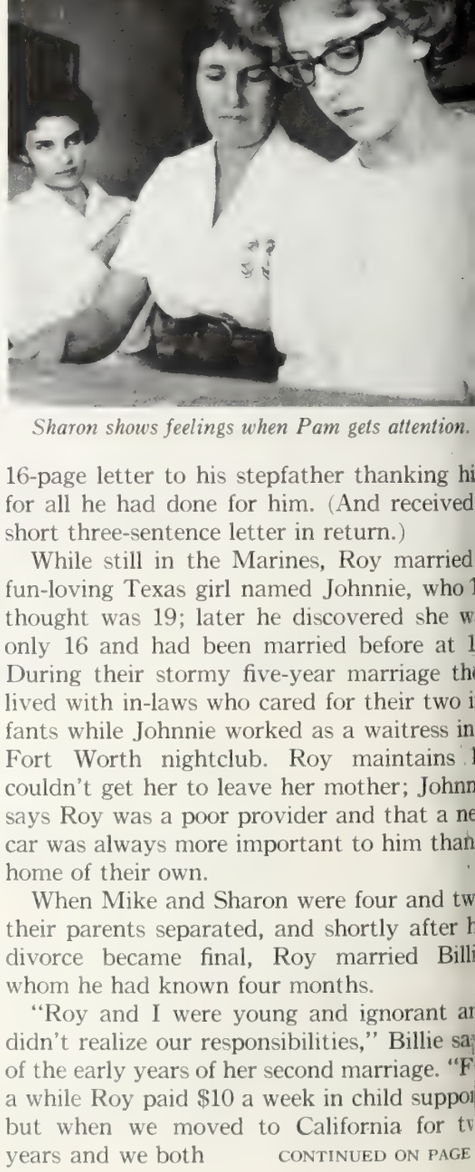
Billie married Roy when her daughter Pamela was two. Her first husband, whom she married at 18, was discharged from the Air Force for passing a worthless check; after Pamela was born, he gambled away the family savings. Today Billie admits that the failure of her youthful marriage was "somewhat" her fault. "I was terribly immature myself." After the divorce, Pamela's father dropped from



*Sharon says, "My real mother lets me do more things.*

sight, and has never been seen or heard fro since.

Her present husband Roy was seven yea her senior, an amiable ex-Marine whose nic name was "Muscles." His father married thr times, his mother twice, and Roy was rear by a Pennsylvania Dutch stepfather who strictness he resented bitterly as a boy b whom he now appreciates. During a lull in t fierce fighting on Guadalcanal, Roy wrote



*Sharon shows feelings when Pam gets attention.*

16-page letter to his stepfather thanking hi for all he had done for him. (And received short three-sentence letter in return.)

While still in the Marines, Roy married fun-loving Texas girl named Johnnie, who thought was 19; later he discovered she w only 16 and had been married before at During their stormy five-year marriage th lived with in-laws who cared for their two i fants while Johnnie worked as a waitress in Fort Worth nightclub. Roy maintains couldn't get her to leave her mother; Johnn says Roy was a poor provider and that a ne car was always more important to him than home of their own.

When Mike and Sharon were four and tw their parents separated, and shortly after h divorce became final, Roy married Billi whom he had known four months.

"Roy and I were young and ignorant ar didn't realize our responsibilities," Billie sa of the early years of her second marriage. "F a while Roy paid $10 a week in child suppo but when we moved to California for tw years and we both

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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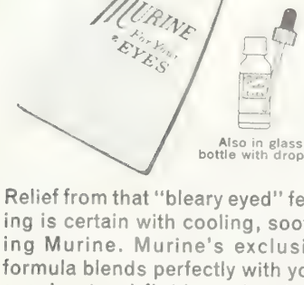

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## HOW AMERICA LIVES: SECOND MARRIAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

earned good wages in aircraft plants, we didn't even pay that." Letters reached them in Mike's childish scrawl asking, "Why don't you send us the money you owe us?" The children's mother, Johnnie, was then working from noon to midnight as a waitress at the Carswell Air Force Base and the rest of the night at a sandwich-and-coffee shop.

"I was so thrilled to have a father for Pamela that I never considered Roy's kids," Billie admits ruefully. She was also busily helping Roy rise in the world; it bothered her that he was earning only $1.45 an hour on a factory assembly line when she married him. She urged him to switch jobs, and for a time she and Pamela followed him from St. Louis to Wichita to Detroit to California.

When the opportunity came to work for Temco in 1955, they moved back to Texas and, with Billie's constant encouragement, he finally moved off the assembly line into tool design. Then by prodigious hard work he slowly inched upward into administration. During one 18-day period he worked a 20-hour shift, from 6 A.M. to 2 A.M., with only four hours' sleep a night. Another time he worked 70 hours straight with no sleep at all. Now he is a white-collar supervisor at Ling-Temco-Vought and has flown 142,000 miles on business trips, including a month's visit to Germany and Sweden last year. "I make up in effort what I lack in education," says high-school graduate Roy, "but Billie gave me the confidence to make that big leap to a desk job."

When Roy joined Temco, the Coopers bought their first home, a small, three-bedroom house in Arlington, Texas. Billie had worked at various clerical jobs since Pam's birth, leaving her in the care of relatives and baby sitters, but now she decided to stay home for good. "My mother raised three daughters and hardly missed a day's work at the plant," says Billie. "I resented this, and told her the advantages she earned didn't make up for a motherless home. You never know what fears and crazy ideas a baby sitter will put into a kid's head. Pam's terrified of the dark today because a sitter threatened to lock her in a dark closet when she was bad."

After she had stopped working, Billie began to invite Roy's children, Mike and Sharon, for weekends. Pamela was enchanted to discover a pretty, sweet-natured stepsister just her age, and gladly shared her bed, toys and clothes with Sharon, who had pitifully few belongings. Billie's warm sympathies were aroused when she heard that Johnnie sometimes took her children, then aged seven and nine, into the nightclub where she worked and sent them unescorted to the movies at night. Once Mike and Sharon fell asleep during a double feature and awoke at 2 A.M. to find themselves locked in a great, dark, empty movie house. With great presence of mind, Mike comforted his wailing sister, found a light switch, and telephoned the police to get them out. "Johnnie loved her children, but she showed poor judgment," Billie said. She began urging Johnnie to let Roy rear his children.

Soon after this, Johnnie married for a third time—primarily, she says now, to provide a stable home life and father for her kids. "But in a very short time I found that I had once again made a bad marriage," she sighs. She had hoped to stay home more, but her new husband insisted that she work in his bar-grille until closing, so that Mike and Sharon were left alone more than ever.

One day Johnnie called Billie on the phone and tearfully asked her to take the children. "You've been very kind to them, and I know they're fond of you," she told Billie. "You and Roy can give them a better life than I can."

Billie was delighted. That evening she and Roy went to the rather shabbily furnished house where Johnnie and her estranged husband were living. Sharon, wearing an unironed blouse, was at the supper table eating hot soup and cold soda pop. When Johnnie told her that she was going to live with her father for good, Sharon looked up from her plate in disbelief. When she realized her mother really meant it, she ran over and hugged her, crying and storming and begging Johnnie not to send her away.

"It was a scene I'll never forget as long as I live," says Billie solemnly. "It was heart-breaking, harrowing. I began to bawl along with Johnnie and Sharon, while Mike sat there with a terrible whipped-dog look in his eyes."

Sharon cried all the way to the Coopers' place and far into the night. The next day, Johnnie reconsidered and took the children back. Billie, highly annoyed, called her on the telephone. Johnnie listened to her tirade silently and then retorted angrily, "Why don't you have some children of your own, instead of trying to take mine away from me?"

The remark jolted Billie. Were her motives for wanting Mike and Sharon noble or selfish? "For the first time in years, I prayed for guidance," she says. "Two doctors had told me that I could never have ano child, but I prayed for one just the same, the very next month I was pregnant. It then I began going to church."

Four months later, Johnnie began div proceedings against her third husband, again offered Billie the children. This time Coopers had Johnnie sign legal papers linquishing the children and retaining visiting rights. And to avoid the repetitio any harrowing farewell scenes, Billie pic the children up at school. "Mike was fai in his schoolwork, he needed a haircut, his clothes were dirty. They both looked a couple of orphans," recalls Billie. Sha walked through the school corridors prou and silently, then cried herself to sleep t night and every night for weeks and mor afterward. She became a bed-wetter at age of nine, so did Pamela, then Mike.

When Mike sat down to a supper of stu peppers and remarked, "Do you expect m eat this dog food?" Billie was cut to quick. Little things Billie had tolerated fore, now annoyed her. Mike and his si had few social graces, miserable study hab and irritated Billie with their speech. "Sha dropped all her *h*'s—'onk your 'orn,' sh say, and Mike slurred all his words toget so I couldn't understand him."

Sharon and Pamela, formerly the most voted of companions, bickered constan "She's my mother!" "Well, he's my dadd Mike alternated between tattling on the g and "staying out of it all." Roy began tak extended business trips out of the state, w Billie, five months pregnant, coped with complicated household.

"I tried to give Mike and Sharon help constructive criticism, but before I knew was nervous, tense, a screecher and screamer, a miserable person, a wor Scrooge. Well, maybe not quite that ba Billie describes herself. "And I had thou that all I had to do was bake them batche cookies and give them lots of love and the fall into my arms in gratitude."

Several times a week the school nu would call to say that Sharon was sick in classroom. Then Billie would drive to sch bring Sharon home, tuck her in bed and over her. One day in the corridor she ran i Pam's teacher, who asked, "Is anything bo ering Pamela, Mrs. Cooper? She's hang around my desk every five minutes. seems starved for attention." Billie reali

CONTINUED ON PAGE




BY MARCELENE COX

What transpires at our house when an appointment is made for a family portrait, and two members have been brought from distant parts, should never happen to a mother:

One child comes down with grippe, another disappears only to show up an hour later with shorn locks, the head of the family changes from the usual four-in-hand to a bow tie, and the man with the camera is an hour late.

What moment of ecstasy equals that one in childhood when, after having just been given permission to "go play" with a chum, you are on your way!

Nothing improves a mother's cooking more than a visit from her daughter-in-law.

Two tests of integrity: finding money, and losing money.

A teen-ager thinks that to brand his parent "quaint" or "medieval" is to wipe him out with a word.

The day to clean the attic is the one when a mother feels slightly at odds with her family; then throwing away sentimental trivia will not cause so much nostalgia.

Three reasons why a woman should not cry before a man: it makes her nose red; makes her eyes red; and frequently makes him see red.

A mother never gets over wanting a child around the house; which is why so many middle-aged husbands are treated so well.

Any girl who equips herself to "live alone" by enriching her mind and spirit will never have to do so.

As difficult to separate as a man and ancient collection of neckties.

A pat on the back—if it's low enough dow generally inspires a child to do better.

*Tip on dieting:* Leave the table slightly h gry and work at something assiduously the next ten minutes! If you get throu those you are safe, because wanting so thing more to eat disappears in this crit period.

Why haven't the manufacturers of cray produced a box proportioned three red every other color!

She wore her hat as if obeying a court orc

*Map:* Something a husband tells a wife study while the car is going 50 miles an ho

# ALL PROTEINS ARE NOT ALIKE

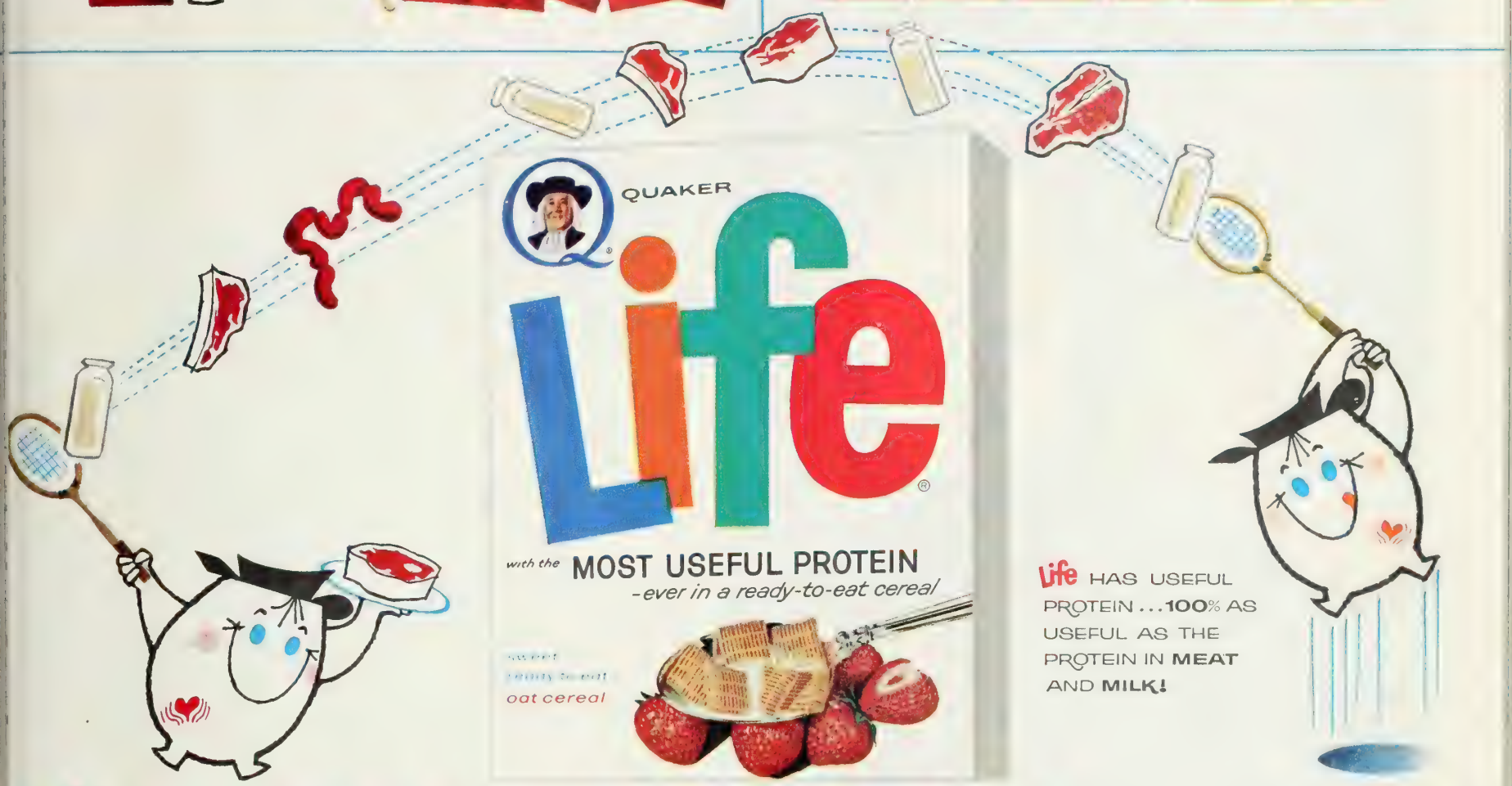


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## HOW AMERICA LIVES: SECOND MARRIAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

with a sinking heart that in bending over backward to welcome Sharon, she had been unwittingly neglecting her own daughter.

Billie was also appalled to find herself resenting Sharon when she saw her cuddled in her father's lap. "Pamela would stand to one side, with her heart in her face, wishing *she* was being loved, and *I did too!*"

Four months after the stepchildren arrived, Billie gave birth to a girl, Jeannie, "who finally made us a family." Sharon adored the new infant and told Pam, "She's more my baby than yours because we have the same father." Pamela brooded about this until she realized that she and Jeannie shared the same mother.

Sharon fed and diapered and washed the new baby and carried her about peasant-style on her hip until Billie was afraid Jeannie would become impossibly spoiled. Mike watched TV with the baby propped against his knees. If she whimpered at night, Roy was out of bed in an instant to walk her, although at the time he had a broken leg and crutches. "Pamela loved her little sister, too, but she was more careless than the others and dropped her several times," recalls Billie.

With the new baby, they began to feel cramped in their small Arlington home. Roy, a city boy, had always yearned for a place where he could keep a steer and chickens and have a big garden. Billie prefers the city, but feels that the country is more wholesome for the children. (She has since discovered that teen-age drinking and smoking and ninth-grade marriages also flourish among the cornfields.)

They saw their present house while pecan-picking one Sunday. It was only five years old, and its six rooms and one and a half baths give 2,500 square feet of living space. It was a while before they began to feel the financial pinch of their larger quarters. Telephone, heat and electricity all cost more than in the city, and the monthly tax and mortgage payments of $148 take a big bite out of Roy's $697 monthly take-home pay. He now drives 62 miles daily in commuting to work, and payments on his air-conditioned nine-passenger station wagon come to another $107.50 monthly. (Interest alone on the house and car debts comes to $1,000 yearly.)

But Roy is tickled pink with his house in the country, and spends every spare moment tinkering with the pipes, the appliances, painting and repairs. Mike takes little interest in the house or yard—to his father's sorrow—but enjoys slipping away over the brow of the hill with his expensive rifle to hunt quail and jackrabbits. There is a quiet knoll overlooking the creek where he loves to lie between the giant golden oaks "and think about things." Sharon and Pamela, forbidden to date boys, and with their girl friends five miles or more away, wash and set their hair endlessly, and watch TV.

Because recreational facilities are so few—the nearest movie house is 14 miles away—Billie and Roy have both given generously of their time to organize hay rides and skating and sing parties for the young people of the small white Methodist church down the road. "It seems that every time the church door is open, one of us is there," says Billie, who feels that religion has done a great deal to strengthen their family ties. Roy is a steward of the church, sings in the choir, and teaches Sunday school. On Sundays, the whole family attends services for two and a half hours in the morning; Sunday evenings, Billie and the three teen-agers return for another two and a half hours.

Mike, Sharon and Pamela missed their Arlington friends sorely when they moved to a new area and a new school. When Mike began to bring home failing marks in seventh grade, his father, who is determined to give his son the college education he missed, devoted several hours each night to helping him with his homework. When Mike continued to get poor marks, he forbade him to play football on the school team. This was a mistake, for then Mike lost heart completely. "The more we pushed and nagged Mike, the more nervous and high-strung he became and the more he depended on his father to do his homework for him," Billie explains. "I noticed he was chewing his nails constantly. Then he flunked seventh grade, a shock to us all."

During this time, Mike and Sharon were visiting their mother every other weekend. "Now the shoe was on the other foot," says Billie. "I hated to see them go." She knew that Sharon would return sulky and in tears on Sunday, complaining that Billie was too strict and that her own mother "let her go everywhere and do everything."

"It was right after I lost the children that I began to drink heavily," Johnnie now admits. She is a slender, quiet-spoken woman in her mid-30's with a firm jaw and only a slight trace of bitterness about her mouth. "I also married for the fourth time—a 'party' marriage; it only lasted a weekend."

"I used to pray to God to take that woman out of our lives," says Billie. "It was only

**HOW THE COOPER FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH**

Gross Pay: $820.00
Take-home Pay: 697.10

| Monthly Expenses: | |
|---|---|
| Food | $129.00 |
| Clothing | 20.00 |
| Mortgage payments (including taxes and insurance) | 123.00 |
| Second Lien Note | 25.00 |
| Fuel (heat and water) | 20.60 |
| Electricity | 20.00 |
| Telephone | 15.00 |
| Life Insurance | 10.11 |
| Hospitalization Insurance | 16.32 |
| Medical and Dental | 10.75 |
| Recreation | 5.00 |
| Church | 20.00 |
| Furniture and Appliances | 36.26 |
| Car Expense (Upkeep: $31.50; Insurance: $9.50; Payments: $107.50) | 148.50 |
| Household Cleaning Supplies | 2.50 |
| Dry Cleaning, Shoe Repair | 10.00 |
| Child-Care Fees | 3.00 |
| Children's School Expense | 2.50 |
| Magazines, newspapers | 1.98 |
| Savings (Government bonds) | 75.00 |
| Income Taxes | 122.90 |
| Charitable Contributions | 2.58 |
| Total | $820.00 |

when I began to go to church and to pray *fo* her that she found a decent fellow and th strength to rebuild her life."

A year and a half after she let her childre go, Johnnie met a 35-year-old bachelor wit a good job—"who was as sick of bars as was," she says—and married him. She move to California, but not out of her children' lives, for she still wrote them faithfully an invited them to visit her during the summer Then, unexpectedly, her husband was trans ferred back to Fort Worth for a year, an during this time Johnnie tried, through lega channels, to get her children back.

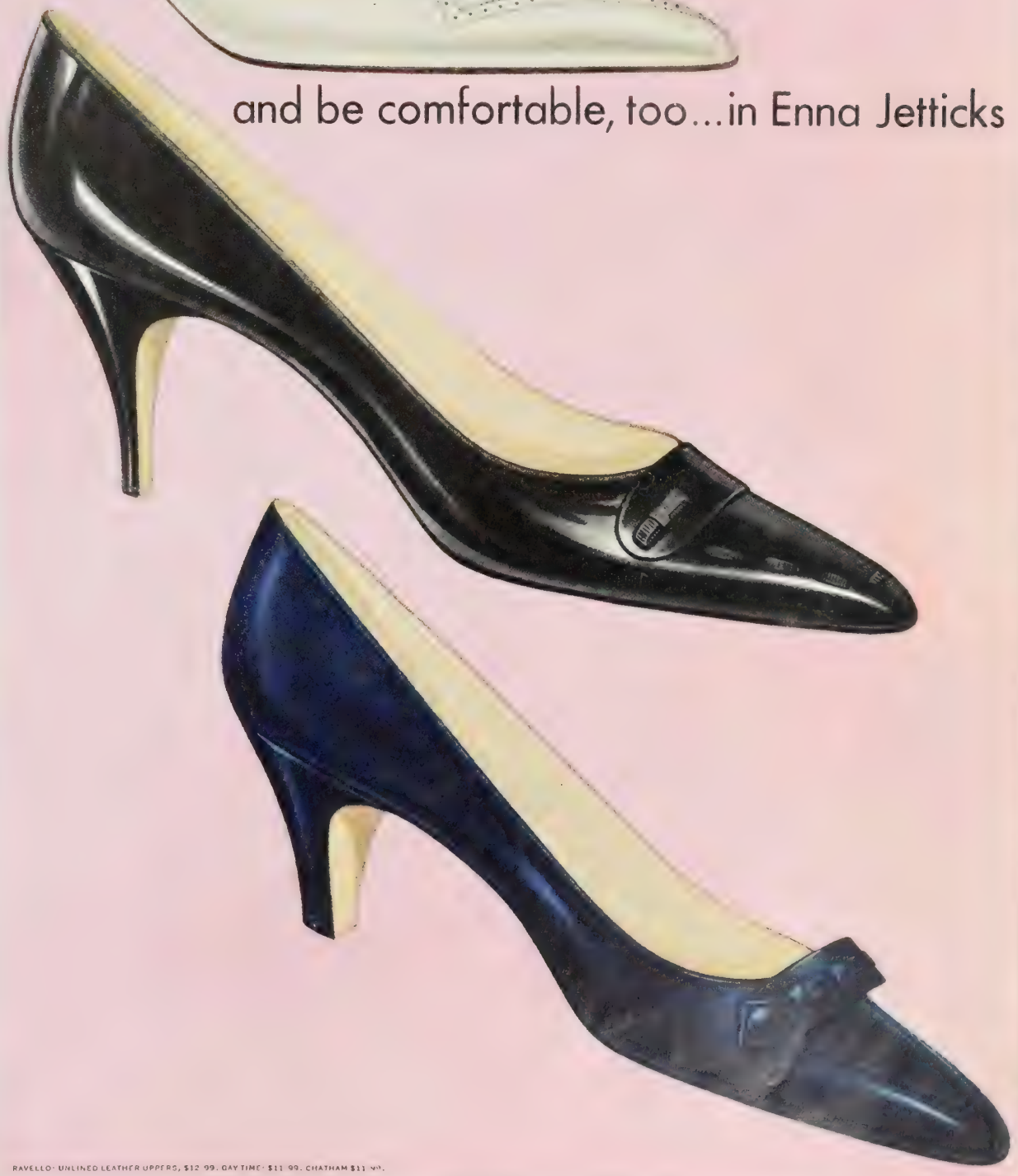
"Each time Mike and Sharon visited he for the weekend she would paint a glowin picture of the wonderful life they would hav when they were together again. Sharon espe cially became all keyed up." But when Billi and Johnnie appeared before a judge, he rule in favor of keeping the children with thei stepmother. "When the judge heard that I'd been married five times and that my presen husband is always being transferred, I didn' have a chance," says Johnnie sadly.

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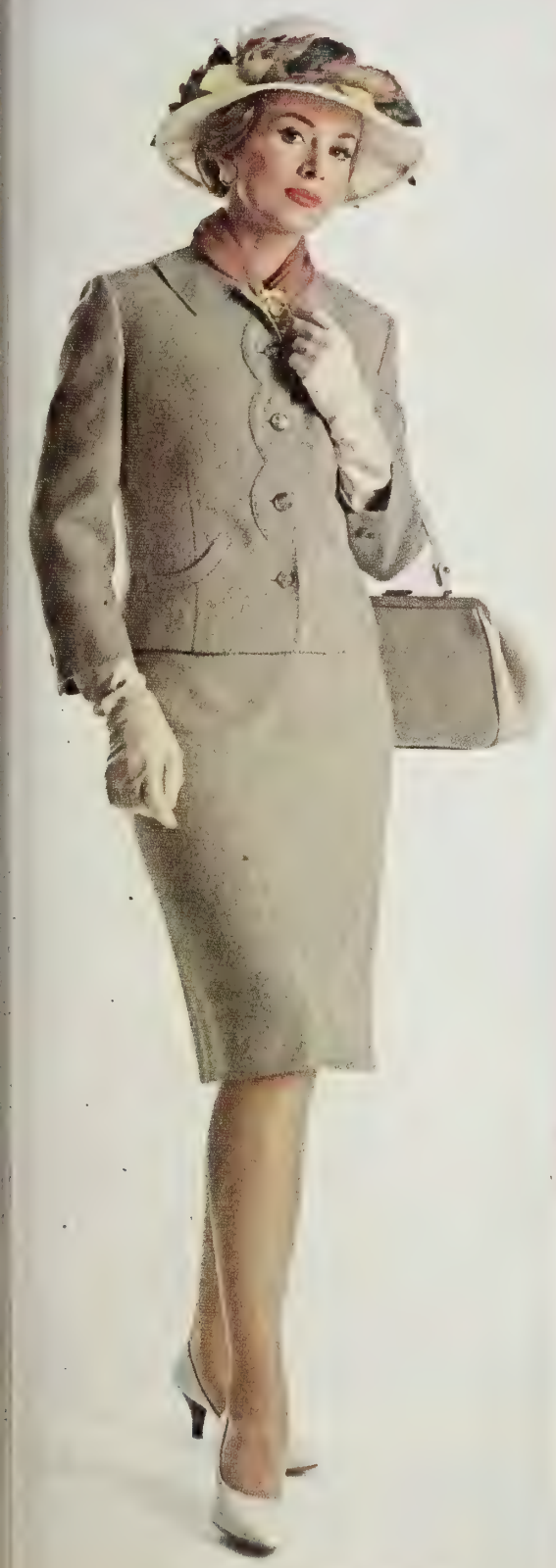


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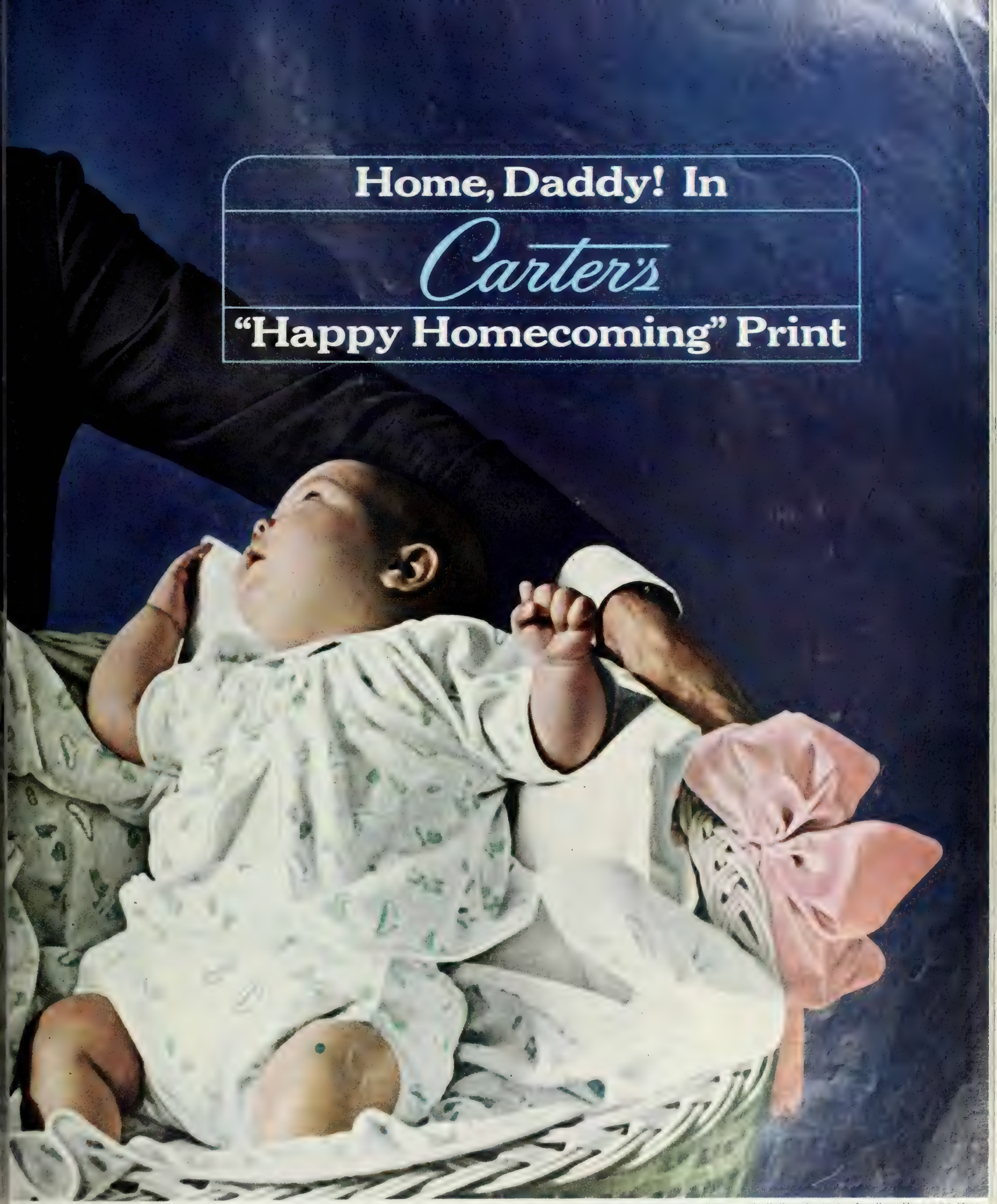
Lizabeth [illegible] $4.00. Diane (right) in Carter's Sacque Set, $2.50. Of course, underneath a Carter's shirt, 69¢ to $1.35. Ellen (center) in Carter's Gown, $1.75. All cuddled up in Ca

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TOO SHORT
TO SHAPE?

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## HOW AMERICA LIVES: SECOND MARRIAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Mike and Sharon had so far refused to call Billie "mother," using instead her first name. When little Jeannie began calling her Billie, too, she decided something would have to be done. So one day she handed 50 pennies each to Mike and Sharon and told them that each time they failed to address her as "mother" they would have to forfeit a penny to Pamela. In no time at all, Mike lost 15 pennies, then angrily handed over the whole pile to Pam. Sharon, by remaining stubbornly silent, managed to hang on to 35 pennies. "Johnnie was deeply hurt when she heard about this," says Billie. "I made a bad mistake." Mike now addresses his father with a courteous "sir," and Billie as "ma'am"; Sharon calls her real parent mother, and her stepmother is mamma.

In November, 1960, Johnnie and her fifth husband (who, ironically, is named Cooper) went to Belgium on a two-year assignment for his company. Soon Johnnie wrote that she was going to have a baby. Billie felt very happy for her.

Sharon said little, but after a few months Billie noticed a remarkable change in her. Normally immaculate, and highly particular about her hair, Sharon suddenly stopped bathing, let her appearance become sloppy, and her marks plummeted to three F's in school. Thoroughly alarmed, Billie took her to a child psychologist in Dallas.

Sharon's trouble was diagnosed as "ambivalent loyalties" and "a strong maternal dependence." She missed her mother and her old friends in Arlington, and complained that Billie disapproved of many of her new friends as being "cheap" or "poor students." But the compelling reason for her deep depression was her mother's pregnancy. Somehow, no one knows how or why, she conceived the idea that bearing another child would cause her mother's death. When Johnnie had a normal delivery and a husky, healthy baby boy, Sharon's marks and appearance improved dramatically.

As the family's psychological problems eased, their financial difficulties worsened. "We should be able to live well on Roy's salary of $9,840 a year, but something is always wearing out and we're in debt again." Roy buys a $100 savings bond each month, which is generally cashed at once to pay bills. A year ago, Billie found that they owed $1,000 for Christmas presents, a dryer, an attic fan, a new bedroom set and medical care. With characteristic dispatch, she instigated an "austerity regime" after trying unsuccessfully to get a bank loan. "If we gave you enough to pay off all those bills, you wouldn't be able to meet our monthly payments," a bank official told her crisply.

Billie reduced their weekly food bill from $40 to $25. "I felt so sorry for Mike during football season, when he was supposed to eat lots of lean red meat, but instead got vegetable dinners four nights a week." She also stopped the teen-agers' allowances of 50 cents a week. Even 10-cent soft drinks were outlawed. They ate all the eggs their chickens produced—"until we were ready to cackle"—as many as 14 a day. Billie baked her own bread, and by various heroic efforts paid off the $1,000 in nine months and put on 10 pounds "from boredom and frustration."

She feels church helped her by taking her mind off material things. Birthdays and Christmas have always been difficult, since Johnnie will lavish as much as $200 at one time on gifts for her children; such as electric blankets, a hair dryer and mink hat for Sharon, a transistor radio and expensive Belgian rifle and hunting boots for Mike. Johnnie explains, "Since I've never had *time* to give to my children, I feel I must give them *things*. And by now they expect a lot from me, like a favorite aunt."

"If only she would take whatever she plans to spend and divide it equally among the children, it would help so much," says Billie.

Last summer, when Mike had just turned 16 and Sharon was 14, Johnnie invited them to spend two months with her in Europe. Billie pondered long and hard, then decided that Johnnie had by now become a responsible person and also that such a wonderful opportunity might never come again. She scraped together $100 for new clothes for Mike and Sharon (this was during her austerity regime) and put them, in a state of wild excitement, on a jet plane. Then she sewed Pamela some pretty new outfits—"we had such a companionable time alone together"—and the family drove to California, leaving Pamela with a favorite aunt for a six-week visit.

"When everyone came home again in the fall, they seemed much more content," believes Billie, who feels that Sharon especially built up an idealized picture of her mother during their long one-and-a-half-year separation. Sharon and Mike, who dislike traveling anyway, decided that France and Belgium "stink," and were frequently bored stiff in their mother's villa with an infant stepbrother underfoot. "I had no idea how to entertain teen-agers," admits Johnnie. "I keep thinking of Mike and Sharon as they were at nine and eleven when they left me."

Sharon and Pamela are almost inseparable these days, and even have the same friends. They are both doing well in school, march on the small drill team, and share an active interest in church. Pamela hopes to go to college; Sharon wants to be either a beautician or nurse.

Billie, however, still finds balancing her relationship between pretty Sharon and her own bright and sensitive Pamela a delicate problem. "If I put my arms about Pamela, and then look up to see Sharon watching us, my impulse is to reach out and include her too. But if I do, then Pamela breaks away and runs to shut herself in her room."

At such times, Mike is apt to give Billie a quick hug or make her laugh with one of his wisecracks. "I'm playing end on the football team now," he'll tell her enthusiastically, "end of the bench, that is." Entirely through his own efforts, he has pulled his marks up to an 89 average and is eyeing with great interest a Navy career in electronics. He's getting interested in girls, too, now that he drives the family car. "I wonder why I'm so thin?" he remarked one evening recently, looking at his father's solid 190 pounds. "Well, *I'm* thin," chimed in Billie, forgetting completely that Mike is no blood relation to her.

Recently Johnnie flew home to have her second baby in the United States. On her way to California to stay with her prosperous in-laws, she stopped to visit Roy and Billie for several days. The two women now have an affectionate and understanding relationship and keep in close touch about the children.

"When I see how natural my children act in Billie's house and how kind and good she is to them, it reassures me," Johnnie told me in California. "She's given them the kind of stable, wholesome home life I couldn't.

"I hope Sharon waits until she's 23 or 24 before she marries," she continued, her hands folded quietly across the front of her gray maternity dress. "I married right after the eighth grade; when my parents got it annulled, then I up and married Roy. I missed all those years of schooling and of growing up.

"I often wonder though—if I had just struggled along a little longer until I met Bill, then I could have given my kids a fine home and a good father. I guess I'll live with this feeling of guilt until I die," she added in a sad, quiet voice. "I love Mike and Sharon so much. Was I right in sending them away?"

Sharon was hoping and praying that her mother would have a baby girl this time. In December Johnnie gave birth to a daughter too premature to live. She was heartbroken over the loss, and begged Billie to break the news to Mike and Sharon.

"It hasn't been easy, being a mother and a stepmother," Billie sums up her experiences. "At least now I realize that I can never take Johnnie's place in Mike and Sharon's affections. Roy and I have had rough times, too, but both of us were absolutely determined to make a go of our second marriage, no matter how difficult or complicated. I feel we *are* a family now, and most of the time a happy one."

END



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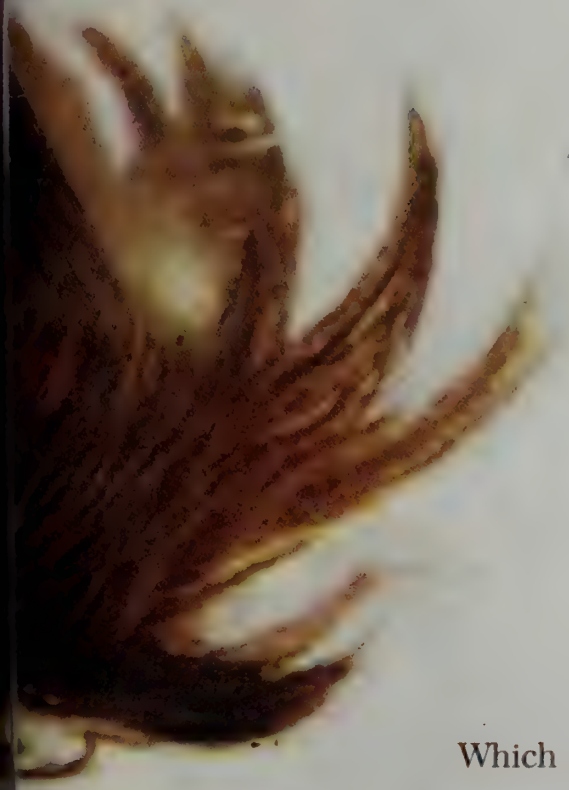


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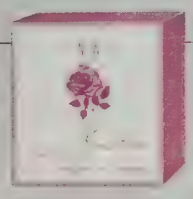


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BEN WOLFF BERG

# THE LAST WISH

*Time was running out so quickly she could measure its going. Just to hear it once more, she thought.*

by Virginia Layefsky

"Can she still hear us?"

"Well, it's hard to say—by this time. She isn't able to speak, of course."

The tenor voice had been twining with the baritone like a garland floating over her bed for some minutes before she commenced to listen. However, once she began to separate the voices mentally, the conversation had a familiarity she couldn't define, until Dr. Jacobs cleared his throat richly and said, "It's just a case of the machine running down. Happens to us all, in time, if nothing goes wrong earlier."

It was an educational film on medicine, of course. Everyone saw them. She recognized the informative economy of dialogue and its amateurish quality. Her son-in-law was playing the ignorant but respectful layman and Dr. Jacobs was being the Voice of Science. Cast as the dying patient, she was the only totally unwilling participant in the scene.

She saw Dr. Jacobs sneak a sly, polite look at the watch nestling among the hairs on his wrist. Tom's Adam's apple made a pained journey up and down his throat.

"You're sure she's comfortable?" he said. "Is there nothing more we can do for her?"

"No-o-o"—the Voice of Science again—"she's as comfortable as may be expected."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

# LONGINES

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# THE LAST WISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

*Oh, no,* she thought, *he's really too ridiculous this morning with all his awful phrases: "machine running down . . . as comfortable as may be expected"!* And now to have to watch him blow his nose, loudly and carefully.

She wished they would leave. When time was as short as hers was now it was tragic to be forced to waste it.

"I'll stop by later," he said, still muffled in cloth, "and in the meantime Miss Barrows knows what to do."

He wiped the tip of his nose. She felt pleased and momentarily stronger for the lack of charity with which she watched him do it. A pair of tears growing from the inner corners of Tom's eyes absorbed her attention and she thought that he was a good man, not brilliant but good. What other man would have taken care of the mother of his first wife so many years after that wife had died?

Dr. Jacobs picked up his hat and bag, waiting restively but politely for her son-in-law to leave with him.

"I keep thinking she wants something and can't tell me what it is," Tom said. "It's a terrible feeling, not being sure there isn't something she needs." He sounded apologetic.

His unexpected perceptiveness had roused in her an agony of desire to communicate her need. She lay staring at her hand with the anger and bewilderment she would have felt toward an old friend who refused a simple favor. The wrinkled hand lay passive on the rose quilt and her spirit battered against her body as futilely as a bird against a pane of glass.

"Oh," the doctor said easily, "that's a very common thing with members of the family in a case like this. He smiled reassuringly under his moustache and put his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Grandma doesn't want much anymore. She'd just like to get away now, but it's not so easy to let go—takes a little time."

He knew a lot about this business of dying, she thought, but it was hardly to be expected that anyone could guess the terrible and dear lost needs of frivolous old women like herself which held them fast to dying but refused to release them to death. Who could even remember the words she must hear once more before words meant nothing to her forever?

"Well," Tom said, "I sent for my daughter yesterday. She's away at college, but she should get here sometime this morning if she left last night. And if there's anything on Grandma's mind, she'll know."

"That's good," the doctor said indulgently.

Then to her amusement, though they had been speaking in normal voices at her bedside, they tiptoed from the room.

Her amusement was brief and when she was done with it she found she was missing her husband once more. Consciously missing Godfrey was a development of that morning. He had been dead for so many years that she had grown used to his absence as a pain that was fundamental and chronic, but submerged.

She tried without success to imagine her husband tiptoeing anywhere. Godfrey would have stayed by her bed causing a loving uproar, impatient in his worry, angry because she was sick. He would have asked a hundred questions she would have been too tired to answer, as he paced the room wanting to fight the whole thing. And beyond a doubt he would have said, not once but dozens of times, the words which with her whole soul she thirsted to hear once more.

There was the faintly burned smell of linen under her cheek, though she could no longer feel it. For a few minutes she existed neither in the past nor in the future, feeling only the texture of the passing moments. She saw a rainbow cast on the high old ceiling through the crystal paperweight on the table by the window. In a pleasant convalescence from the conquering pain of last night she considered the colors in that band of light.

Opposite the bed was the dim gold-framed picture of the white-muslined child in the "Age of Innocence," and to its left the dark wooden clock that struck each quarter hour with a dated solemnity.

The pain would not come again. The dark hours before morning which had attacked her unwarned were a fair price to pay for the present security of knowing she would be able to die among the things with which she had lived.

"Comfy, Grandma?" Miss Barrows twitched the bedclothes, making her aware of her presence momentarily.

It was a silly thing to want, she thought. The last silly thing, to hear those words again. Sad, not knowing if she would, and still to desire so terribly to hear them.

Now that she knew what dying was, it seemed shallow to hold to that one wish before she gave herself wholeheartedly to it. Yet those words seemed now to be the apex of desire, the one thing not to be denied her after a lifetime of denials

When she proudly remembered that Carol was Godfrey's granddaughter, she felt they might be spoken. He had spoken before through Carol, in a gesture, a word or an expression. He would not disappoint her now.

She felt a little apologetic this morning, taking so long to die. In the last small dream into which she had fallen, Godfrey had been waiting for her, with splendid impatience, around a turn in the path. He had always hated to be kept waiting, she remembered. Drifting so loosely now into and out of memory and time, she felt worried that Carol would be too late for her.

It was the sound of the opening door that dragged her back to the room. The Reverend Mr. Dohey creaked softly on the old floorboards up to her bedside.

After a few low-spoken words to the nurse, he seated himself beside the bed and opened his Bible. At his first sentence she stopped listening to him, for his wide, mild face and small-lipped mouth put her in mind of a white cat they had once had. She forgot Mr. Dohey, and for a moment the long-forgotten cat took his place in the chair, purring softly on and on.

She was still unable to concentrate on the words he was speaking even after he came back on the chair beside her bed. Perversely, all she could think about was Mr. Dohey's drawing of Nebuchadnezzar's image that he had made for the Sunday school last year. It had been almost life-size. Mr. Dohey had painstakingly colored the sections of brass and silver and gold. Its feet of clay were pointed in opposite directions, the left one considerably larger than the right.

It was too bad that she couldn't see Mr. Dohey, who was a good man, after that without wanting to laugh. It struck her as being unsuitable but hardly unexpected that now, during her last moments when she should be having the comfort of religion, all she could think of was Mr. Dohey's drawing. A confirmation, she thought, of her basic unsuitability for the next world.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," Mr. Dohey said.

She wished he had chosen another psalm, one perhaps that had comforted fewer people. She had listened to it at her mother's funeral, at her dear daughter's funeral and again at Godfrey's. They had buried Jamie, who had lived only two years, to this psalm.

It took longer than the forty years she had lived after that to forget the moment she had stood by that grave's side. She had been black-haired then, and wild with grief.

"He leadeth me ——" Mr. Dohey's voice was rather droning. She preferred the hundred-and-fiftieth psalm, though it was hardly suitable for this occasion. "Praise him with the dance," she recited to herself. "Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals."

Old Cyrus Brady's fiddle, the one he got in Boston that winter of '90. He played and called at the same time. The fiddle had been as shiny as a newly husked horse chestnut and sounded like a nanny goat.

Laughter and voices stilled for years came back to her, with lanternlight shining on a girl's hair and on the candle scrapings on the floor. She heard the pounding of the boys' feet and the swish of skirts. She remembered herself, too, after the sets, with her hair falling down. Flushed and breathless though she might be, she had never missed a step.

That was the winter of the scarlet fascinator with matching mittens and she'd known exactly the effect they, with dark eyes, had had on the male part of each gathering.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," Mr. Dohey said, and, ashamed of her frivolity, she heard him again momentarily.

She had tried to be a good wife and a good mother. She knew she had been a good cook. *And yet,* she thought, *if there was one thing—only one—that anyone asked me I was sinfully proud of, I would have to admit it was that on my wedding day my waist measured exactly sixteen inches around.*

Mr. Dohey closed the book.

She didn't watch him leave. She was caught up in aching memories of the past. And though no angels spoke to her, the room seemed filled with wistful ghosts.

Behind and through it all was her desire to hear once more the words for which she longed, falling on living ears from lips that were more than memories.

How long she drifted in the place where time ceased to exist she couldn't tell. The sound of hurrying footsteps down the hall turned her back from the lost dream, for they were footsteps she knew. She listened to them growing closer, and it was the sound of the opening door that fixed her once more, for the last time, in her own particular room on her particular planet.

Her granddaughter was beside the bed. She brought the fresh, cold smell of winter with her, hidden in the folds of her polo coat and the strands of straight fine hair that hung over her shoulders.

"Gran," she heard her say, "Gran, darling!"

"She can't speak, dear," the nurse said, and she felt an impatience at the woman.

"I know," Carol said, "but she can *hear.*"

"Well, I don't ——" the nurse began doubtfully.

"She *can,* I know she can," her granddaughter said, "and we have to talk to each other alone." She saw the quick smile try to cancel out the impatience in the voice, before Carol turned her back to the nurse, taking the passive hand of her grandmother in her own.

"You haven't been behaving yourself," she scolded her lightly, her voice less truthful than her eyes.

They both waited motionless then until Miss Barrows closed the door behind her and they heard her last footstep down the hall.

How pleasant it was to have such a delightful face at close range, she thought, after all the pores and bits of hair she had had to see that morning. It was a satisfactory face, the kind of face a human being *should* have, more a delicate varying background for the eyes than anything else. Eyes which at the moment were gray, firmly searching her own with a degree of intuition and tender intensity that was flattering.

"Dad was right. There is something," she heard her say at last. "And you can't tell us. You've told me so many things and now this important thing you're not able to say."

*Impossible to hope,* she thought with great weariness. As she struggled to put urgency into her eyes, she saw her granddaughter's fill with tears. She felt horror. *Don't cry now, try to think. Just try to guess.*

"Don't worry, darling," Carol said. "I won't cry. I'll have to talk, and think, and maybe I'll hit on what it is you want."

She sat down by the bed and was silent for a while. She sounded tentative when at last she spoke.

"We used to spend a lot of time together when I was little, didn't we? I used to love being with you, listening to stories about when mother was little, and the farm. I never forgot any of them." She looked down to see if what she said was right.

*Go back, farther back,* she pleaded in silence, and felt like weeping at her helplessness.

"You know, darling, we haven't tal
gether like that for a long time. But it
because I didn't want to anymore,"
said. "Life got so complicated sudden
school and dates. And then time ch
There wasn't so much of it. You under
don't you?" And then Carol shook her
"That's not it, is it?" she said hope
"That wouldn't be important enough
knew all that anyway, didn't you, dar

Time was running out so quickly she
measure its going. *Just to hear it once*
she thought.

"We'll all be all right, you know —
granddaughter began again, and st
She was silent then for what seemed
time, her face wearing the faraway c
trated look of one who hears distant s
or voices. "What would be important t
one at the very last?" she asked slow

She felt pity at the sight of Carol's
and withdrawn eyes. What would hav
an easy, almost accidental thing for he
commonplace contemporary to say bec
difficult feat of imagination for anothe
eration.

"Grandfather?" Carol said finally.

Closer, but not right. *Don't sid*
*there's no time for that,* she thought.

"He was the man you loved most i
life. *That* must be important! Or you
dren? The farm, with the green hills a
it? You said your wedding dress was tri
with white swansdown because you
winter bride, married on Christmas

*Poor child, I can't help you at all,* she th

"I remember you said you could ri
horse in the country when you were y
Carol continued . . . "and you had two
ers each over six feet three . . . and befo
were eighteen you'd been proposed to
times—you must have been so pretty, G

*I was,* she thought. *My waist was*
*sixteen inches. Godfrey could make his*
*meet around it.*

She was filled with an intolerable ach
had nothing to do with illness. The
was not entirely her granddaughter'
thought, for this was a painful way t
the words she had to hear.

"And in the Bible dad has there's a
the center that I used to read when I
little girl," Carol said. "All the dates,
marriage, the birth of each child, and
the days they died."

*I can't stand much more,* she though

"I remember how faded the ink look
how long ago the dates seemed to me t
not real. But," Carol said, "they were i
handwriting—and they seem real now

She felt again the wondering intens
Carol's eyes.

"Those things all really happened
you were younger than I am now, th
you wrote your new name on that
Younger than I am now ——"

As realization came to her granddaug
eyes, her own hope grew frightening
tense.

"I never thought before! You were
'Grandma,' even when you told me
stories. I never heard you called an
else," she said slowly.

She saw, but could not feel, her
daughter's lips brush her cheek. The t
ness of the gesture was enough. She
that Godfrey's granddaughter had not
her. She would be free to go soon now

"Why didn't they think of it?" Carc
her voice low, colored with pain.
couldn't they know? The most imp
thing to anyone, anyone at all. So
such a little thing—and you haven't h
in years. No one remembers. But I kn
even if I've never heard it said. I've
written in that Bible, in the center p

It seemed to her that someone was
now. As she waited to hear the word
the last emotion she had was gratitu
the warm, relieving tears of the youn

The room was receding before the o
ing darkness. From somewhere far aw
precious words for which she had lon
desperately came clearly, a last morta
surance.

"Rest, Jennifer. Rest now, Jennifer



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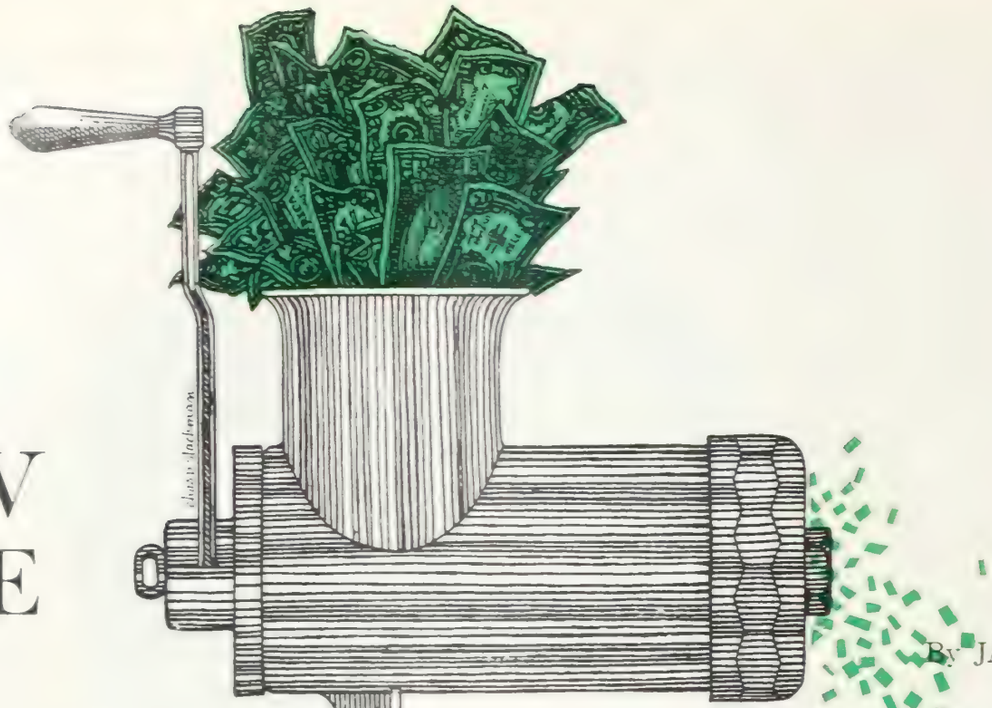

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# LOW FINANCE

By JANE GOODSELL

*Are you worried about money? If so, bring your problems to me. I am a highly trained expert on money worries because I've been worrying about money for years.*

*Q.* Why are people so mixed up about money?

*A.* Money is theoretically a highly complex and confusing subject, but in actual practice it is even harder to understand.

*Q.* Why?

*A.* Because it's difficult to subtract $198.63 from a bank balance of $103.58.

*Q.* How do you budget the money in your own family?

*A.* We spend 15 percent of our income on food, 25 percent on housing, 5 percent on transportation, 30 percent on taxes and insurance, 10 percent on clothing, 5 percent on entertainment, 10 percent on clothing, 5 percent on ——

*Q.* Do you believe in thrift?

*A.* Of course I believe in it, but the kind of thrift that saves money is as grim as the kind of dieting that actually loses weight.

*Q.* What kind of thrift doesn't save money?

*A.* Any purchase—from an Army-surplus billiard table to a $99.98 alligator handbag—can be justified as "an absolute steal" or "an economy in the long run."

*Q.* I economize on the principle that a penny saved is a penny earned. Isn't that real thrift?

*A.* It all depends on how much you spend to save the penny. You'll never get ahead buying $1.19 nylons for 99 cents if you use five gallons of gas to drive to the store—even if it *is* one that gives trading stamps.

*Q.* I economize by using up every scrap of leftovers. Can you argue with that?

*A.* Who's arguing? I do too. To prove it, I'll give you my favorite meat-stretcher casserole recipe: Combine what's left of last night's roast with 1 cup wild rice, 1 can artichoke hearts, ½ pound mushrooms and enough sour cream to moisten. Top the casserole with slivered almonds, and bake 30 minutes in a 350° oven. By stretching my food budget in this way, I feel entirely justified in treating myself to an occasional manicure.

*Q.* That's ridiculous! Why don't you economize by saving string, wrapping paper, slivers of soap, and bacon grease? That's what *I* do.

*A.* Me, too, but have you ever met a millionaire who also has a lot of string and wrapping paper and slivers of soap and bacon grease? Neither have I ——

*Q.* Pardon me for interrupting, but thrift really *does* pay. I know a man who saves string, writes letters on the backs of used envelopes and goes out of his way to save a couple of pennies. Last year he had enough money to take a trip to Europe. What do you say to that?

*A.* I know him too. He inherited two apartment houses and one hundred shares of IBM from his grandfather.

*Q.* How can you teach children that money doesn't grow on trees?

*A.* Tell them so—and it will make as much impression as other parental admonitions like "be careful" and "study hard." If you truly want to teach your children the value of thrift, your best course is to be so wildly extravagant that the family ends up in the poorhouse—just as daddy predicted. This is a lesson in thrift that no child can ever forget. Haunted by memories of bill collectors and mortgage foreclosures, he'll develop a mature, responsible attitude about money.

*Q.* Don't you agree that a weekly allowance teaches children to manage money?

*A.* I think a weekly allowance teaches children to manage their parents. And this isn't a bad thing to learn. A child who talks daddy into raising his 25-cent allowance has learned a valuable lesson in the art of persuasion. Later in life, when he approaches his boss for a raise, he can use the same arguments: (1) the impossibility of getting along on such a paltry sum; (2) the many fine services he performs which entitle him to more money; and (3) the richer rewards received by his peer group.

*Q.* But surely you agree that older children on larger allowances should be encouraged to save for something they really want?

*A.* It all depends. When children save their own money, they're usually planning to buy something absolutely, utterly impossible. Like a horse. Or a strapless black formal with sequins. Or a 1931 Hupmobile.

*Q.* We are a young couple who've inherited a modest sum of money, and we're thinking of investing it in the stock market. Do you have any advice for us?

*A.* Yes. Buy stocks that are going up.

*Q.* How can you tell whether a stock is a sound investment?

*A.* If it goes up, it's a sound growth stock. If it goes down, it was a speculative risk.

*Q.* What about price-earnings ratios, capital-share earnings, long-term debentures, current ratios of assets to liabilities, and that sort of thing? Aren't they important?

*A.* Absolutely! Every sound stock should have some of those. The more, the better.

*Q.* My husband and I have $145 in savings. If we put aside $25 a month, when will we have enough of a nest egg to start a family?

*A.* About the time your eldest child is ready for college.

*Q.* I find your advice very discouraging. Isn't there *any* way to save money?

*A.* Yes. There are two ways. One method is to spend less than you earn, even if it *is* impossible. The second way is to be very, very rich. This makes it unnecessary to worry about pinchpenny economies. You can lose at the races and still come out ahead.

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# Journal about home

*Small items make big news this month.*

IECRUSTS BAGGED AND READY TO BAKE: If you've ever had luck with piecrusts—or time or space to roll them—our troubles are almost over. Due soon for national distribution: ozen Pet-Ritz Crusts. Each package contains two 9″ shells, each its own aluminum baking pan, costs about 39 cents. According our Food Department, the crusts are wonderfully adaptable, n be used for juicy two-crusters or chilled chiffons.

OR THE GOURMET: An electric French-bread warmer. Party-essed in stripes or checks, the warmer is UL approved, works 110–120 volts, AC, is thermostatically controlled to prevent erheating. Its 100 percent cotton covering has a "Staneat" ish that's especially resistant to grease stains (great for garlic-ead lovers), is colorfast, shrinkage controlled, washable and eds little or no ironing. Each warmer comes with its own extra-ng Madeira wicker basket, costs $9.95. By Kaz, Inc., 614 West th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

HEY'VE TAKEN THE SKID OUT OF SCATTER RUGS: d news to cartoonists, perhaps, but a blessing to every home. ack of it all is "Curon"—a Du Pont urethane foam permanently minated to the underside of a new series of area rugs available assorted colors, sizes, shapes and fibers. The rugs are machine-ashable, can even be tumble dried without special care. "Curon" cking (by Reeves Brothers, Inc.) also helps lock tufts in place, made not to chip, crack or dry out. It's odorless, unaffected by oths or mildew, feels luxurious underfoot. Price: from about $4 r 24″ x 36″ cotton rug to $20 for a nylon 4′ x 6′. By Bell dustries, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

OTHERED BY HUMIDITY? Or the lack of it? There's a mple new meter that sells for $1 and tells at a glance whether ur home is too damp or too dry. The meter looks something e a clock face, has seven relative readings (20 percent through ) percent) and opposite each figure a circle that changes color humidity changes. To determine humidity, simply match the eter's knob color to that of a circle—its pointer automatically ows if your home's too moist, too dry or just right. When you ow the problem, discuss its solution with your local appliance aler. Meter by Springfield Instrument Co., Hackensack, N.J.

HAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT. Flowered ilet tissue—pink, blue and yellow rosebuds printed on white—to atch the popular new decorator towels. The tissue is double-ply, lls for about 39 cents for two standard-size rolls. Look for Doveprints" soon at supermarkets and drugstores. On the way market too: matching facial tissue (no price yet). By Dove-ttes, 2 Forbes St., East Hartford, Conn.

RAMEWORK FOR DECORATION: Want to hang pictures ore effectively? There's a new 16-page booklet, *Decorating with ictures and Frames*, that tells how to select mat, frame, group, ht and care for pictures and photographs. Cost: 25 cents, cture and Frame Institute, 20 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.

ROBLEMS WITH PLANTS? If you haven't a green thumb, u may be interested in ordering a new, colorful 25-page hand-ook that tells how to pamper every kind of house plant from rican violets to azaleas, cactus to cyclamen to philodendron. he booklet also includes a section on the care of cut flowers, us formal and informal ways of arranging them. For a copy of *lowers and Plants*, send 25 cents to The Society of American orists, Dept. PM, Sheraton Park Hotel, Washington 8, D.C.




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JAY MAISEL

# Messiness From Infancy to Adolescence

**EVERY CHILD DELIGHTS IN BEING SLOPPY AT SOME TIME IN HIS LIFE. THIS IS PERFECTLY NORMAL—UP TO A POINT.**

Messiness and cleanliness are ordinarily thought of as very different qualities. But in psychological theory they are two sides of the same coin. I want to summarize the theory and suggest how it applies to the handling of messiness in children, particularly in adolescence.

Back at the age of 10, 12 or 14 months a baby frankly enjoys messing. If milk spills on his tray, he dreamily spreads it around with the flat of his hand. He picks up a little cereal out of his bowl and clasps and unclasps it in his hand, appreciating the sticky sensation and the sticky sound. It doesn't make him uncomfortable at all when part of his meal gets plastered all over his face and even in his hair. A bowel movement in his diaper doesn't bother him. If it works out onto his bed, he may play in it.

Then gradually during the second and third years there are signs of a reversal of attitude. A child, perhaps between 18 and 24 months, may begin to act a bit uncomfortable after having a bowel movement in his diaper and show that he'd like his mother to change him. Later he will learn to give an uneasy signal before he's had the movement, because he is ready to co-operate in avoiding the mess. When his training has gone further, he may act disgusted at the smell of the movement, or at getting some of it on his hand. In these steps from enjoyment to disgust, a child will be influenced by his mother's attitude. If she's actively encouraging the change of feeling, in the interest of toilet training, she can usually hasten and intensify the process. But it isn't all the mother's doing. A child whose mother is displaying no obvious concern may exhibit a shift in attitude all on his own.

A mother whom I remember had taught her two-year-old to use the toilet seat, but felt sure that she had avoided any expression of disgust. Yet the boy, as soon as he passed his bowel movement, would hurry to the bathroom door. There, on hands and knees, he would stick his head and shoulders out into the fresh air of the hallway, calling his mother to wipe him, while he carefully kept the offending lower half of his body within the bathroom. But a child has to reach a certain age and state of emotional readiness first; if his overly enthusiastic mother tries to teach him disgust before the age of a year, she will usually fail completely. We can see the same necessity for readiness for training in certain domestic and wild animals. When that time comes, some species need considerable coaching from the mother (or human owner), others develop scrupulous toilet habits with almost no teaching.

The child's concern about cleanliness is apt to be developed first in regard to toilet training. Then it tends to spread out in a more general way to involve a concern for other types of cleanliness. The two- to three-year-old whose toilet training has been overly vigorous may become quite frightened when he gets a little mud on his hand and run crying to his mother to have it washed off.

In the study of child rearing that we're carrying out at Western Reserve University Medical School with the support of the Grant Foundation, I happened to be watching the nursery-school teacher trying to interest a group of children, averaging about 2¾ years of age, in finger painting. Most of them had achieved toilet training only a few months before. The teacher was throwing herself into the demonstration for their benefit, exaggerating her pleasure in spreading the sticky paint around on the smooth surface with her fingers. But the children would not be charmed into doing anything so naughty-looking. They watched her rather suspiciously. When she urged them to try, they flatly refused. The only one who eventually participated was a child who had been toilet trained much earlier than the others, before two years of age. Because she was a year past her period of greatest concern about cleanliness, she could afford to relax a little and enjoy the messy painting.

This unwillingness to play with anything dirty-seeming for a number of months following the establishment of toilet cleanliness is somewhat similar to the excessive respect for traffic rules of the person who has just learned to drive. He conscientiously signals all his turns, even when there isn't another car in sight. He doesn't trust himself yet.

If a child has reached an age when he realizes clearly that his mother expects him to use the toilet, but he CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

**BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.**

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*visit the moon,*

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THE STRIDE RITE SHOE

THE SHOE THAT UNDERSTANDS CHILDREN



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# Dr. Spock: Messiness From Infancy to Adolescence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

goes on soiling anyway, it is because he feels he must resist her. Perhaps he considers that she has been too demanding in her efforts and that he must foil her in order to preserve his basic rights. Or perhaps she has been entirely tactful, but he feels at this possessive age that he just can't part with this product which he is so proud of.

A common cause of delayed training today is the hesitancy of the conscientious mother who is reluctant to press her training efforts with any consistency for fear of antagonizing the child. But whatever the original cause, the mother's frustration increases, and so does the child's use of soiling as an expression of rebellion.

Hostility can be expressed in other types of messing too. I remember well a little boy just under three who took out his resentment against his mother for bringing home a new baby by systematically removing all the ashes from the fireplace and spreading them evenly over the entire living-room carpet. We've all seen angry two-year-olds deliberately spill food, drinks and other substances.

The one-to-three-year-old period is one in which the child is apt to become involved in quite a variety of conflicts with his parents, aside from the one over toilet training. (This is in contrast to his first year when he was usually an agreeable creature who stayed where he was put, enjoyed what was given to him and thought most people were just fun.) In his second and third years he senses he is an individual, with wishes and a will of his own. He feels he must assert his independence and his dignity. This is one of the very reasons he's apt to balk at toilet training—he realizes that these are his movements, and he wants to have some control over them. He may develop a feeding problem because he is so insistent on following his own tastes in food. He's likely to tangle with his mother over many small disciplinary issues every day just because he dislikes taking suggestions and orders. He's "negativistic."

So this is an age when the child feels more antagonism to his parent than he does in either the preceding or the following phases. And it is the age when it is natural for him to show his hostility by soiling and messing, since he is just on the borderline between dirtiness and cleanliness. It is his mother who is asking him to be clean. If he feels agreeable toward her, he'll be inclined to stay clean. If he feels angry, he'll have the impulse to make a mess.

The three-to-six-year-old child is generally much more positive in his feelings. He stops fussing so much about his independence and his rights. He throws himself into the exciting business of patterning himself after his admired parent. He tries to copy his parents' occupation, interests, appearance, mannerisms and manners. He specifically wants to appear grown up in his table manners, in his clothing. So this is generally a civilized and a clean age.

But primarily because of the unconscious rivalry that builds up between boy and father, girl and mother, the child experiences a real revulsion of feeling at about six and seven years. He begins to turn away from his parents as models. He tries again to achieve greater independence from them. He resists complying with their wishes. He picks arguments with them about all manner of unimportant matters.

And with the revival of rebelliousness, there usually comes a return of messiness. This is seen in the common deterioration of table manners after the age of six or seven, the preference for old and sloppy clothes, the resistance to brushing hair and washing hands and taking baths, the tendency of a child to keep his room looking like a rat's nest. In other words, some of the rebelliousness of this six-to-12-year-old period may be expressed by going back to one-to-three-year-old dirtiness. (At the same time independence is also being expressed construc-

tively in grown-up ways: in making the ad justment to school without complaining t the parents, in turning to teachers for knowl edge and inspiration, in developing hobbie and interests quite independently of th parents.)

It is in adolescence, though, that we ar apt to see the most dramatic use of messines and dirtiness. This is particularly true in lat adolescence and even in the early adult year before the individual has found his niche i life. The crudeness stands out now because i is so obvious that the youth knows better– he (or she) can be remarkably elegant in hi clothing and appearance when he wants t make a good impression. I am thinking of th preference for dusty, battered shoes, grim underclothes, unwashed faces and greas hair, unshaven whiskers, hair "done up" i 10 seconds with a rubber band.

Such manifestations are less commo when young people live at home with parent who are firm about the amenities. Slovenli ness is maximal in colleges that have no rule or traditions about maintaining a civilize level of personal appearance.

The adolescent has a number of reason for feeling hostile at times. Like the six-to 12-year-old he is trying earnestly to achiev a greater independence of his parents. Suc striving always seems to necessitate a criti calness, a chronic irritability with parents The violent glandular changes in his bod intensify greatly both his positive and hi negative feelings. And the fact that he no has the body and feelings of an adult throw him into a more intense rivalry and rebe liousness toward his parents than before. It of course essential that an adolescent hav these impatient and antagonistic feeling toward his parents, even if he and they ar unusually polite people who never figh openly. Otherwise it would be too easy fo him to stay on with his parents forever an let them run his life.

But there is a great distinction betwee mature rebelliousness and childish rebellious ness. Much of the progress of the world ha come from the former—the reformation o religions, the freeing of nations from foreig subjugation, the revolt of people from the own tyrants. A surprising number of th fundamental advances in science and tech nology have been made by very young me still largely motivated by that scorn for trad tion which is so characteristic of adolescent Some of the greatest writers, composers an artists have done their best work before the really grew up and settled down. We can se that our own sons and daughters are helpe to come to their own aesthetic tastes an idealistic opinions, and are enabled to mak original contributions to their jobs throug their impatience with the stodginess of the parents and bosses.

By contrast there is no constructive valu in the rebellion that finds outlet in messines and dirtiness—either for the individual or fo society. It is simply a temporary regressio to infancy. It may give the individual a ce tain pugnacious satisfaction (because he's i ritating the people who have to live with him and an illusion that he is striking some so of blow for freedom. But he is just foolin himself and wasting emotional energy.

It's one thing to decide that adolescent should be neat and clean, but something el to make them be so. They are full of figh and indignation. Certainly there is no ad vantage in the parents' doing a lot of extr nagging if it gets no results. General speaking, children give obedience to the parents to the degree that parents fe genuinely entitled to ask for it. The point o this discussion has been to convince paren and teachers that they are right to requi reasonable cleanliness and orderliness—fo their children's benefit even more than fo their own. This helps them to grow up an face the real world.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answ letters personally. However, he is delighted to recei suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—E

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# PROJECT CONCERN
## Somebody has to care

Who could see a child with arms like chicken bones and the wounds of five rounds of chain around his leg without wanting to help? The trick that most of us manage is not to see him—not even in the mind's eye.

The world abounds in pitiful children. To look at them—*really* look at them; long enough to know that hunger multiplied by millions is still one small, desperate, private hunger—is a soul-shaking thing. An increasing number of Americans, blessed themselves with food, warmth, comfort and cleanliness, are opening their imaginations to the countless personal tragedies of privation around the world—and are committing their lives to help.

Two of them are Jim and Martha Turpin, who conceived a project so idealistic that not even a church or established relief organization could help. Both were born in the South, Jim in Kentucky, Martha in Alabama. Who knows where idealism starts? On the record, both were active in church work in their teens; Jim particularly admired his grandfather, John Wesley Duke, a state health-department physician who served and was loved throughout an entire rural county. By the time he was 12, Jim knew he wanted to be a medical missionary to China.

Jim and Martha were married on the day of their graduation from college. Six years later, Jim was both an M.D. and an ordained Methodist minister. Until last year, he practiced medicine in a Southern California town, and used to give one day a week to a clinic across the border in Tijuana. Martha used to accompany him. There they had their first jolting, exhilarating taste of what it is like to bring help and hope to the utterly lost—to those whose historic role it has always been to go unnoticed. "I found in Tijuana that I needed these people even more than they needed me."

Last year Dr. Turpin and his wife were 34 years old, lived with their four children in a ranch house in prosperous Coronado, and led useful lives. But Tijuana was not enough. Jim wanted to go to the greatest slum in the world, the very pit of urban civilization: Hong Kong. The more he investigated, the greater he found the need. Refugees from Red China are the British crown colony's teeming problem. Over a million of them, stripped of every possession, have poured onto the barren, waterless strip of mainland known as the New Territories or onto the jam-packed junks and sampans of Hong Kong harbor. On the mainland is the autonomous walled city of Kowloon, lawless, squalid almost beyond American conception. Its walls are ancient buildings encompassing an area 10 blocks square. Its passages are so narrow that every morsel of food and stick of fuel must go in on human backs. In its streets and warrens live a quarter of a million people—until last year without any medical care within the city walls whatsoever. On the pitiful harbor boats live another 200,000 people—until this year without any medical care in the harbor whatsoever.

Jim paid one visit to Hong Kong in 1961 and saw what he went to see. In August of 1962 he and Martha and the children, Keith, eleven, Payton, nine, Scott, four, and Jan, three, moved to Hong Kong.

The work they went to do had been conceived by Jim out of whole cloth. No organization had been before him. He was unwilling to bring doctrine to a people whose needs were so overwhelmingly physical, and he decided not to seek the support of a church. But all the people who knew and liked the personable young physician and his wife—home-town friends, college professors, Coronado friends—gathered together to create Jim's own organization, Project Concern. An old Navy friend, Paul Fleener, left his job at Kansas State University, and he and his wife came along to help. By the time the two families sailed, a relatively small handful of people had raised enough money to open the first clinic in Kowloon.

The clinic is in operation now, with the addition of two young Chinese refugee doctors, a biochemist and some British volunteers. Above it is an opium den, next door a pig pen. The staff works seven days a week; when they arrive in the mornings, hundreds of children are lined up, and cry "Hal la!" in greeting. Every child is given a vitamin pill, some milk and two nutrient crackers. As one observer described it, "A British lady eagerly stuffs a pill into every open mouth in sight."

It was here Jim found the starved boy whose legs had been manacled because he had tried to run away. Here he treats some 50 cases of illness a day, most of them caused by malnutrition.

A second clinic is about to open as this is being written. This one will be in Hong Kong harbor, on a specially built junk with clinic area on deck and living quarters for the Turpins and Fleeners below. The junk is expected to be christened in late March with a bottle of water from the river in the Congo where Dr. Albert Schweitzer has his hospital.

Building the junk has swallowed $14,000. With donated drugs and volunteer help in both the United States and Hong Kong, Jim hopes to keep the running costs of the two clinics to $2,000 a month.

The Turpins' attitude is not sacrificial. "People who speak of sacrifice don't understand why we're doing this," begins Martha. More practically, until the junk is ready they are living in a decent bungalow that looks, to their shanty neighbors, like lordly wealth.

Their three bright and handsome sons are going to good British schools. Daughter Jan has a hundred playmates. "I doubt if I give pause for our children as often as a mother in America," Martha continues. "They are learning many things about life that children at home, protected by all their toys and comforts, never know. For example, the other day we found Scott, now five, handing out our precious rations of bubble gum to Cantonese children through the gate. Giving was his pleasure."

Somebody has to care. If you do, send your tax-deductible contribution to Project Concern, Inc., c/o Postmaster, San Diego, California.



*Dr. Jim Turpin opened Hong Kong clinic on a shoestring, was soon flooded by undernourished children.*

# *New Easter Decorations*

**the kids have never seen before**

## Made with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows and Kraft Marshmallow Creme

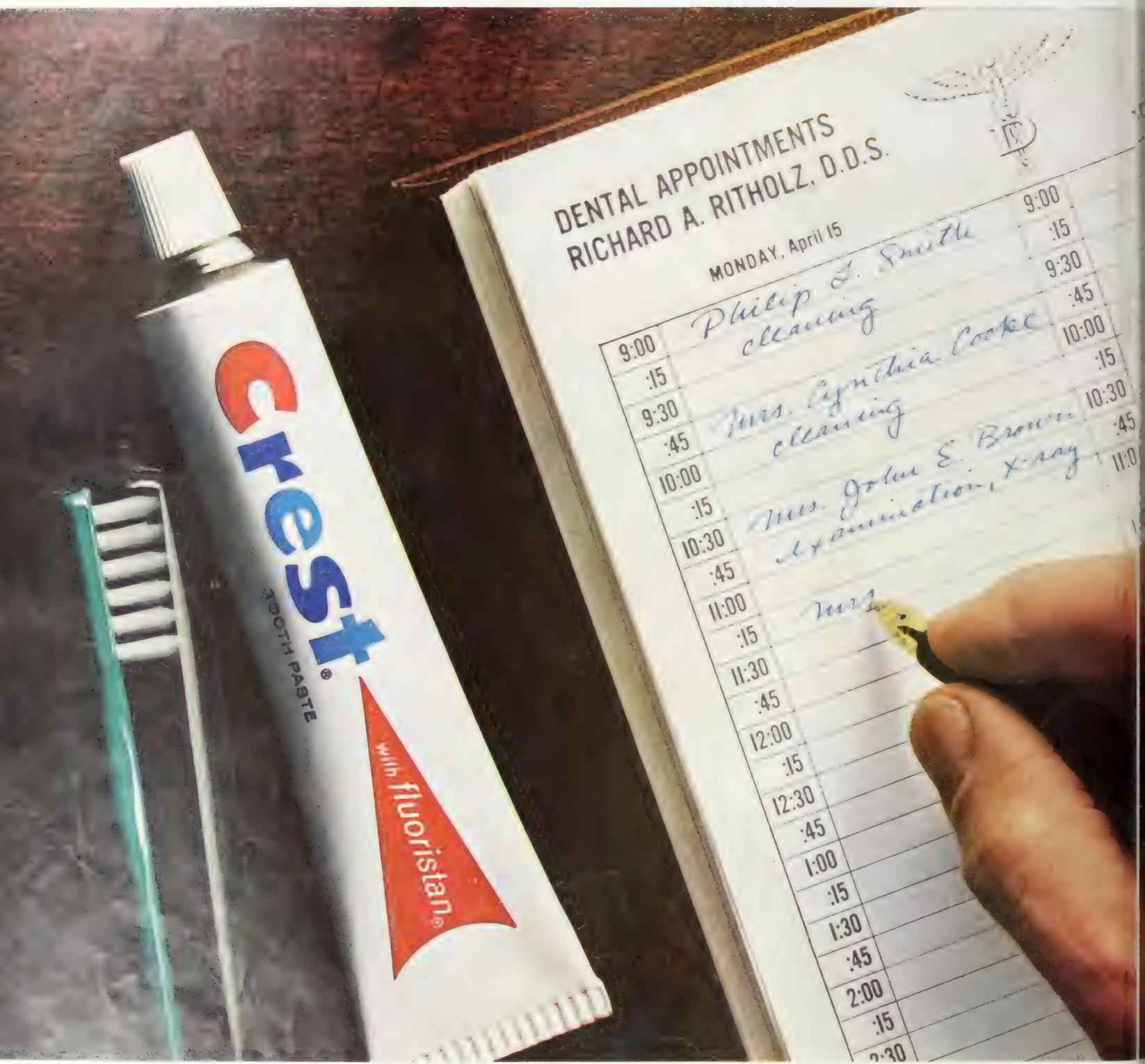
**Big Easter Egg.** Combine 1 jar Kraft Marshmallow Creme and 5 c. puffed rice cereal, mixing well. Shape into 2 large or 4 medium eggs. Decorate with colored frosting and tie with ribbon.

**Decorated Easter Eggs.** Combine 1 jar Kraft Marshmallow Creme, ¼ c. Parkay Margarine, dash of salt and 1 tsp. almond extract; mix well. Blend in 4 c. sifted confectioners' sugar. Shape into 8 eggs. Decorate with colored frosting and Marshmallow Daisies made with petals cut from Kraft Miniature Marshmallows (4 petals from each Miniature). For each daisy, arrange 6 petals, overlapping tips. Cut Flavored Miniature in half and press, cut side down, in center.

**Easter Baskets.** Clip centers of 5″ paper doilies to fit top of cupcakes baked in colored paper baking cups and add pipe cleaner handles. Frost cupcakes, sprinkle with coconut, tinted green, and cover with Kraft Flavored Miniature Marshmallows.



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Your dentist would much rather *prevent* cavities than fill them. So he makes a point of advising those preventive measures he believes can help your family.

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**Tests reported in dental journals.** In his own professional journals, your dentist may have read scientific reports of the Crest toothpaste tests. These tests, extending over ten years, showed Crest could help prevent cavities for grade-school, teen-age, and young adult groups.

Your dentist has weighed this evidence carefully in relationship to your family. So if he recommends Crest, consider it a tribute to your good sense. It

not as a substitute for, but as a part of, a good dental program.

**Ask your dentist.** As an expert in the field of oral health—and a good friend besides—your dentist stands ready to help you. For your family's sake, seek and follow his recommendations for making your dental health program even better.

One recommendation may be Crest. Why not ask your dentist about Crest's role at your family's next




DAVID EPSTEIN/CAMERA ITEMS

*Sometimes you have to be truly grown up to believe in him. My mother did—and no matter how I tried, I couldn't convince her otherwise.*

**BY JEANMARIE COOGAN** It's an awful burden to be the only level-headed person in the house when you're seven years old. Take the trouble about the Easter Bunny—which really began with Santa. I was 10 years old before my mother found out there was no Santa Claus. *I* had known from first grade on, but not my mother. Every Christmas it was "Santa this" and "Santa that" *and* the elves *and* the workshop until by Christmas Eve she would hush us every time the house creaked. "Didn't that sound like reindeer hooves hitting the roof?" or "Shh, I think I heard a little shake of sleigh bells out there."

A few times I had tried discreetly to tip her off, but she wouldn't hear one word against Santa. I remember once, when I told her about the poll taken in our second grade, she had drawn herself up stiffly. "So none of the kids in your class believe in Santa," she said. "That's great. The second grade is smarter than Gimbels, I guess. All those thousands of people in Philadelphia go to that big parade every year to welcome Santa because they're dumber than your second grade. Boy, that'll be the day." Well, that's how my mother was. If she was *for* you, she was FOR you.

It was hard, bringing my mother to face facts. Then, irony of ironies, a Christmas present from the Jolly Old Elf himself showed me the way. On my tenth Christmas, I was leafing through my new dictionary when I came across "Santa Claus." After I had looked up "mythical," I headed for the kitchen, my fingers marking the two pages. The whole thing was surprisingly simple. My mother closed the dictionary softly and said quietly, "All right, "but don't tell any little children." I took a deep breath and thought, *Well, that's that. No more elves and Santa and all those childish goings-on.*

You can imagine my disbelief then, on the following Easter, when I heard my mother call up the steps gaily, "Better hurry CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

# talk to us

**Listen to this quote from a teacher:**
"This product I am sold on. I have truly tried to sell this idea to our students . . . The use of Tampax is the best way I know."

**Listen to this quote from a mother:**
"I want my daughter to know the feeling of freedom and security from embarrassing moments that I have always known."

**Listen to this quote from another mother:**
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*Invented by a doctor... now used by millions of women*

## My Running Fight With the Easter Bunny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

down and see what the Easter Bunny's left you." *Easter Bunny*. I came to the top of the steps. "Mother, there is no Easter Bunny," I said firmly.

"There isn't?" my mother said puzzledly. "Then who was that big white bunny I saw peering through the kitchen window?"

Ye gods. It was going to be the Santa thing all over again.

I finished dressing and started toward the front door. In our neighborhood, Easter baskets were always hidden somewhere in the house, and my mother asked, "Aren't you going to hunt for your basket, darling?"

I faced her squarely. "I am not."

We both knew an impasse when we saw one, and when I returned from church the basket was out on the hall table.

I looked at it appraisingly. In all fairness, I admitted that if you had to have an Easter basket—which I didn't—this was the one to have. It was, first of all, the biggest basket in the neighborhood, with all sorts of Victorian creations and embellishments in its wickerwork. And it was freshly gilded, as it was every year. It had a huge lavender bow, with long fluttery streamers. And it was filled with wonderful candy. I poked through it looking for the novelty, because every year there was one. This time it was a little wooden egg that opened to show another little wooden egg that opened into another—like a Chinese puzzle box. I placed the little wooden egg on the bookcase with other souvenirs and took out my dictionary. "Easter" said a lot of things about "vernal" and "paschal," but not one word about the Bunny. A few days later, after I had grudgingly finished the candy, the basket disappeared—the Bunny took it back to Bunnyland until next year, according to my mother.

Nothing was said about it until the following year when, a few weeks before Easter, my mother was taken with her annual seizure. "You'd better pick up your room, Jeanmarie. If the Bunny sees it so messy, he might skip our house." My mother could kid with a straight face, but my own face was rigid. That kind of kidding was not funny. There was no Easter Bunny, and I was 11 years old.

Then came Easter, and there was the basket again. Eileen McCusker, my best friend, ran her hand over it wistfully. "You know, if you had little brothers and sisters, you wouldn't be getting this basket," she said. "In our house when you get to be eight, your basket goes down to one of the little ones. Us older ones still get a chocolate egg with our name on it; but it's just on a kitchen plate." Eileen, one of 11 children, was not smart in school, but she was very smart about *things*. And, as usual, she had hit the nail on the head. If I had just had smaller brothers and sisters, my mother wouldn't have forced Santa and the Bunny on me practically at gunpoint. However, I was her only child, so she just had to make do. My mother's idea of "making do" included beguiling her sister's preschoolers into staying with us for weeks at a time. And when they weren't available, I would come home from school to find a few of the neighbors' children playing beside her as she ironed, or napping on the bed while she washed windows. My mother kept all my old dolls, carriages, tricycles, and games in good condition for the children who came to visit. Often they would ring our bell and ask, "May your mother come out to play, Jeanmarie?"

Eileen was right. A few brothers and sisters would have been a great help. Meantime, *I* was stuck with the Bunny.

Finally, on the Easter when I was 12 and eighth-grade boys were starting to say hello to me, I decided to take a stand. There sat the Easter basket, but not only would I not *say* anything about it, I wouldn't even *eat* anything out of it. This thing had to stop.

We had been home from church a little while when the Boone children came to call on my mother. Boone was not their real name, but they were welfare-agency children who had been boarded out with Mrs. Boone, a very poor but very sweet old widow who had lived in the neighborhood for as long as anyone could remember. These were depression times, and there were many agency children going to our school. I once told my mother that I could spot an agency child right away from the queer bowl haircut they all wore. And I remember my mother said, "No, you can spot an agency child from the 'please-like-me' look in their eyes." The Boone children were four, five, six and seven years old. The three oldest were girls, and Paulie was the baby.

"Come in, kids," my mother said, "and tell me what you got for Easter."

### LINES FROM AN OREGON GARDEN

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Things that they would not leave behind
Proscribed the very routes they chose—
A burdened wagon train must wind
At mercy of the early snows.
And yet it was of womankind
To fetch a lilac and a rose.

The pink-sprigged tea set proving frail,
The wedding trunk's dove satins gone—
The whatnot with its graceful rail
One's fingers traced her love upon,
The lilac in a water pail,
The yellow rose, reached Oregon.

Though not much more than these was spared
Youth's optimum, exact intent—
One knew these women as gray-haired,
By labor dulled, in hardships spent,
Forgetting how herself she cared
For root of beauty, as she went;

And that one keeps across the years
So few of values to prevail
That even a flowered cup brings tears,
Breaking, to tell a woman's tale—
The churchyards of the pioneers
Are fair with lilac-of-the-trail.

And valley towns are brave with those
Along the Coastal Range and sea,
Where fort or mission road still goes
By towns like "Sweet Home,"
"Amity,"
To take the wilderness by rose,
To hold it with the lilac tree.

With shy, proud smiles, they all looked down at their feet. Each one wore a new pair of institutional-brown oxfords. "It's the first time we all had new shoes at the same time," said Teresa, the brave one.

"And good-looking," my mother said. "Look, Jeanmarie, aren't they nice shoes?"

I agreed that they were, and shiny too. The children shuffled their feet with pleasure.

"And what did the Easter Bunny bring you?" my mother asked.

Suddenly the smiles died, and Paulie's eyes filled with tears. No one answered.

"What's wrong, Teresa?" mother said.

"Well, you see, ma'am, Paulie had to get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, and he musta scared the Bunny away." Paulie didn't make a sound, but big tears were running down his cheeks. The oldest girl put her arm around him.

"Well, then," my mother said, letting out a great sigh of relief, "that explains everything. Here we've been sitting trying to figure out whose basket this is." She pointed to the basket I had had for 12 years. "We found it this morning, and knew there was some mistake. Jeanmarie is too big for a basket"—she turned to me—"right?" I nodded. "So we knew the Bunny left it for someone else. Kids, good old Bunny must have left it here for you when he got scared at your place. Here you go, lambs. Here's your basket."

She handed it to Paulie, whose tears had been replaced by a dazed expression, and the children headed for the door. "We'll take it home and share it with Nana Boone," called Teresa.

For one horrifying moment, as I saw *my* basket leaving forever, I felt my face swerve off in several different directions before settling down to a fixed smile. But it was only for a moment, because then I realized I was free. Free! Grown up! Finished with the Easter Bunny forever.

My mother came back and sat down. I could tell by the way she looked at me that she knew just what I was thinking. And for the first time in many years I went over and squeezed in on the chair beside her. She put her arms around me and patted me the way she had when I was little. "Poor Mrs. Boone," she mused. "Imagine having to choose between shoes and candy for your kids." We sat quietly for awhile, and then my mother said, "I'll tell you the truth. If that had been me, you'd be eating jelly beans and walking on your uppers."

The following Easter I was 13, and when I came downstairs and saw an Easter basket—not *my* Easter basket—but a nice little basket all done up with the same loving care, I kidded my mother. "That Bunny's losing his grip, mother. I almost flunked Latin, and here he is giving me a basket."

"Well, he's got a lot of bookkeeping to do," my mother explained. "What with all the children in the world, it's easy to make a mistake. He's only human, you know."

The Bunny became a standing joke between my mother and me, but no matter how serious or crazy the joke became, my mother could never be tricked into admitting the Bunny wasn't real. Sometimes I would say, "Mother, come on. You *know* there's no Easter Bunny."

Then my mother would look piously at the ceiling. "Shame on you, saying such a thing. You'll hurt the Bunny's feelings."

I continued getting a basket right through high school and college, but sharing that joke also became the first step of a new understanding between us. From the intensely narrow view of a child toward its parent, I gradually began to see my mother as a person apart from me with a life of her own—a person full of love and fun and goodness, whom I could appreciate just for herself. And I think the joke helped my mother face the fact that no amount of let's-pretend could stop the clock. That I had to grow up—and maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all.

They were happy years, but so short. And a few months before I was to be married, my mother suddenly died. For that whole first year of marriage there was one part of me I had to hold in reserve; I couldn't let myself think or talk about my mother.

Then on Easter, as my husband and I started off to church, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of a huge Easter basket on the coffee table. Not *my* Easter basket, but a beautiful one all wrapped in cellophane. And for that year's novelty there was a note. My first piece of correspondence from the Easter Bunny. It read:

DEAR JEANMARIE: YOU ARE LEARNING TO IRON SHIRTS BEAUTIFULLY.
LOVE FROM YOUR FRIEND, THE E.B.

I put my arms around my husband and laughed to think how my mother would have enjoyed this. "You know," I said, "I think I believe in the Easter Bunny."

"You know," my husband said, "I think you've grown up."

END



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# THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

My Dream Girl thinks there *is* a cute way to needle a husband—by sitting on his lap to do it.

I've solved an aggravating problem—the disappearance of trifles which slide off the rear of my chest of drawers: by nailing a yardstick horizontally behind, with one quarter of an inch showing over the edge.

Our town now has three film societies to show eight or nine foreign, ancient or "artistic" movies each, September through May. This provides us palatable culture two or three times a month.

"I didn't quite lose my 15 pounds," broods Peter Searles, practicing seven-iron shots in the back yard with plastic golf balls, "so I couldn't wear my white tie and tight tails to the Junior League's charity ball."

One way to prove you're young after 29 is to learn to ride a one-wheel bike in your driveway. At least it'll amuse your wife and maybe the whole neighborhood.

My farm friend with a master's degree in agriculture confides his suspicion that silly words like "cholesterol" and "polyunsaturated" were invented by sworn enemies of the cow and dairy farmers.

Our family's opinion, after a series of three holiday turkeys, is that the breeders went too far with their white meat. What America needs now is a turkey whose breast is dark meat.

When I ordered a two-egg incubator so our small fry could watch chicks hatch, a zealous lady warned me it's cruelty to animals. Maybe so, but no crueler than eating 'em, is it?

My next collection will be one of four-color postcards of political candidates and their families. Oddly, the family usually seems more eager and scintillating than the candidate himself.

One of our town's rugged individualists has installed a sunken bathtub in his new bathroom, with a sunlamp above it, and a remote-control FM radio. Every bath is like a trip to Acapulco, but in the basement your head hits the tub's bottom.

An ultraintelligent hostess who lives in the nearby woods finally (after a spotty record) served a successful uncollapsed orange soufflé—so light it floated high in the air and she had to anchor it with sandbags. She's suspected of using helium.

"Every town," says Betty Comfort oracularly, salting her doorstep, "needs a foreign-food fair, not to mention a big swimming pool, a UN club, and a used-book sale salted with a few first editions."

My sister Mary's son is chairman of the loop renewal committee in his town, and I'm pressuring him to taboo all vehicle traffic on at least one shopping street, just to see how it works out.

When our young captain's younger son inquires who puts the canned orange juice into an orange,
. . . Or our West Coast redhead and her husband paint their new house themselves and transplant 300 bulbs,
. . . And Harlan III wears his underwater equipment into the bathtub, so as to waste not a minute of bathtime,
. . . Or my Lady Love finally admits that 66 degrees is warm enough in our house if she's wearing a fuzzy sweater,
Then I tell my bachelor friends that marriage is a three-ring circus which beats what they laughingly call freedom.


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When that sauce starts to simmer, real cook-out flavor goes all through the meat. Choose regular Kraft Barbecue Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored Barbecue Sauce with a touch of real hickory smoke right in it. Even better—try both.



# Help!



## Phyllis McGinley

### PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

**Where, oh where did the little old-fashioned, all-purpose, low-cost cleaning lady-housekeeper-cook go?**

Our brave new world has not managed to solve all human problems. We are still plagued by crabgrass, unemployment, juvenile delinquency and the common cold. The servant problem, however, so harassing to bygone generations of housewives, has nearly vanished. So, of course, have servants.

When I was a child—even when I was newly married—it was a rare middle-class household in which either an aproned maid or at least a hired girl, talkative and industrious, from some outlying farm, did not wash the evening dishes, mind the baby, and give a hand with the summer canning. There were more maids than telephones. Nowadays most of us make do with a set of unlikely substitutes: teen-aged neighbors sitting with the children for so much an hour and the use of the refrigerator; occasional part-time cooks driving to work in their station wagons; handymen or "contract gardeners" who mow the lawn or pull up the lobelia borders, along with the weeds, for a king's ransom. The full-time domestic is infrequent enough to be remarkable.

Adaptable as always, housewives get along very well without that extra pair of hands. They have learned to be their own chefs, to flourish a broom or its electric equivalent, put the dinner dishes into a machine, and carry the babies with them when they venture abroad by day. I have friends of my own age who declare themselves happily emancipated by the new era. When they were young and poor they kept help even if they had to go without a new winter coat. It was a part of middle-class living, just as owning a hi-fi set is today. But, "I like it *this* way," they now insist. "I enjoy the privacy and, besides, I keep my weight down."

Still, even the most independent woman will occasionally need paid assistance in order to cope with illness, an extended trip, an invasion of guests, or the mere onset of affluence. At some time in her career she may have to rely on someone besides herself or a member of the family to take charge of the vacuum sweeper or the range. And she might as well learn early that getting along with that help is a delicate and demanding art. I know. For I am one of the rapidly decreasing little group of diehards who employ a maid when they can, through necessity or choice. In my case, both apply. It is not just that personally scouring the sink interferes with writing. There are plenty of energetic women who combine the pair of trades without skimping either. But I have two handicaps, one physical, one mental.

The physical is a redundance of backbone. Several years ago a couple of enthusiastic surgeons chipped away part of it and gave me a durable six inches of steel in my spine. It is an operation, one of them told me recently with peals of hearty professional laughter, which "we don't perform any longer." But receiving is easier than giving back in such affairs, and I still go about my ways like an ambulatory lightning rod, while the orthopedists, nothing daunted by experiment, return, as it were, to the old drawing board. I'm fine, you understand; just fine. Only if I bend over too far or too spontaneously, I can't get up again. So making beds or picking up anything much heavier than a feather duster is dangerous business.

The mental handicap is more enslaving. It consists of an incurable singleness of mind. If I am doing the housework myself, I turn into Old Dutch, complete almost to sabots and pail. Any spot on the wall starts me washing, first the spot, then the area next to it, finally the entire surface. I dust from floor to ceiling, not forgetting the slats of the bed. I look at a stain on the carpet and am down on hands and knees, cleaning wall to wall. Long ago my family persuaded me that the prudent thing to do was to hire someone else to sweep and scrub so that rust would not take over my typewriter. I try to be myopic about the result, and everyone is happier now that I take off part of the day for what my daughters indulgently refer to as "mommy's scribbling."

Besides, I like having another woman around the place. I do not really understand my friends when they complain of that invasion of privacy, that dreadful sense of never being alone. If Providence had provided for me on my own terms, I would live in an enormous and populous house, entirely surrounded by children, grandchildren, assorted relatives, and large, cheerful servants bringing in tea trays and giving gratuitous advice. So I hold on to domestic help when I can.

In thirty years I have learned certain techniques of that art, applying equally well to cleaning women, nurses, cooks and the longed-for, all-purpose "housekeeper."

The primary necessity, although you may be reluctant to believe it, is not merely a generous wage. That you pay for what you get is a rule of life. There are no slaveys anymore. Maids know their own scarcity value and set their own local scale of payment. Still, offering a bonus or a double salary will not buy a willing heart or an unresentful mind, and you are likely to buy the CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

© 1963 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress, Profession: Housewife. Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.

# A GLAZE TO PRAISE...ON EASTER HAM




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*THEN spoon mixture over scored, clove-studded ham half an hour before it's due to finish baking. Heat any extra portion to serve with ham slices.*




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## PHYLLIS McGINLEY: HELP!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

ire of your neighbors along with it. Once when I was recovering from some illness I was interviewed by a massive, self-important young woman who asked so startling a weekly sum for her services that I hired her in awe, thinking she must be the paragon for which I had been searching. She could neither cook nor clean, and thankfully I saw her depart after two months.

On the other hand, my husband has for twenty-three summers (with time out for the war) leaned for help on the good right arm of a man so handy that the term takes on new and eloquent meaning. Our Joe can paint, clip a hedge, repair a roof, transplant a tree or wax a floor with equal efficiency and good will. He does factory work in the city during the week and comes to us in the suburbs as if for a holiday on alternate Saturdays. A month or two ago my husband was shocked to discover that every other outside man in the vicinity was getting more money than Joe. He had to press the extra two dollars a day on the quixotic fellow over his genuine protests. Evidently what we provided—fresh air, cigarettes, conversation and a hot midday meal—meant more to Joe than income.

That midday meal, by the way, is vital if you employ a man instead of a woman for any task around the house. Don't try to fob him off with a sandwich. Give him meat, potatoes, vegetable and dessert, and he is apt to cleave to you though all about you the neighbors are crying for his services. It is not appetite alone. It has something to do with masculine pride and perquisites.

Such minor matters, likely to be disregarded by the inexperienced, often count more than large ones. Any manual will tell you basic rules of employment. One takes it for granted that a "sleep-in" maid will be given her own room, bath and radio; that she will rest in the afternoons and have two free days a week; and that you will provide her with uniforms if she is sensible enough to want to wear them.

Outside such essentials, however, augmented perhaps by presents on Christmas, birthdays and when one returns from a journey, there is no need to inflate the average, respectable rate of pay. Forget about buying the Ideal Servant. That nebulous figure will come by chance, if at all.

We had an Ideal Servant once. Her name was Cora, and for the most placid five years of my married life she formed the keel of our household ship. Cora lived with us in the dreadful, splendid days of the depression, when maids were cheap and plentiful. So I did not know until afterward just how bright a jewel she was. Cora followed Jessie, who worked for us in New York and whom we coaxed into accompanying us to the country when we moved. With her she brought her nine-year-old son. I was full of plans for his welfare, dreamed bountifully of how he would grow and thrive with us. A month of trees, green grass, and air unenlivened by carbon monoxide so depressed the boy that Jessie had to take him back to the streets of Harlem, away from the frightening bees, the birds that woke him up in the morning, and the hideous, alien flowers. Then Cora came.

She was tall, talented and tireless. I do not know what we gave her that she deserved beyond a small salary and our complete affection. What she gave us were a quick mind, unutterable tact, skill with food, and ungrudging service. She left us during the war to do patriotic factory work, got ill and died. Our skies darkened. Somehow we had never envisioned life without Cora. What it turned out to be, in fact, was life without any help at all. God knows I tried to replace her. There was Mary, who drank up our New Year's Day brandy and dropped the dinner on the floor. There was Esther, who slapped the children. There was Rose Marie, who in two weeks ran up a telephone bill of $184.68, talking to Columbus, Ohio. I also vaguely remember Henrietta, who had been a short-order cook in a diner, and who could French-fry potatoes or make bacon-and-toma sandwiches cut into quarters (an olive on toothpick spearing each section), but n much of anything else. At last I took t sensible course, which today is the course almost every young housewife. My back w then still flexible, so I bent it toward t ironing and the scrubbing learned how to cook, acquiring during t process a lifelong addiction to the habit. B unlike my contemporaries. I continued miss that other Presence. Once the w ended, I took up the search again and hav as I said, discovered the rudiments of kee ing help, if not happy, at least in residen

I learned the blissfulness of ignorance, one thing. Before the war, I had been conte with anyone who was kind enough to wo for me. Now that I had lost my domestic nocence, I noticed cobwebs behind radiato and dust on the tops of pictures. I was d contented with cooks who believed fri chicken and frozen peas the height of cu nary delight. But grumbling gets you n where, and I taught myself to turn a bli eye on less than perfection.

I learned other things, too, not in the ma uals. All the books tell you to be explicit your demands, and I agree. It is not enou to show the incoming Dora or Evelyn Willy Mae over your establishment, to po out the eccentricities of the gas range and t her how to work the electric coffeepot. Y have to spell out the time you expect dinn the way you fold the corners of the blanke your particular manner of arranging silv on the table. In my case, I bluntly expla also that I am to be allowed into the kitch to cook when I like.

But the books do *not* tell you somethin have discovered—that if you are wise a your candidate is literate, you will draw u typewritten list of tasks to be accomplish each day; and you will cheat a little. Yo make it heavier than you really mean. It always easier to withdraw a responsibil than to add one. Domestic help, like m humanity, have literal minds. If they told they must clean the living room Friday, they will resent your asking the later, to do it on Monday morning too. you assure a maid that when you have m than six people at dinner she need not ser and then invite a seventh guest and exp her to pass the plates, it goes against grain. Let the job become easier than it l looked at first, and she will think her weel pay not too hard earned.

And let that weekly pay come persona from you. Never leave it on the kitchen ta for her to pick up as she hurries away Thursdays. Persuade your husband not dole it out. The hand which pays her is one she respects; it should be yours. A when you pay, pay promptly. The respecting domestics of today have bank counts and mortgages and installments the television set to meet. See that payda as inevitable in the home as in your h band's office.

I learned those things. And I learned to put my faith in references. I once engag a Cuban girl named Lilith who came to with such glowing testimonials from American consulate in Havana that I fea we could never live up to her. Lilith arriv speaking little English, and with a suitc so heavy my husband staggered carryin up to her room. Six hysterical weeks la when she left us—propelled, as it were, fr behind—we found out the reason for weight. Stacked in her closet were twen eight empty rum bottles.

Conversely, I once hired a girl wh former employer told me over the teleph that she was "the second worst maid I e had." The young woman in question named Eileen, and she had been in this co try only a few months from the wild, coast of Galway. It was my husband, guiled by her soft Irish voice, who persua

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NABISCO

## ON A TRAY

A "little bite" tastes out of this world with the richer flavor of Ritz!

## ANY DAY

**RITZ CRACKERS GO INTO TUNA CROQUETTES:** Mix 35 Ritz Crackers (or one Stack Pack), crushed, with 7-oz. can tuna, drained, flaked; 1/4 cup milk; 1/2 tsp. basil; 1/8 tsp. black pepper; beaten egg. Chill. Shape each croquette around 1-inch cube American cheese. Roll in Ritz crumbs. Sauté in 1/2 inch hot fat until well browned. Makes 6-8 croquettes.

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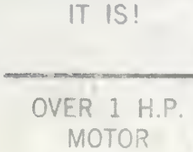
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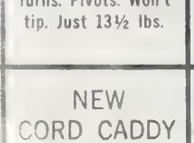
Lasting freshness. Fewer bag changes.

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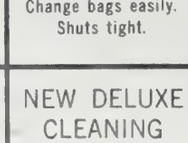
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NEW DELUXE CLEANING TOOLS



With deep cleaning Rug Nozzle.

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Complete with deluxe 8-pc. set of cleaning accessories.

Williams Company • Div. National Union Electric Corporation • Bloomington, Illinois



## PHYLLIS McGINLEY: HELP!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

me to try her, anyhow. For a week or two it was touch and go whether or not I would be driven out of my few wits by her ineptitude. That she could not cook, I knew beforehand. That she understood almost nothing about a toaster, an American range, or an electric sweeper, I had not been fully warned. In that impatient house where she had worked after debarking from the Shannon plane they had not bothered to train her for anything except corralling small children. She was, into the bargain, an odd-looking creature: overweight, her hair an uncontrolled curly mane, two front teeth missing.

But by good luck I persevered. And suddenly as lightning comes in August, she caught hold of the American idea. What she had needed was encouragement, a hospitable household. She was only nineteen, shy, her genuine talents hidden under gaucherie just as her very good looks had been disfigured by bad dentistry and a starchy diet. She had not wanted to be a nursemaid, but a cook. It was her *métier*. I taught her what I knew about cuisine and she was miraculously quick. I showed her how to cut her hair and she, by observation, discovered how to dress. Her weight went down. My dentist repaired her teeth.

At the end of three years she could do everything about the house better than I, including the cooking. She had also turned into an object so decorative that my dinner guests used to think I had hired her for the night from Central Casting. If she had kept her room in chaos less than my daughters did theirs, and had not now and then forgotten to clean the kitchen corners, she might have been another Cora with an Irish accent. What happened eventually has been forever expressed by the immortal Saki: "She was a good cook as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went."

She went back to Galway on a visit to her family, bearing with her a wardrobe of excellent American clothes and our loving wishes—and with a promise to return in four months. There she met the son of the most affluent farmer in the district who, as well he might, fell in love and married her out of hand. We mourn her still.

But I continue to be wary of references as I am of agencies. Agencies are perfectly suitable to apartment dwellers in cities. In our suburban village, it is the grapevine which furnishes us best with help destined to be friends and companions. A former cleaning woman who stops by frequently for a cup of tea with me has kept me going for years. The nicest things about the grapevine is that those who come by that route are apt to have cronies in the neighborhood—a very important item. There is nothing sadder than a sociable-minded maid with nobody nearby to gossip with after lunch. Making sure she has company is as vital as remembering that she is exactly as mortal as you. She, too, has headaches and depressions and family troubles. The mail does or does not come. The nights are sometimes sleepless. Keep a cautious tongue in your head on her bad days, and mind your manners with domestic help.

And if you are so fortunate as to find a maid you love with your whole heart, you might try binding her to you by having a child or two born during her tenure. Not high wages or Christmas gifts of blue-chip stock or every weekend off will prove so much a lure as children to whom she has grown attached. The only women I know in our village with old family retainers are all mothers of large families. One friend of mine with six boys, I accuse of being philoprogenitive out of desperation. She knows that if she stopped having babies, her famous and wildly competent Evangeline would depart for greener pastures. Evangeline can do everything—order the children's underwear, cook for sixteen guests, repair fuses, call the doctor in emergencies. But her sense of her own importance to that household is less strong than her affection for those six rampaging little boys. Last year my friend and her h band went abroad for the summer. The t oldest boys were scheduled for camp and t next two—a pair of twins—were about to entered for its junior division. That wou have left Evangeline with only a big house look after and two preschool children mother.

"But Mrs. Holden," protested Evangeli "you *can't* send the twins away. I'd be t lonesome."

If you are unable to supply children, y can at least produce the next best thi which is praise. Praise is like love: it mak the world move smoothly. Help whom y cannot praise had better not be hired at a or not kept beyond the initial six weeks. she cannot bake a cake, tell her you enj her hamburgers. If she forgets to mop behi the stove, praise her for keeping the sink sparkling. She is certain to have good poin or you wouldn't want her around at all. you are tactful and industrious yourse and she is not stupid, she may gradua come around to your way of keeping a hou

At present we are ruled over by Agn who came as a temporary to fill out Eilee four months away, and stayed on. Agnes clean, willing and eccentric. (I do not fe she will read this, for she scorns all print words unless they are in her Bible or t World Almanac.) She talks out loud to h self in the kitchen (she tells me that she oft wakes herself up at night with single-voic conversation), dislikes to answer the te phone, and is not—or rather was not—mu of a hand with any dish more complicat than bread pudding. She instructed me wh she came that she "wasn't a pastry." But cooking stoutly at her side, by exclaimi enthusiastically when a dish turned out we by coaxing her into following recipes, have persuaded her to be quite an adequa chef. The only drawback is that she turns o to be insatiable for praise. She expects for everything she does, if it is only polishi the silver teapot.

"See, ma'am," she'll say, when I grope r way to the breakfast table, "I washed t counters." Or, "Look, how nice I just swe the hall."

Last Friday we had guests for dinner, a with my tactful assistance, Agnes turned o a splendid meal. So on Saturday mornin my husband—a man with a compliment ways ready on his tongue—prepared to bu up her ego with a post-mortem on the me of the evening before.

"Agnes," he told her solemnly, "you rea outdid yourself. And how the guests enjoy it!"

Warming to his subject, he began to over every item with gusto.

"The soup was perfect; not too thick, n too thin. It couldn't have been better. A that baked striped bass! Wonderful. Y made the stuffing, didn't you? Well, ever body loved it. Then the asparagus—y cooked it just the way we like it, with t heads whole and the stalks tender. As your biscuits! Did you notice how we ke having to send back for more? And Agn that cherry pie was a masterpiece. Juic sweet, flavored exactly right."

Listening, I silently applauded his stami as he went on to mention even the coffee a the commercial mints. Agnes listened, t head on one side, ears open and avid. I on hoped he was not heaping on the flatte with too heavy a hand even for her uncomp cated nature. Evidently, though, she had the faintest suspicion there might be teasi mingled with his praise. He ran down, final for lack of adjectives. She waited a momen When she spoke it was with a child's d appointment.

"Yes, sir," she said. "And the mash potatoes?"

Hail, Agnes! You may not be ideal, b you are here, and I suspect you plan to sta Anyhow, who expects perfection in t world? E




New Brillo! Cuts grease fast! Gives pans a bright new Instant Shine!







Dobie! Miracle Mylar cleaning pad. Cleans plates, glasses, tubs and tile—even little boys' knees!

New Paddy! New throw-away-size soap pad with smooth backing to protect fingers, manicure.

# BRILLO
# GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY SWEEPSTAKES!!!












40 WESTINGHOUSE electric ranges. New terrace top design with built-in look!



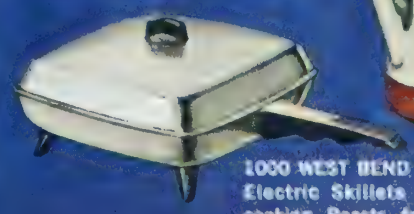
50 WESTINGHOUSE portable dishwashers. Washes, rinses twice, holds complete service for 12.

100 GENERAL ELECTRIC Escort TV sets! Light, compact portable with big 16-inch screen.





1000 WEST BEND Automatic Flavo-matic 8-cup Coffee Percolators with temperature and timing control.



1000 WEST BEND Automatic Electric Skillets with dial cooking. Roasts, fryt, bakes.

# 2193 GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN!!!

## Easy to enter . . . nothing to write:

**1.** Print or write clearly your name and address on a Brillo Golden Anniversary Sweepstakes entry blank, or on a plain piece of paper. Mail entry to Brillo, Box 600, New York 46, New York.

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An end flap from a package of Brillo Soap Pads, or Paddy Soap Pads, or the top flap of a Dobie package, or a plain piece of paper 3″ x 5″ on which you have handwritten the name of "Brillo" or "Paddy" or "Dobie" in plain block lettering.

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**4.** Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Judges' decisions final. Only one prize to a family.

**5.** Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of the Brillo Mfg. Co., and its advertising agencies. Offer void in Florida, Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law.

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BRILLO 50th ANNIVERSARY

## Make the Brillo 50th Year your Good Luck Year

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Hurry! Sweepstakes closes July 1, 1963.



*Carol Burnett with fans Nicki and Curtiss Anderson.*



*Mrs. C. A., Nicki's owner.*



*Glenn White and Lola—his owner.*

# JOURNAL NOW

Everybody wants to hug comedienne CAROL BURNETT, and a good many people do, according to NEAL STUART, who wrote *The Life, Love and Laughter—of Carol Burnett*, page 72. The photo, taken in our editor's office, shows St. Nicholas of Taney, better known as Nicki, trying to kiss her. (Nicki is a slightly mixed toy poodle who belongs, theoretically, to ANNE ANDERSON, the editor's wife, but she occasionally sends him to the Workshop with messages for her husband. The messages all say, "Come home," but instead Nicki often stays until late hours, bouncing around and yapping, and so does the editor.) Fortunately, Carol doesn't mind being kissed. Two of the men in our art department—JIM ABEL and GREG BIRBIL—sport fine full moustaches. When Carol Burnett met them, she exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness, I shouldn't have shaved this morning!"

One of Associate Editor GLENN WHITE's concerns these days is finding a place to live in midtown Manhattan where his affectionate Alsatian shepherd, LOLA, will be welcome and happy. A shapely female, Lola's measurements are 31, 21, almost none, and she weighs 68 pounds. Lola hasn't visited the *Journal* Workshop because some people imagine her kind of necking might result in a severed jugular vein. Lola has a high IQ. If the *Toughest High School in the United States* (page 69) were for her sort, she would do well.

As traditional as Easter-egg rolls or bridal showers are "poundings" in Euless, Texas, where BETTY HOFFMAN visited this month's *How America Lives* family. (*Second Marriages*, page 24). At a pounding party, everyone brings the minister's wife a pound of groceries. "Canned goods are most welcome," a young minister's wife told Mrs. Hoffman, "but not sugar. Oh, dear! Right now I have 75 pound boxes of sugar!"

"All my life the most unreasonably good things have happened to me," JEANMARIE COOGAN confided over a cup of tea in her Philadelphia home. (She wrote *My Running Fight With the Easter Bunny*, page 55.) "The first four bits of writing I ever sent to a magazine were bought by the *Journal*. My husband, Joe, sold the first short story he ever wrote, to *Collier's*. My son, Kevin, won $200 worth of toys by guessing how many jelly beans were poured from one huge crock to another on a TV show (4,467); my girl, Nell, was only three when she won an air rifle in a 'Name the Lone Ranger's Pony' contest. Her winning entry: 'The *Long* Ranger's Pony.'"

*Are You Overpaying Your Taxes?* asks money-management expert SIDNEY MARGOLIUS on page 22. (If you are, he'll tell you how to stop.) "I must be one of few people in the world who worry about other people's taxes as much as my own," Sidney Margolius said. Have *you* ever made a mistake in filing *your* returns, Mr. Margolius? "Well—er, yes. Yes, I have." Do *you* always mail *your* completed form well before April 15th? "Well—er, no. No. You see, I'm so busy advising other people that I often don't have time to do my own until about an hour before the deadline—but I've corrected that." How, Mr. M? "My wife does ours." Ah-hah!

PATRICIA and RON DEUTSCH's *These Five Were Cured of Overweight* on page 131 tells how the five did it. Our associate, BETTY COE SPICER, who also worked on the special diet portfolio (pages 131 to 140), privately tells another factual story about her brother-in-law, TOM SPICER. A Florida lawyer—and a big one, in the literal sense—Tom came to Washington, D. C., a while back to present his first case before the U. S. Supreme Court. As he scooted out of the cab in front of the Supreme Court Building, he heard that ominous sound of a seam splitting, about five inches of it, and a vital seam. Lacking any better immediate alternative, he bravely entered the building, where he was happy to learn from a guard that the Supreme Court has its own official seamstress. While Tom hid in the robing room, the guard calmly carried his trousers to her, and she repaired them neatly in five minutes. "The moral," according to Betty, "is never underestimate the power of a woman, because if the Supreme Court did not have an official seamstress, it would have a lot more split decisions."

When CURTISS ANDERSON went to Little Rock, Arkansas, to accept the award of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce as one of Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year (for 1962), he met several among the other nine whom he says, "just knowing would make anyone outstanding." Among them was DR. JIM TURPIN, president of a medical relief organization, Project Concern, Inc. A little of his story appears in *Somebody Has to Care*, page 52, and we predict it will be a world-famous continuing story of idealism at work, much like ALBERT SCHWEITZER's or TOM DOOLEY's. Jim Turpin's point of view is similar to that which inspired the *Journal* series, *The World We Want*. Next year the *Journal* will present its own award to a woman selected as having done most toward making the world a better place.

# . . . AND THEN

## 50 YEARS AGO

In April, 1913, California passed a law forbidding Japanese and other aliens from owning property. John Henry Mears sailed around the world in 35 days, a new record. Instant coffee was invented, and Ping-Pong, and Toscanini conducted for the first time in America.

"One-piece dresses, formerly worn only at home, are beginning to be seen on the street. They are cut absolutely straight to the ground, with slit skirts, and wide, draped sashes over the hips."

"What instinct is this, the uncontrollable urge of full-grown adults to 'tell Mother' their woes, when common humanity would suggest that she isn't able to bear it?" wonders A Plain Country Woman.

The April, 1913, *Journal* tells of a spring day on Fifth Avenue: "Up and down go the vendors of flowers—violets, daffodils, and trailing arbutus. . . . The upper decks of buses are filled. . . . Half-past three is the fashionable hour for tea, and each smart hotel and tea-room attracts its quota of beautifully gowned women. Here one sees all the very newest ideas in clothes."

"Have you ever seen a rose leaf that was faded until it looked almost gray? That is the new color exactly—ashes of rose."

"How can I clean my white straw hat from last summer?" asks Belle. "It is not only soiled but badly sunburnt on top." The answer: A lace cover.


temptation

TUNA SALAD

2 (6½ ounce) cans tuna, drained flaked
1 cup diced celery
Dash lemon juice
1 teaspoon minced onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonn

Combine ingredients. Refrigerate u serving time. Serves 4.

TO ASSEMBLE FISH: Shape body fish on serving platter. (Best Food so full-bodied your "fish" holds shape.) Form tail and fins with pimie or tomato slices. Use cucumber for stripes, parsley for eye, pimie for mouth.

Variations on basic salad

LUAU TUNA SALAD: Omit lemon ju onion, seasoning. Add 1 cup drai crushed pineapple, ½ cup chop nuts. Blend 1 teaspoon curry pow into Best Foods, then toss. Best Fo is delicately spiced with subtle fl enchantment to enhance all other fo

TUNA-RICE SALAD: Add 1½ c cooked rice, 1 tablespoon choppec miento, marinated in 2 tablespc each Mazola® Golden Corn Oil and v gar. Extra smooth-blending Best Fc is delicately light . . . doesn't mask other flavors.

HOT TUNA BUNS

4 hamburger buns
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonn
1 (6½ ounce) can tuna, drained flaked
½ cup chopped FANNING'S Bread Butter™ pickles
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup grated cheese

Split buns; spread with Best Fo Sprinkle each half with tuna, pi and onion. Cover with remain Best Foods, sprinkle with cheese. B until lightly browned. (Best Food real mayonnaise . . . doesn't separa even when heated.) Serves 4.

Note: These recipes were developed with Best Foods, and no other brand can insure the same fine, delicious results.

TI
is no pla
for "seco
best"! It tak
real mayonnais
Best Foods—to bring
the best in happy dish
like these. Extra delica
and light, Best Foods
in a class by itself.

this is no place
"second best" .

temptation

TUNA SALAD




NEW EASY-SCOOP JAR

ing out the BEST FOODS...and bring out the best

# Entertaining or every-day, GAS makes cooking fast, cool and clean on this fabulous new TAPPAN

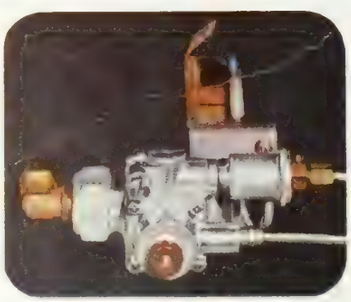




**CONTROLLED—WITH GAS.** Burner-with-a Brain* guards your Hollandaise sauce! Controls cooking temperature so even delicate foods won't scorch, burn, or boil over. Regulates itself automatically.



**FLAME-BROWNED—WITH GAS.** Even Crème Brulée is a triumph. Easy: with fast Gas broiling; sure: with Tappan's accurate controls. And shut-door Gas broiling keeps you and your kitchen delightfully cool.



**SAFE—WITH GAS.** Oven, broiler, all burners light automatically. This Tappan is safe automatically, all over. If oven or broiler pilot goes out, this tiny "sentry" device shuts off the Gas automatically.

TAPPAN

Help like this makes parties fun! Try new recipes you never dared before—make old favorites newly great—with automatic controls to smooth every step. Have perfect roasts—with even Gas heat, *automatic* meat thermometer. Enjoy succulent barbecues—flame-browned, basted *automatically*. Sauces you never knew *you* could do are safe *automatically*, on the Burner-with-a-Brain. Guests late? No panic—"Keep-Warm" oven control (140°) holds meals "table ready" for hours *without overcooking*. This new, fabulously-styled Tappan "400" is a superb example of ranges built to Gold Star standards. At your Gas company or appliance dealer's. AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

**Easy modernizer: build this TAPPAN in, hang on a wall, or slide it in!**

LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

WHEN YOU SEE THIS GOLD STAR ON A RANGE, YOU KNOW IT COOKS FASTER, COOLER, CLEANER—AUTOMATICALLY!

*A. G. A. Mark ©Am. Gas Assoc., Inc



## THE WORLD WE WANT

*"If the man in the street says, 'Those fellows at the top have to be good, but I'm just a slob and can act like one'—then our days of greatness are behind us. We must foster a conception of excellence which may be applied to every degree of ability and to every socially acceptable activity. A missile may blow up on its launching pad because the designer was incompetent or because the mechanic who adjusted the last valve was incompetent. The same is true of everything else in our society."*
*—JOHN W. GARDNER, Can We Be Equal and Excellent Too?*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND JACOBS



*Concentration on science studies does not limit a wide range of interest in students like Mike Zasloff (above, right), Zelda Steinberg (left), or Rosina Tinari (below). Rosina, an accomplished dancer and language student, will enter college at the age of 14.*



# TOUGHEST* HIGH SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES

*Tough (tŭf), *adj.* **1.** Strong or firm in texture, but flexible and not brittle.—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.*

**By GLENN WHITE** Michael Zasloff, a darkly handsome senior at New York's Bronx High School of Science, spends much of his time thinking about worms. He has been thinking about worms—tiny flatworms called planaria—for several years now, and it has brought him considerable honor. Mike looks nothing like the cartoon version of the young scholar (it's doubtful that any young scholar does). In appearance, he would blend with any gang of boys on any street corner. If there is an intense inner drive in Mike Zasloff, he disguises it well with a casual air. You would not discern by the way he dresses, or combs or does not comb his hair, that he is one of the nation's best high-school scientists.

The flatworms Mike has thought so much about have peculiar regenerative powers. This worm, if cut in half, will then form two worms, each as complete as the original. Any segment of a flatworm will form another flatworm, but segments from the top half do it better and quicker. Segments from the bottom half may form an incomplete worm. Mike asked himself why. His experiments in answer to that question won him a top award of $250 from the Future Scientists of America last year, and this fall he delivered his paper, *The Role of Amino Acids in the Regeneration of Planaria*, before the Junior Science Symposium at Columbia University.

Mike is not far from the top of the honor roll in his class. He is also editor of the *Social Studies Journal*, and secretary of Arista, the school's honor society. He is carrying two college-level courses—chemistry and math. He is a pianist and an amateur radio operator (WV2RON to other hams). For a while Mike worked during his school lunch hour as head cashier in the cafeteria. "I found I was going from the first period through the ninth without lifting my head," he said. "But one day I did, and I said to myself, 'Why am I doing this?'" He gave it up, in order to have more time to eat, and to think about worms. His working school day, which begins before dawn, ends usually around midnight, after three or four hours' concentration on homework.

His social life is, understandably, not heavy, but he enjoys going to parties, and sometimes he even thinks about girls.

To sustain such a program, in superb health and smiling, Mike has to be physically and mentally tough, in the best sense of the word—and he is. He represents a new kind of toughness in American high schools that is becoming increasingly respected, especially among those boys and girls who plan to attend college. Mike hopes to major in chemistry at Harvard University.

So much has been reported about the misbehavior of pupils in public schools of the *Blackboard Jungle* variety, and of the low state of American education in general, that it may seem to be news that extremely able and well-prepared students are entering the nation's best colleges from high schools in every part of the nation—and that their numbers are increasing. As Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



# MY BIG SISTER'S ROMANCE

*Papa said that Carmen could marry Joe when he turned into a solid citizen. Poor Carmen! Joe Harms couldn't have cared less about money.*

BY GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE



*Joe set out with his surfboard and his dog Orbit...*

*Dear Miss Coates:* For our long theme you say write up a Historical Event, a Personal Experience or Someone Near and Dear to Us. My theme has all three in it, which makes it longer, so I am dividing it into chapters. I have looked up every word I do not know how to spell.

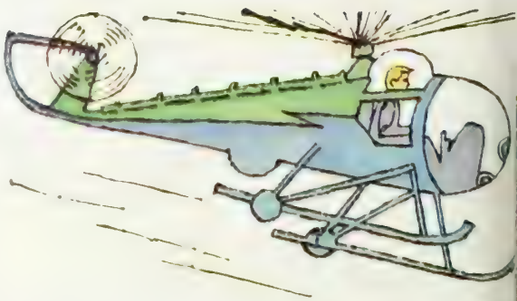
CHAPTER 1 Everybody knows the arch over Main Street has orange letters on it saying, "Where the Orange Groves Meet the Sea." This is something for which our part of Southern California is famed. And it is really true of the ranch which is my home, purchased by my grandfather in 1905 A.D. when there was nothing here but dust devils and chicken hawks, because our trees go right down to the beach. My grandfather has passed on to his reward, which my father says he is sure is a warm one, a good thing, because grandfather always liked hot water and hot weather. But my father is still in citrus fruits, selling them for concentrate and supporting my mother, my sister Carmen and me, although it looks as if this is over now. But I am getting ahead of my story, so I will begin at the beginning.




*acquired trucks and a hill full of gravel . . .*

CHAPTER 2 At my age, which is 12, I am only beginning to be interested in boys, but my big sister Carmen, who is 19, was very interested in boys until one year ago when she stopped dating them and began to go steady with Joe Harms. By going steady I mean she saw Joe every day and night, for hours and hours. After a while of this Joe came to our house in his hot rod, which had no hood or front fenders, with his surfboard sticking out the back and his guitar and his sheep dog Orbit on the seat beside him, and said to papa, "Hi there, Mr. Fullerton, Carmen and I would like to get married. I would like to know how you feel about it, sir."

"Why, now, son, I feel as pleased as punch," replied papa. "Every father hopes his daughter



*flew around town in a helicopter, buzzing the house, waving at Carmen . . .*

will marry a bum, you know. It will be nice, on cold rainy nights, to sit by the fireplace in comfort and think of you and Carmen keeping house under that surfboard on the beach."

"Mr. Fullerton," said Joe, "I resent that. I am not a beach bum, or any other kind of a bum. Since I got out of college I have been fooling around, sure. But that is only because I have not met a girl who would make me want to settle down. But now I have met Carmen, and I am ready to settle down, and we will only go to the beach on Saturdays and Sundays."

"Sincere congratulations," said papa. "And just how much do CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

*and serenading her with a song by Fabian (who I hope will be our next President).*









KATHY WERSEN/GLOBE



JAY MAISEL

# THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

*Child of alcoholic parents, raised by her grandmother in poverty and love, Carol was noticeable for her brains and drive at the age of four. She matured with warmth, discipline and humor. How could she lose?*

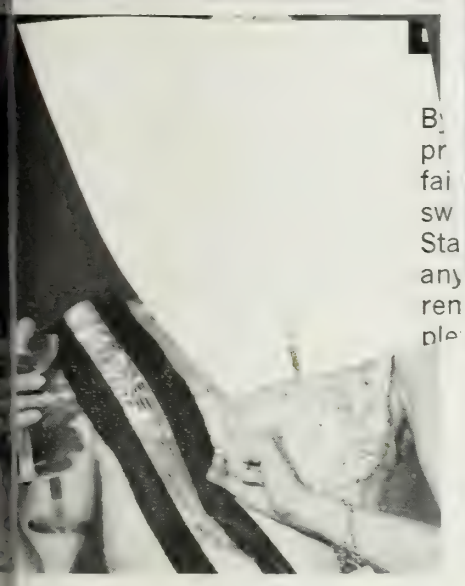
**PART I** In the fall of 1958, a young actress named Carol Burnett was collecting unemployment compensation between jobs. She isn't working regularly today, either, but with a difference. Until she left the *Garry Moore Show* last spring, she appeared every Tuesday night for three years in 24,000,000 living rooms, and entranced audiences with her songs and kookie skits. Today she is at the top by all the hard-boiled standards of her profession: box office, ratings, fan mail and just plain money. But hard-boiled standards never quite describe the phenomenon of capturing the affections of the American public. It seems more important to say that Carol is now one of the handful of truly beloved figures in the entertainment world.

As Garry Moore says, "Everybody who sees her thinks he discovered her." Teen-age girls write her love letters ("*Dear Carol:* I love you fourth best. First I love God, second my mother, third my nephew, then you"). An elderly gentleman used to attend every Garry Moore show and present her with a paper bag filled with presents from the five-and-ten. A CBS official says, "I've walked around New York with practically every star on our list, but I never walked with anyone who drew as much attention as Carol. The elevator operators, the saleswomen, everyone stopped and greeted her like a friend. Even a bunch of Con Edison men came up out of their manholes."

Carol has two favorite stories of her own. One is of the dress-shop saleswoman who took both of Carol's hands in hers and said rhapsodically, "I see you every Tuesday night and *never* enjoy you! Never!" The other is of the time she was at a family-style country restaurant in New Jersey, taking her younger sister Christine to Sunday dinner from her nearby boarding school. A large family was having dinner at a nearby table, and Carol was aware of the whispers and gazes during the meal. Later, Carol retired to the ladies' room. She was in the sanctum sanctorum when, as she














(1) *Carol mugging at age two.* (2) *With grandmother, Mae White, who raised her with copious affection.* (3) *"To me, a sense of humor goes with intelligence; I look for it in people I like."* (4) *As UCLA drama student Carol got rowdy parts.* (5) *She stole Rehearsal Club show with spoof of Eartha Kitt.* (6) *One of her classics: Princess of Morovia getting looped on toasts.* (7) Garry Moore Show *staff members love Carol, have given her standing ovations.* (8) *She called Garry "my dear friend and boss, the man I admire most."* (9) *With sister, Christine, whom she has mothered since their mother's death.*

# -OF CAROL BURNETT

ays, "I heard the outer door open and these ttle five-year-old feet come pitty-pat. Then is little face appears upside-down under my oor and says, 'Are you Carol Burnett?'"

The embodiment of all this affection stands ve feet seven, weighs 120 pounds, and has rned her personal vitality and a mouthful of eth into national treasures. In the 3-D of the esh, she glows with color. She has green eyes, clear white skin and bright red hair for pro-ssional purposes. (She says, "My own is *very* ark brown. When I let it grow in, I look as hough I ought to break into *The Indian Love all.*") She looks distressingly thin, charmingly ital, and occasionally more vulnerable than in arsh black and white. She'll be 30 years old is April, but the magic of youth is about her. Part of it is in the warm Western voice, the jovial "Hi!," part of it in her evident enjoyment of the moment. She likes to wear Ivy League slacks, sweaters and sport coats. She won't touch her hair between settings (it positively *hangs* by the end of the week), and, unless she's really dressed up, uses little or no makeup.

It has been said many times that she is really a very pretty girl. She is indeed; after all, she has beautiful eyes, a fine-boned face and very real charm. She is also reasonably dignified (except when she breaks into irresistible laughter) and more than reasonably intelligent. Her conversation is amusing and responsive, and she makes a point of never hamming it up—unless the situation really calls for it. But certainly her stage character didn't just happen. Part of her bravura is that of a girl who grew up convinced she was not pretty—and chose to be good-natured about it. She makes jokes about her lack of glamour. Her look is candid. She has a way of putting a cigarette in the dead center of her lips and clamping it between her teeth, and she once went to a charity ball wearing sneakers under her gown. (She did not, as Bea Lillie has done, lift up her skirts at the end of the evening and roller-skate away.)

Onstage, she has a glittering array of talents. It is sheer superfluity that her fingers are double-jointed and that she can do wonderfully misshapen things with them. She can cross her eyes extravagantly (but rarely does now) and render, body and soul, the expressions of shining innocence,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120





# Eastern Shore Of Virginia

By most Virginians it is known as The Shore, and by most of them it is pronounced shaw-a, or sometimes show-ah. Its shape on the map bears a faint resemblance to the tapering tail of a chameleon; the body above swelling out to become the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the entire little State of Delaware. Up to now the Eastern Shore of Virginia has never had any direct attachment to the mother state—a circumstance currently being remedied by a multimillion-dollar bridge-tunnel project which, when completed next year, will be one of the world's most spectacular man-made structures. Now, however, it is a good day's drive around through tidewater Maryland to Virginia proper, and from the tip of the tail it is an often choppy 20-mile ferry trip across the open mouth of the Chesapeake. The peninsula is about 70 miles long, and as you speed along the spinal highway you are always closer than you think to the Chesapeake on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. You are also always closer than you think to more nice early houses than along any similar stretch in the country. Literally hundreds, from good to fine to extra fine. It is from the extra fine that I have chosen the three houses pictured on these four pages.

Then, again, like a chameleon, The Shore changes color too—but with the seasons. The coloration caused by spring is the best one. During the last full week in April, an occasion called garden week* makes it possible to find—and examine—the right houses. Otherwise they are often as elusive as will-o'-the-wisps. They lurk in unspeakably romantic tangles of tidewater lanes and creeklands, whether opening onto the bay or the ocean. For the most part they turn out to be in settings of extraordinary pastoral charm.

Hill's Farm is one of the more resplendent, as you see it here with its sheep-laden lawns, its tidewater creek encroaching. Its morning room, at left, and its dining room glimpsed beyond, foretell its extremely stylish interiors. It is very early indeed—built in 1697, they say, by a man named Richard Drummond, on the farm of his grandfather Hill. It is a dream inside and out and all around.

**BY RICHARD PRATT**

*For information, write to Historic Garden Week, Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Virginia, for a guidebook; or to Chamber of Commerce, Accomac, Virginia.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER





The kind of house known as big-house-little-house-colonnade-and-kitchen i an architectural heritage for which the Eastern Shore of Virginia is famous Eyre Hall gives you the idea here with great elegance, but less literally tha many another early house whose wings descend in line and in strict order tru to type. It is one of the first great houses you encounter if you arrive at Th Shore by way of the lower tip. This you do now perforce by ferry. But by earl next year The Shore, after three and a half centuries of settlement, finally wi be given, at the southern tip, a direct attachment to the main part of Virginia by means of the amazing 17.6-mile combination of causeways, bridgeway and tunnels already mentioned, that starts off for The Shore near Norfolk

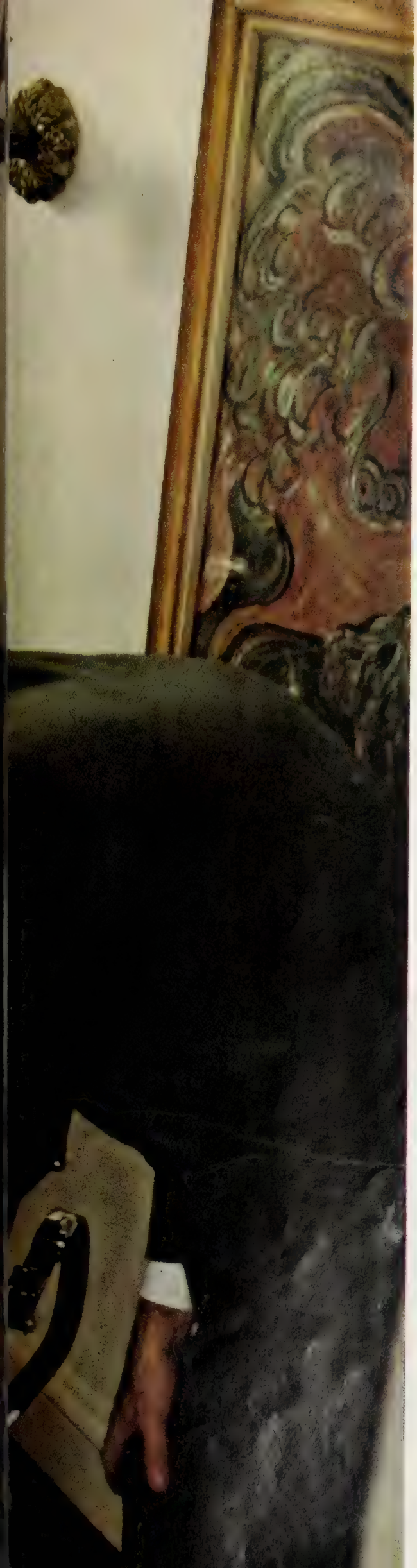
You drive in from the highway through a long tunnel of trees, beyond whic Eyre Hall comes into view, bringing its own enchantment to the tidewater land scape against the background of the bay. The staircase hallway, above, wit the library beyond, gives only a taste of the Eyre Hall interiors, but from thi you can be sure of a feast of fine rooms. Besides the entrancing front fence there is a boxwood garden in back that completes the full beauty of the place

ery early American community is enlivened by certain deviations from the evailing indigenous house-types of the period. And almost every coastal mmunity contained at least one house that was sworn to be the headquar-rs of a notorious smuggler, with underground ca erns for contraband and cret tunnels down to the water. In the community of The Shore, Wharton, right, holds the double honor of being both an extraordinary deviation from cal design traditions and a smuggler's residence deluxe. An expatriate from iladelphia in the 18th century, John Wharton, by his subversive skills and eat successes, was able to build himself a noble Philadelphia mansion in e of the best locations on the ocean side of The Shore. It survived many cades of squatter tenancy without a blemish to become the monumental ide of the peninsula. It's as fascinating a house as you'll find anywhere, perbly maintained with appropriate esteem by its devoted owners.

The dining room, above, with its Adam mantel in black enamel, opens into e great drawing room, at the right, and, due ahead, into the great hall with extraordinary three-story staircase.







# How to Dress Well on Practically Nothing

**by Catherine di Montezemolo**
FASHION EDITOR

It's really quite simple—if you follow a plan like this. Begin with a coat in a fiery color that somehow looks just as dazzling at nine p.m. as it did all day. We found a treasure of one- and two-piece dresses to go under it. And they'll be a boon when the warm weather sets in. Try this plan substituting other colors, or reversing it—a dark coat, bright dresses. We did, and it worked every time.

Left, frosted strawberry dacron and cotton in a cardigan coat with an Empire waistline which is fully gathered all around. About $30, by Peter Conte. The bright red-and-white striped cotton-knit stocking cap is by Madcaps. Coat and cap available at B. Altman and Co., New York; Charles Stevens, Chicago; Woodward and Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Rich's, Atlanta.

Below, a little-something dress—a cotton-knit sliver of diagonal navy-and-white pin stripes. It is banded at the neck and arms with bright-red sweater ribbing. Wear it under the coat opposite or any other you can think of. About $25, by Youth Guild; at Lord and Taylor, New York; Charles Stevens, Chicago; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Frederick and Nelson, Seattle; Stewart's, Louisville.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESTER BOOKBINDER IN A HOUSE DECORATED BY LLOYD BELL

Immediately below: Imagine this under the pink coat—two shades of red dots on white. Of Du Pont's 100% Antron nylon jersey, it has a tennis-sweater neckline and a softly pleated skirt. In petite sizes by Shelton Stroller, about $13.

Bottom: Black-and-white gingham checks in a light worsted. The wide V neckline, sleeves and pockets are etched in black braid. Dress is slightly fitted through the waist, ending in a softly flared skirt. About $25, by Sportwhirl.

Right: The tennis-sweater look again in a two-piece dress. Of jacquard-patterned 100% cotton knit by Alamac with Permathal Everglaze finish. A tuck-in-or-out top; the skirt a backdrop for countless others. About $18, by Koret of Calif.





AT [illegible] BY NEW YORK: SAKSON, BEST; SCOTT, CHICAGO; FREDERICK AND NELSON, SEATTLE; RICH'S, ATLANTA. BOTTOM: AT HIMMELHOCH, DETROIT; I. MAGNIN, WEST COAST. RIGHT: AT JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO; JOSEPH HARRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C.



# Clothes to Entertain in

The most entertaining clothes to entertain in are gay and as varied as the weather—from the simplest bright cotton halter dress to the most sophisticated silk pajama costume. Long skirts are gaining favor over slacks, but there is a definite place for both. Below, one of the season's prettiest flower-garden printed silks by Orceyre in an easy-fitting two-piece dress. Shoes by Taj. Vogue Design No. 5821.



by Nora O'Leary
PATTERN EDITOR





The gayest print in the upholstery department (by Everfast) in wonderful shades of yellow and orange was our choice for this ever-so-simple dress. Vogue Design No. 5820.



This wonderful costume reminiscent of the '30's is a new favorite for dining at home. Ours, in polka-dot silk surah by Couture, has a divided skirt. Vogue Design No. 5857.



A charming pastel Onondaga silk skirt is lightly quilted following the lines of the plaid. We topped it with a sleeveless shirt. Gold jewelry by Monet. Vogue Design No. 5859.

Slim trousers, slim tunic, both in Wamsutta's co-ordinated prints for entertaining on the patio. The wonderful border accents the length of the tunic. Vogue Design No. 5881.

Another border—this one a silky cotton by Pomezia—used cross grain the width of the fabric. Her shocking-pink silk shirt is Vogue Design No. 5213. Necklace by Imperial.

For a young hostess, a black top with a black-and-white piqué (Menke Lieberman) skirt. Re-embroider a few daisies in yellow. Skirt Vogue Design No. 5420. Top No. 5621.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW / ALL ENTERTAINING ACCESSORIES COURTESY OF B. ALTMAN & CO. / OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 100.

# You Know How It Is With Women

By WILL STANTON

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON



**Every washer on the block needed attention, according to the repairman, and the wives needed more attention than the washers.**

"I was figuring your wife would be here," the fellow said, "but you say she's gone out."

"You know how it is with women," I said: "here today, gone tomorrow."

To tell the truth, I was a little burned up at Ethel. She had gone downtown to get new school outfits for the kids, and not one word that she was expecting a repairman. I had figured that for once I'd have a Saturday afternoon to myself—take a nap, watch the ball game, whatever I wanted. And then this clown had shown up to fix the washer. I went ahead of him down the basement steps.

"My wife did mention that the washer wasn't working right, but I didn't know she'd called somebody to fix it."

"No? Well, like you say, that's how women are." He put his tool kit on the floor and switched on the machine. "Brother—the original Betsy Ross model." He fooled with the dial. "It could be worse, I guess, probably can patch it up so it'll run a little longer."

I lighted a cigarette. "What do you mean—that's how women are?"

"Nothing personal, Mac." He pulled the washer out from the wall. "You learn a lot about human nature in this business. Get so you can size up a person fast. Your wife was in my shop last week—we had a long talk."

"That was nice."

"Uh-huh. I told her she ought to be on TV." He pried off the back of the machine and leaned it against the wall. "She said she'd thought some of going on the stage."

"Ethel told you that?"

"Didn't know about it, eh?" He nodded wisely. "You want to hand me the crescent wrench?" He pointed to his toolbox. "It's that shiny thing on top."

"I know what a wrench looks like," I said. I handed it to him. "My wife did do some acting in school. The drama instructor said she ought to make it a career, but she never considered it seriously."

"Maybe not then." He had his head and shoulders inside the machine.

"What do you mean, not then?"

He moved back out of the washer. "Marriage doesn't always turn out like you think it's going to. Say your wife is here in the house and the kids are at school or someplace like that. Maybe she's mopping the floor. Well, she gets to thinking." He started poking inside the machine again. "You remember that old song?" He began singing in an untrained and unpleasant tenor:

*"She may be weary,*
*Women do get weary*
*Wearing the same shabby dress——"**

"OK," I said. "What do you expect her to wear while she's mopping the floor? An opera cape? Ethel has lots of good clothes."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

From *Try a Little Tenderness,* by Harry Woods, Jimmy Campbell, Reg. Connelly. © 1932, renewed 1960 Robbins Music Corporation, New York, N.Y. Used by permission.





1935 One of the most remarkable . . .



1937 . . . phenomenons . . .

# Archie Leach by Cary Grant

**"I HAVE MADE MORE THAN 60 PICTURES AND LIVED IN HOLLYWOOD FOR 30 YEARS. THIRTY YEARS AGO MY HAIR WAS BLACK AND WAVY. TODAY IT'S GRAY AND BRISTLY. MY WIVES HAVE DIVORCED ME, AND I AWAIT A WOMAN WITH THE BEST QUALITIES OF EACH." CARY GRANT COMPLETES HIS FASCINATING STORY.**

**SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II:** *Cary Grant began life as Archie Leach with an unhappy childhood in England. His stormy school years were cut short when he joyously joined a youthful vaudeville troupe just before it embarked on an American tour. Sixteen-year-old Archie found excitement in New York, and first love. But within two years, theater jobs were so scarce he sought work as an advertising-sign-carrying stilt walker at Coney Island.*

**CONCLUSION**: In 1922, Coney Island was clean, freshly painted and well kept. There was little or no traffic on the main avenues, and people dressed in their carnival best. With a great new boardwalk and a great new hotel it was heralded to become the great new Eastern seaside resort that it never became. After extolling its past glories while driving there a few years ago with a friend of Spencer Tracy's and mine, a distinguished Boston physician, I was shocked to come upon its

1942 . . . his almost . . .



1947 . . . timeless . . .





**1938 . . . of his remarkable . . .**



**1940 . . . career has been . . .**

PICTORIAL PARADE

ilapidation and decadence. I imagine the good doctor was too; erhaps he thought I needed a doctor!

Still, to an eager, ambitious 18-year-old Englishman with, possibly, ıe blood of Vikings in his veins, it looked like this must be the place.

I presented myself to Mr. Tilyou for the job at his Steeplechase ark and he, true to his word, presented me with a doorman's uniform: bright-green coat with red braid and a bright-green jockey cap with d peak. Well! I supplied the long tubelike black trousers—specially ade, too; cost a bomb—and stilts to go with them, and there I was, gh in the air, striding slowly up and down, up and down, up and own, advertising the place. I wore no placards, just that resplendent iform and an unstiff upper lip.

You see how everything we learn comes in handy? If I hadn't been badgered, cajoled, dared, bullied and helped into walking those high stilts when I was a boy in the Pender troupe, I might have starved that summer—or gone back to Bristol. And this might never have been written. You lucky people.

I got $40 a week. P-retty good in 1922, when it bought so much more than it buys today. Five dollars a day except for Saturdays and Sundays. I got $10 for each of those two days, due to occupational unpredictabilities. Y'see, with the children out of school roaming around looking for something educational, my tall figure presented a tempting target for aspiring Jack the Giant-killers. Saturdays and Sundays were hazardous. No doubt about it. CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

**1952 . . . and enduring . . .**



**1958 . . . good looks.**



# THE FAMILY KITCHEN: AN OLD FAVORITE WITH A NEW LOOK



This kitchen is bold, bright and beautiful, a room within a room that combines the convenience of smallness with the hospitality of bigness. It's a good kitchen at heart, for its central cooking core is compact and isolated from both through-the-house traffic and the extras—phone booth, homework center, sewing center and music turntable that swings about to face the terrace—which make this room the family's favorite.

At the center of the cooking U is a stainless-steel sink which looks through sliding glass doors to the play yard and drive beyond. Window-side, the counter is extra wide to accommodate beat-the-clock breakfasters or groceries on their way from carport to cupboard. A step to the left is an electric range, just 30 inches wide, with a rotisserie-equipped eye-level oven, counter-height cooktop and larger oven below. The lower oven's window has moved from the door up to a panel above and is slanted—no stooping needed to see what's cooking. The range's built-up instead of spread-out styling frees adjacent space for mixing-center accessories and activities. Beyond the range is a roomy refrigerator-freezer which never needs defrosting. There's also a dishwasher and nearby plenty of cupboard space both above and below the counter so that clean dishes can go directly into them (no extra steps necessary). Set into the serving counter is an auxiliary cooktop, a two-unit electric model to cope with main-meal overflow or to isolate party preparations. There's a built-in keep-warm unit too.

The counter itself is extra wide—and double dutied. Tucked under one corner and backed into the cooking U is a complete laundry center. The last word in everything electric, this kitchen's a treat for mom, a retreat for the whole family (friends too). No wonder they all love it!

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON Home Management Editor





*In an out-of-the-way corner: a telephone booth behind sliding glass doors (practically soundproof). Walls, covered in washable plastic, can be scribbled upon.*



*Laundry center has combination washer-dryer in color matching range. Fold-up ironing board hides behind drop-leaf door with iron and accessories.*

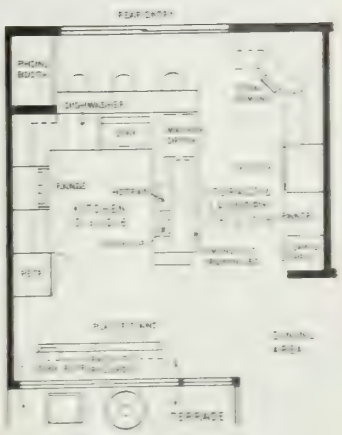


*Corner lazy Susan houses homework-office and sewing centers. Both are set up, ready to go when spun around (above, left and right). Note shelves, stationery pigeonholes, file drawers, adjoining storage wall for staples, cleaning supplies plus full-size upright freezer.*



*Wall-sized terrarium has small glazed plant, metal unit, can revolve into kitchen (below, left) or patio (below) for fair-weather fun. Unit also includes serving bar with under-counter refrigerator. Set into white counter: hardwood cutting board, small stainless sink.*

*an shows how cooking U, a compact, completely equipped kitchen into itself, is independent of traffic and fringe activities. Its plan is basic, can be used as is for a modest kitchen or set within large room (above) for family kitchen.*








PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST S. LYA | APPLIANCES BY GENERAL ELECTRIC, CABINETS BY WHITEHALL, FLOOR BY ROBBINS

# the Magic of Mixes

By **NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD, Food Editor** Every mix is a bagful of tricks. Each "instant," canned and frozen food too. Open a box, and presto!—puddings, pies, potatoes, pastas . . . soups, sauces, salad dressings . . . even whole meals in minutes. They're all mixes at heart, and excellent as is. But look what happens when they become an *ingredient*. Our Beef Cottage Pie, for example, begins in a box—or rather boxes, plural—then materializes as hearty, fork-tender chunks of beef in a



magic gravy (dry soups are the secret). To garnish: a whiz of a potato ruff that's lightly laced with nutmeg. Slight of hand? An old-fashioned potato salad, in which everything's made in an instant but the bacon and eggs; plump tomatoes filled in a minute with macaroni and cheese. More saucery? Green beans, mushrooms and pimiento served in a bubbling cheese sauce, a tall rice ring crowned with curried shrimp? Desserts? "Presto—change-o!" A boxed cake becomes a golden baba ring . . . frosting mix turns into chocolate mousse . . . strawberry gelatin and frozen berries create a new kind of cake . . . chiffon mix wraps up a cranberry cream . . . peach gelatin builds a glistening mold. Magic? To be sure! And the loveliest kind we know. "Now you see it, now you don't" because these devastating desserts (a lucky 13 in all) will vanish right under your eyes. Try them, you'll see!

**FOR 50 QUICKIES ABOUT TO BECOME CLASSIC SOUPS, APPETIZERS, SALADS, ENTREES, DESSERTS, SEE PAGE 104.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN HOROWITZ



# IT'S AN ART

by Cynthia Kellogg DECORATING EDITOR • PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE

This spring, the prettiest news at home is the revival of old patterns in china, flatware and glass.

You can breakfast on George Washington's rose-sprigged set, lunch with accessories from the tables of the kings of France, dine with plates that Columbus might have used in Spain. You can choose silver that was a glory of Georgian England, goblets patterned after jelly glasses from American farmhouse kitchens, rice bowls rushed home from Japan on 19th-century clipper ships.

These copies of museum pieces, and many more, add up to the biggest trend in tablewares since the introduction of plain white china and streamlined



*Snack is served on reproductions of Thomas Jefferson's china on desk in Col. and Mrs. Roger Brunschwig's home.*

accessories after the war. But this trend does not mean that you have to go all formal again, smothering your table in matched china, stiff floral centerpieces and white damask cloths.

The fresh, modern way to use the beautiful designs of the past is to mix them with other designs, new and old, as we show in our 12 settings for every meal of the day. The effect is that of a still-life painting with a one-of-a-kind look that reflects your own tastes, not a traditional formula.

To create modern backdrops that dramatize the old patterns, bare the tabletop, or set it with mats.



*Luncheon has a country charm when served on copies of Portuguese patterns. In Howard Perry Rothberg's home.*

Keep your centerpieces simple. If you decide on flowers, tuck them casually into containers. You could use fruit, perhaps different kinds in one color, as green grapes, pears and limes. A single



*For the sherry hour, a Williamsburg decanter and ceramic copies of Georgian silver trays. In Arthur Cohen's home.*

beautiful object, as a sculpture or a tureen, would do handsomely as a centerpiece. Add personal touches by using your small decorating bibelots.

Think about textures in tablewares. China can dlesticks are fine, but metal ones might look live lier with your china plates; organdy mats ar charming, but coarse linen ones might play u your glossy crystal. Wood accessories might alter nate with china and metal ones, baskets take th place of other servers on occasion.

Consider mixing your patterns, which may in clude some from your mother or grandmother tha you have stored away because they looked "old fashioned." You could mix several of these per haps, adding your modern flatware and glass. Or you could invest in two sets of patterned plates one for salad, one for dessert, to use with you plain modern dinner plates. You could add decora tive soup or dessert bowls, alternate your plai



*Breakfast tray is set with copies of George Washington china and a Georgian silver pot. In H.P. Rothberg's hom*

flatware with a new, decorative design, try delicat crystal goblets with textured, modern stoneware

With 1,095 tables to set a year, you may not wan to create a minor masterpiece on your table ever day. But there may be rewards in an artful tabl that will spur you on. For example, there could b an improvement in the children's manners, a offer to help in table setting from your daughte and—who knows—livelier table conversation wit your husband. For yourself, there is the person satisfaction of creating something of your own.



The new American idea of mixing tablewares for an artful look is an old Scandinavian one, translated here in Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Blechman's home in New York. Iron and steel, chunky crystal and textured linens, wine-dark purples and blues recreate the medieval mood of the tapestry. China and smoky goblets are old Swedish patterns: "Vinranka" dinner plate, $3; soup plate, $2.25. "Old Kungsholm" wine goblet, $4; water goblet, $5. Stainless steel is of modern Danish design: "Plata" flatware, 6-piece setting, $20.25; napkin rings, $3.75 each; condiment stand, $49. Dansk mats, 4 for $7.80; Irish linen napkins, 75 cents each. Candelabrum, $97.50; footed bowl, $18.75; decanter, $15.75; ashtrays, $2.75—all by Erik Hoglund for Boda. Ancient bronzes add a personal note.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION ON TABLE SETTINGS, SEE PAGE 129.



**IT'S AN ART:** Talking in the Renaissance palaces might have been set with such plates as these 14th-century Moorish and Gothic designs, copied today in Spain. In Mr. and Mrs. David Doyle's dining room, they are set out on a bare oak table and complemented with linen napkins and, surprise note, crystal [illegible] goblets. All patterns, including the plates with the fruit and cheese, are different, a pretty Spanish practice. Dessert plates, $12 a dozen dinner plates (with cheese), $2.25 each; chop plate (with fruit), $9. Seneca's goblets, $2.50 each. Stainless steel "Facette" cheese knives, $2 each; salad forks, $1.70 each. Ceramic candlesticks, copies of old wood ones, $40 a pair Painting by Alfred Leslie. Room remodeled by Robert H. Rosenberg, architect



Oriental tablewares are always at home because of their classic shapes and patterns. Keyed to the colors in the paintings, copies of 18th-century "Blue Dragon" plates and lacquer red rice bowls harmonize with the modern background in art collector J. Patrick Lannan's home in New York. The plates by Royal Worcester, were copied originally from a Chinese pattern; the rice bowls, painted with Oriental views of Europeans and their sailing ships, are copies of an antique Japanese bowl. Plates, $9.50 each; bowls, $45 each. Iron pot, copy of an old Japanese one, $19.50. Lacquer cup and saucer, $3. Sterling fork, $11.50. Wood trivet, $2; raffia mats, $1.25 each. The Chinese figure is a rare T'ang one. Paintings by Joan Mitchell, left, and Lester Johnson.



**IT'S AN ART.** The [illegible] setting was inspired by the French meal of meals, Sunday [illegible]. Arranged in the countrified dining room in Howard Perry Rothberg's town house, the setting shows how to give formal tablewares a pretty, informal background. The key: Use modern mats, here flowered linen ones, on a fancy tablecloth; create a casual centerpiece, here a crowd of potted violets. The formal ingredients: Copies of a 1677 plate in the Louvre, cryst stemware based on an 1826 design for King Charles X of France, sterling fl ware adapted from Louis XIV silver made in 1680. Limoges porcelain plates Ceralene, $8 each; five-piece setting, $24.50. Baccarat goblets, $4.50, and $6, depending on their size. Christofle flatware, six-piece setting, $61.7



Sunday supper, served with Colonial Delft and pewter, combines two patterns in one blue-and-white color scheme, two small containers for flowers instead of one large one. On the table: Delft bowls, $7.50 each, on copies of Pennsylvania Dutch plates, $3.50 each; "jelly-glass" goblets, $3 each; Queen Anne design in stainless steel flatware, 50 pieces for $29.95. In H.P. Rothberg's home.



Recalling the golden afternoons at the century's turn, flowered plates bloom on a flowered organdy cloth set for tea. The patterns are relieved by white china with raised designs. Minton's 18th-century "Haddon Hall" cups, $7.25 each; dessert plates, $5 each; cake plate, $14. Spode's Victorian "bamboo" teapot, $22; creamer, $9.50; sugar bowl, $12.50. In H.P. Rothberg's home.

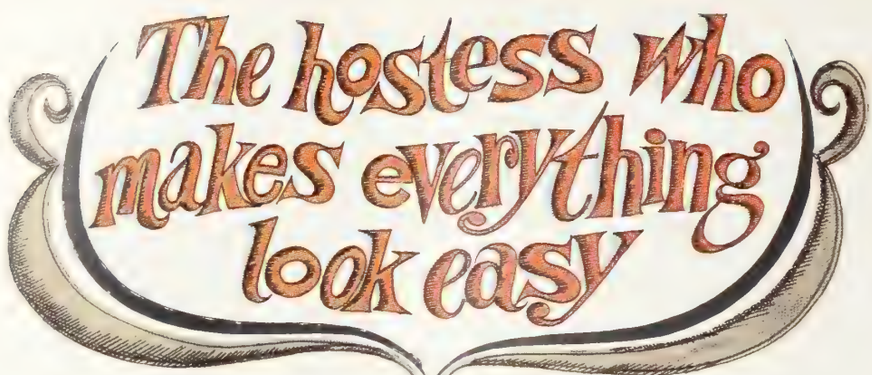


Classic black-and-white setting is dramatized by using mats to expose the wood tabletop, lots of crystal and silver. Mottahedah's Directoire china: "Venetian Villa" Creil plates, 4 for $22, and tureen, $45; pot-de-creme, $4 each. On the buffet, Ceralene's Directoire after-dinner coffee set; cups, $8 each; creamer, $14; sugar bowl, $17. In Col. and Mrs. Roger Brunschwig's Empire dining room.



English idea of serving breakfast from the sideboard adapts to American brunch. Blue-and-white earthenware is William Adams' 1780 "Chinese Bird" design. $1.50 for a cup and saucer, $8.55 for a coffee pot. White plates are Wedgwood copies of an old French pattern, "Willow Weave", $1.05 each. The basket in silver, $15. In Arthur Cohen's home designed by Ward Bennett.

ALL SILVER PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION ON TABLE SETTINGS, SEE PAGE 129




# EASTER DINNER FOR EIGHT

BY MARY JANE ENGEL

For that special Easter dinner, an absolutely perfect menu is in order—effortless to prepare, with all the trimmings you like! Our Ham Jubilee is baked to juicy tenderness and served under a rich glaze. To complement it, pass not one, but two sauces—Spiced Cranberry-Raisin and Fluffy Mustard. Add a bubbly casserole of tomato wedges, zucchini slices and the thinnest onion rings, and a bowl of the newest spring potatoes, dressed with a herbed lemon-butter sauce (both are do-aheads).

The salad is simple, crisp greens tossed lightly at the very last moment with one of the many delicious prepared dressings. Rolls? Try the brown-and-serve variety, of course. The dessert, Rainbow Cream Compote, is one of the prettiest and easiest ever—a garland of ice cream and sherbet with a luscious fruit sauce, prepared as much as a week ahead.

For a smooth blend of ease and graciousness in serving, arrange the food on a buffet and let your guests help themselves, then move along to a table set up with silver, glasses and napkins. Place dessert and coffee on a small table to the side. As a prelude to the meal, pass steaming cups of consommé with a little diced avocado to your guests in the living room. This will give you time for those last-minute touches. Then relax—enjoy your guests and your party.

### GLAZED HAM JUBILEE

- 1 ready-to-eat or precooked ham (8–10 lbs.)
- ¼ cup white corn syrup
- ½ cup canned jellied cranberry sauce
- Cloves
- Heavy-duty aluminum foil

(1) Trim excess fat off ham. Score fat in crisscross fashion. (2) Place ham (fat side up) on large sheet, double thickness, of heavy-duty aluminum foil. Pull together the two long edges of foil and fold them down together until the foil fits loosely around the ham. Fold the two ends under. Place on rack in a large roasting pan. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., allowing 25 minutes to the pound. (3) With a fork, mix together the corn syrup and cranberry sauce. Set aside. (4) 30 minutes before ham is done, remove from oven and cut away the foil. Stud with cloves and spoon over half the glaze, coating the ham evenly. Return ham to oven for 15 minutes. Spoon over remaining glaze and bake another 15 minutes. Do not baste with drippings in the pan, it will dull the luster. (5) Let ham stand at room temperature about 20 minutes before carving; it will carve more easily. Makes 8–10 servings and enough left over for your favorite ham-casserole recipe.

### SPICED CRANBERRY-RAISIN SAUCE

- 1 can (1-lb.) whole cranberry sauce
- ¼ cup seedless raisins
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon

(1) In a small saucepan, heat together all ingredients about 20 minutes. Stir occasionally. (2) Pour into a bowl and chill at least 4–5 hours to blend flavors. Makes about 2 cups sauce. This may be prepared several days in advance and stored in the refrigerator.

### FLUFFY MUSTARD SAUCE

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons prepared mustard
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1 tablespoon water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 2 teaspoons prepared horseradish
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped

(1) Add sugar, mustard, vinegar, water, salt and pepper to the egg yolks, mixing well. (2) Cook in the top of a double boiler, over barely simmering water, until smooth and thickened, about 5 minutes. (3) Remove from heat and stir in butter or margarine and horseradish. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Chill well before serving. Makes about 1 cup sauce. This sauce may be prepared the day before you plan to serve it.

### TOMATOES AND ZUCCHINI PROVENÇAL

- 4 medium onions, peeled and thinly sliced
- 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 6 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1½ lbs. zucchini cut in ½-inch slices
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ½ cup canned condensed consommé
- 1 cup bread crumbs, made from day-old bread
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 4 tomatoes, cored and cut into sixths

(1) Sauté the onions and garlic in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Push to one side of the pan. Add the zucchini and sauté for a few minutes. (2) Season with salt and pepper, add consommé, cover and simmer for 15 minutes. (3) Melt the remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a small skillet. Add the bread crumbs and cook, stirring constantly until golden. Remove from heat and stir in cheese. (4) In a shallow 2-quart casserole layer half the onion and zucchini a half the tomatoes. Sprinkle with half the brea crumb-cheese mixture. Repeat. (5) Bake, co ered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10 mi utes. Remove cover and continue baking a other 20–30 minutes, until vegetables are tend This may be prepared ahead and kept cover in the refrigerator until you plan to bake Makes 8–10 servings.

### NEW POTATOES WITH HERBS

- 4 lbs. small new potatoes
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons snipped chives
- Pinch rosemary
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- ⅓ cup finely choppe parsley

(1) Peel potatoes, cover with water and refri erate until ready to cook. They may be peel the night before or early on the day you pl to use them. (2) Cook the potatoes in boili salted water until tender, 25–30 minutes. While potatoes are cooking, melt butter margarine with chives, rosemary and lem juice. (4) To serve, drain potatoes well, tu into hot serving bowl, pour over butter mixtu and sprinkle with parsley. Makes 8–10 servin

### RAINBOW CREAM COMPOTE

- 1 can (8 oz.) apricot halves
- 1 can (8-oz.) peach slices
- 1 can (8-oz.) pineapple slices
- 1 can (8-oz.) pear slices
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup strawberries, washed, hulled an sliced in half
- 1 cup fresh or frozen thawed blueberrie (packed without sugar)
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 1 pint lemon sherbet

(1) Drain syrup from canned fruits into a sm saucepan; reserving the fruits. (2) Add sug lemon juice and rind. Bring to a boil, and simm for 20 minutes. (3) Add vanilla, cool, and po over reserved fruits. Pack into jars, cover a refrigerate. They may be prepared as much a week in advance. (4) To serve, add strawberr and blueberries to sauce. Spoon alternate mour or scoops of sherbet and ice cream into a bo Ladle some of the fruits with syrup over a pass the rest. Makes 8–10 servings.



### GOLDEN-SAUCED FISH

1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup
⅓ to ½ cup milk
1 tbsp. chopped chives*

In saucepan, combine all ingredients. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve over broiled or fried fish fillets or salmon steaks (about 1 lb.). 4 servings.
*Or, in place of chives, a generous dash dill leaves, 1 small clove garlic (minced), or 1 tbsp. chopped parsley.



### BARBECUE-BAKED FISH

1 lb. fish fillets (thaw if frozen)
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
4 thin slices lemon
4 thin onion rings
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
¼ cup water

In baking dish (10 x 6 x 2") place fish; sprinkle with salt, pepper. Dot with butter; top with lemon, onion, parsley. Mix soup, water; pour over fish. Bake at 400° F. for 20 min. or till done. 4 servings.



### TUNA A LA KING

½ cup sliced celery
2 tbsp. chopped onion
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
½ cup milk
1 can (7 oz.) tuna, drained and flaked
2 tbsp. chopped pimiento

In saucepan, cook celery and onion in butter until tender. Blend in soup and milk. Add tuna and pimiento. Heat; stir now and then. Serve on 4 slices toast. 4 servings.

# fish for compliments

3 easy recipes you make with *Campbell's Soup*



## MY BIG SISTER'S ROMANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

you have in the bank, may I ask, for settling purposes?"

"I have a few hundred bucks," said Joe. "We cannot all inherit orange groves and be president of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Fullerton."

Sitting in the glider around the corner of the veranda where they could not see me, I was scared they would get into a fistfight, they are both such big men. Papa is so big he can lift a calf, because I have seen him do it, and Joe has such muscles from paddling his surfboard that every time he lifts his arms it pulls his polo shirt out of his chinos and he has to stuff the shirt back in all around.

"With that kind of dough," said papa, lighting one of his dollar cigars but not giving one to Joe, which was an insult, because he gives dollar cigars away all day long, driving my poor mother to distraction, "you can go into competition with General Motors. Or do you have some more modest venture in mind? If you do, I am all ears."

"Why, Willie Chong is selling out his automatic laundry on Third Street. I can buy his equipment for peanuts," said Joe, "so I am going into the automatic-laundry business to support Carmen."

"If you think you can make a success of a laundry where a Chinese laundryman cannot," said papa, "lots of luck, my boy. You do it, and we will talk about your marrying Carmen."

CHAPTER 3 My room is next to Carmen's. So I got into bed with her, that night, and told her what I had heard. I will say here that my sister Carmen is the most beautiful thing that ever walked on land or sea. She has the coloring of our Spanish great-grandmother, Concha Luz Olivera, very white skin with very black hair and silver eyes, and Carmen is also plump and curvy and nice to get into bed with, though not on hot nights of course when the hot santana wind blows in from the desert.

"I told Joe it would do no good to talk to papa," said Carmen. "Papa wants me to marry that drip Daniel Peak because Daniel has a nice, safe job at the bank and may be a vice president by 1985 if he lives that long."

"Never mind," I said, "Joe is going into the laundry business, and he will make a lot of money and everything will turn out all right."

"What does Joe know about a laundry, poor guy?" said Carmen. "He will do the washing by tying it on his surfboard and riding breakers with it, that is what he will do."

"Papa wished him lots of luck," I said. "I heard him. That is a good sign."

"Papa is a sarcastic beast," said Carmen. "He just wants Joe to fail, that is all. Oh, the fiend, the fiend."

And she was right too. Daniel Peak came to dinner a few nights later, because papa is always bumping into him downtown and saying, "You must come for dinner, Dan, my boy," and Daniel and papa did nothing but laugh about Joe's laundry.

"Do you know what that nut is doing?" asked Daniel. "He has got those washers he bought from Willie Chong set up in an old adobe in the Mexican quarter. He thinks those Mexican women are going to pay him two bits to do their washing by machine."

Papa laughed and laughed. "Why, those old dames over there still whack their petticoats on the rocks in the brook, to this day."

"You know what is going to happen?" said Daniel. By this time, over coffee, he and papa were laughing so hard they were practically crying. "If he gets a single Mexican to come near one of those machines, she will fill it with rocks from the arroyo."

"It will fly into a million pieces," said papa. "Oh, my, oh, my; my sides ache."

Carmen's skin is so white that you cannot tell when she gets pale, but I knew she was pale inside, because she picked up a riding crop and made little flicks with it, which she does when she is furious. "I will now go to bed and read a good book," she said, "but I will leave this thought with you two. Casualidad, our own cook, and Zerolina, our own maid, are taking their own washing to Joe's Lavanderia Automatica, and Joe is making money hand over fist."

"Carmen," said mother, "do not speak sharply to your father."

"In just about one more minute," said Carmen, "I will jab my father with a sharp stick, that is what I will do to my father."

CHAPTER 4 Not much more than one month after he went into the laundry business Joe rode up our private road, between mother's oleanders, on a burro. He was on the burro partly because it was funny, and partly because he had sold his hot rod to get capital. Joe dropped his hackamore, tuned his guitar, and sang a song by Fabian, who I sincerely hope will be the next President of the U.S.

"If you are trying for a solid-gold record," said papa, "that will be one record I will do my best to break."

"Good evening Mr. Fullerton, Mrs. Fullerton, Carmen, sis," said Joe. "I am not trying for a gold record or a gold anything; I am serenading my bride."

"Joe, you fool," said Carmen, "you should know by now that my paternal parent has not one ounce of humor. He only laughs heartily when people are suffering."

"Let us hear a bit more about this bride," said papa. "Some music lover, no doubt?"

"You said I could marry Carmen if I made a success of the laundry," said Joe. "I have made a success of it. I have my bank book in my pocket, sir, if you care to see it."

"There are other things in the world," said papa, "besides money."

"And I am the boy who knows it," said Joe. "This success jive is your idea, not mine. But a deal is a deal, Mr. Fullerton."

"Not necessarily," said papa.

"I never thought I would live to see the day," said Carmen, "when my own father would turn out to be a welsher."

"Carmen," said mother, "do not call your father names."

"The names you hear," said Carmen, "are nothing compared with the names I hold back."

"When I say 'not necessarily,'" said papa, "I am not welshing, I am merely amplifying. I did not mean you could marry Carmen if you made a few pennies, Joe; I meant you could marry her *if* and *when* you made yourself a solid, respectable member of the business community."

"You want something big," said Joe.

"Now you have the idea," said papa.

"Bigger than a laundry."

"Bigger than a laundry."

"Big."

"Big."

"OK, this time I have witnesses," said Joe. "Mrs. Fullerton, you hear him. Sis, you hear him. Carmen, you hear him. If I do something big, we get married."

"We can get married tonight, Joe," sa Carmen. "Just wait while I get my convertil out of the garage. We can be across the bor in Tijuana in one hour, where they will ma us in half a minute."

"Joe Harms is not going to take you Tijuana," said papa. "He would not stoop such a thing. Joe Harms is a gentleman."

"Since when? I thought I was a bum," sa Joe.

"A gentleman," said papa.

"Anyhow, we are making progress," sa Joe. "Forget the convertible, Carmen. Rel It will only take me a couple of months swing something big enough to suit him."

"You have superb confidence in yoursel said papa.

"That makes two of us," said Joe, "cou ing Carmen."

CHAPTER 5 Daniel Peak kept on comi to our house for dinner.

"Do you know what that crazy guy h done?" he asked papa.

"No," said papa, "but I am all ears."

"Some people are all ears," said Carm "and some people are all mouth."

"Carmen," said mother. "Really."

"He came into the bank," said Daniel, "a borrowed money on his laundry. And no hear he has bought a hill with the mone

"A hill?" asked papa. "Did you say hill?"

"So I hear. On the other side of arroyo."

"Oh, very humorous," said papa. "I t him to do something big, so the smart al buys a hill. What does he think he is doi speculating that he will discover urani ore?"

"If he is," said Daniel, "he will lose shirt."

"And serve him right," said papa, " smart aleck."

After Daniel left, papa said Daniel wo make a fine, steady husband for any girl. T gave Carmen hysterics and mother had to cold cloths on her forehead.

CHAPTER 6 Then the rainy season stopp and spring came, and the silver bells on eucalyptus trees turned into fuzz, and blossoms on the acacias turned into fuzz, that it looked as if the acacias were full of ba canaries. And also the traffic between S Diego and Los Angeles had to be detour because Main Street and Junipero Serra Bou vard and Capistrano Avenue and all the portant streets in town were getting new pa ment. First they dug up the old pavement w machines, right down into the sand, beca it was bad. Then they put down gravel a rolled it flat. Then they put down black g and rolled that flat. It smoked and smelled j wonderful.

"Thank heaven we live outside the c limits," said papa, "or I would be taxed to bone for this." Papa believes he pays m taxes than anybody else in the U.S.

"Thank heaven we do," said Carmen, you would blame it all on Joe."

"What has Joe to do with paving streets?" asked papa.

"He is paving them," said Carmen.

"What are you talking about?" asked pa

"He is paving them with his hill," s Carmen.

"It is my cross to live in a household three females," said papa, "but I might able to endure it if only some of you wo occasionally talk sense. Will you please tr

"I guess your pals at the Chamber of Co merce have not told you, because they kn you have such a vile temper," said Carm "But Joe is taking gravel from his hill, trucking it for the paving contractors, making a mint."

"I do not believe one word of it," said pa "Tell that young idiot to come out and talk me."

"He is much too busy," said Carmen.

"That will be the day," said papa. "Par my hollow laughter."

"His day is a fourteen-hour day," s Carmen. "I have not seen my darling for weeks. And I blame it entirely on you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE

## CLOTHES TO ENTERTAIN IN

OTHER VIEWS OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 82 AND 83



5821 5820 5881 5201 5621 5213 5859 5420

**Vogue Design No. 5821** Jacket, Blouse, Skirt and Pants.
10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65.
Blouse shown requires 1½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Skirt shown requires 2⅝ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5820** One-Piece Dress and Jacket.
10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65.
Dress shown requires 3⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5857** Beach Dress, Overblouse and Pants.
10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65.
Overblouse shown requires 1⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.
Pants shown require 4⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5881** One-Piece Dress, Tunic, Pants and Shorts.
10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. "Easy to Make."
Tunic cut crosswise with border on lower edge requires 2¼ yards of 35″ fabric, size 14. Pants shown require 2½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5204** Blouse. 10–20 (31–40) $.75, in Canada $.85.
Blouse shown requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5621** Blouses. 10–18 (31–38) $.60, in Canada $.65.
Blouse shown requires 1½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5213** Blouse.
10–20 (31–40) $.75, in Canada $.85. "Easy to Make."
Blouse shown requires 1¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5859** Blouse, Skirt, Halter and Pants.
10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65.
Skirt shown requires 2¾ yards of 45″ fabric with nap, size 14.

**Vogue Design No. 5420** Skirt.
Waist sizes 24–30. $.75, in Canada $.85. "Easy to Make."
Skirt shown requires 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric cut crosswise, waist size 26.
We used ⅝″ hem instead of 3″ hem provided by pattern.

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## NEW "Lather Once"™ Lustre-Creme™ Shampoo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"That is nothing new around this house either. I am even blamed because the pipes in your mother's bathroom are corroded," said papa. "I want to hear this story from your mad lover's own lips. Ask him out."

"I will call him on the phone and ask him if he can spare you a minute," said Carmen. "But only as a favor."

CHAPTER 7 So she called Joe, and a few nights later Joe came to the ranch driving a perfectly huge red truck with Harms Sand and Gravel Co. painted on the doors. He was so sunburned that even his hair was burned the color of a new gunnysack. He had on a faded blue denim shirt with holes in it, and chinos with holes in them, and dusty army shoes.

"Fun is fun, Harms," said papa, "but I am not a vindictive person. If I am responsible for this crazy new stunt of yours, I would like to save you from your folly if I can."

We all sat on the veranda.

"What folly is this, sir?" asked Joe.

"What do you know about paving contracts?" said papa. "These contractors, the sharks, are tied in with the politicians. They will eat you alive."

"Why, no, sir," said Joe, "the whole thing is simple. It was simple to figure the contractors would want to buy their gravel close by. It was simple to figure that hill was full of gravel, because I used to hunt ground squirrels out there and I saw gravel in the squirrels' burrows. It was simple to rent a dozen trucks. And it is simple to wash gravel and deliver it. The whole thing is simple."

"Go on, you must have twenty thousand dollars in this idiot venture," said papa. "Do not tell me it is simple to borrow that kind of dough on some secondhand washing machines, because it is not."

"It was simple for me," said Joe. "I just went to the Fruitgrowers' National and asked for it."

"The Fruitgrowers' National should hav its head examined," said papa. "And I wil tell them so tomorrow morning."

"Of course," said Joe, "they know ther that I am going to be your son-in-law."

"Oh, they do," said papa. "If it is not ask ing too much, how did they acquire this price less bit of information?"

"Papa," said Carmen, "is all ears."

"Carmen," said mother.

"Because everybody knows I am going t be your son-in-law," said Joe.

"It is strange that this should be commo knowledge," said papa, "because not whisper of it has reached me."

"Now, Mr. Fullerton," said Joe, "fun i fun, like you say, but the deal was I coul marry Carmen if I turned into a solid citizen How solid can I get? I am making twenty thousand, maybe twenty-five, this summer and I am in two businesses, laundry an gravel. Isn't that big enough?"

"Your gravel is not permanent," said papa

"Oh, yes it is," said Joe. "I can sell it all u and down the coast."

"Sis, where is your jump rope?" aske Carmen.

"In the tackroom," I said.

"Bring it to me," said Carmen. "I want t hang myself here where my father can see m dangling."

"Bring two ropes," said Joe, "and we wi make it a double ceremony."

"Joe," said papa, "you force me to be blun Some day Carmen and sis will come into m properties fifty-fifty. Carmen is not going t be a millionaire, but she is going to be a ric woman. How can I entrust her to a boy wh will mortgage her holdings and squander th money on fast-buck propositions like laun dries and gravel pits? The boy who marrie Carmen is going to have to know how t handle property with due respect."

"This does it, I have had it," said Carmen "Take me to Tijuana in your truck, Joe."

"Carmen," said mother, "you will do n such thing."

"No, Carmen, your old man is makin sense for the first time," said Joe. "If you ar going to inherit a flock of real estate, I ough to know how to handle real estate."

"You admit you are ignorant of it," sai papa.

"I am," said Joe.

"Well," said papa, "show me you ca handle real estate, and you can marr Carmen."

"Now he is turning you into a realtor, Joe," said Carmen. "Can you believe for one minut he is sincere? Can't you see he just wants yo to fall on your face?"




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## ALL THAT I ASKED OF APRIL

BY ELEANOR HALBROOK ZIMMERMAN

I did not ask spring for the honeyed bloom
Of gold forsythia, or that the rocky hill
Thrust upward, should from hoary winter's tomb
Cry resurrection with a daffodil.
The first sweet robin-song was not for me.
The scented small white clover bloomed in vain;
Nor did my longing heart lift up to see
The first bright tremulous rainbow after rain.
Spring was a pageant that had come to pass
With little of the rapture that is due. . . .
Though life itself were in the springing grass,
All that I asked of April, love, was you!

"Never mind," said Joe. "Judging by the ealtors in this town, real estate is something t will not take me long to learn."

"I am sure it will take you only a month or o," said papa, "to master the complexities of he art."

"Less than that," said Joe.

"Oh, Joe," said Carmen, crying.

Joe clicked his heels together and saluted. 'I go," he said, "but I shall return," just like General MacArthur.

CHAPTER 8 Daniel Peak was still coming o the house for dinner, although it was all Carmen could bear to look at him.

"Tell me," said papa to Daniel, "what is our friend Joe Harms doing these days?"

"I think he is collecting clouds," said Daniel. "Anyhow, I see him flying around in a helicopter."

"Yes," I said, "he buzzed the house yesterday, and waved at me."

"Carmen, do you hear?" asked papa. 'Joseph Harms, the boy genius of real estate, s taking helicopter lessons."

"No, there was a pilot with him, papa," I aid, "and a fat man in a hat."

"Well, if he wants to blow his money on helicopters, that is all right with me," said papa. "Although I hoped he would buy vacant ots with it and find it was tied up for twenty or thirty years."

"A fool and his money," said Daniel, "are oon parted."

"That is a profound thought," said Carmen. 'Is it original?"

CHAPTER 9 So two weeks went by, I remember, because it was my rabbit's birthday. Then Joe came to the ranch in a new car. plumb did not know him, even though I ove him with all my heart, he was so dressed up. He had on a blue suit, kind of a silky one, and a white shirt and a dark gray tie. And shoes, all polished.

"I thought I would drop by," said Joe, 'and let you know I am a realtor."

"Well," said papa, "that was quick."

"Joe," said mother, "I never knew you were so handsome. I may marry you myself."

"Mother," said Carmen.

"Sit down and tell us about your new profession, Joe," said papa. "Have you closed million-dollar deal yet?"

"No," said Joe, "but I am closing one for ve hundred thousand."

"I am all ears," said papa. "How did this happen?"

"Well," said Joe, "I had a drink with Martucci, the paving contractor, and Martucci sent me to a pal of his in L.A. by the ame of Ricketts. Ricketts heads up a real-state syndicate, and he told me to pick up hotel site for him for five hundred thousand, nd that is all there is to it."

"Just like that," said papa.

"Well, no," said Joe. "Actually, Martucci old Ricketts I am the only man in this town who can move on his two feet, that is why Ricketts says I am his boy."

"Where do you plan to locate this luxurious new tourist trap?" said papa.

"I think I will buy either the grove just to he north of yours," said Joe, "or the grove ust to the south of yours. They both have beach frontage."

"Oh, I will just love that, I can tell you," aid papa. "It will be so soothing to hear ock-and-roll music on the loudspeaker system all day and all night, and have tourists limbing my fence to steal my fruit. Thank ou, thank you a thousand times."

"Well," said Joe, "I know you do not want o sell this place. It is part of your legacy to Carmen and sis, you said."

"You just offer me five hundred thousand," aid papa, "and you will see how fast I sell it."

"Do you mean that?" said Joe.

"Just flash a check," said papa.

"On your word of honor as a gentleman?" aid Joe.

"On my word of honor as a gentleman," aid papa. "And now I am going to call your bluff, and show Carmen what a faker and a phony you are. Because your whole story is trumped up. You do not have any check for ve hundred thousand, you will never see a heck for that much as long as you live."

Joe took a check out of his wallet. "This is for five hundred thousand," he said. "And it is certified."

"Why, it is made out to me!" said papa.

"That is right, dad," said Joe. "Ricketts told me I could go as high as seven hundred and fifty thousand, but I said you would sell out to me for five hundred thousand because I am a friend of the family. And I am to get twenty percent of the difference between the sale price and seven hundred and fifty, so I make twenty percent of two hundred and fifty thousand—in other words, fifty thousand for myself. That is not too bad for my first real-estate transaction."

"Well, dear," said mother to papa, "you have just sold the roof over our heads."

"Oh, papa," I said, "now where will my rabbit live? And the horses?"

"The question is, where will your poor sister live?" Joe asked me. "Carmen, sweetheart, your heartless father has just made you a homeless waif. I am afraid you are absolutely going to have to marry me now. At least I can offer you a bed."

"Just so it is a double," said Carmen. "No twin beds for me."

Papa, which is unusual for him, had not said anything. But at this time he said, "Carmen, I hope you realize you owe all this to your foxy old father. Joe is a changed man, and I am the guy who changed him."

But while papa was saying this Joe was getting his guitar from his new car. He began to serenade Carmen.

"Why, papa," I said, "I do not see that Joe has changed one single bit."

So now you have the true real-life story of my sister Carmen's romance.

Papa is buying a new house for mother and me. Mother says, "Glory, now when I turn on a faucet I will get more than a trickle."

CHAPTER 10 I am going to be flower girl and wear yellow organdy. END


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# EASTER EGGS IN WONDERLAND

For the youngsters—here's an Easter-egg parade of *Alice in Wonderland* characters created by Patricia A. Villemain. They're easy to make and require only colored paper, paste, cellophane tape, poster paint, a small brush and egg or food dyes. Prepare raw eggs by gently piercing shell and yolk at both ends with an ice pick. Then blow out contents. Wash carefully to make sure the shells are free of grease, soap and egg white, because all three repel dyes. Store in an empty egg carton until thoroughly dry and ready for decorating. By VALERIE E. WALKER



**THE CHESHIRE CAT . . .** "slowly vanished . . . ending with the grin." Cut patterned band to fit. Glue to egg. Attach bow. Glue on whiskers, nose and ears. Paint face. Cut tail from heavy paper, and glue to form a base.



"'I'm seven and a half exactly . . .' said **ALICE.**" Cut a wrap-around dress of blue paper, and glue on apron. Glue dress to form base. Tape on arms and feet. Fringe yellow-paper strip on both ends to make hair. Tie ends into two ponytails.



"'O Oyster, come and walk with us!' the **WALRUS** did beseech." Paint egg. Glue on eyes, whiskers, tusks, bead nose. Cut jacket, glue. Shape feet, glue to form base. Attach arms. Tape "oyster shell" to one arm.

**"'WAKE UP, DORMOUSE!' . . .** 'Tell us a story!'" Dye or paint egg. Wrap in tissue to blot color. Paint on face. Glue on whiskers and nose. Cut tail from circle 3″ in diameter. Glue to form base. Attach arms and ears.



**"THE FROG FOOTMAN** repeated, . . . 'From the Queen. An invitation . . . to play croquet.'" Dye or paint egg. Blot in tissue. Cut jacket, trim and glue. Attach arms. Cut and glue same base as for Walrus.



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## THE MAGIC OF MIXES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

### BEEF COTTAGE PIE

- 3 tablespoons cooking oil
- 2 lbs. stew beef cut in 1″ cubes
- 1 envelope (1⅞-oz.) hearty beef-soup mix
- 1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) spring-vegetable-soup mix
- 2 cups water
- ¼ cup dry red wine
- 1 box (6–7-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
- 1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg

(1) Heat oil in a large skillet. Add beef and sauté until lightly browned. (2) Stir in soup mixes, water and wine. Bring to a boil. Cover and simmer for about 1½ hours, or until meat is tender. (3) Prepare mashed potatoes according to package directions. (4) Stir in sour-cream-sauce mix, egg yolks and nutmeg. (5) Place the meat mixture in a 1½-quart casserole. Pipe a ruff of the mashed potatoes around the edge of the meat, using a pastry bag and large tube, *or* spoon the potatoes around the edge. (6) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 5–10 minutes or until golden and bubbly. Makes 6–8 servings.

### SHRIMP-AND-RAISIN CURRY

- 1 lb. shelled and deveined fresh or frozen shrimp
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 envelope (1¼-oz.) curry-sauce mix
- 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream
- ½ cup golden seedless raisins
- 1 tart green apple, peeled, cored and chopped
- 4 cups hot, cooked rice

(1) Cook the shrimp until just tender, about 10 minutes, in plenty of boiling salted water and the lemon juice. (2) Meanwhile, prepare the curry-sauce mix according to directions on the envelope, using the water (or chicken broth) and milk called for. (3) Reduce heat to simmering, stir in the remaining ingredients except the rice. Add the drained shrimp. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Do not allow to boil, stir frequently. Serve with rice. Makes 4 servings.

### MACARONI-AND-CHEESE-STUFFED TOMATOES

- 12 medium-size tomatoes
- ½ lb. bacon
- 1 package (14-oz.) macaroni-and-cheese dinner
- 2 tablespoons chopped chives
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Cut a slice from the tops of the tomatoes. (2) Scoop out the pulp and drain the tomatoes upside down on a paper towel. (3) Fry the bacon until crisp, drain, and crumble. (4) Prepare the macaroni-and-cheese dinner according to package directions and combine with the tomato pulp, bacon, chives, salt and pepper. (5) Spoon the macaroni mixture into the tomato shells. Sprinkle lightly with Parmesan cheese and bake in a large shallow baking dish, in a moderate oven, 350° F., 20–30 minutes or until golden. Makes 6 servings.

### QUICK AND EASY POTATO SALAD

- 2 cups dry instant sliced potatoes
- 4 cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon instant minced onion
- 4–5 slices bacon
- ½ cup chopped cucumber pickles
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix
- 1 cup milk
- ⅓ cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons white vinegar
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard with horseradish
- Salt and pepper

(1) Cook potatoes in the water with the salt and onion. When just tender, drain well and keep warm. (2) Fry bacon until crisp, and crumble. (3) Combine potatoes, bacon, cucumber pickles and eggs. (4) Beat together until smooth the sauce mix, milk, mayonnaise, vinegar and mustard with horseradish. Heat in double boiler; stir frequently. Add enough of the hot-sauce mixture to the potato mixture to moisten it to your liking. Taste for salt and pepper. Makes 4–6 servings.

### GREEN BEANS AND MUSHROOMS DAUPHINE

- 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen French-style green beans
- 2 (1⅜-oz.) envelopes cheese-sauce mix
- 1 can (6-oz.) sliced mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, drained and chopped

(1) Cook the green beans until crisp-tender according to package directions. Drain well. (2) Prepare the cheese sauce following package directions. (3) Stir in the remaining ingredients and green beans. (4) Spoon into a greased 1½-quart casserole. (5) Bake uncovered in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes until bubbly. Makes 6–8 servings.

### VEAL SCALOPPINE IN ITALIAN SAUCE

- 1½ lbs. veal scaloppine
- ¼ cup milk
- ¾ cup bottled Italian salad dressing
- ½ cup packaged bread crumbs
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Cooking oil
- 1 envelope (2¼-oz.) spaghetti-sauce mix with mushrooms
- 1½ cups water
- 1 cup chicken broth

(1) Put scaloppine in a mixture of the milk and salad dressing for 10 minutes. (2) Mix bread crumbs and Parmesan. (3) Allow excess liquid to drain off each scaloppine before coating with the crumb mixture. (4) Sauté a few pieces at a time in hot oil in a large skillet until golden on both sides. (5) Remove and drain on paper towels. Continue sautéing until all are done, adding more oil as needed to the skillet. (6) Arrange scaloppine in a shallow 2½-quart casserole. (7) Combine the spaghetti-sauce mix, water and chicken broth in a saucepan. Heat and stir until smooth and slightly thickened. Pour over the scaloppine. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes until veal is fork tender. Makes 6–8 servings.

### SAVORY MEATBALLS WITH ZUCCHINI

- 1 package (8-oz.) beef-flavor rice with vermicelli
- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- ¼ cup catsup
- about ¼ cup cooking oil
- 2 (1-lb.) cans zucchini in seasoned tomato sauce

(1) Prepare the beef-flavor rice with vermicelli according to package directions, using the amount of butter or margarine specified, but only 2 cups boiling water to dissolve the envelope of beef stock with herbs that comes in the package. (2) Cool the mixture. (3) Mix with the ground beef and catsup. (4) Form into balls using a rounded tablespoon as a measure. Place on trays and chill until fairly firm. (5) Sauté in hot cooking oil in a large skillet until golden. Do a few at a time. Drain on paper towels. Keep warm while you sauté the rest. (6) Drain excess fat from the skillet. Return the meatballs to the skillet and add the zucchini. Cover and simmer until zucchini is hot. Stir gently. Makes 8 servings.

### SPRING-VEGETABLE ASPIC

- 1 envelope (1⅞-oz.) spring-vegetable-soup mix
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 3 cups cold water
- ⅓ cup chopped celery
- 1 can (1-lb.) mixed peas and diced carrots, drained
- 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper
- 2–3 teaspoons lemon juice

(1) Combine soup mix, gelatin and cold water in a saucepan. Heat and stir until gelatin dissolves. Cover and continue simmering for 10

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

New idea for Lenten meals–
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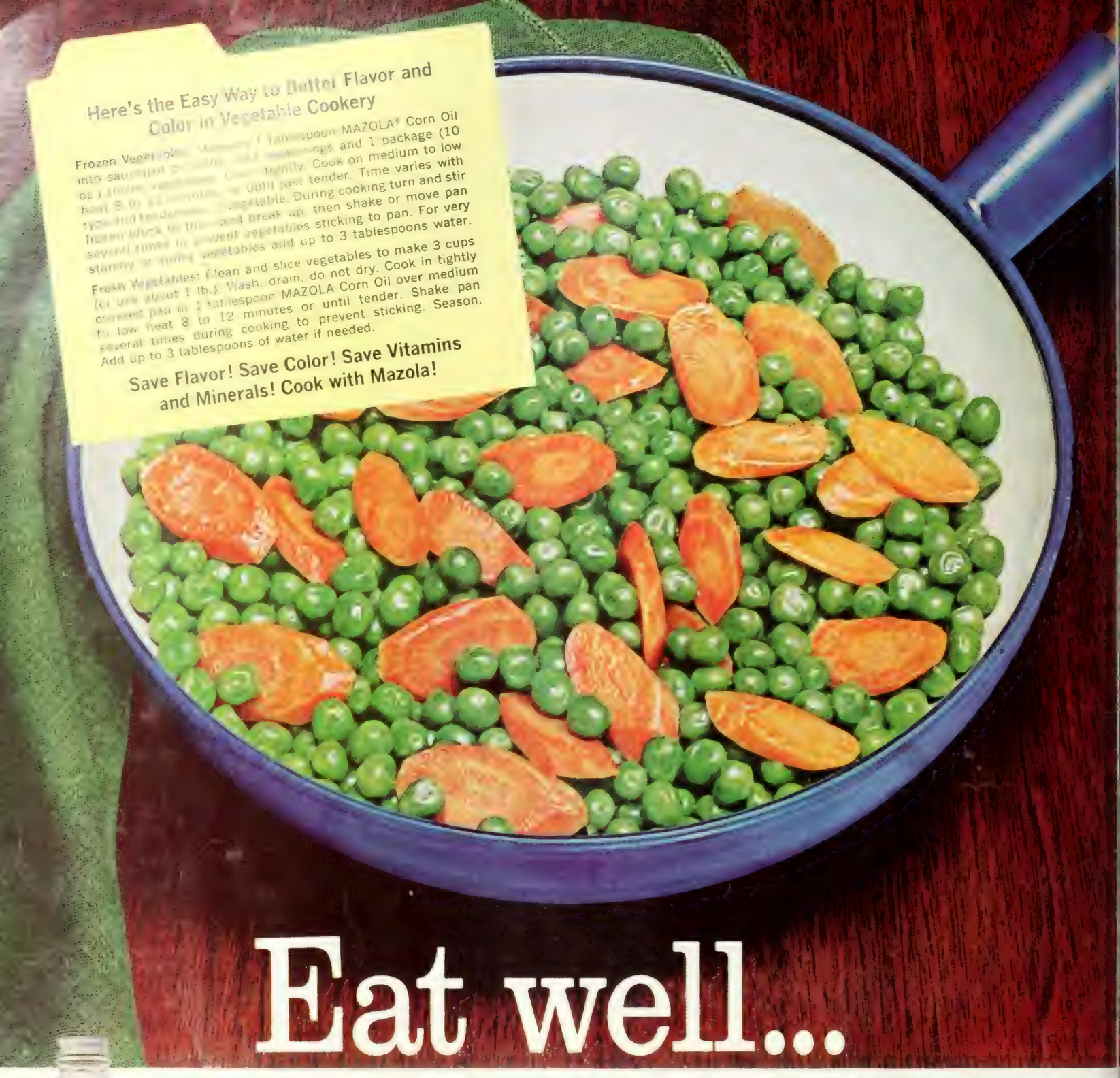
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

inutes. (2) Cool and chill until thick and rupy. (3) Stir in remaining ingredients, add- g lemon juice to taste. (4) Spoon into 6 in- vidual molds or a 6-cup mold. (5) Chill until m. Turn out and serve. Makes 6 servings.

### CHICKEN CROQUETTES

(5-oz.) cans chicken
bout 1¼ cups packaged herb- stuffing mix
envelope (1⅜-oz.) spring-vegetable- oup mix
1¾ cups boiling water
1 egg beaten
Prepared dry bread crumbs
Cooking oil, butter or margarine

Chop chicken fine. (2) With a rolling pin in a blender reduce herb-stuffing mix to fine mbs. Measure ¾ cup and add to chicken. Heat soup mix and boiling water for 10 nutes. Cool a little and add to chicken mix- e. Blend well. (4) Using ¼ cup as a meas- , form into croquettes or round patties. Dip in beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Sauté until golden in a skillet in hot oil, tter or margarine. Drain on paper towels. rve with canned chicken gravy, if you like. akes about 12 croquettes, 6 servings.

### OLD-FASHIONED MEAT LOAF

½ lbs. ground beef
up corn-muffin nix
an (2⅜-oz.) old- ashioned beef- oup mix
teaspoon basil
⅛ teaspoon powdered garlic
½ cup canned condensed con- sommé
1 egg, beaten
2–3 slices bacon

Combine all ingredients except egg and con until well mixed. (2) Add the egg and x well. (3) Shape into a loaf in a lightly ased roasting pan. Lay bacon slices across of loaf. (4) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° about 45 minutes. Serve with brown gravy meat-loaf sauce made from an envelope k if you like. Makes 6–8 servings.

### CALLOP CASSEROLE PARISIENNE

. fresh or frozen callops
cup water
up heavy cream
an (1⅝-oz.) ream-of-mush- oom-soup mix
easpoons lemon ice
2 tablespoons dry sherry
1 can (3⅞-oz.) ripe olives, drained and sliced
¼ cup crushed unsalted crackers
2–3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Simmer scallops in water until just tender. ain and measure ¾ cup scallop liquid into aucepan, add the cream and whisk in the p mix. (2) Cook and stir until smooth and ck. Add the lemon juice, sherry, olives and llops cut bite-size if they are large. Mix l. (3) Transfer to a greased 1½-quart cas- ole. Sprinkle surface with a mixture of the mbs, and melted butter or margarine. Bake a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–15 min- s, just to reheat. Then broil until crumbs golden. Makes 4 servings.

### CORN-POTATO FRITTERS

nvelope (3-oz.) otato-pancake ix
1 can (7-oz.) corn niblets, drained
Cooking oil

Prepare potato-pancake mix according to kage directions. (2) Stir in the corn nib- . (3) Pour cooking oil into a large skillet 1-inch depth and heat. Using a scant ¼ as a measure, fry a few fritters at a time he hot oil until golden on both sides. Drain paper towels and keep warm while you fry rest. If you like, serve with hot syrup. kes about 12 fritters.

### PORK TAMALE PIE

ackage (12-oz.) rn-muffin mix
*ing:*
. ground pork
blespoon cooking l
1 envelope (1½-oz.) meat-loaf-sauce mix
1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste
½ cup cold water

(1) Prepare corn-muffin mix according to package directions. (2) Spoon into a greased 10″ pie plate. (3) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20–25 minutes, or until golden. (4) Meanwhile, sauté the pork in the oil until golden and cooked through. (5) Stir in the remaining ingredients and cook over low heat, stirring, for 5–7 minutes. (6) Remove corn bread from oven and from the center cut a round piece about 6″ in diameter; do not cut quite through to the bottom. Fill the hole with hot-pork mixture and replace the round piece of corn bread to form a lid. Makes 8 servings.

### BARBECUED LAMB CHOPS

1 envelope (1½-oz.) spaghetti-sauce mix with mushrooms
1 teaspoon seasoned meat tenderizer
2 teaspoons barbecue spice
2 tablespoons vinegar
Dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning
6 shoulder lamb chops

(1) Prepare spaghetti sauce according to package directions. (2) Stir in the meat tenderizer, barbecue spice, vinegar and liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Cool. (3) Place the chops in a shallow baking dish and pour the sauce over them. (Add a little more water to the sauce if it seems too thick.) Cover and refrigerate 3–4 hours or overnight. Turn the chops several times. (4) Broil 5–6 inches from the heat for 10–12 minutes on each side, or until tender and desired degree of doneness is reached. Baste with the sauce. Makes 6 servings.

### POTATOES SUPREME

1 envelope (about 3½-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
1 cup milk
1 cup water
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
¼ cup heavy cream
1½ cups grated Swiss cheese
1 egg beaten
⅓ cup cracker crumbs
⅓ cup chopped toasted slivered almonds

(1) Prepare mashed potatoes following method on package directions, using the above milk, water, butter or margarine, salt and pepper. (2) Stir in the cream, Swiss cheese and egg. (3) Spoon into a greased 1-quart casserole. (4) Mix the cracker crumbs and almonds, sprinkle over the potato mixture. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20–30 minutes, until top is golden. Makes 6 servings.

### VEAL CASSEROLE WITH POPPY-SEED DUMPLINGS

2 lbs. veal, cut in 1-inch cubes
⅓ cup flour
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons cooking oil
1 can (1-lb.) whole onions, drained
1 can (1-lb.) Blue Lake green beans, drained
1 can (10½-oz.) condensed cream-of-mushroom soup
1 cup water
*Dumplings:*
1 cup biscuit mix
2 teaspoons instant minced onion
1 tablespoon poppy seeds
⅓ cup milk
½ cup buttered packaged bread crumbs

(1) Coat veal with a mixture of the flour, paprika, salt, and pepper. (2) Heat the oil in a heavy skillet and brown the veal. (3) Transfer to a 2-quart casserole and add the onions and green beans. (4) Combine the soup and water, stir until smooth and pour over the meat and vegetables. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. (5) Prepare the dumplings: Stir the biscuit mix, instant onion, poppy seeds and milk just until blended. (6) Drop by tablespoons into the buttered crumbs, turning the dumplings until they are evenly coated. Raise oven temperature to 425° F. Remove cover and drop dumplings on top of the veal mixture. Bake uncovered for 20 minutes, until dumplings are golden brown. Makes 6 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

# EASTER EGGS IN WONDERLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104



**"TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE** agreed to have a battle." Dye or paint eggs. Blot in tissue to set color. Cut collars to fit, and glue to eggs. Tape on matching arms. Paint on three black buttons. Glue on bow ties. Paint tissue paper gray; shred and crumple. Glue to back of egg for hair. Glue on round green disks with tabs for hats. Glue on bead for nose, and paint on eyes and mouth. Shape feet and use same base as for Walrus.



"'Consider your verdict,'" said the **KING OF HEARTS** to the jury. Cut wrap-around coat, and glue to egg to form base. Cut hair and glue to egg. Tape on crown. Paint on face. Insert and glue toothpick scepter.



"'Off with her head!'" screamed the **QUEEN OF HEARTS.** Cut wrap-around dress, and glue to form base. Fringe hair, and glue ends back over ears. Paint on face. Tape crown to hair. Attach arms and toothpick scepter.

**"AND THE WHITE RABBIT** blew three blasts on the trumpet." Cut red-and-yellow coat trim and glue to form base. Pleat strip of paper and glue for ruff. Tape on ears, arms and horn. Attach whiskers, nose and eyes.





"'Why is a raven like a writing desk?'" said the **HATTER.** Paint or dye egg, blot in tissue. Make hat from semicircle 2″x7½″. Cut 2½″ ring for hat brim. Glue together, attach band, ticket, hair. Glue on collar and tie. Glue on hat. Paint face. Use same base as for Walrus.




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**. . . as an old G-E 10-cubic-foot refrigerator (1948-52) yet uses no more kitchen space.** The reason: more efficient thin-wall insulation. Thinner walls mean more room for food. With this new 18.8-cu.-ft. Spacemaker, you can meet the needs of your growing family for a bigger refrigerator without expensive kitchen remodeling. **Big 5.8-cu.-ft. freezer rolls food out in plain sight.** No annoying hunting. No digging around with the exclusive Roll-Out Freezer. Extra-deep sliding baskets for bulk storage. Juice-can rack and ice service at top. No stooping or reaching.

**To refill ice tray, just close the freezer.** The ice tray refills all by itself. No more sloshy trips from the sink. You can store a party load of cubes in the bin that goes with the dependable Self-Filling Ice Tray.

**No defrosting ever, not even in the Roll-O Freezer.** Reliable Frost-Guard ends all the me of melting ice, scraping snow, prying ice-bou packages apart.

See your General Electric dealer for ma other new Spacemaker features—solid swi out shelves—butter conditioner. Meat stora that keeps meat fresh up to seven days. Exciti colors, white or fashionable coppertone fini

*36 years of leadership in manufacturing depe able refrigerators.*

Beam-Jackson . There is nothing just as good as General Electric

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TINUED FROM PAGE 107

### PARMESAN-HERBED CHICKEN

kage (8-oz.) herb-seasoned ffing mix
elope (⅝-oz.) rmesan salad- ssing mix
gs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 frying chickens, cut into pieces
½ cup butter or margarine

oll the stuffing mix into fine crumbs or in a blender. Combine with the salad- ing mix. (2) Beat the eggs with the salt pepper. (3) Dip the chicken pieces into ggs, then roll in the crumbs. Let stand 0 minutes. (4) Melt the butter or mar- e in a large shallow baking pan. in the . (5) Place the chicken in the baking pan, ingle layer, skin side down. Bake in a hot , 400° F., for 30 minutes. Turn skin side nd continue baking for another 30 min- or until golden and tender. Makes 6–8 ngs.

### COLESLAW WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING

up mayonnaise blespoons dry ili-sauce mix
2–3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 medium cabbage, shredded

Combine first three ingredients. Refrig- for 1 hour to blend flavors. (2) Toss with lded cabbage. Chill. Makes 6 servings.

### EEF-AND-CORN SHEPHERD'S PIE

blespoons oking oil ground beef
(1-lb.) cream- le corn easpoons salt spoon orcestershire ice blespoons minced rsley
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons instant minced onion
1 box (6–7-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
4 eggs
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon seasoned salt

Heat cooking oil in a skillet and sauté until lightly browned. (2) Add corn, 1 oon salt, Worcestershire sauce, parsley, er, onion and mix lightly. (3) Spread in a ed 2-quart oblong baking dish. (4) Pre- potatoes according to package directions. pread over the meat mixture. (6) Beat the milk and ½ teaspoon salt, and pour over otatoes. Sprinkle with seasoned salt and in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 30 tes, or until the top is golden brown and Makes 6 servings.

### BARBECUED THREE-BEAN CASSEROLE

ckage (10-oz.) frozen Lima beans
(1-lb.) pork d beans
(1-lb.) red kid- y beans, drained
up catsup
up molasses
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ envelope (1⅝-oz.) onion-soup mix
1 lb. frankfurters, cut into 1-inch pieces

Cook Lima beans according to package tions for 10 minutes. (2) Drain and mix remaining ingredients. (3) Bake in greased quart casserole, in a moderate oven, F., 40–50 minutes or until bubbly and d through. Makes 6 servings.

### TUNA-MUSHROOM POPOVERS

x (6-oz.) popover x
velope (1½-oz.) a king sauce mix
os milk
1 can (7-oz.) tuna, flaked
1 can (3-oz.) chopped mushrooms, drained
1 package (10-oz.) frozen peas

Prepare and bake popovers according to age directions. (2) Meanwhile combine e mix and milk in a saucepan. Heat and until smooth and thickened. (3) Add re- ing ingredients; simmer, stirring occasionally until peas are tender. (4) When popovers are baked, transfer to warm serving dish. Tear them open slightly and fill with the tuna mixture. Makes 8–9 popovers, allow 2 per serving.

### CHILI-BEEF STUFFED PEPPERS

8 very large green peppers
1 tablespoon cooking oil
1 lb. ground beef
1 envelope (1¾-oz.) chili-sauce mix
1 can (1-lb.-12-oz.) tomatoes
1 box (6-oz.) Spanish-rice mix

(1) Cut a slice from the stem end of each green pepper, keeping the peppers whole. Remove core and seeds. (2) Blanch peppers in boiling water for 5–7 minutes. Remove and drain well. (3) Heat the oil in a large skillet. Add the ground beef, and sauté until golden. (4) Sprinkle in the sauce mix and add the tomatoes. Cook and stir over low heat until bubbly. Remove from heat. (5) Cook the Spanish-rice mix according to package directions. Add to the chili-meat mixture. (6) Arrange the peppers standing upright in a large baking dish. Fill each with the meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 30 minutes or until peppers are tender. Makes 8 servings.

### CURRIED VEGETABLE-RICE SALAD

1 package (6-oz.) curried rice
1 package (10-oz.) frozen peas
½ cup mayonnaise
1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix
⅓ cup milk
1 cup diced celery

(1) Prepare rice by package directions, using *just 2 cups* of water. Cool. (2) Cook peas by package directions. (3) Combine mayonnaise, sour-cream-sauce mix, and milk (add more milk if dressing seems too thick). (4) Toss rice, peas, dressing and celery together and chill for 1–2 hours. Makes 6 servings.

### CATALINA SHRIMP WITH CAPER SAUCE

2 lbs. fresh or frozen shelled and deveined shrimp
1 cup pancake mix
1 envelope (⅝-oz.) Parmesan salad-dressing mix
1½ cups milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons cooking oil
About 1 pint cooking oil for deep frying
*Caper Sauce:*
1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons capers

(1) Make sauce first: Stir sour-cream-sauce mix and milk together until smooth. (2) Beat in lemon juice and mayonnaise. Add capers. Cover and chill. (3) Rinse shrimp with cold water, pat dry with paper towels. (4) Put pancake mix, salad-dressing mix, milk, egg and the 3 tablespoons oil in a bowl. Beat just until smooth. (5) Heat oil to 370° F. in deep pan. (6) Dip each shrimp in pancake mixture to coat; allow excess to drip off. (7) Fry a few at a time in hot oil until golden. Remove and drain on paper towels. Keep warm while you fry the remainder. Serve with the caper sauce. Makes 6 servings.

### ITALIAN CHEESE PIE

1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell (use your favorite mix)
4 slices bacon
1 envelope (2¼-oz.) complete spaghetti-sauce mix
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 onions, thinly sliced
3 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese

(1) Fry bacon until crisp; cool and crumble. (2) Prepare spaghetti-sauce mix according to package directions, cool. (3) Melt butter or margarine in a small skillet. add onion rings and sauté until tender and pale golden. (4) Beat eggs and salt until frothy, beat in cooled spaghetti sauce. (5) Sprinkle bacon pieces over bottom of pastry shell. Top with onion rings and grated cheese. Pour egg-sauce mixture over cheese. (6) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 300° F., and bake for 40 minutes longer, or until set. Serve either warm or cold. Makes 6 servings, or can be cut into 16 small pieces for appetizers.

### RED-FLANNEL HASH

1 package (9-oz.) hash-brown potatoes
1 can (1-lb.) diced beets, drained
1 can (12-oz.) corned beef, chopped
1 red onion, peeled and chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine

(1) Boil hash-brown potatoes by package directions. Drain well. (2) Add corned beef, beets and onion. (3) Heat butter or margarine in a large skillet. (4) Spoon in the hash, press

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113




WILD BLUEBERRY FLAVOR!

Only wild north country blueberries have the flavor that makes Duncan Hines the very best blueberry muffins. Unique flavor, tangy yet sweet. Duncan Hines uses only choice, wild tangy-sweet blueberries —a big canful— in this mix. Wouldn't these muffins be good tonight?




DUNCAN HINES WILD BLUEBERRY MUFFIN MIX!

**hot** Crown your Easter ham with a golden garnish of canned cling peach halves, hot.* It's new... it's simple ...dazzling and delicious!

Prepare ham according to directions on wrapper, lining pan with Reynold's Wrap. One-half hour before done, remove ham from oven. Pour off drippings. Place drained cling peach halves around ham on turned back foil. Using 10 oz. glass of red raspberry jelly, place teaspoon of jelly in each peach half. Melt remainder and coat the ham. Return ham and peaches to oven to set glaze and complete baking.

# Look what you can do with cling peaches and Swift's Premium Ham!

*Heating brings out the very peak of delicate peach flavor, and only cling peaches hold their shape and sunny color.

**cold** Left with a leftover? Delightful, when it's ham! So make a "ham 'n cheese" on your favorite bread, add a peach... and a leftover becomes a luncheon. Here, we've placed a canned cling peach half (cold) on crisp lettuce leaf, with prunes and a dash of dressing.

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD

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own well. (5) Fry until golden on the bottom, en turn, using a spatula, and brown the her side. Makes 4–6 servings.

### DEVILED-HAM SOUFFLÉ

envelope (about 3-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
eggs, separated
teaspoon instant minced onion
2 (4½-oz.) cans deviled ham
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

) Prepare instant mashed potatoes according package directions. (2) Beat egg yolks and ld into the potatoes with the onion and viled ham. (3) Cool to lukewarm and fold the whipped cream and the egg whites hich have been beaten until stiff. (4) Bake in greased 2-quart soufflé dish or casserole in moderate oven, 375° F., for 40–45 minutes, until puffy and golden and a knife inserted ar the center comes out clean. Makes 6 rvings.

### FROSTED APRICOT BABA CAKE

package (about 1-lb.-3-oz.) yellow-cake mix
cup toasted flaked coconut
teaspoon vanilla
can (1-lb.-13-oz.) peeled apricot halves
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons rum flavoring, or rum
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Vanilla ice cream
Lemon sherbet
Coconut, garnish

) Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Stir in coconut and vanilla. (2) Pour tter into a well-greased and floured 12-cup g mold. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., r 40–50 minutes until cake is golden and rings back when touched lightly in the cenr. (3) Remove to a cake rack and cool for minutes. Remove from pan. (4) While the ke is baking, drain syrup from apricots. (5) easure ¾ cup apricot syrup into a saucepan, d sugar, rum flavoring or rum, and lemon ice. Bring to a boil, and cook for 5 minutes. ol slightly and spoon over cake. (6) Purée ricots in a blender or food mill. Frost the p and sides of the cake with it. (7) Fill center ring with balls of vanilla ice cream and non sherbet. Sprinkle with coconut. Makes servings.

### CHOCOLATE VELVET MOUSSE

package (14-oz.) chocolate-fudge-flavor frosting mix
cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons chocolate- or coffee-flavored liqueur
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup water

) Measure contents of frosting mix. Divide half. Place half in a large mixing bowl with e cream. (2) Mix together the frosting and eam; then whip with electric mixer until ffy and thick. Be careful not to overbeat. ir in the liqueur. (3) Spoon the mousse into 6 all (½-cup) soufflé dishes. Freeze several urs or until firm. (4) In a small saucepan ix remaining frosting mix with butter or argarine and water. Bring to the boiling int and simmer for 10 minutes. Serve hot th the mousse. Makes 6 servings.

### GINGER PEACH IMPERIAL

cups peach nectar
(3-oz.) packages lemon-flavored gelatin
package (3-oz.) peach-flavored gelatin
½ cups ginger ale
cup lemon juice
*Sauce:*
1 package (3-oz.) vanilla pudding and pie filling
¼ cup cream
½ tsp. almond flavoring
1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) cling peach slices

) Heat peach nectar in a saucepan. (2) Sprinkle latins into a bowl. Add the hot liquid and ir until gelatins are dissolved. Mix in ginger e and lemon juice. Pour into a 6-cup mold d chill several hours until set. (3) For sauce: epare pudding according to package directions, adding the cream and flavoring. Drain peaches and purée half of them, using a blender or a sieve. Save remaining peaches for garnish. Mix peach purée with the warm pudding and chill. (4) To serve: Unmold dessert on platter. Garnish edges with remaining peach slices. Pass sauce. Makes 6–8 servings.

### STRAWBERRY DREAM CAKE

*Cake:*
1 package (about 1-lb.-4-oz.) white-cake mix
1 package (3-oz.) strawberry-flavored gelatin
2 tablespoons flour
4 eggs
½ cup water
½ box (10-oz.) frozen sliced strawberries, thawed*
¾ cup cooking oil

*Other half of box used in frosting.

(1) Mix together cake mix, gelatin, flour, eggs and water. Beat at medium speed for two minutes on mixer. (2) Add strawberries (including syrup) to batter. Beat 1 more minute on mixer. (3) Add oil and beat 1 more minute. (4) Divide batter evenly into two greased and floured 8″ square pans, or two 9″ layer pans. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35–40 minutes. Cool on cake racks, about 10 minutes, then remove from pan. When completely cool, fill and frost with the following:

*Strawberry Frosting:*
½ cup butter or margarine
1 box (1-lb.) confectioners' sugar
½ box (10-oz.) frozen sliced strawberries, thawed
½ teaspoon vanilla

(1) Beat butter or margarine until smooth. (2) Add the sugar alternately with the strawberries (including syrup) and beat until smooth. Add vanilla. If frosting is too thick, thin with a little milk or cream. Makes 8–10 servings.

### DAISY ORANGE-CRANBERRY ROLL

1 package (1-lb.-3-oz.) orange-chiffon-cake mix
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
*Filling:*
1 pint vanilla ice cream
1 can (7-oz.) whole cranberry sauce
*Frosting:*
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

(1) Prepare cake mix according to package directions, folding in the orange rind last. Divide batter in half, spooning half into an ungreased 15½″ x 10½″ x 1″ jelly-roll pan.* (2) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and invert immediately. Prop the edges of the cake-pan corners on 4 books, for circulation of air. Do not remove cake from pan until completely cool. (3) Soften ice cream slightly, and stir in the cranberry sauce. Spread evenly on cake and roll up jelly-roll fashion. Place on tray in freezer seam side down for about ½ hour to let filling harden. (4) Whip cream until it is thick and glossy, and will stand in soft peaks. Stir in the sugar and vanilla. Frost cake completely. Return to freezer for an hour or so, or until frosting is firm. Makes 6–8 servings.

*If you have another jelly-roll pan, bake remaining batter in it; fill and frost it (double filling and frosting recipes); wrap and freeze for later use. *Or* bake remaining batter in a 9″x9″x2″ square pan, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35–45 minutes. Cool, wrap and freeze for later use.

### PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN SCONE CAKE

1 package (13-oz.) scone mix
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) pineapple slices
8 maraschino cherries
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup light brown sugar
Instant real whipped cream (garnish)

(1) Prepare the scone mix according to package directions. Divide dough into 8 equal parts. Form into balls and flatten them so they are about ½ inch thick. (2) Spread 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine in the bottom of a 15½″x10½″x1″ jelly-roll pan. Drain syrup from pineapple and set aside. Arrange 8 pineapple slices in pan. Place a maraschino cherry in the center of each and sprinkle with nuts. (3) Cover each pineapple slice with a scone round, patting it evenly so it covers the pineapple. (4) Measure 1 cup of the reserved syrup into a saucepan. Add the sugar and remaining 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Bring to a boil and cook for 5 minutes. Cool. (5) Spoon syrup mixture over and around cakes in pan. (6) Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes until golden, basting cakes occasionally with syrup in the pan. Serve warm, pineapple side up, with whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

### CHERRY STREUSEL PIE

2 sticks (10-oz.) pie-crust mix
1 can (1-lb.-6-oz.) cherry-pie filling
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 package (2-oz.) dessert-topping mix

(1) Using 1 stick of pastry mix, make crust for an 8″ pie according to package directions. Mix pie filling with lemon juice and pour into unbaked pie shell. (2) Blend brown sugar, lemon rind and spices, with remaining stick of pastry. Crumble over filling. (3) Bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F., lower heat to moderate 350° F. and bake for 25–30 minutes, until topping is golden. Cool a little before serving. Makes 4–6 servings. Pass the dessert topping, prepared according to package directions.

### LEMON-LIME BAVARIAN

2 (3-oz.) packages lemon-lime-flavored gelatin
1 tablespoon lime juice
2 cups water
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
1 box (12-oz.) frozen mixed fruit

(1) Empty contents of gelatin packages into a bowl. Stir in lime juice and 1 cup very hot water, until gelatin is dissolved. Add remaining 1 cup water. (2) Chill mixture until syrupy. Whip with rotary or electric beater until very fluffy. Carefully fold in whipped cream. (3) Spoon mixture into a decorative 1-quart mold and chill several hours or until set. Unmold and serve with mixed fruit that has been thawed, but is still a little "icy." Makes 4–6 servings.

### STRAWBERRY-ALMOND KUCHEN

1 package (about 1-lb.-4-oz.) white-cake mix
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine
½ cup blanched shaved almonds
1 tablespoon flour
1 jar (12-oz.) strawberry jam
1 teaspoon lemon juice

(1) Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Stir in the almond flavoring. (2) Spread softened butter or margarine generously on the insides of a heavy copper kuchen mold, 11-cup size. (3) Coat the bottom and sides of the mold with the almonds. Lightly sprinkle the flour over the almonds. (4) Pour the cake batter slowly into the mold. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour, or until cake is done and begins to pull away from the sides of the pan. (5) Let cake cool in pan on cake rack for 10–15 minutes before removing from pan. (6) In a small saucepan, heat jam with lemon juice, just to soften jam. Force through a sieve. (7) With a soft pastry brush, brush the jam over the entire surface of the cake. Let cake stand about 1 hour before slicing. Makes 8 servings.

### BLUEBERRY ICE-CREAM SANDWICHES WITH HOT BLUEBERRY SAUCE

1 package (about 13-oz.) wild-blueberry-muffin mix
1 egg
⅔ cup water
3 tablespoons sugar
*Hot Blueberry Sauce:*
1 can (15-oz.) wild blueberries
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon cornstarch
1 quart vanilla ice cream

(1) Prepare blueberry-muffin mix according to package directions, using above ingredients instead of those on package. Spread batter into greased 8″x8″x2″ square pan. (2) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 25–30 minutes. Let cool in pan. (3) For sauce: Pour blueberries into small saucepan. Mix lemon juice with cornstarch and a little cold water. Stir into blueberries. Heat sauce gently, 10–15 minutes, until clear and thickened. Keep warm over low heat or reheat just before serving. (4) To assemble sandwiches: Cut cake into 8 serving-size pieces, split each in half. Spoon some of the ice cream on bottom halves, and top with remaining cake. Spoon a little sauce over each one and serve at once. Makes 8 servings.

### BUTTER-PECAN-SAUCE CAKE

1 package (13½-oz.) butter-pecan-cake mix
2 cups water
1¾ cups light brown sugar
2 tablespoons maple syrup
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup coarsely chopped pecans

(1) Prepare the sauce first. In a small saucepan, mix together the water, sugar, syrup and butter or margarine. Bring to a fast boil. Remove from heat and let cool completely. (2) Prepare cake mix according to package directions. Pour into a greased 8″x8″x2″ pan. Slowly pour sauce over batter. Sprinkle with nuts. (3) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 40–45 minutes, until cake is done. Serve warm, spooning the sauce in the bottom over each piece. Makes 6–8 servings.

### HONEY-CREAM TEA CAKES

1 package (11½-oz.) orange-cake mix
1 cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
6 tablespoons honey
Confectioners' sugar

(1) Prepare cake according to package directions. (2) Grease and flour very small cupcake pans, 1¾″x¾″. Fill them ½ full of batter. Bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 375° F. Let them cool briefly in the pans before removing. Cover with a towel to keep moist. (3) Whip the cream until thick and glossy. Stir in the rinds and honey. (4) With a sharp, pointed knife, cut out the centers of each cake. Fill, mounding slightly with some of the honey cream. Replace the "tops" and sprinkle with the sugar. Makes 4 dozen small cakes.

### LEMON-BUTTER POUND CAKE

2 (1-lb.-1-oz.) packages pound-cake mix
2½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
¼ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons water

(1) Prepare both packages cake mix according to package directions, stir in 1 teaspoon lemon rind. Spoon into a lightly greased and floured 10″ tube pan and bake in a slow oven, 325° F., 1¼–1½ hours. (2) While cake is baking, melt butter or margarine in a small saucepan. Add remaining ingredients and cook until all sugar is dissolved, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. (3) When cake is done, remove from oven and set on a rack. Pour lemon glaze evenly over cake *in the pan.* Let cake cool completely before removing from pan. Makes 10–12 servings.

### CHEESE STRAWS

1 package (10-oz.) pie-crust mix
1 envelope (3-oz.) grated American or shredded Cheddar cheese
1 jar (3-oz.) or ⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese
5 tablespoons cold water
1 egg, slightly beaten
Salt
Seasoned pepper

(1) Toss pie-crust mix and cheeses together in a bowl. (2) Add 4 tablespoons water a little at a time, mixing with a fork until mixture forms a ball of pastry. (3) Divide dough in half. (4) Roll out one half ⅛-inch thick on lightly floured surface to measure approximately 8 x 12 inches. Brush pastry with a mixture of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

ACTUAL SIZE

# The little gold box

## How it helps you balance your diet every day without a single chart

If you have been working too hard and not eating right—

If you have been splurging at the table and want to get back to the simple essentials of good nourishment—

If you are regulating your weight—

If you are uncertain (and perhaps a bit uneasy) about the claims and counterclaims today regarding protein, cholesterol, fats, vitamins, and other controversial dietary issues—

Then you'll want to know about a unique new kind of cereal food which helps you balance your diet every day without a single chart.

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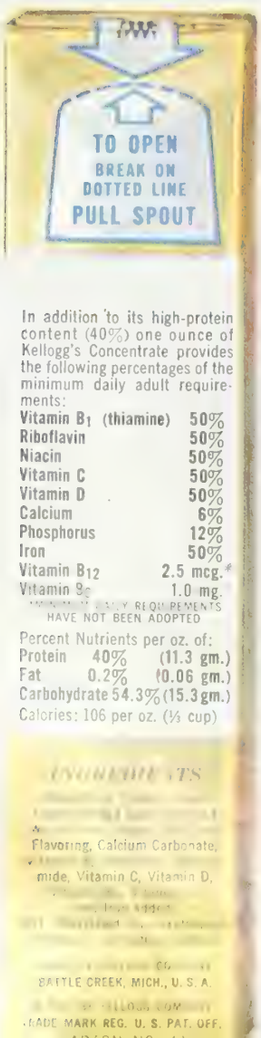
Kellogg's of Battle Creek

Look for the little gold box of Concentrate in your grocer's cereal section.

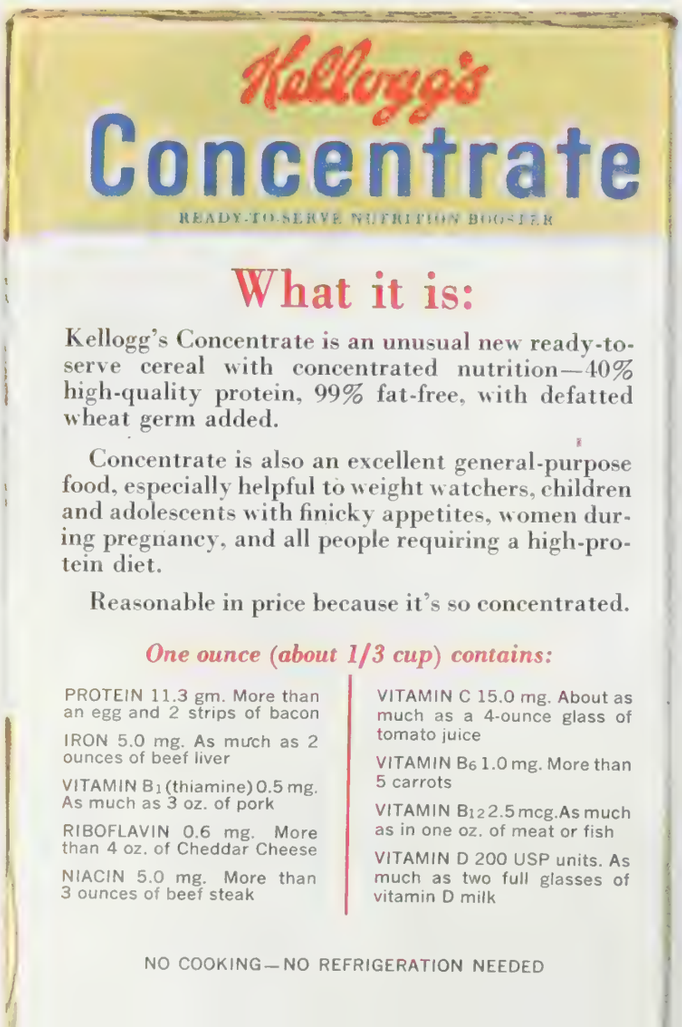



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**Read what's in it**




**Read what it is**




**Read how to use it**



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e egg and 1 tablespoon water. Sprinkle stry lightly with salt and pepper. (5) Cut o strips ½″ wide x 3″ long. (6) Place on greased baking sheets. (7) Bake in a hot en, 425° F., for 10–12 minutes or until lden. Transfer to cake rack to cool. Prepare e remaining dough in the same way. Makes out 120 cheese straws. Store in an airtight ntainer.

### COCKTAIL CHICKEN-LIVER TURNOVERS

*stry:*
envelope (about 3-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
½ cups flour
easpoon salt
cup shortening
cup cold water

*Filling:*
½ lb. chicken livers
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chicken broth
1 tablespoon mixed-vegetable flakes

Mix instant mashed-potato powder, flour d salt. Cut in the shortening until mixture sembles crumbs. Add water a little at a ne until mixture forms a ball of pastry. Roll out on lightly floured surface and cut o rounds with a 2″ cookie cutter. (3) For ing, sauté chicken livers in butter or marrine until cooked. (4) Heat chicken broth, r in vegetable flakes. Cool. (5) Chop chicken ers fine and stir in the chicken broth-getable mixture. (6) Spoon a little of the xture in the center of each pastry round. oisten the edges and fold one half of the stry round over the filling to form a turner. (7) Press the edges firmly together with tines of a fork to seal. Arrange on baking eets. (8) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for –15 minutes, or until golden. Serve warm. akes about 4 dozen. These may be wrapped aluminum foil and reheated just before ving.

### RED CAVIAR DIP

½ cups yoghurt
package (8-oz.) cream cheese, softened
envelope (1⅞-oz.) cream-of-leek-soup mix
1 teaspoon paprika
⅓ cup chili sauce
3 tablespoons red caviar

Beat yoghurt and cream cheese until ooth. (2) Add all remaining ingredients. Cover and chill for at least 1 hour to blend vors. Serve as a dip for shrimp or with salted crackers. Makes about 3 cups.

### APPETIZER SAUSAGE ROLLS

package (about 14-oz.) hot-roll mix

*lling:*
b. bulk sausage
neat
ablespoons chopped onion
1 can (4-oz.) pimientos, drained and chopped
⅛ teaspoon powdered sage
2 eggs
1 tablespoon cold water

Prepare hot-roll mix according to package rections. Let rise in a warm place free m drafts. (2) Sauté the sausage and onion til golden and cooked. Drain off all fat. Add pimientos, sage and 1 beaten egg. ol. (4) After the first rising of the dough, l out half on a lightly floured surface into a tangle ¼″ thick. Cut into small rectangles ½″ long and 1½″ wide. (5) Put about 2 teaons sausage filling in the center of each rec-gle. Fold dough over filling to form a roll, l long edge by pinching dough together, ve the ends of the roll open. Cut each roll in lf. (6) Roll out and fill the remaining dough the same way. Place on ungreased baking eets. Brush surface of each with a mixture of naining egg beaten with the water. Allow to e 10–15 minutes. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., minutes until golden. Serve warm. Makes out 40.

### MINIATURE SAVORY PUFFS

tick (4¼-oz.) cream-puff mix
ablespoon or ½ envelope (⅝-oz.) exotic-herbs salad-dressing mix

(1) Prepare cream-puff mix according to package directions. Stir in salad-dressing mix. (2) Using ½ teaspoon as a measure, drop on ungreased baking sheets. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 15–20 minutes. Transfer to wire racks and cool. (3) To serve: Break each cream puff open and fill with any savory filling such as deviled ham, chive and cream cheese, chopped shellfish. May be served hot or cold, if hot, reheat wrapped in aluminum foil. Makes 50–60.

### LEEK-AND-WATERCRESS DIP

1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream
2 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese
¼ cup chopped watercress leaves
1 envelope (1⅞-oz.) cream-of-leek-soup mix
2 tablespoons bourbon (optional)

(1) Beat sour cream and cheese together until smooth. (2) Stir in watercress and leek-soup mix. Add the bourbon if you like. (3) Cover and chill at least 1 hour. Serve with multi-shaped crackers or raw vegetables. Makes 2 cups.

### CLAM DIP

2 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese, softened
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup milk
1 envelope (1⅜-oz.) spring-vegetable-soup mix
1 can (10½-oz.) minced clams, drained
Dash liquid hot-pepper seasoning
1 teaspoon anchovy paste
½ teaspoon lemon juice

(1) Beat together cream cheese, mayonnaise and milk until smooth. (2) Stir in remaining ingredients. (3) Cover and chill for at least 1 hour to blend flavors. Serve as a dip with assorted crackers. Makes 2 cups.

### BACON, ORANGE AND RAISIN PANCAKES

1 package (14-oz.) orange-muffin mix
2 eggs
1 cup water
½ lb. bacon, crisp cooked
½ cup seedless raisins

(1) Beat together the muffin mix, eggs, and water until fairly smooth. (2) Crumble bacon, add with raisins to mixture. (3) Cook pancakes on hot, lightly greased griddle or skillet using a scant ¼ cup as a measure. Serve with syrup. Makes about 16 pancakes, 4–6 servings.

### APPLESAUCE WAFFLES WITH HOT-CIDER SYRUP

2 cups biscuit mix
2 eggs
½ cup applesauce
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

*Hot-Cider Syrup:*
1 cup apple cider
1 cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon lemon juice
¼ cup butter or margarine

For waffles: (1) Combine all ingredients and beat with a rotary beater. (2) Bake in a waffle baker. Serve with Hot-Cider Syrup. Makes two 12-inch waffles. For syrup: (3) Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. (4) Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes, or until thickened. Makes about 1½ cups syrup.

### BACON CORN BREAD

½ lb. bacon
1 box (12- or 14-oz.) corn-muffin mix
Butter or margarine
Hot maple syrup

(1) Fry bacon until crisp, drain, and crumble. (2) Prepare corn-muffin batter according to package directions. (3) Stir in the crumbled bacon. Pour into a greased 8″x8″x2″ baking pan and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20–25 minutes, or until golden. Cut into serving-size pieces, split and top with butter or margarine and hot maple syrup. Makes 6 servings. END



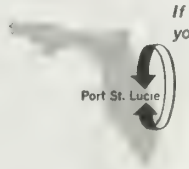





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# JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO. 1

Another *Journal* first—a SWEATER KIT containing enough delicious-frosted mohair-and-orlon yarn, the directions for knitting, and the ribbon trim for this delightful Chanel-type sweater. It is an all-purpose, all-season cardigan in an easy-to-knit honeycomb stitch. The directions include four original ideas for trimming with the same ribbon. To buy a comparable hand-knit sweater, you would have to pay from $75 up. But it is yours to make for *only* $14.98 postpaid. See page 126 for order coupon.

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# How Joan Bennett Loses Weight—Yet Eats What She Wants



12 YEARS AGO, Joan Bennett looked like this. She'd lost 10 pounds. Her comment: "It was easy. I took Ayds."



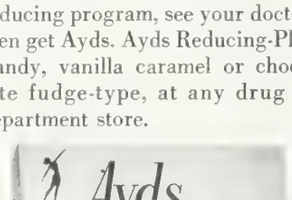
...AND TODAY, looking slim as ever, Joan says: "Thank goodness I know the secret of keeping my weight under control."

At a glance, it would seem that Hollywood's Joan Bennett has a corner on the trim-figure market. But the fact is, almost any woman can be slender, if she knows how to do it. And how to do it doesn't mean giving up meals, starvation dieting, living on liquids or taking drugs.

It's simply a matter of taking the low-calorie, vitamin and mineral candy that helps make you slim. It is called Ayds. Taken as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You automatically eat less, because *you want less* and so lose weight naturally. This is exactly how Joan Bennett lost ten pounds in 1951 and has kept the weight off ever since.

"Take a look at any of my photographs, if you want proof," says Joan. "And keep in mind that I'm the mother of four daughters. With Ayds, you never have to starve yourself. You never have to live on liquids. On the Ayds Plan, I've eaten vichyssoise, lasagna, Crème Brûlé—all my favorite dishes—yet stayed between 110 and 112 pounds for the past twelve years."

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*Campana Corporation, Batavia, Ill.


## YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"Knows how to wear them too. I noticed that right off."

I went over to the other end of the basement and stared out the window. I'd been looking forward to Saturday too. That's the trouble with having a repairman in the house. It doesn't do one bit of good to stand and watch him, but it's impossible to concentrate on anything else. It is for me, anyhow—always has been.

I turned and walked back. "You find the trouble?" I asked.

"Wouldn't be surprised. These things get out of kilter sometimes, you know, just like everything else." He put down the wrench and picked up some pliers. "I remember one time a woman called me out to fix her washer. It was in awful shape. Turned out she'd used it to clean some clams. A whole bushel."

"What did she do that for?"

He shrugged. "Going to have a clambake, I guess."

I put out my cigarette under the faucet of the washtubs and laid it on the windowsill. There were about half a dozen others. We never seem to have any ashtrays around the basement.

"Yes," the man said for no reason I could see, "I was showing your wife a stove when she was in the other day. It's the latest deluxe model—all automatic. I wish you could have seen the look on her face."

"Yes," I said, "I'm sorry I missed it."

"She likes to cook, you know. Said your favorite dessert was cherry cobbler."

I said, "Blueberry."

"Blueberry cobbler, was it? Anyway, she mentioned that she hadn't been able to do much baking lately. Sounds like the thermostat on your oven is shot."

"It's the oven door—it won't stay closed."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Like I always say, a good cook deserves a good stove; a bad cook needs one." He glanced up at me. "You get it?"

"Look," I said, "as long as you're here why don't you fix the washer?"

He said, "That's what I'm doing."

I said, "Fine." I walked away. Over near the furnace there was a lot of broken glass on the floor, along with some bolts and nails and so on. I had been looking for some staples a couple of days before in this jar and it had slipped out of my hand. I hadn't felt like cleaning it up at the time. Now I got a coffee can and started to salvage what I could. No sense in the afternoon's being a total loss.

Inside the washer Caruso had begun to sing again. This was the part in which the woman gets to thinking about all the things she's never going to have.

"Listen," I called to him, "my wife has as many appliances as any woman on the block. Mixer—blender—toaster ——"

"She mentioned the toaster. Said half the time the toast doesn't pop up."

"Nothing's perfect," I said.

"I'll tell you what you do. You come down to the shop and pick out any toaster in the place. Bring it home and make a hundred slices of toast. If every single one doesn't pop up, the toaster's yours. Free of charge."

"What would I do with a hundred pieces of toast?" I asked him. I had just cut my thumb on a piece of glass. I went upstairs and put a bandage on it. That isn't easy to do with one hand.

When I got back downstairs the fellow was just stubbing out a cigarette on the floor. I picked it up and put it on the windowsill with the others. He glanced up at the sill, then back at the floor and shook his head. "You go bowling much?" he asked me. "You and the wife?"

I had already answered the first part of his question by saying "Fairly often" before he added the second part. Then I had to change it to "No."

"Ethel doesn't care much for bowling," I said.

"Uh-huh." He started to sing the song again. It was the part in the middle where it tells about her grief and care, and how a g word helps to ease things.

I banged my hand on the side of the chine until he stopped. "Now look," I "your little scheme isn't going to work. s might as well give up. You're not going t me into buying a lot of stuff I can't afford

He gave me a puzzled look. "How's again?"

"The way you keep hammering at me that song," I said. "Sure, I know most o things are pretty beat up. I'd like to buy everything brand-new, but right now it's o the question."

He picked up the back plate and start fasten it on the machine. "Tell me somet do you know the words to that song nodded. "OK then. Can you tell me one where it even mentions money?" I shoo head. "No, you can't. Tenderness, a smile, things like that. Those are what portant to a woman." He got to his plugged in the washer and turned it on. "T listen to that—notice the difference?"

It sounded the same to me. "But all sales talk you've been giving me ——"

"I enjoy a little pleasant conversation said. "You get to know all different kin people. I didn't mean anything person it." He switched off the machine and beg wrestle it back to the wall. "As a matt fact, I'll bet there isn't a washer on the that couldn't use a little fixing up—a adjusting."

"You may be right."




"I know I'm right." He slapped the the washer and gave a little laugh. "You to know the truth, my own washer at ho in worse shape than this one. The wife after me to fix it, but—I don't know—it s like every time I get around to it there's s thing else—an emergency call, something started picking up his tools and putting back in the kit. Then he got going on the again, whistling this time. Our song. "A catchy tune," he said. I nodded. "A truth in it too." I followed him up the ment steps. They needed painting.

It was about an hour after he left Ethel came home. I watched as she got o the car—a fine-looking woman. You wou be surprised to see her on any stage. I h her carry in the packages and pile the the couch.

"It looks like an awful lot, doesn't it? said. "I'm afraid I spent more than I inten

"Ethel," I said, "look at me." She "Ethel, do you ever regret giving up a c on the stage?"

"What in the world ——" Then she no the bandage. "You've hurt your thumb."

"A scratch," I said.

"You'd better let me look at it."

"You're evading the issue."

"There isn't any issue, and you know was never interested in a career."

"Not at the time, maybe." I crosse room and rested one elbow on the m trying to get the most poignant effect fro lines. "But there must be dreary days— when you consider the cooking, the cle the mending, and you think it might have different."

"Anybody can get tired of housework, said. "There's no secret about that." paused, eying me thoughtfully. "You wou have been talking with Miriam by chance?"

"What does Miriam have to do with (She lives next door and is one of E closest friends.)

"It's kind of a funny coincidence is all was saying just the other day that some

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

when the house and kids get too much for her she likes to imagine she's a famous actress—steeped in luxury and all that. So then I admitted I did too. I expect most women do sometime or other. It's just daydreaming—it doesn't mean anything."

"I see." I decided this part of the conversation had gone far enough. "You know that new play that just opened at the Colony; how'd you like to see it tonight?"

I had expected this would get a reaction, and it did. But only for a moment. She sighed. "It would be wonderful," she said, "but we couldn't get tickets this late. Besides, I've already shot the budget for this month." She came over and brushed my hair back with her fingers. "It was sweet of you to think of it, anyway."

"I've already arranged for the tickets and a sitter. And I've reserved a table at Pierre's."

She stared at me in a state of shock. Then she put her arms around my neck. "I don't know what crime you're trying to cover up," she said, "but whatever it is, it's worth it."

"You know," I said after a minute, "if things had worked out differently I might be taking my wife downtown tonight to see you on the stage. I like it this way better."

Ethel said, "You and me." She stepped over and picked up a package from the couch. "Look, why don't you fix us a drink while I take this over to Miriam? It's a blouse I exchanged for her."

I said, "I thought she was going to meet you downtown."

"She was, but then she remembered the man was coming to fix her washer so she had to stay and wait for him."

I said, "He was supposed to fix Miriar washer?"

"That's what I just said. Apparently he' real weird character. Miriam said she stopp by his shop only intending to stay a min and she was there an hour. He practica talked her arm off." She glanced out the w dow. "I was hoping I could get a look him—you didn't notice if he was there, you?"

I said, "Ethel, I think there's somethi you ought to know."

She raised her eyebrows. "There is?"

I took her by the hand and led her over the easy chair. I sat down and pulled her or my lap. She was looking at me expectantly

"This fellow who was supposed to Miriam's washer did show up," I said. "O he showed up here. He fixed our washer."

Ethel said, "That's impossible."

"It does seem that way, doesn't it? But y know I've said all along those fancy numb you got for the house are impossible to rea

"Didn't he even ask your name?"

"He called me Mac. Said he'd come to fix washer. Well, you had mentioned that wasn't working right."

Ethel started to laugh. She rested her he on my shoulder and laughed until she shaking. I started to laugh too. Finally she up and wiped her eyes. "Poor Miriam. I gu I'd better go break the news." She started get up.

I pulled her back. "What's the rush?"

She snuggled against me. "Well, now t you mention it ——" After a moment chuckled. "It's mean to laugh, but whe think of him coming to the wrong house —

I tightened my arms around her. "He ca to the right house," I said.

## THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER OF CAROL BURNETT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

desperate myopia or someone about to throw up. She can put out positively alarming amounts of physical energy. She has knocked down an entire stage set by hurling herself upon walls and furniture. She can dance with a troupe or be tossed like a cork by it—it seems to be all one to her. Her voice is a tremendous instrument. She is famous for her ability to raise the roof (no one has ever explained to her how, with her slight build, she can put forth such astonishing volume; her own theory is that "it's my big mouth—the noise bounces around inside"), but she can also use her voice in song with great delicacy and charm. Her speaking voice ranges from devastatingly husky to guileless West Coast. A line like "Who, me?" comes up new-minted from the depths of her own foolishness. With something she can put *real* expression into, like, "My pituitary gland doesn't *pitoo*," she can bring down the house.

Away from the shelter of the *Garry Moore Show*, she has been making some momentous decisions this year. Last fall she said dreamily, "I'd *love* to work with Billy Wilder," and by winter she was explaining deprecatingly, "Mr. Wilder hasn't been exactly beating on my door." But the possibilities before her have been as unlimited as a newcomer to the big scene could hope for. She has already signed some highly privileged contracts for a Broadway musical, a movie, TV specials, TV guest appearances and recordings. Easiest choice to discard has been a TV series—something nobody close to her is in favor of for the present.

She has been making other momentous decisions this year too. This summer she finally got around to divorcing her former husband, from whom she had been separated for three years. At the same time, she announced tentative plans to marry again. From Las Vegas she told Dorothy Kilgallen, who broke the story, "I'm in love with a wonderful guy." The guy was Joe Hamilton, the 34-year-old producer of the *Garry Moore Show*. There were quite a few hitches to their plans. Joe was already married, he and his wife were Roman Catholics, and they had eight children. Dorothy Kilgallen's careful story made it clear that had been separated from his wife for so time, and had long since asked for a divo but the situation has been deeply distressing Carol nevertheless. "What's so awful ab this is, I'd hate to hurt *one* child—but *eigh*

If there is one litany that Carol's TV f say to each other, it is, "She looks as thou she'd be *nice*." The uncertainties involved her choice of a man to fall in love with, a her sorrow that their plans were built on pain of others, have been an almost crush private burden to her this winter. For Car fans are absolutely right. She *is* nice. really is.

Carol was born on April 26, 1933, in S Antonio, Texas. Her parents moved to L Angeles when she was two, leaving her beh in the charge of her maternal grandmoth Mae White. Both her parents were alcohol eventually became chronically unemploy and were more often separated than togeth Nevertheless, when Carol was seven, she a her grandmother migrated to Los Angeles t They lived across the hall from her moth but Carol remained her grandmother's pr erty. "My mother was drinking by then, a we used to fight all the time. Nanny wo spoil me, my mother wouldn't. I didn't be to admire her until I was older. But I kn now my mother was bright. Boy, was she! S wrote—for a while she did publicity for one the Hollywood studios. She had perfect pit She had this collection of songs she sang, a she played the ukulele. She was a ball of f

"I got my sense of humor from my moth I'd tell her my tragedies, and she'd make laugh. She was the first person who told 'Comedy is tragedy plus time.' She may have made it up herself, but it was new to

"I hardly knew my father until my last y at UCLA, when he was dying of TB and I'd visit him whenever I could get a lift to hospital. He was the quiet, contemplative t who never lost his temper. He was quite m sical too. They had no money, but my mot was nuts about him."

Carol's grandmother was and is a color person herself, and Carol talks of some writing a book about her. There may still b few people left who do not know that wh Carol used to pull her left earlobe at the of every *Garry Moore Show*, it was a signal Nanny: "I'm fine, Christine's fine, your ch

is on the way." (She likes to tell audiences that her left earlobe is now half an inch longer than her right.)

Although the family lived near Hollywood, no one dreamed of being movie-bitten for Carol. In more prosperous circumstances she might have had her teeth straightened. Her assets were unorthodox: her father's great green eyes and an inner fire. In her earliest school days, she was going to be "the greatest artist that ever was. I used to hurry home from school and draw for hours. I had a pencil callus by the time I was *four*." Her grandmother once had a night job cleaning in Warner Brothers' art department, and Carol, who was taken along, left samples of her drawings around, hoping to be "discovered." The art staff left a message for their cleaning woman: "Please leave art supplies alone!"

Later, it was running. "I had one prowess the boys admired. I could outrun them. I used to get up at six o'clock and play games with the neighborhood boys until dark. I *invariably* had skinned knees. My gym teacher even began thinking of the Olympics, and wrote a letter to my grandmother offering special coaching. But Nanny thought it wouldn't be good for me, and said no."

In spite of its intensity, Carol wants the record clear that she had a "normal, happy childhood." Her grandmother worked, and the family was often on welfare, but "everybody I knew was poor too." Her grandmother kept the lightest of checkreins on her ("Fortunately, I was in with a bunch of good kids"); she was wanted on teams, and she played hard. But her basic happiness seems to have been firmly rooted in her grandmother's capacious affection. Carol remembers coming down with chicken pox on her ninth birthday, and being in bed in the care of her father while her grandmother went off to work. "I kept crying for my grandmother while Daddy kept getting more and more irritated. Finally I broke away and ran down the street after her in my nightgown, with my face all broken out in pox." She remembers another scene from a night or two before. "I was feverish, but of course nobody knew I was coming down with anything yet. I got out of bed at two in the morning—I couldn't sleep. Mamma got out her ukulele, and she and Nanny and I sat in the kitchen singing songs. Then I said, 'I wish I could have a piece of chocolate pie.' Mamma could bake the *best* pie—so she did, and we ate it."

There is, in fact, a generous warmth to Carol's recollections of her childhood, and a generous warmth in her disposition now. Her grandmother was a Christian Scientist ("The kind who kept aspirin in the cupboard"), and Carol says now, "I often use Science in my work. One of the wonderful things it gives you is a lack of fear. It teaches that there is a place for you. Whenever I lost an audition, I'd say, 'All right, that one wasn't yours. Forget it!' I've *never* been jealous of another performer. There is room for every single person in the world."

When Carol was 11, her sister, Antonia Christine, was born, "after one of the periods when my parents were together." The baby stayed with her mother. Two years later their parents were finally divorced.

Pictures of Carol at high school show her looking tall and touchingly young. "I was still very athletic, and the boys all liked me—but when they wanted to ask a girl for a date, well! Having a steady, of course, was the living end. I got crushes all during high school, always on the most popular boys. You shoot for the moon. But *they* never knew it. At dances I'd rush to the Ping-Pong tables to hide the fact nobody was going to ask me to dance." The inner fire still burned. A report card of the period shows all A's and B's, and she had turned to writing. She edited the school newspaper, wrote her own column of humor and verse. She was going to be a journalist, and she wanted to go to college.

She had already begun working during high school (she was an usherette at a movie theater one summer under a manager who invented so many hand signals that she later created a skit around them), and UCLA, within commuting distance, would be within her own means. Once there, she found there was no journalism department for undergraduates, and she entered the theater-arts department instead because it offered a course in play-writing. (She says seriously now, "You know what I think? I think I wanted to be an actress all along.") One day she had a comic part in a one-act student play and heard her classmates laugh. "That," she says emphatically, "is when the bug bit."

From then on, she was gone. As was later to happen in New York, she was so good so quickly that doors swung open. A fellow student asked if she could carry a tune. Carol swears she had never thought of herself as a singer, but "when I opened my mouth for him, it came out loud." She got a part in an advance student production of *Guys and Dolls* (her first solo onstage was *Concrete Annie*), and she quickly became one of the inner group of graduates and undergraduates who ate, slept and talked theater all day long. "It was wild. We'd be putting on something every night, then we'd stay up till one or two in the morning talking about it. I'd go home, get four hours of sleep, and be up at 6:30 to go to my morning typing job before afternoon classes."

Carol got the rowdy parts and the funny parts, but they were vivid opportunities for self-expression. "I first got self-confidence, began to go on dates, after I'd been in some shows. A boy would come up and say, 'I saw you in the show last night; you were great. How about a Coke?'"

Carol says of herself as a girl, "I was the most avid reader of fairy tales that ever lived—I read them *all*," and she can recall harrowing Andrew Lang plots to this day. It was perfectly appropriate, therefore, that in the spring of her third year at UCLA a piece of fairy-tale good fortune should befall her. It was probably as inevitable as that the old woman should have turned up in the wood to guide the lost princess. She and a fellow student, Don Saroyan, were asked by a professor to do a scene from *Annie Get Your Gun* at a party in San Diego. One of the partygoers, a well-heeled businessman, was so impressed by the pair that he asked them why they weren't in New York. Both answered, "Money!" He told them to come to his office the following week.

To Carol's and Don's utter astonishment, he followed through, sober and businesslike, when they showed up. He gave them each $1,000, with several stipulations: that they should repay the money without interest within five years; that they should never reveal his name (he didn't want a path beaten to his door); and that if they made good, they should extend a helping hand to some young person in turn. (Carol has kept all three stipulations.) New York was already Carol's Mecca, and there was no choice between that and a fourth year at UCLA. Her father had just died. Her mother told her she'd never make it on the stage. But in August, 1954, Carol said goodbye to her family and came East.

Carol sometimes projects a handy image of herself as a girl with two left feet who is deeply touched by an invitation from a man to have a Coke. Like all good caricatures, the image may have some basis in fact—but not much, not anymore. (She once was a panelist with a group of other single female celebrities on a David Susskind *Open End* show, discussing the single life. While the other girls talked about ways of keeping hordes of wolves from their doors, Carol said, "It's a drag—I sit at home alone every night in my pajamas and eat frozen TV dinners." "*Every* night?" exclaimed Susskind incredulously. "Just about," said Carol cheerfully. "On Tuesdays it's spaghetti, on Wednesdays I send out to the delicatessen." She made herself sound so forlorn that everybody else on the panel asked her over to dinner. Yet the show was taped just as she was beginning to see Joe Hamilton regularly.)

She certainly arrived in New York with the setup for a romance. Don Saroyan, with whom she had shared her fairy-tale event, was "a good-looking boy, with a vibrant personality. He wanted to do straight acting—he looked like a heavy—but he could do comedy, and he had a nice voice." Carol settled decorously in the Rehearsal Club, a boardinghouse for broke and stagestruck girls. Don got a room nearby. Together they stretched their $1,000

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123


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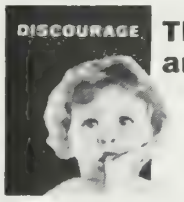
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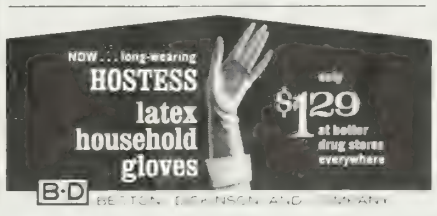
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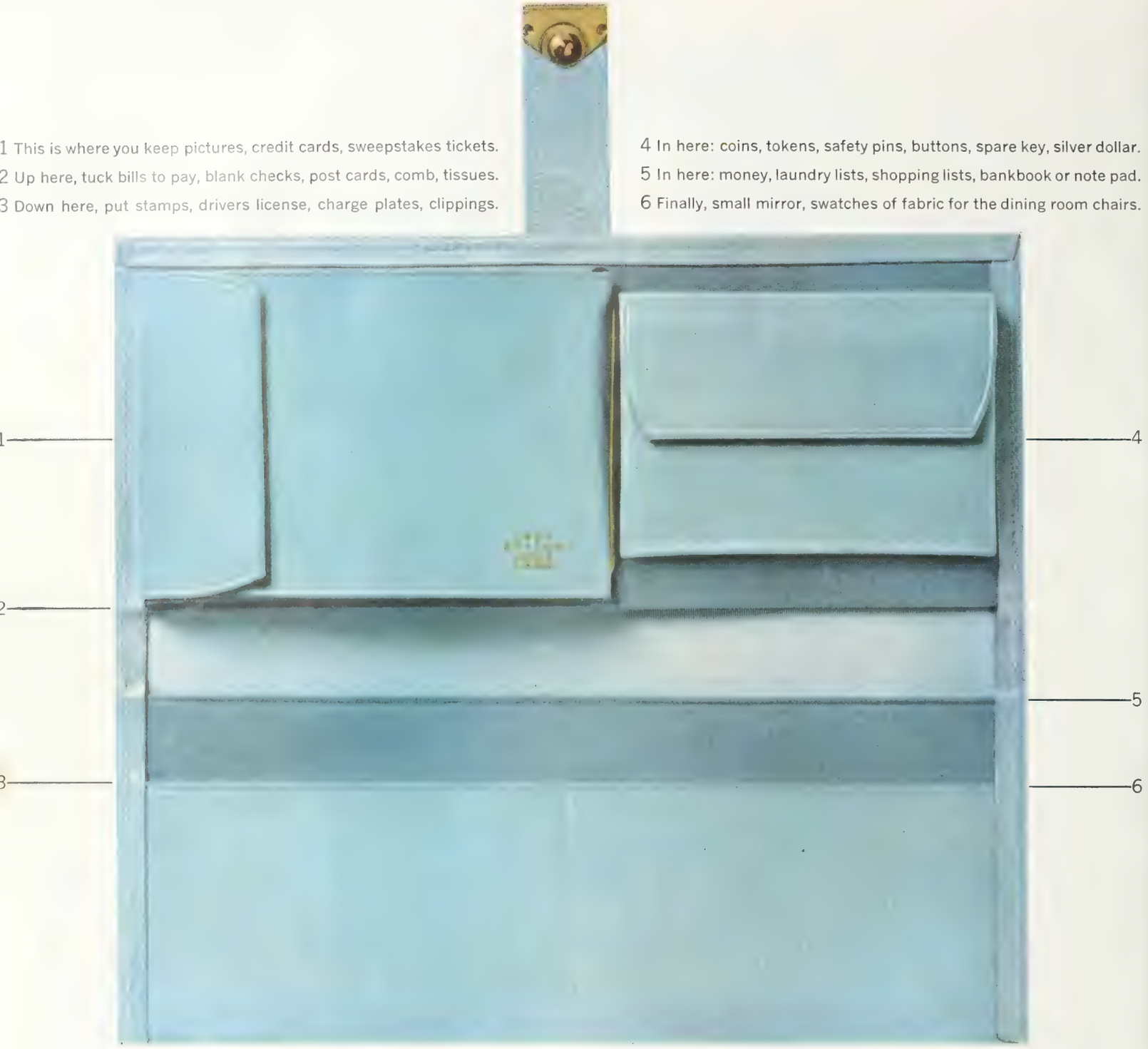



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

kitties. Don worked for a while as an usher at the Roxy Theater, Carol as a hat-check girl in a proper ladies' restaurant in midtown. When Don was hungriest, Carol would slip him some of her boardinghouse dinner. They waited until they had toeholds in their profession, but a little over a year after their arrival, they were married. Carol says now, "I'll tell you how it was. Don had been a graduate student at school, a big man. I had been in love with him. We'd had two years there together, we came to New York together, we worked together. He was the only boy I knew in New York. And after we were married, we stayed together really quite a long time."

Meanwhile, back that first year, they made the rounds of theatrical agents. Carol participated firsthand in the dialogue that goes like this: AGENT: "How can I do anything for you when I've never seen your work?" YOUNG ASPIRANT: "How can you see my work if you won't do anything for me?" By early 1955, energetic Carol was president of the Rehearsal Club and had conceived the idea of a Rehearsal Club show. The girls prepared their own acts, talked writers and stage people into helping them. Don directed it. On opening night that March, 250 agents, producers and friends, most of them prodded from the rear, actually came to see it.

Carol was in two skits, one of them a solo that she had written herself—an energetic spoof of Eartha Kitt singing *Monotonous*. Eartha had sung it *en négligée*, with chaise longues for props. Carol sang it with a couple of kitchen chairs, dressed in an old bathrobe and hair curlers. "I knew I wasn't going to win any glamour prizes," she says now. "I was going to have to establish myself as a slob."

The next day Arthur Willi, a partner of Martin Goodman Productions, theatrical agents who are very choosy about adding to their celebrated list, telephoned Carol to ask, 'Can we handle you?" (Mr. Willi admits now that after the first act—before Carol's solo—he had told his wife, "I've had it!" She made him stay.) *Show Business Review* wrote a review that said, among other things, "Easily the winner . . . was Carol Burnett."

The show landed Don a job staging industrial shows. Carol kept plodding around to auditions. "I'd do skits. Something loud. They'd say, 'Forget it, honey. Go back home.'" Among the auditions she attended that spring were those being held by Gus Schirmer Jr. for summer stock. These were important auditions, and commanded "old hands, new hands, the great and small," and it was Mr. Schirmer's practice to ask a young composer, lyricist and theatrical coach named Kenneth Welch to play the piano for them. Ken was hardly older than Carol, and he had come to New York not long before her to write the greatest musical comedy of them all, but his multiple gifts and his acute insight into people had already sidetracked him into a rather technical specialty: creating the right material for a performer and coaching him in it.

Ken says, "In comes a girl I'd never heard of—just in from the West Coast. She was wearing a skirt and blouse. I must say, even before she performed I liked her. Once she started, I was enchanted. She sang *How About You* by Gershwin. It wasn't funny, it was young and fresh. I thought she was the greatest thing I'd seen in three years. She didn't get the job, incidentally. I have never done this before or since, but afterward I followed her into the hall and said, 'I have to tell you this. I think you're absolutely brilliant.' She said, 'Thank you very much.' That was all. So maybe I'd never see her again."

Carol did get a summer job, playing in *Green Mansions*, and when she returned that fall she decided she needed professional help. Someone recommended Ken Welch to her. She looked him up in the telephone book and began, "You won't remember me ——" "Indeed I do," he told her. "Come on up."

Carol did come up, and Ken made her sing everything she knew. He noted that every time she sang a romantic ballad, with no girlish character to hide behind, "down would come a mental block." They talked—a conversation Carol still regards as one of the important ones of her life. Ken searched out her aims, and found them deadly serious. He told her he could probably prepare some far-out comedy that might make her the rage at a Greenwich Village night spot, but would lead to a professional dead end. Which did she want, quick work now, or the long run? Carol told him she wanted musical comedy, the big time.

They ended on the subject of money. Carol explained that she hadn't any. He told her he believed in her future. Carol proposed that she come every second week for coaching. Ken wanted her to come twice a week. "No—she didn't want it that way. The upshot was that I had to go to the dime store and buy a book of blank promissory notes. That way she'd come."

It was the beginning of a long relationship, for with very few exceptions. Ken has written all Carol's musical material ever since.

That winter Carol landed a job on ventriloquist Paul Winchell's show in the unmemorable role of his dummy's girl friend, and in December she and Don were married. Almost immediately, their first toeholds gave way. The Winchell job folded in March. Don was miserable in his nonacting business world. "OK, quit," said Carol, and between jobs they lived on unemployment checks.

That summer was a happy one. Carol and Don and Ken Welch and his wife, a young singer named Mitzi, were all at a summer resort in the Poconos, staging weekly free-wheeling skits. The Elvis Presley craze was in full steam, and one of Ken's inventions was a scorching torch song, *Destroy Me*, sung by a dowdy housewife to her unnamed idol.

Back in New York that fall, Carol auditioned for Garry Moore's morning variety show. Garry recollects the occasion. "We used to hold auditions once a month. One out of 20 candidates is of any interest to you. In comes this girl just out of UCLA—she had the air of a college kid. I've never seen anyone so young with such finish. It was as though she'd had years of experience."

Her act was one of the first that Ken had put together for her—a song about types who try out at auditions, in which Carol played three or four parts. *She* remembers looking up into the soundproof booth where Garry was watching and seeing him laugh. As soon as she had finished, he came down and said, "I want you on the show."

Her first appearance on the *Garry Moore Show* was as a guest on November 9, 1956. But she was now being handled by Martin Goodman Productions, and things were looking up all over. She was brought on Buddy Hackett's show, *Stanley*, in the straight role of Buddy's girl friend. The show went doggedly to its death in March, but the few critics who saw her made kind observations. She appeared on the Ed Sullivan show, sang some songs on *Omnibus*. In June, 1957, she was booked at the Blue Angel, a New York nightclub that stages some of the brightest floor shows in the business. Although not the headliner, she did so well that she was held over, and Ken Welch had to prepare new material.

For months he had chewed over his old housewife's love song, *Destroy Me*, never quite satisfied. (Carol says, "When you know Kenny—he's never satisfied.") He needed an absolutely absurd idol. Khrushchev? Bulganin? Suddenly the marvelously dour figure of John Foster Dulles smote him, and his song was had. In August, Carol opened her new routine with *I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles*, and people choked on their drinks. The song quickly became one of the minor delights of '57. She was invited to sing it on the *Jack Paar Show*, and within minutes the NBC switchboard was jammed with callers, half of them shocked, the other half begging for the lyrics.

Carol dashed back from the studio to the Blue Angel for the second floor show, and found a call from Washington waiting for her. "I thought the FBI was going to deport me


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back to Texas, but it was Mr. Dulles's assistant to say, 'I heard it, I *loved* it!'" To many it seemed the definitive comment on bobby-soxers, soap opera, and possibly even what was wrong with our foreign policy. The press services wrote jubilant stories, Carol made a record, and the late Secretary of State Dulles took it in excellent grace. Carol was invited to Washington to sing it for him in person, but he began one of his round-the-world trips, and they were never able to get together. But she had reaped her first big national publicity.

She was the pet guest of the TV shows for the rest of the year. That Christmas she went back to California for a visit, her first in three years. "I recognized my mother wasn't going to last. I went to the school to pick up Chris that afternoon. I didn't like the way she looked. We came home, and my mother and I talked for three hours in the kitchen with the door locked. I said, 'Let me take Chris back to New York with me.' Mamma cried. I think she knew she'd never see Chris again."

Carol won her argument, and brought back to Manhattan with her an excited kid sister who had just had her 13th birthday and thought she had come for vacation. Christine is a softer, rounder edition of Carol's lean and saturnine features. She is now an inch taller than Carol (their father was 6'3"), with marvelous brown eyes and thick dark hair and lashes, but when she laughs, the Burnett stamp is in her face. The Burnett warmth is in her voice too. When asked who, in view of the dismal home-life facts, gave her this warmth, she says very quickly, "That was my mother. She loved me very much."

By the end of vacation, her mother was telephoning Carol, drunk and pleading, "I want my baby back." Chris grasped what was happening when the two girls were on their way home from the grocery store, loaded with paper bags. She innocently asked, "When am I going home?" and Carol said, "Honey, when we get home, we've got to talk." Chris's reaction was, "You're kidnaping me." But on January 10th their mother was dead.

"My mother *had* been beautiful," Carol says. "The only thing she saw me do was the Dulles thing. But after her death there was no question as to who was head of the family. I borrowed $1,500—Martin Goodman co-signed the loan—and put Chris in a private school. No New York public school for *her*—that would have been from the frying pan into the fire. A few weeks later I moved my grandmother into another apartment on the West Coast. I've welcomed this family responsibility. In fact," she says, flashing her managerial side, "I've thrived on it."

The year 1958 might be called the last of the tough years. Chris was calling up from her Episcopal Church school in New Jersey and weeping with homesickness. Don was leading the ego-damaging life of an actor whom nobody was hiring. What bacon there was, Carol brought home. There were still occasional TV guest appearances. She had a busy summer doing three *Chevy Show* guest spots on the West Coast and appearing at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. She came home that fall to no work except one *Garry Moore Show*, now in evening time. A pall was on even that enterprise. Garry's ratings were low, and the show was scheduled to be canceled in January. "That was a low time. Then one day I met Garry's secretary on the street, and she told me Bob Banner was being brought in as producer. Bob had a magic touch. I knew Garry would have a hit."

The hit would be big enough for everyone to share—including the public. It would be big enough, indeed, to further cloud the question of where a genuine talent belongs today. It certainly has clouded the question, probably forever, for Carol. She had arrived in New York stage-bitten; her dead-serious goal was musical comedy. In February of 1959 the revived *Garry Moore Show* asked her to hustle over and pinch-hit for Martha Raye, who was ill. She admits "The show went great. Bob Banner evidently thought so, too, although he's so thorough, he waited until November to ask me to become a regular." According to Garry, "Our writers were begging for her. They were saying, 'This is a girl we'd love to write for.'" Yet even as late as that February, Carol thought of all her TV and nightclub work as hopeful stepping-stones to the stage.

She was still trying out for legitimate parts, and she just missed a role in *Babes in Arms*. "I was *so* disappointed. But then I thought, no, something's gonna happen. Two days later I was asked to try out for a George Abbott musical. Wahoo! When I'd left UCLA, they'd had a farewell party, and someone had said, 'George Abbott will direct her first show!' It was a *joke*. Anyway, I came home from the tryouts, and I *knew* I had it. I sat by the telephone, and it rang at 6:30. 'Are you available?' I said, 'You bet!'"

She positively crows with pride as she tells this story—for a curious reason. Mr. Abbott, a true theater man, had never seen her on TV. She was well aware of *him*, however. He was her ideal director of comedies back in UCLA, and she'd attended open-call auditions for *Damn Yankees* with her heart on her sleeve. But he had finally noticed her at an entertainment she put on for the Dutch Treat Club—and remembered her. Carol likes to attribute 50 percent of her career to Ken Welch and the other 50 percent to Garry Moore, but then she cries, "Oh, no! Can I have some extra percentages? Mr. Abbott gets 35 percent because he started me cold too."

The play was *Once Upon a Mattress*, which ran for a year and was for Carol just about a total personal triumph. The book was a hard-boiled variation of the old Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale in which a tender-skinned princess felt a pea through 20 downy mattresses and thereby won the prince. Carol played Winnifred the Woebegone, in hot pursuit of Prince Dauntless the Drab. She swam a moat, nibbled on the wax grapes of her corsage and spat out the seeds, and bellowed a song called *Shy* in top voice. The critics thought the title was terrible, the book thin, the music (by Mary Rodgers, daughter of Richard) good and Carol absolutely great. Carol, in turn, had the time of her life. She went on record as saying, "I'd have paid them to let me play the part," described the troupe as "like a college varsity show . . . we get along so well," and led the company in a picket line when the off-Broadway theater in which the play opened made it move (it moved to Broadway and did better than ever).

She somehow found time to frequent a corner candy store near the Phoenix Theater, make fast friends with the neighborhood kids there, and become, as one newspaper story put it, "the best-loved girl on Second Avenue." The youngsters helped her picket (one cynical columnist, who suspected in print that they were being paid 50 cents an hour, later retracted the suspicion and apologized), sent her flowery cards and shed tears when she left. The quality that endeared her to the young endeared her to audiences and jaded critics. Wrote one of the most hard-boiled, "With the permission of my wife, I love Miss Burnett."

*Mattress* was halfway through its course when she joined the *Garry Moore Show* as a regular in November. Only someone slightly delirious with happiness would have undertaken both at once. Garry's is a man-eating, hour-long show that requires four stiff days of rehearsals and taping a week, and six writers to keep the performers fueled. Carol gave it her customary care. "I *can't* look at an idiot board!" she moans. She would first see the week's material on Tuesday, and by Wednesday she'd have the lines to two skits and two songs memorized (Ken, who later joined the show's staff, too, was still writing her musical numbers). Garry says, "She never had any temperament, was always the first to know her lines. In fact, that's the only thing I have against her—she wouldn't use a Teleprompter. So then Durward Kirby got smart and learned *his* lines. So then I had to, too."

She would rehearse until six or six-thirty, then bound off to appear in *Mattress* that night. She caught pneumonia and lost pounds. Something new was happening every day. There was only one tragic flaw. "I was *so* engrossed. But I'd come home from work—and couldn't talk about it. I hated to, it depressed Don so. On Christmas day we looked at each other and said, 'This is it.' We *never* had any fights or ugly words. He went on to become the director of a theater group in San Diego. When we saw each other afterward, we had more to talk about and were better friends than at the end of our marriage.

"I moved into another apartment, and Chris went off to boarding school—thank goodness. I looked like the wrath of God. Bob Banner had brought in Joe Hamilton to produce the show, and one day at work Joe put his arm around me and said, 'What's the matter?' I broke down and bawled."

She pauses, lights a cigarette and gives one of her candid looks. "I was *really* on my own now. Somehow it frightened me."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)




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## TOUGHEST HIGH SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

president of the California Institute of Technology, has noted, "the best college freshmen are getting better" and this better freshman is coming from all types of high schools. "As the freshmen have improved, we have had to advance the quality and content of our college courses to keep up with them," Doctor DuBridge has said. "Most of our freshmen of ten years ago would have flunked dismally in competition with our freshmen today—except, of course, if the freshmen of ten years ago would have gone to the high school of today, he would have done better also."

Students at the Bronx High School of Science in New York are among those setting the pace in the race for academic excellence in the United States—and that pace is far swifter than most parents realize. There was nothing like it in their high-school days.

The basic purpose of this article is to give parents and prospective college students some idea of the nature of the competition at the top. Those still deluded by the notion that merely graduating from an average high school with average accomplishments is good enough for most colleges today can brace themselves for possibly cruel surprises. They may find themselves hopelessly outdistanced by a number of genuine young scholastic sharks.

For some, like Mike Zaroff, academic excellence seems to come naturally—but not without countless hours of hard work, usually, it is true, at something they like to do! Any of several hundred boys at Science High lead lives as busy and interesting as Mike's. Many have similar high academic accomplishments and are engaged in equally original and difficult individual projects. Peter Turchi, for example, has created a new design for a rocket engine that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is interested in. Sylvain Cappell has worked out some formulas in "post-algebra" to prove non-Aristotelian logic, delving into a field of mathematics so obscure and difficult that it took college mathematics professors several weeks to check on his thinking. Edgar Milford, editor of the School's Journal of Biology, hit the top score of 800 in the College Board biology achievement test his junior year and is now amusing himself by building a harpsichord.

Similar extraordinary student accomplishments are reported in many other high schools in New York City and across the nation. The Bronx High School of Science was chosen as an example because it has a rather large collection of young academic personalities. About the only generalization that applies is that they are boy-type boys, most of them are younger than the average for high-school seniors because they were stepped up a grade or two in the elementary schools they att

The girls come in somewhat younger for the same reason, but as Joe D'Affi president of the Student Organization, mutually noted in an assembly-pro speech, they add "vitality, substance challenge to life at Science High."

Rosina Tinari, tall, slender, deceptively fragile-appearing, is a senior at 14. It that when Rosina was about 18 month she asked her grandmother what the let her toy blocks stood for. Given the sou these symbols, she was able to read he birthday cards at the age of two. She wa ting eighth-grade books when she was fiv old. "In our three-story house, there library on each floor," she explained. Grandma Rose told me, 'Bambola, yo learn anything you want to,' so I read."

To give her another interest, and a prevent her from becoming absolutely w in book learning, her parents entered Grace Liccione's dancing school at the three and a half. (She still attends an dance the role of Snow White in the sc production this June.) When Rosina wa her parents sent her to Miss Wetter, who ducted a tiny private school in her Within three months, Miss Wetter had moted Rosina to the third grade—and plans to place her in the fourth. To let R tell it, as she did recently in an ea graphical sketch for her college ad "Mamma called a respectful halt, and third I stayed. Miss Wetter and I took other instantly. I loved her, and I love little old-fashioned house where she nine pupils of all grades around two dining-room tables. At Miss Wetter's a no frills, no shop or sewing, no gym. I we played games with arithmetic with ing, with geography and the Bible. Whe graduated from Miss Wetter's, you h solid background in the fundamentals."

"When I was 10 years old, I was an a fan of Robert Strom, a boy who appeare a television quiz show. Ever interested i ance, I was spellbound by his knowl When he announced that he was going t Bronx High School of Science, I knew that was where I, too, would go. Six months before I turned 11, there I was, s ing in front of a mysterious exam bo with more children than I had ever seen i place before, except at a circus." (R Strom, whose name became nationally k on television, was graduated from Sc High with the class of '62 and is a sophomore at Harvard.)

"Now I'm 14. What a wonderful age! are getting handsomer, wittier and h mannered. Although I do not know fo what I would like to do in the future, know that working in our science labora

CONTINUED ON PAG



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Uncomfortable feet can affect your appearance and general well-being—even your disposition. Yes, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!

Most common foot troubles *can be relieved and prevented*. Daily Foot Care is the answer! If your face and hands and hair need care every day, *your feet deserve it even more!* Get into the daily habit right now. Start today with proven and tested Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids.

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### ATHLETE'S FOOT



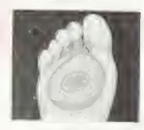
*Dr. Scholl's Solvex* stops Athlete's Foot itch, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing. Powder, 75¢. Liquid and Ointment, $1. Spray, $1.50.

### BUNION PAIN



*Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer* of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, $1.25 each.

### PAIN AT BALL OF FOOT



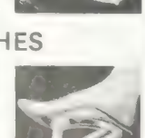
*Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion* loops over toe, nestles under ball of foot. Made of soft Latex Foam to relieve pain, burning, callouses. Gives day-long walking ease. Flesh color. Only $1.00 pair.

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*Your Feet Deserve The Best!*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

gives me the same thrill and sense of accomplishment as does the execution of a smooth triple pirouette ending in an attitude a'l'air. I should like to continue working in both fields—dancing and science."

Dancing has been the one consistent discipline of Rosina's life. She is a good student—not near the top of the senior class, as Mike is, but good. She has various collections of bugs, rocks, chemicals, and trophies for tennis around the house, and she makes expert use of her father's shop tools. Yet she appears to be the essence of femininity. Her parents freely admit they have been eager to spoil her, but they feel they have been unsuccessful. Looking into Rosina's enormous grave eyes, one senses the spring steel of a strong will and self-discipline, perhaps built there by arduous hours of dance practice, as she claims, but certainly, mysteriously there. She is a girl in charge of herself; in classical ballet or Hawaiian hula, when her mind commands, her body obeys with seemingly effortless grace.

She has applied for early admission to Sarah Lawrence College, which is not far from her home. She expects to aim for a vocation in medical research, but she is also excellent in languages. Her parents, whom she calls "doting," hope she will continue to live at home, at least for several years, as she is so young. Even they find it difficult to remember she is only 14. She is a match for any adult in tennis, chess and bridge. "When she goes in for a game, she reads a half dozen books about it," her father said, "which is hardly fair to me."

Of course, Mike and Rosina are not typical students of a typical high school. (There isn't a "typical" pupil among the entire 11,700,000 enrolled in secondary schools in this nation!) They are exceptional students at a special high school. Few generalizations about public education, which in this country is characterized chiefly by its diversity, can possibly be true. Schools are often credited for the natural talents of their pupils, or blamed for their pupils' deficiencies or misbehavior, when in fact they merely serve, poorly or well, the pupils they have. Most high schools called "good" are those which can select their students, or are located in high-income residential areas where the talent and culture of the parents effect similar selectivity.

The Bronx High School of Science selects its students from the five boroughs of New York City by tests and other procedures that each year eliminate 3,000 of approximately 4,000 applicants. Despite the competitive nature of entrance, competition among students is not encouraged, the principal, Dr. Alexander Taffel, said. "We impress on students that it is only important for them to develop their own aptitudes to the full. Our policy is that there is plenty of room at the top."

Science High is celebrating its Silver Jubilee this June. It was established in 1938 by the Board of Education of the City of New York as a special public academic high school for boys with particular interest and ability in science and mathematics. In 1946, the school began to admit girls as well, the quota being set at one third the number of boys. The humanities are stressed along with the sciences. All students are required to take four years of English, four years of social sciences and three years of a foreign language.

These public-school scholars are not deprived; they have a sunny library of some 20,000 volumes, four student-project laboratories, a photographic laboratory and studio, two greenhouses, a planetarium, a ceramics laboratory, an animal room, a mathematics laboratory, two band and orchestra rooms, a dramatics room, a record-listening lounge, a science lecture hall, ten shops and drafting rooms, six elementary-science laboratories, six advanced-science laboratories, two gymnasiums, and an auditorium. Many of the teachers have done advanced work beyond the master's degree, and about 15 members of the faculty of 124 have earned their doctoral degrees.

Here is a quick glance at the "academic profile" of Mike and Rosina's graduating class, the class of June, 1963. Of the 662 boys and 298 girls, virtually all plan to attend college. About one third have scholastic averages of 90 percent or more for their first three years. A student with an average of 91.006 ranks 202nd in the senior class. A student with an average of 85.433 is 624th in the class.

Most of the students will have completed more than 20 units of work upon graduation. There are 247 students enrolled in one or more college-level courses. The National Merit Scholarship tests (1962 series) have to date resulted in 48 semifinalists and 349 letters of commendation for the class of '63.

The median Intelligence Quotient for students at the Bronx High School of Science is usually around 140. (Half of the students have higher IQ's. The theoretical average in the total population is 100.) No one is quite certain what intelligence tests measure, but whatever it is, it is related to doing well in school, and these kids have a lot of it. If one gets bigheaded, there are more than 2,000 others around to deflate him.

Such is the class, so like all other senior classes in the nation and so unlike, brought together by fate and by chance, and so soon to dissolve forever. There is quite as much diversity in personalities as in any senior class, and almost as much in scholastic accomplishment, except that the scale rarely dips very low. Teachers at Science High work in no special paradise; they must bear all the usual difficulties of their profession, plus a few others. But it is no place for a teacher who does not know his subject well, or for one who tries to dominate a class by sledgehammer sarcasm and a loud voice.

One of the teachers Mike Zasloff greatly admires, for example, is Dr. Ruth Radvany—certainly not a typical teacher, probably among the very best. She is a young and vivacious brunette with a flashing smile, but she tolerates no nonsense. If any boy has yelled, "Hey, Teach!" at her recently, he was really kidding. Mike's calculus class is large—over 30 bundles of energy and bright minds—but Doctor Radvany takes charge gaily and completely by a very simple means: she involves every member of the class in an attack on the problem at hand. Some sixth sense tells her when anyone is not "with it," and it is embarrassing for him, for obviously he can stare idly out of the window. Her students spect her because she knows precisely w she is doing, and they know she knows. matter how hard they work—and they work hard—her agile and experienced min always more than a few steps ahead, her registering that quick and penetrating sn

Teachers like Doctor Radvany solve m teaching problems before they occur, there are a number like her at Science High there are in other high schools. But teac who both know their subject and how to te it are unfortunately rare in American sec ary education, and this, not unteachable undisciplined children, is undoubtedly gravest weakness. Where there are g teachers, a suitable general atmospher needed for good work. At Science High seem to have it. One can wander about in well-equipped laboratories overlooking calm 94-acre expanse of water in Jerome ervoir and hear no more startling outbr than "Hey! My amoeba just croaked!" microbiology, quite a few stabbings occur, they are all self-inflicted. The students run on their own blood, which is handy, and doesn't hurt, once you learn to stab you properly."

"I don't think you will ever find out w makes individual people tick," Zelda Stein said, "because the interrelationships of hu beings are too complex!" Zelda is 16 and retary of the Student Organization. She w to be a research biophysicist, and hope attend the University of Michigan, Corne the University of Illinois. Like Rosina, Z has studied dancing for years, but she longer considers it one of her major inter Nearly everything else is—the concerts Lincoln Center Philharmonic Hall, H Belafonte at Carnegie Hall, the Museum Modern Art, books, movies, drama, sp and science. In fact, she sometimes manag crowd most of these interests, and the boy escort her, into a single weekend. And she if asked, reel off details of the research the molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid (D which won, for one American and two Br scientists, the 1962 Nobel Prize for Medi

Zelda is a popular girl at Science Hig cheerful, busy blonde, but not a dizzy who can get people to do things for her. W out her help, many of the facts in this ar could not have been brought together. "I along with people because I am incapabl an irrational argument," Zelda explai "I'm not the easiest person in the world t along with, but I'm not the hardest ei Ask my mother! But recently I have bee very busy, I haven't had time to stop think what I *really* think. I must do it so

If there is one characteristic exceptio able young people seem to have in commo is the power of self-discipline or concen tion. These are tough-minded kids, and, m often than not, they have beauty or br to match their minds.

"We simply do not know what degre difficulty is too difficult for some of students," Bernard Manson, an assis principal, said. "Nearly all of them work hard. Do they work too hard? I don't k if that is possible. It's a new question American education."

The underlying contention of most cr and commentators on American educatio that education is not for the benefit and p of the individual alone, but that the na cannot afford to waste any of its m precious natural resource—brainpow and that it must have the best-educ citizenry possible in order to survive.

In actual practice, our free society has yet found ways to develop and use fully millions of able minds it has. Approxima half of the high-school students of hig ability in this nation are not enrolled college-preparatory courses. Each year m bers of the graduating class at the Bronx H School of Science take nearly $1,500,00 college scholarships, but this is far f enough, and most of the students at Sci High come from families with incomes low to meet the high and rising costs of hi education. This is not a new problem, but one that millions of families in this na have in common.

### 25 OUTSTANDING HIGH SCHOOLS

Which high schools in the United States rank among the very best? Most educational authorities avoid answering this question, as there is no official national rating of high schools. How well any high school serves its students depends upon its purpose—and its students. In this article the Bronx High School of Science is used as an example of an excellent high school for college-preparatory students, but there are many others. Here is a list of high schools known to be outstanding for many years. It is not meant to be a complete list of the "best" high schools.

| | |
|---|---|
| Berkeley Senior HS | Berkeley, Calif. |
| Bethesda-Chevy Chase HS | Bethesda, Md. |
| Central High School | Philadelphia, Pa. |
| East High School | Salt Lake City, Utah |
| Erasmus Hall HS | Brooklyn, N.Y. |
| Evanston Township HS | Evanston, Ill. |
| Forest Hills HS | Forest Hills, N.Y. |
| Highland Park HS | Dallas, Tex. |
| Highland Park HS | Highland Park, Ill. |
| Little Rock Central HS | Little Rock, Arkansas |
| Lower Merion Senior HS | Ardmore, Pa. |
| Mirabeau B. Lamar SHS | Houston, Tex. |
| Mount Lebanon HS | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| Newton High School | Newtonville, Mass. |
| New Trier Township HS | Winnetka, Ill. |
| Roosevelt High School | Seattle, Wash. |
| Shaker Heights HS | Cleveland, Ohio |
| Shortridge HS | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| Southwest High School | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Topeka High School | Topeka, Kansas |
| Tulsa Central HS | Tulsa, Okla. |
| Walnut Hills HS | Cincinnati, Ohio |
| Washington-Lee HS | Arlington, Va. |
| Will Rogers HS | Tulsa, Okla. |




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*(Compare it with powdered sugar!)*

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# How to get the most from your hair dresser

By BRUCE CLERKE, Beauty Editor

American women are spending more time and more money on beauty-shop services than ever before. Approximately 24,000,000 women feel the need of a brand-new hairdo each week and visit a beauty salon. This past year, women spent the staggering sum of $2,400,000,000 in salons—a threefold increase over 1952. And in these same 10 years, the number of people employed as beauticians has doubled. The number of shops has also advanced—from 78,562 in 1954 to 135,000 in 1962. The Helene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians, which supplied us with these facts and figures, has recently conducted interview sessions with its members to try to find ways and means of further improving its customer services. We feel their findings and suggestions will also help you to get your money's (and good-looks') worth from your next visit to a beauty salon.

"Clients expect miracles. They come into the shop dressed every which way—sometimes even wearing slacks and sweaters. They tie scarves, which eliminate any visible clue to their previous hairdo, over their heads and, to top it off, they're often not even wearing makeup. In this anonymous state they sit down and, with a big sigh, order me to 'do something marvelous.'"

The above quote, taken from a tape-recording session with a group of beauticians, points up the fact that we often put the responsibility for our good looks into the hands of a hairdresser, without offering him any visible or vocal guidance as to what we expect as the end result of his service. And something marvelous is, of course, what all women hopefully expect of hairdressers. However, when we're disappointed, the fault is most often our own.

First of all, consider the first visit to a new salon as a traumatic experience for both the hairdresser and you. The beautician wants to please—you want to *be* pleased—but often you don't know how to communicate with each other. What the women we've described above really mean by "do something marvelous" is "give me a hairstyle and a set that I'll be happy with and that makes the most of my natural assets." You can help by letting the operator know why you want a new hairdo. Describe the dress you plan to wear, if you have a special occasion in mind; if it's an event for which you plan to wear a hat, then bring it along to the beauty shop so that hairdo and hat can be put together for a perfect match.

If it's a new look you're after because you're bored with the old, say so. Tell the operator what it is you're particularly tired of and what you had considered as a replacement. The happiest new hairdos are usually a combination of something old and something new, and most hairdressers strive for this combination unless patron insists on a completely look. If possible, bring along photographs or drawings that are similar what you have in mind. (A word caution here: remember that a "loo must be modified to fit your featu and the color and texture of y particular hair.)

Tell the hairdresser exactly h much time you're willing to give to maintenance of your hairdo—whet you can spare the time to set it ea night, every other night, or only afte shampoo. Tell him, too, how often y expect to come back to the shop fo permanent, a haircut or styling, that he can better gauge how long look must last.

Tell the hairdresser exactly h skillful you are with rollers, clips a pins. It will help him plan the m satisfactory hairdo—one you can ma age yourself. Incidentally, most be ticians are delighted to show you h to improve your own setting te niques, and no written word can place on-the-spot instruction from expert. Ask for directions while yo hair is being set and, just before y go under the dryer, take a three-w look at your head. Then sketch a s ting chart for yourself to use at hor with front, back, and side views roller and pin-curl placements.

Don't keep secrets—your hairdres can tell in a minute if your hair h been damaged by poor home tre ment, has been bleached, or spray within an inch of its life.

## ABOUT MONEY

It often causes embarrassment. D cussing price often makes a custom feel needlessly ill at ease; although price is a factor, most beauticia prefer that the woman know exac how much each service costs. A call the salon to check prices before t first appointment cures the anxiety price. In the case of special tre ments—or a permanent—the happi patrons are those who ask the ex cost of these services.

Tipping can frequently be emb rassing. The hairdressers we int viewed felt that a tip, if it is giv should be an unsolicited gift from t patron, showing her appreciation work that has been done. They fe however, that although a tip sho relate to the amount of time and c spent on the job, it should also be accordance with the size of the wo an's pocketbook. Many patrons st very closely to the traditional 10 p cent tip; some tip up to 20 perce others, not at all.

For those women who wish to lea a tip but feel they'd rather not ha the money to their hairdresser, th suggest you leave the tip at the de

## ABOUT TIME

'he happiest clients are those who lan ahead and allow enough time for ıe visit to the beauty salon. This ıeans at least 1½ hours for a wash nd set, about 4 hours for an initial air coloring, and about 2 hours for a ›uch-up. A permanent wave usually ıkes between three and four hours, inuding the wash, set and drying time.

One of the pet peeves of the beaucians interviewed is late-coming paons. A woman who is even 15 min:es late for an appointment can ›mpletely jam up a busy schedule.

And punctuality is a question of ore than courtesy. The more time ıd care given a styling or permanent, ıe more satisfactory to all concerned.

## ABOUT LANGUAGE

airdressers feel there is a good deal misunderstanding about what many auty terms really mean. Here is a t of words and terms patrons most ten asked to be explained:

## HAIR CONDITION

**ne Hair**—hair that looks baby-fine, nds to be limp, and is usually uncon›llable and flyaway. Simple hairdos, tra-gentle permanents, and special-rmula hair sprays are advised. A lor rinse will often add body to ıe hair.

**›arse Hair**—hair that is thick and ruly, often curly or very wavy, ushy in appearance, and difficult to ntrol. A good haircut is essential for is type of hair and proper thinning necessity. Hair-straightening treatents are sometimes recommended to lp control this type of hair. Cream ıses and hair dressing are useful too.

**y Hair**—dull, lusterless hair that ls harsh and has frizzy, brittle ends d no sheen. Investigate the shamos made especially for this kind of ir. Hot oil treatments in the beauty op and conditioning treatments at me will help remedy this condition. e special-formula sprays at home.

**lly Hair**—hair showing excessive ns of oil, which causes darkening at e roots. Oily hair has a tendency to t limp and to lose its shine quickly, d it is often accompanied by a flaky lp condition. The hair separates o strands and is almost impossible set with water even two days after hampoo. Use one of the new setting ions and step up the number of me shampoos with a product made ecially for oily hair.

**maged Hair**—hair that is extremely rous, brittle, or that has tiny split ds. Damaged hair is often dry, lifes, and tangles easily. The condition n be caused by too much sun, incort diet, or through misuse of color. and heat treatments as well as ntinued use at home of conditioning oducts help to alleviate this condin. There are excellent preparations t your hairdresser can recommend between-appointment use at home.

**sistant Hair**—a condition of the hair in which the hair's outer surface repels moisture and chemicals, which can make it difficult to wave or color. Be sure to tell your hairdresser if you have a record of permanent waves that "didn't take."

**Porous**—hair which absorbs water and chemicals easily. To test the porosity or resistance of your hair to chemicals, a test curl is made before a permanent wave. A strand test is made before using color products. Insist on these.

## HAIR COLOR

**To Rinse**—to add coloring to the hair that does not penetrate the hair shaft, but only coats it. The effect of a rinse is temporary and, depending on the product, will last anywhere from one to eight weeks. It is used primarily for highlights, to step up natural hair color or to cover or blend in gray hair.

**To Strip or to Bleach.** In stripping, the pigment is bleached out of the hair, which is then almost white and ready to have new color added. For perfect, continued control of the color effect, this should be done *only* by an expert beautician in a salon.

**To Tint**—to add permanent color to the hair.

**To Tone**—to apply a pastel shade of hair coloring to hair that is prebleached.

**To Drab**—to tone down brassy red or gold shades that often come up as a result of bleaching.

Use of tints, toners and drabbers all call for developers (peroxide) and careful timing on the part of the operator to control the exact matching of color from one application to another. These products are all permanent (lasting until the hair grows out).

## HAIRCUTTING TECHNIQUES

The two most popular haircutting techniques at the moment are blunt cuts and tapered cuts. The type of hair you have, rather than the hairdo you want, is what determines the technique your hairdresser will use. Scissors or razors can be used to achieve either effect.

In general, fine hair should be cut blunt with scissors in order to give it more body. To encourage a possible natural curl the ends can be tapered slightly.

Coarse hair should be blunt cut with a razor and always from underneath. If the hair is very thick, tapering the ends will eliminate much of the bushy look.

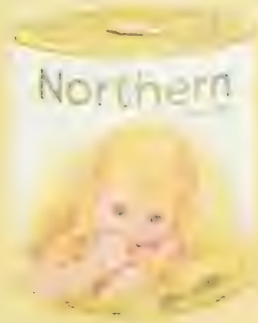
Curly hair should be tapered to eliminate some of the curl and should be cut with scissors rather than a razor.

If thinning is necessary (in the instance of coarse or very heavy hair), it should be done before the actual style-cut. It is done with special thinning scissors.

If your hair appears to thin out at the ends it may be overtapered, in which case, whatever the texture of your hair, you can improve the situation by cutting these ends blunt, then tapered slightly in the styling. END

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Are the soft
And pretty kind.

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E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tenn.

# Grade X Girls

TRANSLATIONS FOR MOTHERS OF GRADE X GIRLS

By Lorrie McLaughlin

| ***SHE SAYS:*** | SHE MEANS: |
|---|---|
| "Every girl in class except me has had her ears pierced." | ***A girl in Grade XIII has pearl ear drops.*** |
| "I ate a very nourishing lunch in the school cafeteria." | ***1 Popsicle, 1 candy bar, 1 soda pop.*** |
| "Miss Bryce gave us until tomorrow to finish sewing our skirts." | ***I goofed around for 23 home-ec. periods and have to turn this in tomorrow.*** |



"All I said to her was, 'Why don't you stay home for a change?'"

| | |
|---|---|
| "Will you show me how to do this algebra?" | ***Do questions 1 to 13 while I try out my new nail polish.*** |
| "I have to make one phone call before I start my homework." | ***You weren't expecting any calls for the next couple of hours, were you?*** |
| "The boys in our class are creeps—especially Jack." | ***I'll die if Jack doesn't invite me to the prom next week.*** |
| "I'm fat, fat, fat and I'm going on a diet." | ***From now on I'll cut out meat, vegetables, fruit and bread and just eat the necessities like cake, candy, ice cream and pop.*** |




"The funny thing is she never gets the slightest bit confused."

# LEARNING TO READ CAN BE "JUST FUN"

By VERA MADELINE CRIDER

*Word and number games take the "work" out of "schoolwork."*

parent can help his child to read, to be- familiar with numbers—without actu- teaching him. It sounds like a contradic- . But here's how our kindergarten learned ead, for fun: Of forty-eight children in an crowded afternoon class representing six erent nationalities, few recognized their names. For a brand-new-out-of-college her, calling the roll was a nightmare: too y Rosies, Angelos and Patricks. So in two- letters I printed each child's complete e on a narrow "tagboard" long enough to h from the right shoulder to the left under- . Each child was introduced to his name by ling the tag and saying his full name while ooked at it. Then the tag was tied about and worn until the end of the roll call. In ek each child instantly recognized his own e. In another week, four names at a time e incorrectly distributed, to be claimed in ime at all by their rightful owners. This loped into a "musical-chair" game, with e tags hung across the backs of chairs, and her game in which each child was given a to "put the right name" on two owners. he end of the semester, every child rec- zed every name and its owner. And not in two-inch letters!

e had taken a next step by printing the es, reduced to one-inch letters, on con- tion-paper envelopes for current color k. Without quarreling, everyone knew h folder contained whose work. A final ction of name size came in the half-inch red "calling cards" fastened above coat ks in the anteroom. No longer did bedlam "just before school's out"; didn't the e card say whose coat and cap, overshoes mittens?

hought I had finished my project. But the ldren were not ready to quit. They de- ded that everything in the large classroom : its very own name tag. Soon every tag d be misplaced and quickly put where it nged.

ne next semester they wanted words like , jump, run, sing, laugh, sleep, big, little, and so on, and everyone brought maga- pictures to illustrate. Once more teacher out the printing set.

ne teaching of reading, as such, is not per- ed in kindergarten. Children that age are hought ready for it. But both the kinder- en and primary supervisors marveled: se children can read—but they certainly ot being 'taught reading.' To them, it's all a wonderful game. They're lapping it up thirsty plants."

lor words were introduced: "The apple is ." . . . "The sun is yellow." . . . "The trees reen."

en number concepts. The picture of a boy labeled: 1 boy
one boy
x chicks: 6 chicks
six chicks

rough 10, then 20 . . . then 30, 40 and 50. children didn't stop until they reached A child carrying a card marked 7 led an- child carrying a card marked 9: "Seven ine, seventy-nine!" they said proudly.

en came that wonderful moment any er cherishes. During "free activity" pe- they were looking through picture books. enly Heinrich Schmidt shouted, "Look! There it is, printed: baby . . . and here is happy . . . and mother." There was a mad rush to see, then silence as eager kindergartners pored over books in quest of familiar words, and then the glad cries of discovery. Next day they began bringing books from home with words marked, clippings from magazines and newspapers. Now nothing would do but they "make up their own stories" for teacher to print on the blackboard; each child read his own aloud, pointing to the words. Only the last day of that semester ended our reading project.

Every one of these children proved an able and interested reader in first grade.

Any parent can do this. And you'll be rewarded sooner than you think. The child himself, by his interest and questions, will show his readiness for each new step. If he becomes confused, drop the game. Do all you can to make it interesting, but keep it "fun," a family adventure.

Play word games, when your children are ready, with anagram letters or your own printed letters. For story games, use small pieces of cardboard, and short-sentence stories like: "This is a ball. It is a big red ball. It is my ball. I like to play ball." The child will think of better stories than you will.

For number concepts use 3 books, 5 pennies, 2 dolls, and so on, as illustrations. Let the child play with number cards, or dominoes (the cards are better). When he's ready he'll make his own combinations to show that 10 and 2 more are 12, and so on. But leave "problems" to his grade-school teacher. Recognizing names and numbers is all you should lead the child into acquiring.

To give him happiness it *must* be natural unforced growth; but it will make "learning to read" and "doing numbers" very easy for him when he reaches the primary grades. And his school years will be happier for you too. END




Are you woman enough to answer these questions honestly?

**If so, you may learn some startling facts about your most intimate feminine hygiene problems**

| | Yes | No |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Would you welcome a scientific discovery with the effectiveness of a douche, without the usual equipment? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 2. Do you want the reassurance of germicidal protection that is immediately effective, yet lasts for hours? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. Would you use a homemade douche solution, even if you weren't entirely sure of its germicidal action? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 4. Would you prefer a method of protection that is as convenient when you travel as it is at home? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 5. Would you readily change from a liquid douche with which you feel comfortable and secure? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 6. Do you believe a suppository should be safe and non-irritating, as well as a powerful antiseptic? | ☐ | ☐ |

*What your answers mean.*

If you have more "yes" answers, you should be using ZONITORS. If you have more "no" answers, you should be using ZONITE. *Note: If douching is your accepted method for internal personal daintiness, we do NOT suggest that you change to Zonitors. Zonite and Zonitors are equally effective. Our primary concern is your comfort and sense of security. It is even possible you may want to use both, on different occasions.*

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# Confidets

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## New Confidets are tapered to fit better, protect better



**1. Tapered to follow your body contours.** Wide in front, narrow in back for better fit. Confidets® don't slip, bunch, chafe...or show revealing outlines.



**2. Accident-proof inner shield.** A full-length polyethylene shield that moisture cannot penetrate. Won't stain through, keeps underside soft and dry.



**3. Extra thickness where you need it.** No other napkin has extra thickness in the middle where greatest absorbency is needed.



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**5. Super-soft covering, long tabs.** Soft, yet reinforced on the underside. Long tabs fasten firmly.

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

# IT'S AN ART

*w York retail stores are listed in case you not find these tablewares in local shops.*

**ge 92**

**fee-snack setting:** "Jefferson" cup and cer, $15.25; bread-and-butter plate, $7.30. de by Spode. "Hamilton" sterling tea- on, copy of an early 19th-century pattern, 50; 6-piece setting, luncheon size, $60. at Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**ıcheon with Portuguese patterns:** Hand- nted designs, each one different, by the awem Works in Portugal. Salad plate, 30; demitasse cup and saucer, $2.70; cof- pot, $9; creamer, $2; sugar bowl, $2; g" box, $2.50; candlesticks (on mantel), In New York, at Little Portugal, 9 Chris- her Street. Wedgwood's "Shell Edge" te (under pastry) copied from a Williams- g relic, $3.40. Salad fork is Tuttle's "Han- Hull" design, copy of a pattern by John ll, a Colonial silversmith. Fork, $6.25; iece luncheon-size setting, $41.75. "Con- ntal" demitasse spoon, $5.50. Both de- ıs in New York at Georg Jensen, 667 h Avenue. "Bergitta" Swedish goblets, ach. At Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and ington Avenue, New York. Madeira linen ce mats, each embroidered with a different t pattern, $55 for a set of four with nap- s at Leron, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**rry-hour setting:** Decanter, copy of a liamsburg one, $8. In New York at B. nan, 34th Street and Fifth Avenue. amic trays by Mottahedah: small round , $2.80; large round one, $4; square one, 50. In New York at W. & J. Sloane, 414 h Avenue. Silver tray, $170; "Holly d" crystal stemware, $23 each; both at any, 727 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**akfast tray:** Spode's "George Washing- Mount Vernon" dessert plate, $8.50; cup saucer, $10.25; egg cup, $9.25. "Hamil- " spoon, $8.50; butter spreader, $11. rgian coffee pot, $110; creamer, $38; . $385. All at Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, v York.

**Second Page of Our Feature) Page 93**

**ndinavian dinner setting:** Swedish plates goblets, Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and ington Avenue, New York. Clear crystal rays, in New York at Bonniers, 605 dison Avenue. All else from Georg Jensen, Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Third Page of Our Feature) Page 94**

**nish supper setting:** Plates from Bon rché, Attention Mr. Wolf, 74 Fifth Ave- , New York. Mitteldorfer & Straus can- sticks, in New York at W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue. Flatware and baskets, niers, 605 Madison Avenue, New York. lets, in New York at B. Altman, 34th et and Fifth Avenue. Linen napkins, $1 , from Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and ington Avenue, New York.

**Fourth Page of Our Feature) Page 95**

**ental setting:** "Blue Dragon" plates and emish" forks, exclusively at Tiffany, 727 h Avenue, New York. Irish linen nap- , chrysanthemum damask pattern, $9.98 zen, at Bloomingdale's 59th Street and ington Avenue, New York. Everything at Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue, N.Y.

**Fifth Page of Our Feature) Page 96**

**nch Sunday luncheon:** "St. Cloud" es, "Germain" flatware, "Coquille" de- ter coasters, silver-and-ivory pepper, salt kers ($10 a pair), all at Christofle, 55 t 57th Street, New York. "Embassy" nware and decanters, crystal *porte-couteaux* fe rests, $4.85 each), open salt dishes ivory spoons ($14.50 a pair), all by carat, 55 East 57th Street. French linen with napkin, $8, at D. Porthault, 55 t 57th Street, New York.

**Sixth Page of Our Feature) Page 97**

**day supper with Delft and pewter:** es, "Blue Dowry" pattern copied by nsbury Pottery from an old Pennsylvania Dutch design. "Blue Dowry" on the shelves: coffee pot, $9.50; sugar bowl, $3.75; creamer, $2.75; cup and saucer, $3.50. In New York at Bloomingdale's, 59th Street and Lexington Avenue. Bryce goblets, "classic" flatware, copper-and-brass casserole-chafing dish ($65, special order), in New York at Bloomingdale's. Delft made by Oud Delft in Holland: *Top shelf, left to right*—apothecary jar, Williamsburg copy, $15; bowl, $14; ginger jar, $20; pharmacy jar with portrait of St. Joseph, $14.50; sweet dish (matches those on the table), $7.50; Rembrandt jug, $15. *Bottom shelf*—punch bowl (with salad), Williamsburg copy, $20; gin bottle, $17.50. *On the table*—small cannister, $8; large, $9. In New York, Delft is at W. & J. Sloane, 414 Fifth Avenue. Royal Holland pewter, made by J. N. Daalderop & Sons in Holland: *On shelves*—Swiss wine pitcher, $24.50; mug, $10; coffee set in Paul Revere pattern, pot, $29; sugar bowl, $6; creamer, $9. *On the table*—Jan Steen jug, $32.50; candlesticks (Sleepy Hollow Restoration reproductions), $15 each; mustard pot, $9; salt and pepper set, $10. In New York, this pewter is at Cardel Ltd., 615 Madison Avenue. Pewter tray on shelves, $12.00, from Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Victorian tea table:** All accessories are Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, New York. Everything except the cloth and napkins. ("Haddon Hall" is exclusive with them.) Worcester "Shell and Thread" silver flatware is an early 19th-century design: teaspoon, $8.50; luncheon fork, $11.75; 6-piece setting, luncheon size, $62.50. "Faneuil" lemon fork, $6.75. Tea strainer, $36, tray, $170. China birds are boxes, originally made in 18th-century China for European export, $56 each. Embroidered and appliquéd organdy cloth for a 72-inch-diameter round table, $245 with 8 napkins at Leron, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Black-and-white dinner setting:** Table china is available in New York at W. & J. Sloane, 414 Fifth Avenue. Coffee set, made by Ceralene of Limoges porcelain is copied in yellow from a green Directoire pattern in the Louvre. At Christofle, 55 East 57th Street. "Tiffany Swag" stemware, copied from an 18th-century English pattern: water size, $65 each; claret, $54 each; sherry (on buffet), $50 each. At Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, New York. Ice bucket, copied from an 18th-century Italian Venetian glass design, $50. Available from Tiffany. "Commodore" silver flatware, modeled from early 17th-century silver in the Louvre: teaspoon, $8.85; demitasse spoon, $4.60; 6-piece luncheon-size setting, $57; all plus 10 percent tax at Christofle, 55 East 57th Street. Lacy Madeira mats, made of organdy appliquéd with linen, $275 for twelve with napkins at Leron, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York. Silver, all from Tiffany, includes its fabulous boxes in the shape of fruits and vegetables: cabbage, copied from an antique faïence one in the Arts Decoratifs Museum in Paris, $550; asparagus, copy of an antique Staffordshire china piece, $350; both on the sideboard. On the table, silver artichoke, $160; lemon, copied from an old Chinese porcelain one, $145; orange, $145; pebbly mock orange, $125; tomato, $100; strawberries, $50 each. Silver candlesticks, reproductions of those that belonged to Edwin Booth, $570 a pair; coffee pot (on buffet), copy of an Italian 18th-century one, $700 with a matching creamer and sugar bowl. Fluted cylindrical silver cigarette box (beside silver lemon), $80; round silver ashtrays, $5 each.

**Brunch setting:** "Chinese Bird" pattern teapot, $6; creamer, $3; sugar bowl, $4.50; tureen (without cover, holding eggs), $13.95. In New York at B. Altman, 34th Street and Fifth Avenue. Also at Altman, Waterford crystal jam jars ($8.75 each) and silver basket. Chafing dish, pepper shaker ($42.50) and open salt ($35), at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, New York. Silver tray, $315, at Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. END



*When a child has a cold...*

**a doctor is a mother's best friend**

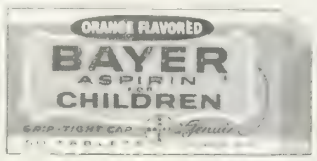
***Her next best friend is new Orange Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children!***

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So remember, mother, when your child has fever and pains from a cold, a doctor is your best friend. Your *next* best friend is new Orange Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children.




***Nothing you see advertised is more effective. Ask your doctor.***



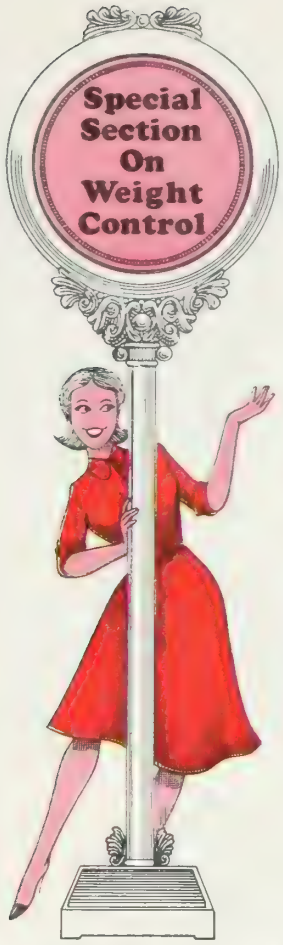
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# THESE FIVE WERE CURED OF OVERWEIGHT

"The sad truth about weight-reducing programs," say medical experts, "is that they usually fail. The great effort made by some 25,000,000 obese Americans is largely wasted."

Yet, significantly, when reducing is in the hands of an interested physician, it appears that the opposite may be true.

What can the doctor do for overweight? From the confidential files of the University of Southern California School of Medicine, here are true stories of five who lost weight. For 25,000,000 Americans, these stories have real and hopeful meaning.

"They said I'd probably never have another baby," says Mary G. "I was Rh negative—and I was nothing but a big blob."

Twice, after her first baby, Mary had been pregnant. Twice, she had miscarried.

"They said they could probably handle the Rh factor, but that my weight made pregnancy more difficult. I'm five feet six inches, and I weighed 172 pounds. At 33, I'd been fat for 11 years. But now, after I'd lost the second baby, I was fat and discouraged, fat and physically sick."

Mary went to a diagnostician who said probably both her physical and emotional complaints were due to obesity. "That just made me panicky," she says, "because I'd tried hard to reduce, and I couldn't make it, and now I felt too sick and weak to try."

"You don't have to lose much," soothed the doctor. "Fifteen pounds will make a difference."

Mary made excuses and left. "I went home and took a good look at myself. I love gardening, but I was so fat I couldn't wear jeans—or even bend over. I love to swim, but I couldn't bear to be seen in a bathing suit. When my husband wanted to go places, I found excuses. I had no pep, and I was so ashamed of how I looked. I'd started sending him off alone—bowling, fishing.

"I felt useless. Was I a companion for Charles or an asset to him? Could I give him the baby we wanted? I couldn't even take care of our little girl or our house because I felt too tired. That was when I made up my mind. Whatever I had to do I'd do."

The doctor took a careful history. On her wedding day, at 21, Mary had weighed 114 pounds. Her dress was size 10. "People," she told him, "called me skinny."

Her family was thin. "Four pork chops did for mother, dad, my brother and me. But not for my groom. He brought home *six* for the two of us. I hate waste. With practice, I ate my share.

"It was fun to show off my cooking for Charles. And now that we had a place of our own, we didn't go out and dance and things. We stayed in, and after dinner, I'd bake cakes and cookies."

On her first anniversary, Mary weighed 148 and wore size 18. Pride made her try crash diets. But she'd lose only to gain again.

Then Charles decided to build them a house, with only Mary's help. "Every night and weekend I nailed wallboard and subflooring. I carried bricks and stapled insulation, and we never got home until midnight."

In four months Mary was down to 135. "I looked like a girl again. And then, to our delight, I was pregnant."

Afraid of miscarriage, she pampered herself, avoided exercise. "Staying home, I ate out of boredom. After the baby came I weighed 170. For seven years, though I tried to diet, I never weighed less."

The doctor gave Mary charts and menus and some pills. (Though many people believe medicine has drugs which can kill appetite to make dieting completely painless, such is not the case. There are, however, two groups of drugs which do seem to have some effect on the hypothalamus, the area of the brain which appears to control appetite. These drugs affect different people differently. Some get no help at all. Others are helped, but find the pills soon lose effectiveness, and that there are often side effects such as nervousness and sleeplessness. Most of these drugs are related to amphetamines. Those sold without a prescription have little or no effect.)

The doctor asked about Mary's eating habits, then ordered her to eat big breakfasts. "I had never eaten breakfast before," says Mary. "Now there I was, fat as a house, choking down eggs and toast and thinking, what a crazy way to diet! But it worked. For the first time I stopped my 'piecing,' my snatching bits of food during the day. The pills helped me, and I kept a calorie diary of what I ate."

Weekly, the doctor checked her diary and weight and answered questions. "When I complained about feeling weak and dizzy, he said dieting might make me feel like that and not to worry about it. I stopped feeling sorry for myself.

"He laughed when I said I thought I had to give up salt and limit fluids to lose weight. He said that had nothing to do with my case. I could have kissed him. Believing that had always made dieting a nightmare for me.

"I thought you couldn't eat late at night, or touch ice cream. He smiled and prescribed four spoons of ice cream before bedtime, *if* I'd kept under my 1,200 calories a day."

Mary lost 15 pounds, to 155, easily. The doctor urged her to try for 145. "I felt so much better, I did. And after all, he was asking for only 10 more pounds."

Slowly the doctor coaxed her down to 135, then 125. When Mary thanked him, he shook his head and told her, "I'm just supplying the technical know-how. You're supplying the real cure for obesity—the motivation."

"I guess he was right," says Mary. "Each taste of what reducing could mean was like a miracle

By PATRICIA and RON DEUTSCH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES B. SLACKMAN

drug. First I began to feel alive and cheerful, because I saw that I *could* succeed. Then I could do my housework without feeling exhausted. Soon I could garden—in shorts—and walk and dance and swim again. When I reached 145, Charles even took me bowling. Charles had never complained about my weight. But now he looked as proud as I felt—especially the day we told my mother about the new baby coming."

A year later, after the baby was born, Mary was back to 126. "I eat what Charles eats. I did even when I was reducing. But now I know how *much* I can eat. And I have an automatic lifetime diet, because I have a lifetime reason to keep it."

*Say the U.S.C. experts:* It's harder for the obese woman to conceive, and to carry her baby to term. Mary blamed her miscarriages on the Rh problem, refusing to face her obesity. Reduced, she bore another child.

Despite early training, it's easy to form weight-gaining habits. Weight-*control* habits are harder. For once the patient is fat, there is a vicious circle. The body demands more food. Ashamed, easily tired, less active, the patient becomes still fatter, still more ashamed, still more sedentary—unless a lucky accident or the emergence of a strong motive breaks the circle.

When Mary helped build her home, the circle was broken. This was an accident. Food was not at hand. She was too busy to think about it. But



**before & after**

such artificial situations, like crash diets, are temporary. Pregnant, Mary returned to old habits. In a few years she felt unable to cope with even ordinary duties. Reducing, a new and difficult project, frightened her. Often obese people can face only easy, short-range goals, think about only small efforts.

The doctor can make long-range plans and ask a pound at a time of his patient. He can catch small failures before they are full defects, and be soothing about unpleasant symptoms of reducing. He can free people like Mary from misinformation and needless self-punishment. Fluid-starvation is one of many hard, useless disciplines which cause reducing plans to be broken—and never help them succeed.

The value of the pills was chiefly psychological. The calorie diary was Mary's great help. With it, she faced the truth about what she was eating and learned what episodes of self-indulgence cost.

"It had happened before," says Dr. Philip A. "But this time the slight dizziness came while I was doing an appendectomy. I had a colleague take over, and I went to see a classmate, a heart man."

"Phil," said the heart specialist, "you get dizzy because your blood pressure's up. At 47, with your extra 40 pounds, you're asking for a coronary. Trim it down."



**before & after**

Dr. A. was not grossly fat. "I knew I was overweight. But I wouldn't admit it. All the times I've fought with patients to get them to face reality. And like a fool, I'd face a mirror only directly front, and suck in my gut. My doctor friend looked at my face and read my mind. He led me to a mirror, turned me sideways, and I winced.

"All the way home, I kept thinking of men the age and shape I'd seen in that mirror, men I'd treated for coronaries. I remembered the long downhill fights of some. I remembered the desperate frustration of trying to fight damage that had already been done, the injured hearts, the arthritic legs that had carried too much weight, the diabetics. I remembered how my new suits had to be let out at the waist. And I knew I had a medical problem, as real and dangerous as a tumor. I knew it had to be removed."

Phil had been slim as a medical student. "But in service I worked less, and ate more, out of boredom. I gained 20 pounds.

"Back in practice, rushing for a morning house call, I'd grab a pastry. By midmorning, I wanted a snack of chocolate or nuts. Lunch? A quick hamburger and malt. These short-cut foods were high in fat."

He gained two pounds a year. "Wouldn't you think I'd see my own husband getting fat?" asks Mrs. A. "But it happened so slowly."

"In reducing," says Phil, "you need a supervisor, a policeman, or you kid yourself. I saw my doctor regularly. My wife might have helped, but she'd be gentle where another doctor could be hard, objective.

"It's an old rule—a doctor never treats himself. He can't be objective. That's why I think few laymen can reduce themselves."

Phil decided on a quick, 900-calorie-daily diet. "It took 10 weeks to lose 35 pounds. And I'll never prescribe so fast a diet for a patient again.



**before & after**

*25,000,000 Americans need to lose weight.*

I was weak, dizzy, depressed. I took no pep-up pills, because I get side effects. And a patient has to lean, not on pills, but on will.

"I'm a snacker, so I took carrot and celery sticks to the office. To cut my appetite, I ate a bulky salad half an hour before dinner.

"As I lost weight, there was a new hazard. I looked pale and drawn. My clothes were loose. Doctor friends would say, with typical heavy medical humor, 'What's the matter, Phil? Got a cancer?'

"That pleased me, for I knew what it meant. But patients who get it while losing look in the mirror, start to worry—and eat heartily.

"I made it to 160, but that was just a start. I needed a new eating pattern. We'd been lazy about breakfast; now it was juice and toast and bacon every morning. And I ate nothing more until lunch.

"Nowadays, I come home for lunch. Dorothy has a nice salad for us, and I unwind. We eat whatever we like, just smaller portions."

Dr. A. let go the once-a-week gardener. "We do it ourselves and love it. It's my first hobby. Every night we take a walk. And the gardening, the walks, the lunches at home give me more than a smaller waistline.

"Sometimes I suspect obesity is often a symptom of a one-sided life, a life that's never really looked at by the man who is living it."



**before & after**

*Say the U.S.C. experts:* Busy people often form bad eating habits. For the fast meal, it's easiest to reach for high-fat food.

Dr. A. was so active, his careless eating cost him only an extra 20 or 30 calories daily, equal to an extra spoon or two of sugar. But in time this added up to 38 pounds, *not* a natural increase with age.

Had he followed his own advice to patients, he would have kept a scale and used it weekly. His obesity would not have surprised him.

The high blood pressure left with the excess weight. His chances of a heart attack are now halved. Despite his medical background, his case is like that of millions of career men. They think they have no time for weight control, and accept a growing waist as inevitable.

Phil's belief that his wife was not the best supervisor of his reducing program was right. She would have been trapped into nagging, making Phil defensive and uncooperative. He could not fool, or look foolish before, another doctor.

"I was nursing a diabetic child," says Mabel R., 52. "I bent over to check the tube in her arm. Next thing, I was lying on my back staring up at her hospital bed.

"I'd been a nurse too long not to have my symptoms click—thirst, dizziness, frequent urination. I got to the lab and tested my urine. Just then the doctor came in and saw the specimen. "That CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

*Enter the Charmed Circle of Beauty with*

# SKIN CARE BY REXALL

Wouldn't *you* love the dew-drenched look of fresh, young skin? Well, with fine Cara Nome products there is a simple, four-way treatment plan for every skin type... to cleanse, refresh, protect, soften and smooth. Shown here, the treatment for dry and aging skin... including Transcenda, the newest of night creams, which blends valuable oils, rich emollients and precious moisture ...near duplications of the skin-beauty substances that contribute to making young skin look young. Why not start the Cara Nome treatment for *your* skin type now... and pamper your complexion to new dewy loveliness!

CARA NOME MOISTURE CREAM AND MOISTURE BALM...skin softener in choice of cream or lotion, for moisturizing protection under make-up.

CARA NOME TRANSCENDA...delicately-textured night cream rich in substances that help compensate for the loss of youthful oil and moisture.

CARA NOME CLEANSING CREAM AND SKIN FRESHENER ...to clean your skin easily, then refresh it completely.

*Rexall products are sold only in Rexall stores. See the cosmetician in the store with this sign.*

YOUR Rexall STORE




# THE COMFORTING TRUTH ABOUT EXERCISE

Of late, Americans have been startled to hear themselves described in terms that are certainly no part of the sturdy heritage they have always taken such pride in. We've been called "soft," and our children have been described as physically unfit, inferior in strength and stamina to children of other countries.

Two Presidents, Eisenhower and Kennedy, have proposed nationwide programs to remedy the situation. Bud Wilkinson, Special Consultant to the President on Youth Fitness, worries that "the majority of our youngsters are just not as physically capable as the average youngster in foreign countries. . . . Our technology has created a physical void." Which translates easily into a now-familiar lament from many of our child-care experts: "Too many cars, too much TV-watching, too little exercise!"

Exercise enthusiasts warn that our lack of exercise may leave us subject to many ills.

The rising tide of national concern over physical fitness has led scientists to investigate. How true are the charges that we are becoming a "no exercise" nation? And if they are true, how great are the dangers?

Here are some key questions being asked about exercise. Here also are some answers—some comforting answers—found by our investigating scientists.

*Has our machine world made us soft?*

Probably the only unargued fact which can be cited as real proof is that 25,000,000 Americans (including some children) are too fat.

Overweight is nothing new. It plagues all countries blessed with plenty of food. In the past, it was even more common. Nutritionist Dr. Herbert Pollack says that America's diet was far more out of balance 60 years ago than it is now. Obesity was so typical that fashion and life-insurance companies both saw plumpness as a sign not only of beauty, but of longer life!

Much of the charge of unfitness is based on an assumption that with so many machines, Americans no longer use their muscles. If this is true, the experts ask, who is causing all the record sales of do-it-yourself lumber and paint and tools, of campground and sporting goods, of gardening equipment? Who crowds playgrounds, beaches and resorts to the overflowing?



Today, most of us do our own work. Servants are rare, labor costs high. Ask a mother of young children about the picture critics draw of the "average" American housewife—a self-indulgent woman lolling around while machines do her homemaking and child rearing. (But don't ask her late at night when she has finally washed the last dish, ironed the last shirt, put the last child to bed, and is sitting down to write her report on last week's PTA cookie sale.)

True, we have more leisure time. But how do we spend it? Look around your block any weekend and note the do-it-yourself work in progress—lawn mowing, house painting, even building projects. Between 1955 and 1960, Americans' participation in sports increased by 53 percent, and the president of the Athletic Goods Manufacturers reports this trend continuing. For instance, in 1947, 50,000 Americans were water-ski enthusiasts; by 1961 they numbered 6,000,000. In a six-year period, the number of American youngsters playing Little League baseball increased from 1,750,000 to 3,000,000.

Certainly, not all of us are on water skis or in the garden. Some of us, especially older age groups, tend to sit and watch. But as a nation, we cannot fairly be called indolent. We are still an active people.

*Are American children shockingly unfit?*

This cry began in the mid-1950's. Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Sonya Weber had tested children for "strength and flexibility of key posture muscles." American children failed the test in droves, as many as two thirds of some groups. European children did quite well. Hasty conclusions got wide and persistent publicity. "But," some doctors asked, "how good is the Kraus-Weber test? Why did some athletes as well as non-athletes in seemingly good shape fail the test?"

The K-W test has six items. Each is scored on a pass-fail basis. On analysis, the key item which brought down so many American children was this: "Put feet together, keep knees straight, lean down slowly, touch the floor." Inability to do this "proved" America's kids unfit!

Dr. Peter Karpovich, one of the most noted experts on exercise, was skeptical. He pointed out that calisthenics were vital in European physical education classes, far less important in ours. Was it simply that foreign children had been better trained for this particular "touch the floor" motion?

He and others tested American children. At first they got continued failures. Then they gave the children a little practice in the exercises. Results varied, but practice quickly wiped out most of the failures, and American children scored just as high as European.

At U.C.L.A., Dr. William Fowler used an electronic brain to compare the K-W with standard fitness tests. They did not correlate. Then he took children with asthma, and with inborn heart trouble. The standard tests showed their weakness clearly. On the K-W test, they did every bit as well as the average U.S. child!

Dr. Karpovich concludes that the test is "of doubtful value for normal children."

The efficiency of heart and blood vessels is a key sign of medical fitness. Dr. Forrest Adams, a U.C.L.A. heart specialist, put 100 Santa Monica, California, school children on bicycle ergometers (stationary bikes which control energy output). While they rode hard, he studied hearts and blood vessels. Later he did the same thing with like groups of Swedish city and farm children. American city boys and girls proved as rugged as Swedish farm children.

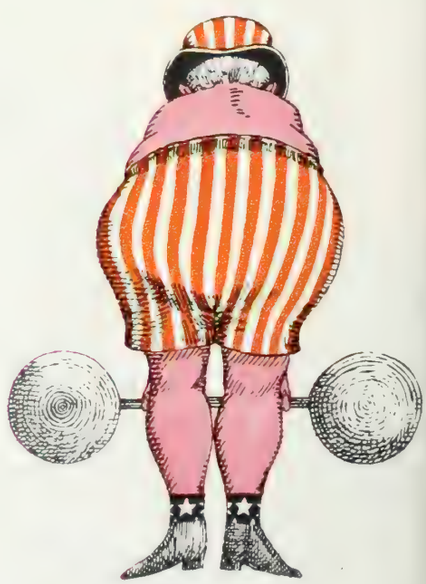
Other studies make it clear that although the K-W test may indeed indicate the absence of muscle flexibility, it is a poor measure of strength and endurance. Medical science now knows that American youngsters are as strong as children anywhere, with as fine a potential for performance. In fact, they are taller, huskier, healthier and have longer life expectancies than most.

*Are America's young men physically unfit?*

This charge has been based chiefly on the number of draft rejections. Because draft figures are now so much used in statements on fitness, the Army ordered a full-scale study of them. Of many significant facts discovered by Dr. Bernard Karpinos and his staff, the following may be most pertinent. Medical, mental, moral and administrative rejections were all being lumped together. True medical disabilities accounted for *less than half* the rejections. Many of these "medical" failures were men of fine physical ability. But some flaw made them lack what the Army wanted—a potential for training to a special *job* fitness. Some athletes failed while clerks got uniforms.

How many of the actual medical failures could have been corrected or prevented by physical

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



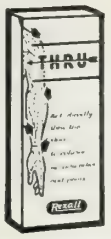
# ONLY AT REXALL

## these exclusive formulas for prompt relief WHEN PAIN STRIKES





**FREE!** 69¢ Bottle of 60 Rexall Buffered Aspirin when you buy any size or type **REXALL THRU**



### Goes thru skin to kill muscle pain!

**REXALL THRU** Cooling liquid or warming liniment, 2-oz. **$1.49**

Rexall Thru actually goes *thru* the skin, takes its pain-killing ingredients deep down where muscle pain begins. Next time muscles act up, leave you stiff, sore, aching, reach for the fast relief of Rexall Thru. Thru relieves minor muscular strains, sprains—even temporary rheumatic pain. Get Rexall Thru! Cooling or warming, 6-oz., **$2.98**; Jel, 2-oz., **$1.49.**

## GUARANTEED REXALL PRODUCTS FOR FAST PAIN RELIEF!



**REXALL ASPIRIN** 100 5-grain **64¢**

No faster-acting aspirin made! When pain strikes, reach for Rexall Aspirin!

**REXALL MONACET APC** 100 tablets **$1.04**



Modern, prescription-type formula contains three pain-relieving ingredients.



**REXALL BUFFERED ASPIRIN** 100 tablets **98¢**

2-way relief: fast pain relief plus built-in antacids to help prevent acid-upset stomach.

**REXALL 10-GRAIN ASPIRIN** 100 tablets **89¢**



Take just *one* double-strength Rexall tablet for fast, sure pain relief!

**TOOTHACHE SOOTHERS.** When toothache agony strikes without warning, use Drops or Wax for temporary relief. Yours for **45¢**

**REXALL REX-RUB.** Soothe sore muscles fast! Follow hard work or athletics with a Rexall "rub-down." 6-oz. bottle, **$1.29**

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**CORN SOLVENT.** Helps stop pain!...**49¢**

**REXALL TRI-SALVE.** 3 antibiotics, including polymyxin, in a pain-killing ointment to help heal minor cuts, scratches, burns, skin irritations. ¼-oz. tube, just.....**89¢**

**REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL.** Contains glycerin to help prevent dry skin, as it relieves pain of aching muscles. Pint, **79¢**

**FOOT POWDER.** Brings cool, soothing relief to tired, burning feet. 4-oz. can, **49¢**

**REXALL EYELO.** Soothing lotion relieves minor eye irritations caused by smoke, dust, etc. 8-oz. bottle, with eye cup, **98¢**

**AEROSOL MERTHIOLATE** (Thimerosal Lilly). Instant spray-on antiseptic for minor wounds, burns, skin irritatons. A "must" for your medicine chest. 1-oz., **98¢**

**REXALL BIOKETS.** Made for minor throat irritations. Combines Vitamin C and an antibiotic with a pain-killing ingredient. Vial of 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges...**79¢**

**TERPIN HYDRATE A.H. COUGH ELIXIR.** Calms the urge to cough. Time-tested Rexall formula contains ammonium chloride and antihistamine. 4-oz. bottle, only **79¢**

Spray away burn pain!

**REX-SALVINE BURN SPRAY** 5-oz. **$1.49** Ointment **75¢**



Quick, cool relief for pain of minor burns, scalds, sunburn. Forms protective film on skin to guard against infection. A medicine chest "must"!

Tension headache?

**REXALL CALMATIVE TABLETS** 15's **69¢**



Bring effective temporary relief from tension headaches and minor aches and pains caused by overexertion or exposure. 100-tablet bottle, **$3.25**

**FREE** 39¢ Bottle of 50 REXALL ASPIRIN When you buy any size or type **REXALL BISMA-REX** (except 10¢ size) Pink or white Powder, 5-oz. **98¢**



Fast, prolonged relief for acid-upset stomach! Liq.,4-oz., **79¢**; Pink Tabs., 50's, **97¢**; Mints, 75's, **98¢**



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11 vitamins, 10 minerals—21 food-supplement ingredients in all! In fact just *one* Super Plenamin a day gives you *more* than your minimum daily requirements of *all* vitamins with set minimums. 288's, **$13.90**; 144's, **$7.95**; 72's, **$4.79**; 36's, **$2.59.** Super Plenamins Jr., for children, 36's, **$1.79**; Liquid 8-oz., **$3.75.** Adults' full-year supply, 365 tablets....**$17.50**

**PANOVITE VITAMINS.** Provide 1¼ to 2½ times minimum daily requirements of *all* vitamins wth set minimums. 100's, **$2.98**

**Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH.** Kills contacted gêrms in 30 seconds. Clear amber color, refreshing taste. Full pint, **89¢**

**REXALL WITCH HAZEL.** Pint, just....**69¢**

**LAVENDER AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM.** Regular or cool menthol. Big 11-oz. can, **98¢**

**REXALL QUIK-SWABS.** Cotton-tipped applicators for nursery and beauty needs. 100 single-tip or 54 double-tip swabs, **39¢**

**SUPPORT STOCKINGS.** All-nylon "Sheer Comfort" by Spuntex, for relief of leg fatigue. With seams or seamless, in White or Mist. Beautiful Rexall buy, just **$4.95**

**TYPEWRITER TABLET.** 8½" x 11"....**39¢**

**LORD BALTIMORE PLAYING CARDS.** Single deck: bridge, poker, pinochle. **$1.00**

**DELUXE BOXED NOTES.** 5 designs! **$1.00**

**BOXED STATIONERY.** Correspond on fine Rexall writing paper, and save!....**$1.00**

**KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES.** Scientifically designed. Nylon bristles. Replace that soft toothbrush today! Adults' styles....**49¢**

**CIGARETTE PEN.** You must see it!...**15¢**

**REXALL HAIR NETS.** A bargain too good to miss! Nylon: bob or regular, **3** for **25¢**

**REX FILM.** High-speed Panchromatic all-purpose film. 620, 127, 120. Roll....**55¢**

**GER-RITE VITAMIN & IRON TABLETS.** Help fight iron-deficiency anemia. Bottle of 80 high-potency tablets, yours for....**$4.79**

**5-QT. HANDI PAIL** **29¢**
Unbreakable plastic. Wide range of colors. Hundreds of uses!

**25′ EXTENSION CORD** **89¢**
Black. U.L. approved. Heavy Duty cord.

**SHAVING MIRROR** **17¢**
Plain and magnifying. 4" across. Has sturdy wire stand.

**DELUXE BOWL BRUSH** **19¢**
Neoprene bristles. Plastic handle. Yours in assorted colors.

Relieves simple diarrhea!



**New! REXALL TOURISTA** 8-oz. **81¢**

Good-tasting Kaolin and Pectin Mixture quickly relieves 'tourist complaint.' In plastic travel-bottles.

For skin care head-to-toe!



**NEW REXALL MEDICATED BODY MASSAGE LOTION** 8-oz. **98¢**

Non-alcoholic body rub helps heal cracked, dry skin; soothes sunburn, windburn.

Your money buys more in a real drug store ... where a registered pharmacist takes a personal interest in your good health.

REXALL'S
"DIAMOND JUBILEE SHOWCASE"
2 HI-FIDELITY, LONG-PLAYING RECORDS IN 1 MAGNIFICENT ALBUM **$2.00**

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Here's a fabulous offer to celebrate Rexall's 60th Anniversary—*two* records, 24 top artists, 24 top selections! This great album, comparable to albums priced at $7.95, is yours *exclusively* at most Rexall stores for only $2.00 with proof of purchase of any Rexall-brand product. *Or* send $2.00 in check or M.O. with proof of purchase to: Rexall Record Offer, P.O. Box 1460, Spring Park, Minn. Offer ends June 30, 1963.

| Side One | Side Two |
|---|---|
| **GREAT JAZZ** | **GREAT BANDS** |
| Bix Beiderbecke | T. and J. Dorsey |
| Dukes of Dixieland | Frankie Carle |
| Louis Armstrong | Harry James |
| Duke Ellington | Les Brown |
| Gerry Mulligan | Woody Herman |
| Dave Brubeck | Les Elgart |
| **Side Three** | **Side Four** |
| **GREAT VOICES** | **GREAT SHOWS** |
| Ezio Pinza | Andre Kostelanetz |
| Jo Stafford | The Harmonicats |
| Andy Williams | Ray Conniff |
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COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS

**POLYMULSION CHILDREN'S VITAMINS.** Delicious, easy-to-take LIQUID with Vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$, $B_6$, $B_{12}$, C and D. *Now* watch the kids take vitamins! Pint, **$3.89**

**CARA NOME HAND LOTION.** A divinely smooth, magnificently rich lotion that brings beauty to hands through the magic of lanolin. Smart 8-ounce bottle, just **98¢**

**BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY.** Holds hair neatly in place with never a trace of sticky lacquer. Generous 11-oz. aerosol, just **$1.50**

**DUSTING POWDER.** Feel fresher after every bath! Fragrant Lavender or Adrienne Bath Powders, 5½ full ounces, only....**$2.00**

**HOUSEHOLD GLOVES.** Protect the beauty of your hands in natural latex. Non-slip surface, curved fingers. Pair, just...**89¢**

**REXALL COTTON BALLS.** Ideal for first aid, beauty, nursery use. Sterile. 130's **69¢**

**REXALL "8480" TALCUM.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent white talcum. 1-lb. can...**89¢**

**MOTH FUME CRYSTALS.** Elkays. Kills clothes moths and larvae. 1-lb. can., **89¢**

**REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA.** Gentle, effective formula. Choose plain or mint-flavored. Big 12-oz. bottle, either flavor, **63¢**

**CARA NOME RADIANCE COMPACT POWDER.** Soft, flattering finish over your make-up base or as a touch-up powder. 6 velvet tones impart a new radiance. Each, **$1.25**

**BRUSH HAIR ROLLAS.** Set hair fast! **$1.00**

**REXALL QUIK-BANDS.** Sterile adhesive bandages, flesh-colored plastic with plain pad. Box of 45, Rexall-priced at.....**65¢**

**SNUGFOLD FOLDING SYRINGE.** Ideal for travel. Blue, pastel green, pink, yellow. 1-yr. guarantee. With travel case...**$3.98**

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**REXALL BABY CARE TALC.** Pure, velvety powder helps prevent diaper rash. ...**59¢**

**BALLOONS.** Colors for all the kids! **25¢**

**SPONGE PLAY BALLS.** Bright colors! **25¢**

**NYLON WATCH BANDS.** Smart, attractive, in many styles and colors. Each just **$1.00**

**KLEER FLAME LIGHTER FLUID.** Can, **49¢**

**BRIAR PIPES.** Big news for your man! **$1.00**

**BEAN BAG ASH TRAY.** Convenient!..**69¢**

**REX RAZOR BLADES.** Double-edge. Get 20-blade dispensers, each just.....**69¢**

**DURA-REX GOLF BALLS.** Big saving! **$1.00**

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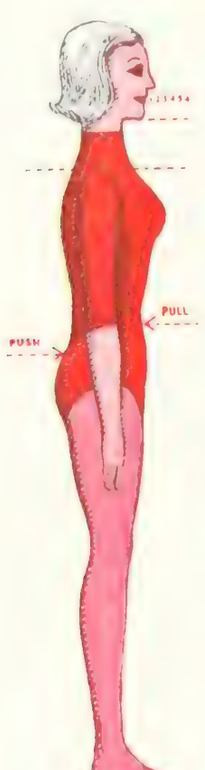
**NOW...AS FOR 60 YEARS...THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

training? Poor sight or hearing washed out 16 percent of the rejected; psychiatric disorders, 12 percent; circulatory disease 10 percent. Birth defects, digestive and infectious illness and allergies barred 20 percent more. Those who might have been helped to pass by physical conditioning were a minute group!

Sums up Dr. Karpinos, "Of late these data (the draft records) have been widely quoted in discussions on physical fitness. . . . Unfortunately, the data have been grossly—and quite misleadingly—misinterpreted."

Also cited as evidence of our young men's lack of fitness are some college records, which show that current students do not do as well in physical-performance tests as their fathers did. These results are not uniform. Some experts feel that a difference in the kind of training received may account for the discrepancy, as in the K-W test. Actually, when these men are trained for physical performances, old athletic records quickly fall.

Are Americans really getting the exercise they need to stay healthy? Let us see just what the relationship between exercise and health really is.




*Does exercise prolong your life?*

Recently, researchers at Michigan State University studied the lives of some 1,200 men born about 70 years ago. Roughly half were former athletes. Half were nonathletes. The study found no differences in ages of death in the groups. Heart expert Dr. Paul Dudley White has just reported similar findings. Old Harvard footballers lived no longer than anyone else.

Since these studies did not cover thoroughly the differences in activity *after* college, there are still some questions to be asked. Nevertheless, doctors agree: There is no scientific reason to believe a sedentary person might not live as long as an athlete, assuming he controlled his weight and otherwise observed good health practices.

*Does exercise prevent infectious illness?*

One assumption about people who exercise a lot ("keep in shape") is that they catch colds, flu and viruses less frequently because of their high "resistance." Is it true?

One study proved that 18,823 high-school athletes were ill just as often as nonathletes. Observation of 1,000 men who caught typhus showed physical conditioning had offered no special protection to the athletes among them. Other scientific studies have tended to confirm these findings.

A joint committee of the A.M.A. and the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, concluded: "Exercise, regardless of its nature or extent, cannot provide immunization against infectious disease nor cure communicable disease."

*Does exercise prevent arthritis?*

Most experts think not, though therapeutic exercise can *relieve* arthritis. If we become very sedentary in later years, we lose some range of motion and increase the joint problems of aging. Exercise in youth does not prevent this. As soon as we become inactive, range of motion shrinks.

*Does exercise prevent other serious illnesses?*

Causes of death were noted in the Michigan State study of athletes and nonathletes. Heart, lung and cancer deaths were about equal in number for both. In London, however, bus drivers (who worked sitting down) had more heart attacks than conductors (who worked standing up). But the bus drivers were fatter. Overweight is a proven heart hazard. Lack of exercise is not.

So far, exercise has not been shown to be a preventive for such illness.

*Can you tell whether you and your family are fit?*

You must decide for yourself. "Fitness" is mental, moral and emotional, as well as physical. You might ask: "Are we fit to lead the lives that *we* lead? Not other people's lives—not farmers' lives if we're business people in the city, not high-powered executives' lives if we are ranchers, not racing drivers' lives if we work as librarians."

---

*Have you tried isometric exercise? You can strengthen muscles and remove inches with simple muscle contractions.* *(See page 142 for instructions.)*

---

No one can be fit to lead all kinds of lives. Fitness of every sort is the ability to lead the life you must, or want to, live.

There are three kinds of physical fitness. The first is medical. The second is *functional*. This is the ability to perform activities and then recover from them. You climb stairs, puff at the top, then quickly come back to normal. The third is *motor-performance* fitness. This refers to *what* you do—lifting a trunk, bending to open a drawer, and skills from driving a car to turning a hem. Everyone has some functional and motor-performance ability. Just how much do we need?

In the first days of atomic submarines, the Navy called in fitness expert Dr. Lawrence Morehouse. What kind of exercise should be given men on the subs to keep them fit, since they'd spend many months in cramped quarters? Dr. Morehouse's answer raised a few Navy eyebrows. "Teach them," he said, "to read books." In other words, if you are physically able to do the job you have in life, and other things you enjoy, you have *basic* fitness. If you want a little extra margin, a "reserve" to meet physical emergencies (such as illness, an operation, an accident) you can develop it with surprising ease. And the activity which does the job has added benefits.

"Physical activity at the end of a trying day brings a degree of refreshment and renewed energy that nothing else can equal," says Dr. Theodore Klumpp, an expert in diseases of the aged. "With such refreshment," adds Dr. Morris Fishbein, "comes the relaxation that is exceedingly important for rest and good mental hygiene." A third benefit is improved appearanc not to be taken lightly. For it can affect are from successful marriage to business success.

*Can people be trained to be more active?*

For over 20 years, in Denver, Colorado, group of people—from childhood to adulthood has been regularly tested for physical fitnes Each tends to stay in his own fitness group. U usual activity (summer work, army service) h raised some scores briefly. But they return their former level. The suggestion is that each us tends to keep his own degree of activity.

This suggests why so many personal exercis for-fitness programs fail. "A comparative few fi enjoyment in calisthenics," say A.M.A. expert "So many who start regimes of calisthenics qu in a few weeks. Why? Because they take it medicine and don't like it. If we want to rai our physical reserves, we must find activity th is fun. The best and most important thing can do for our children in this area is to he them find pleasant exercise which they can co tinue with enjoyment in adult years."



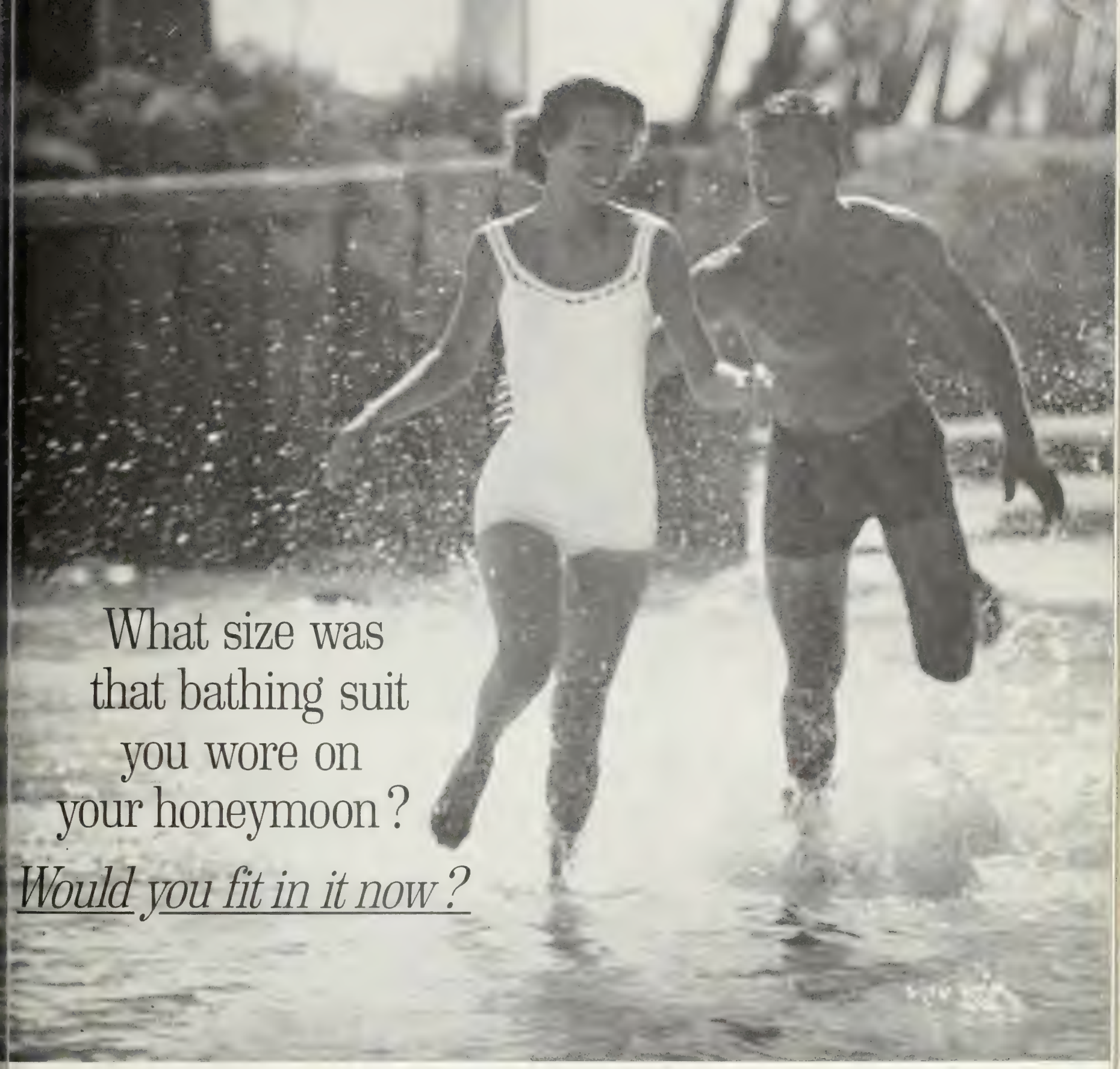
Actually, many calisthenics help us little. F example, arm and leg exercises may exhaus you while consuming few calories to hel weight control, and without building a fitnes reserve.

What doctors suggest is rational exercise f 15–30 minutes daily, or even just a few tim a week. This can be a fairly brisk walk arou the block. It can be tossing a ball and runnin a little with the kids. It can be riding a bike playing badminton. The point is to put onl slight stress on the heart and lungs. You judg this by the way you feel. For example, whil walking, step up your pace until you're breath ing a little harder and making just a little effor After you stop, you'll feel warm.

What you are doing is revving up the engine bit. Slight stress is the key. Each time you feel i you are extending your circulation, breathin and general body efficiency.

*What's the best time for it?*

Anytime. Doing it at the end of a working da is a good idea. It will CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



What size was
that bathing suit
you wore on
your honeymoon?

*Would you fit in it now?*

If a glance at the waves and the beach and that slender young bride tells you "no," isn't it time to do more than wish for that lovely figure you lost? You'll have a special kind of help in SEGO® Diet Food. More help for your will power than any other 900-calorie diet food. Two ounces more, so each 225-calorie SEGO meal–with all its good nutrition–is more satisfying. Extra protein, more help for your will power–you're less tempted to nibble between meals. Such delicious variety of flavors–5 to drink chilled, 2 as hot soups. This very day, SEGO can start you back to your honeymoon size, looking 10 pounds younger.

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WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT TO LOSE?

*Try SEGO for success!*






# The facts on low-calorie foods

Going on a diet? Forget diddling with figures (planning your own diet takes time), dawdling with food, desperate attempts at self-denial. Crash programs are out, commonsense eating is in. Doctors agree that a varied diet—of meat, fish, fruits and vegetables—works best. Pounds drop more slowly, true—perhaps only two or three a week—but they're *less apt to return*, because eating habits are readjusted. To blame for most extra pounds (one third of us are overweight) is overeating. The way to shape up is to count the calories down. What should your quota be? It depends. We can't tell you, but your doctor can.

Where we *can* help is to show why dieting isn't the bore—or chore—it once was. Available to everyone now is an amazing array of dietetic soups, salad dressings, fruits, meats, vegetables, jams and jellies, even desserts. The low-calorie food and beverage market has grown 350 percent in the last five years, and it's still growing. In the last year and a half alone most supermarkets have tripled their diet sections. These foods are flavorful, nutritionally balanced, quick to serve. The only difference: they've been decalorie-ized. They are excellent as is, can also be used in endless variations.

To prove it, we've categorized the low-calorie foods available, then offered ideas for using them. Dieting was never more easy—or enjoyable.

## JUICES

*What's available:* Apple-grape, apricot nectar, five-fruit, pineapple-grapefruit, grapefruit, fig, grape, vegetable, tomato.

*For variety, try:*

1. Freezing in ice-cube trays as frozen-on-a-stick ices for children.

2. Mixing tomato or vegetable juice with clam or beef broth and serving on the rocks as an appetizer.

3. Whipping up with low-calorie vanilla ice cream and refreezing as a fruit ice cream.

4. Making an aspic ribbon loaf with tomato or vegetable juice and substituting skim-milk cottage cheese for cream cheese.

5. Seasoning boiled carrots or beets with apricot nectar (no butter needed).

6. Heating five-fruit drink with tea, cinnamon, cloves as Russian tea.

## FRUITS

*What's available:* Apple slices, applesauce, apricots, fruit cocktail, fruit salad, grapefruit sections, greengage plums, purple plums, kadota figs, sliced or halved peaches, pears, pineapple slices or tidbits, royal anne cherries, dark cherries, prunes, blackberries, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries, mandarin orange sections.

*For variety, try:*

1. Puréeing and serving as a melba sauce over dietetic ice cream, ices or a *thin* slice of angel-food cake (it's blissfully low in calories).

2. Combining with plain or low-calorie fruit-flavored gelatin for desserts or salads.

3. Puréeing and making into a whip with low-calorie dessert topping (a la prune whip—almost any fruit works).

4. Heating with cloves and cinnamon and serving hot as a compote. A dash of curry adds an exotic touch.

5. Mixing with yogurt or half and half sour cream (it's available in the Chicago area).

6. Serving a skim-milk-custard sauce over dietetic plums, figs, peaches or pears.

7. Combining pineapple tidbits with shredded cabbage and low-calorie mayonnaise as coleslaw.

8. Cooking sliced carrots with pineapple tidbits.

9. Roasting veal or lamb with puréed apricots, peaches or cranberries as a glaze. Chicken or turkey breasts are good this way too.

10. Skewering pineapple alternately with shrimp (or scallops), green pepper, mushroom caps, small white onions, marinating about an hour in low-calorie Italian dressing, then broiling with a basting of soy sauce.

## VEGETABLES

These are water-packed, low in salt—sometimes important because less salt in the diet means less body retention of fluids.

*What's available:* Asparagus (cut or tips), green beans, wax beans, sliced beets, sliced carrots, diced carrots, peas, peas and carrots, spinach, tomatoes, mixed vegetables, sliced mushrooms.

*For variety, try:*

1. Dressing cooked vegetables with one of the low-calorie salad dressings instead of butter.

2. Seasoning with lemon or orange juice.

3. Marinating green beans in low-calorie Italian dressing, chilling and serving as a salad.

4. Marinating mixed vegetables in low-calorie French or Italian dressing, adding chunks of white chicken meat or tuna (dietetic) and serving as a salad meal.

5. Adding peas and carrots to beef or chicken broth for a quick soup.

6. Heating peas or beans quickly with mushrooms, chicken (or lean beef), water chestnuts in a low-calorie Italian dressing as a quick skillet dinner. Season lightly with soy sauce.

7. Dressing asparagus with low-calorie blue-cheese dressing.

8. Heating sliced beets in apple-grape drink.

9. Combining asparagus, beans or peas in a casserole with dietetic tuna and low-calorie Welsh rarebit.

10. Glazing beets or carrots with a dietetic jelly.

## MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, MAIN DISHES

*What's available:* Braised beef and vegetables, meatballs in brown gravy, roast beef slices in barbecue sauce, chopped chicken livers, chicken a la king, chicken cacciatore, tuna Newburg with noodles and peas, spaghetti with tomato and cheese sauce, spaghetti with meatballs, chicken in barbecue sauce, corned beef hash, chili con carne, beef and broad noodles with vegetables, fish balls in Newburg sauce, meatballs in sauce, chicken and broad noodles with vegetables, lasagna with cheese, lasagna with meat and cheese, Welsh rarebit, white chunk tuna, light chunk tuna, blueback salmon.

*For variety, try:*

1. Serving a crisp green salad, sliced tomatoes, or fruit salad, low-calorie dressed, with the main dishes.

2. Tossing tuna with celery, chopped pickle, diced hard-cooked egg, low-calorie mayonnaise as tuna salad. Serve in tomato cups.

3. Spreading Welsh rarebit on low-calorie toast, topping with a tomato slice and broiling quickly.

4. Using Welsh rarebit as a sauce for vegetables to make a main dish.

5. Spreading Welsh rarebit on a rare broiled ground-beef patty—a few capers will add interest.

## SOUPS

*What's available* (in addition to the meal-in-one soups): Tomato, beef consommé, vegetable bisque, split pea. Note: the chicken and beef bouillon cubes and mixes are also low-calorie.

*For variety, try:*

1. Mixing tomato (or the meal-in-one cream of tomato) with diced green pepper, chopped onions, chilling and serving as *gazpacho*.

2. Using low-calorie tomato soup as a sauce for zucchini or as the basis of a spaghetti sauce.

3. Poaching an egg in low-calorie beef or chicken consommé and serving as egg-drop soup.

## SALAD DRESSINGS

*What's available:* French, Italian, Russian, blue cheese, spice and tomato, whipped salad dressing, mayonnaise, fine herb, garlic, oil and vinegar type.

*For variety, try:*

1. Using to marinate chicken, fish, beef, lamb, veal before broiling.

2. Using to dress vegetables.

3. Using blue-cheese dressing to baste lean ground-beef patties or steak.

4. Spreading on low-calorie bread and toasting a la garlic bread.

5. Spreading on low-calorie crackers and toasting.

6. Heating low-calorie mayonnaise slightly, flavoring with lemon juice and serving as Hollandaise sauce.

7. Heating low-calorie mayonnaise slightly, seasoning with tarragon vinegar and tarragon as Béarnaise sauce.

## SAUCES AND GRAVIES

*What's available:* Brown gravy, country brown gravy, spicy-brown gravy, Newburg sauce, white sauce, spaghetti sauce, Welsh rarebit (cheese

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

By JEAN ANDERSON and ELAINE WARD-HANNA
of the Journal Food Department

Spring spruce-ups!

# Put a ScotTowel between you and messy clean-up chores



**1.** Wash and polish windows with absorbent ScotTowels. They stay strong when wet—don't shred or leave lint. And no dirty rags to wash!



**2.** Damp-wipe blinds with big ScotTowels and liquid cleaning wax. Plenty of fresh, thirsty ScotTowels make the job easier. No dusty cloths!

**3.** Line utility shelves with big ScotTowels. Strong ScotTowels absorb drips from paint and wax cans. Keep shelves clean.

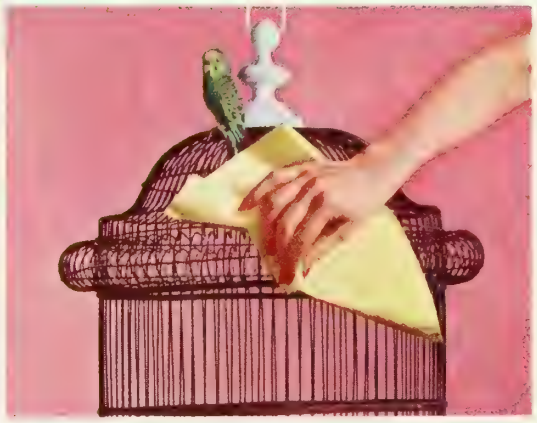
**4.** Wash hard-to-clean baseboards and moldings with strong ScotTowels. So pliable they get dirt out of corners. No messy cloths!

**5.** Protect hands by drying thoroughly with soft, absorbent ScotTowels. They're fast, efficient—because of "extra drying power." (Fewer hand towels to wash and hang out, too!)



**6.** Trim spring flowers on big, strong ScotTowels. Toss away discarded stems and leaves in the ScotTowels. No counter to wipe. (Damp-wipe dusty plant leaves with soft ScotTowels.)



**7.** Clean bird's cage with sturdy ScotTowels and hot soapy water. Dry thoroughly with fresh absorbent ScotTowels. No messy rags to wash and dry.



**8.** Put a ScotTowel Holder in the garage. Strong ScotTowels are perfect for cleaning cars—and for wiping grimy hands. No clutter of dirty rags!

## Here's why ScotTowels do all these jobs so well

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Let ScotTowels help you wrap up work and throw it away!

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sauce), jellied apple-cranberry sauce, tomato catsup.

*For variety, try:*

1. Adding curry powder, savory and mace to white sauce as a curry sauce for shrimp, chicken, lean lamb.

2. Serving spaghetti sauce over lean broiled ground-beef patties.

3. Combining Newburg sauce with dietetic tuna, white chicken or turkey meat, scallops, shrimp or lobster.

4. Spreading jellied apple-cranberry sauce on chicken or turkey breasts, lean lamb or veal chops, and broiling.

5. Glazing carrots or beets with jellied apple-cranberry sauce.

6. Mixing low-calorie catsup with prepared horseradish as a seafood sauce.

## DESSERTS

*What's available:* Apple-pie filling; spiced apple rings; cherry-pie filling; vanilla and chocolate gelatin custards; chocolate and vanilla malts and shakes; chocolate, vanilla, coconut, butterscotch, strawberry, mixed-fruit and lemon puddings; raspberry, tangerine, strawberry, black-cherry, orange, lemon, lime, mixed-fruit and cherry gelatins; chocolate, pineapple and vanilla toppings; chocolate and vanilla ice-cream mixes; chocolate, strawberry, vanilla and coffee ice cream; mixed fruit and lemon ices.

*For variety, try:*

1. Apple- or cherry-pie filling heated and topped with skim-milk-custard sauce.

2. Spiced apple rings baked with lamb or veal chops *en casserole.*

3. A thin round of angel food topped with low-calorie ice cream, frosted with a soft meringue (make it with about 1 teaspoon sugar per egg white) and broiled as an individual baked Alaska.

4. Vanilla or butterscotch pudding as a sauce for low-calorie fruits.

5. Fruit gelatins mixed with dietetic fruits for salads and desserts.

6. Low-calorie chocolate pudding as a sauce for dietetic vanilla, chocolate or coffee ice creams.

7. Low-calorie fruit cocktail over low-calorie vanilla or strawberry ice cream.



## COOKIES

*What's available:* Cheese, almond, vanilla, strawberry, chocolate wafers; lady fingers; crème puffs, chocolate chip, coconut, fruit cookies; chocolate, vanilla crème wafers, oatmeal.

*For variety, try:*

1. Using low-calorie cookie crumbs as a crumb crust and filling with low-calorie ice cream or pudding for a refrigerator pie.

2. Making a charlotte russe with low-calorie lady fingers and dietetic gelatins or puddings.

## CANDIES

*What's available:* Chocolate miniatures; fruit and licorice candy jellies; hard candy in assorted flavors; licorice; marshmallows; jellied mints, coffee; fruit and nut clusters; caramels; mint creams; coconut, chocolate marshmallow and marshmallow bars; coffee and almond crunch; citrus, root beer, wild cherry drops; crystal mints; chocolate mints; chocolate flavored peanuts and raisins.

*Note:* The new dry-roasted peanuts have pared the calories of that nibble food *way* down.

## JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES

*What's available:* Apple, boysenberry, concord grape, grape and black-raspberry jellies; orange marmalade; peach, strawberry, apricot-pineapple, blueberry, pineapple, cherry and apricot preserves; apple spread; strawberry jam.

*For variety, try:*

1. Glazing whole poached fresh pears with low-calorie jelly or jam.

2. Glazing a lamb or veal roast or chops with dietetic fruit preserves.

3. Glazing carrots or beets with orange marmalade (no butter needed).

4. Basting broiled shrimp with a mixture of pineapple preserves and soy sauce.

5. Making a jelly roll of angel-food cake and dietetic jelly—cut the slices *thin.*

6. Stirring low-calorie preserves into low-calorie vanilla ice cream for ripple effect.

7. Serving as a topping for fruit compote, low-calorie ice creams or ices.

## THE MEALS IN ONE

*900-Calorie Formulas:* Chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, coffee, chocolate malt, banana, orange.

*The Wafers:* chocolate, spice.

*The 900-Calorie Frozen Formulas:* Chocolate, vanilla.

*The 900-Calorie Soups:* clam chowder, cream of tomato, split pea with ham, cream of chicken.

## BREADS AND CRACKERS

*What's available:* rye crackers; white, whole wheat type, gluten and protein breads.

## THE PASTAS

*What's available:* elbow macaroni, fine noodles, spaghetti.

*For variety, try:*

1. Mixing macaroni and low-calorie Welsh rarebit and baking *en casserole.*

2. Cooking noodles in beef or chicken broth.

3. Serving a lean-ground-beef-and-garlic sauce over spaghetti.

4. Sautéeing fresh shrimp, clams or scallops in low-calorie Italian dressing, seasoning with chopped parsley and basil and serving as a spaghetti sauce.

5. Mixing sautéed lean ground beef, tomato, a pinch of basil and oregano with macaroni and baking as a casserole.

## CEREAL

High-protein cereals, although not considered especially low in calories, are actually much lower per serving than other cereals.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS

*What's available:* Skim milk, skim-milk cottage cheese, yogurt, nonfat dry milk, and, in the Chicago area—half and half sour cream.

*For variety, try:*

1. Substituting yogurt for sour cream in a lean beef stroganoff.

2. Substituting skim for whole milk in custards.

3. Making a skim-milk cottage-cheese cake using low-calorie cookie crumbs (keep the slices thin!).

## BEVERAGES

*What's available:* beer; cola; ginger ale; root beer; orange; grape; cream vanilla; black cherry, cherry-cola; lemon; lemonade mix; club soda, sparkling and quinine water.

*For variety, try:*

1. Cooking carrots in ginger ale.

2. Using ginger ale as a baste for fowl or lamb.

3. Mixing any of the fruit flavors with low-calorie vanilla ice cream and refreezing.

## ARTIFICIAL SWEETENERS

*Available in tablet, liquid, granular or powder form.*

*Also available:* maple syrup, waffle-and-pancake sauce, fruit-concentrate syrup.

## COFFEE AND TEA

Minus sugar and cream, they have no calories at all!

## THERE'S EVEN DIETETIC CHEWING GUM!

(It may keep you from nibbling.)

*What's available:* fruit, peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, licorice, wintergreen, clove, tropical fruit, bubble gum.





***GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG***

*The world becomes a little smaller*
*(and strangers somehow closer) over coffee.*
*Coffee flavor is unrivaled; its enjoyment, universal.*
*And it's especially rewarding when you remember this:*
*A little more coffee in your coffee*
*Puts a lot more pleasure in your cup.*

*How to become famous for your coffee. See page 146.* *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.*

## THE COMFORTING TRUTH ABOUT EXERCISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

relax you. You'll enjoy a leisure evening more and you'll sleep better. Coming home from work, get off the bus early. Walk home briskly. Or climb some flights of stairs during the day. You don't need a rigid schedule.

*What about weekend exercise? Is it dangerous?*

Not if you're sensible. When breath becomes uncomfortably short, muscles feel unusually weak, or your heart pounds hard, stop and rest. These are warning signs signaling "enough." When you're back to normal, you can begin again. Danger comes when, out of pride or determination, you force yourself past the warning signs.

*How can you tell if you've overdone exercise?*

The standards are based on the body's ability to recover.

Ten minutes after exercise, you should no longer notice pounding of the heart or breathlessness.

After two hours, you should feel no marked weakness or fatigue. And the next day, there should be no definite and undue fatigue hangover. These are signs of having exceeded your limits. Take it easy. The limits will rise.

*Is there a relationship between exercise and overweight?*

Of course there is. Exercise is the way you spend the calories you eat. If you eat the same amount, but exercise more, you get thinner. Sadly, this is not as simple as it seems. Heavy exercise, though it burns many more calories, will boost your appetite.

But nutritionists agree there is another way to use exercise to reduce. This is, to increase your calorie-spending in gentler ways, which will not be as stimulating to appetite.

You can do this even with body positions. For example, lying down takes an average of 60 calories an hour. Sitting takes 72. Standing takes 84. The differences do not sound big. But science knows most people consume slightly more food than they need, probably less than 50 extra calories a day. Two hours of standing, when you'd ordinarily lie down, spends those extra calories.

Of course, you don't want to just stand there. But you can add a hobby which consumes calories. Sitting and painting takes 120 calories an hour. Playing the piano uses 150, ballroom dancing 300, sawing boards 400. Spend an evening a week at a museum or go window shopping for an hour or two to help control your weight.

*What can exercises do for your figure, besides helping you reduce?*

Probably most important, the right exercise helps control posture. Few people know the amazing things posture control can do for their figures. Poor posture, contrary to popular belief, is not only easiest, it is physiologically most economical. This does not mean it is good. Doctors see bad posture as a troublemaker. Especially in later years, it can, for example, shrink lung volume and upset circulation.

Gravity does the damage. It pulls head and chest forward and down, as well as the contents of the abdominal area. Your knees sag forward.

Exercise can change this by strengthening the muscles which should hold you erect. These are muscles along the spine, of the abdominal wall and buttocks, the long hamstring muscles at the back of your legs, and your calf muscles. Some call these "anti-gravity" muscles.

Consider the pot belly. Prolonged sitting stretches the hamstring muscles in back and shortens the ligaments in front. The result is that the pelvis (the bony girdle in the area of your hips) tips forward. The abdomen pushes outward. Thus can you own a pot belly even if you're not fat at all. Many people think exercises such as toe-touching correct the problem. Quite the opposite. Common sense will show you they magnify the pot.

*Does this mean it takes old-fashioned exercises to correct posture?*

No, it doesn't. For one thing, a little general exercise will do part of the job, because it is bound to strengthen some muscles, depending on what kind of activity you like.

Further, there is a new concept of exercise. Ordinary activity is called *isotonic* exercise. This means the muscles are stressed by movement against a resistance, which may be your own body, say, as you swing an arm. The newer finding is *isometric* exercise. An example is lifting against a weight you can't move. The muscle contracts, but doesn't shorten. A few such maximum-effort contractions of a muscle, lasting about six seconds, give that muscle all the development it can get for the day.

Many experts find isometric exercise an ideal quick way to strengthen a muscle. (Obviously, however, it can't give you the benefits of total-body exercise, the general "reserve" of fitness, and relaxation.) Though some details of the concept are still controversial, the basic idea works. For example, to use it for posture simply assume *good* posture. Raise your chest an inch. Your shoulders will fall into line. Hold your head erect. Now level your pelvis. Do this by pulling in your abdominal muscles, the same time pushing forward with your hips. You are there.

Now—as hard as you can—pull your ab men in and push forward with your h Count slowly to six. Clench your fists, if helps. Relax. Then do it again a coupl times. Repeat the exercise every day—or e every other day—and two inches can qui disappear from your waist. (Remember, h ever, you haven't removed fat. Isometric e cise can only strengthen muscle; it can't m you lighter.)

Other isometric exercises work on other ure problems. Take flabbiness at the bac the upper arm. Stand with your back again wall. Place your palms on the wall and pus hard as you can for six seconds. To t upper thighs at the side and front, simply st (in flat shoes) with feet together. Now, v one heel push as hard as you can against floor, letting your toes rise. Do this a few ti every day or so.

Once you get the idea, you can almost vent your own isometric exercise for your c problem. Just experiment with positions u you find one which contracts the muscles question. Produce that contraction, hard. six seconds. But be a little careful. Before apply full force to the position, try a sn effort. Make sure you haven't got into an aw ward, twisted pose which will hurt you. A make *sure* you're working against a resista which cannot move.

*What else can exercise do for appearance?*

It can help preserve *range of motion*. As leave our twenties, most of us tend not to the full range of motion of our joints. F example, we do not turn our heads fully, turn our bodies. Right now, turn and look

**There is in every true woman's heart spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity**

**WASHINGTON IRVI**

something on your right. Did you move or your head?

The muscles around these joints weak with disuse. We lose free movement. Note th an actor uses this stiff look to mimic old ag

You may have formed such bad habit General exercise tends to correct them. B just using your body more flexibly will do th trick. For example, if your neck tends to lac full range of motion, when you look at th office clock, turn only your head. Similarl don't be afraid to reach behind you occasio ally, to reach up, to take a few long, swingin strides when you walk, to twist your body t turn.

A little experimenting will show you whe stiff joints are. Even once-a-day use of rang of motion can help preserve it. One more goo trick of this kind lies in breathing. See if it only your chest which moves out when yo breathe in. For full lung capacity, your abdo men should push out as you breathe in. Try i

*Does exercise have other health benefits?*

It can have value in illness. For example when diabetics exercise, they usually requir less insulin. Many people who suffer fron lower back pain get relief from exercises whic flex the back and legs. But these are specia exercises and should be left to your doctor to prescribe. Lower back pain, for instance, ca have many causes. The wrong exercises migh do far more harm than good.

One useful finding is that exercise is not only harmless during menstruation, but that extra general exercise just before the onset of the flow (during the preceding day or two) helps many women who have menstrual problems.

*Is there any general rule of exercise for everyone?*

No. There are only the basic principles which you must adapt to your own needs and desires. You can healthily survive with no more exercise than you get in ordinary daily living. Exercise is a device which can accomplish many things. But only you can determine what you want to be and do. END

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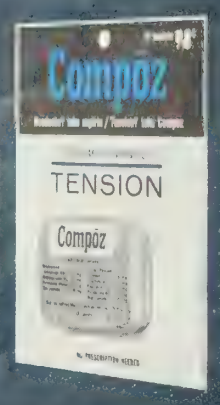
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## THESE FIVE WERE CURED OF OVERWEIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

diabetic child needs more insulin at once,' he said anxiously.

"'It's not her specimen,' I said. 'It's mine.'"

Mabel was hospitalized at once. Her doctor told her, "If you want to lick this diabetes, you'll have to lose weight."

"I turned away, because I didn't want the doctor to see the hopelessness in my face. Reduce? I'd tried for 20 years, and I was still fat—five feet two, 220 pounds. My feet ached. I couldn't climb stairs. And over the years John and I had done fewer things together. But the more I'd tried to lose weight the more I'd gained.

"Now it was different, and I knew it. I thought about the fat diabetics, the ones I'd seen in hospitals—so many complications, gangrene, lost limbs, blindness, and very short lives. That's when I turned away from the doctor. I knew I'd tried everything—and failed."

It took days for the doctor to convince Mabel that she could reduce. He did it by analyzing her history. In 1935, when Mabel married John, she weighed 120. In 1937 she was pregnant. "I worked as a surgical nurse until the day I was delivered. I was always hungry, and too busy to think about dieting. Between my job and my baby, I barely had time to wolf down whatever meals came to hand. After the baby came, I weighed 150 pounds."

Four years later she had another baby. Now she weighed 180. "I tried crash diets, lost and gained, struggled and starved. After three years more I weighed 195. Diet pills made me nervous, reducing salons, gym courses, appetite appeasers—nothing did any good."

Then, a few months before the fainting episode, her son, Tom, brought friends home from college. "He acted strange. And later he said seriously, not meaning to hurt me, 'Mom, were you ever thin?'

"That hurt. I'd never admitted that fat woman was really me. Inside, I still felt slim."

Mabel tried a 900-calorie-a-day liquid-formula diet. "I lost 20 pounds, but I started thinking about good things I'd eat when I quit. And then I knew it was no good. I'd go right up again. And I did."

The doctor listened, and calculated. Then he showed her, mathematically, how it had just been extra *bits* of food, day after day for 20 years, that had done the damage. "You're not a glutton," he said. "And there's no physical defect I can find which makes you fat. You're simply in a very familiar trap."

"I had my doubts," says Mabel. "But at least I had a ray of hope."

Mabel started a 1,200-calorie diet, and a calorie diary. "I ate a *little* of whatever the family ate. That way I learned about foods while I dieted. Now, judging foods and quantities is second nature. And you know what really helped? Seeing, through the diary, how maybe it *had* been extra bits of food, seeing how easily an extra 100 calories could slip in."

At first Mabel was on a strict diabetic diet as well, and much insulin. But as her weight fell, the diabetes subsided. Now, on a permissive diet, she gets no injections, only oral medicine.

After 18 months of reducing, she weighs 130 pounds, a 90-pound loss. She is trim and attractive in a size-14 dress.

"I'm free of a burden. My feet don't hurt. I climb stairs. John and I do things together more. But it's funny what the really happy moment was. Our boy, Tom, asked us to a college reception—he never used to do that—and when we got in the car, Tom turned to me and said, 'Hey, look! We're all in the front seat together!'

"I knew what he meant, and I saw his proud look. I've never had a nicer day in my life."

*Say the U.S.C. experts*: Mabel, like most people, became obese slowly. After the gain during her first pregnancy, her excess food was no more than 60 calories a day. That was her average gain from 1937 to 1941, roughly seven and a half pounds yearly. The caloric equivalent of an extra pat of butter a day did it. In the next three years she added only five pounds annually, with an average of some 40 extra daily calories. Later, she consumed still less.

Understanding, she lost strong feelings of guilt and futility. She knew how she could reverse the process. Many obese people blame an inborn affliction or weak character. Rarely is either case true.

Since small amounts of food make big differences, precise understanding of the diet is needed. Thus—the calorie diary, which works like a household budget, to show where the leaks are.

Strong motivation is needed to reduce. Fear was Mabel's motivation. She knew that, had her weight been normal, her diabetes might never have emerged, and that it was much less to be feared if she was not fat.

"It's hard to be a cute little thing when you're really a big, fat monster," sighs Sarah T., who is small, blonde, 17 and vivacious. "I wanted so to be a cute little thing.

"In the mirror I saw this horrible creature—five feet one and 164 pounds. Somehow, I'd never cared before. But now I was 14, in high school and suddenly I was so ashamed.

"We'd moved to a new town. At home I'd always had a lot of friends. Now—I don't know, I stayed away from people. It made me sick to look in the mirror. What was worse, I started noticing boys, and at the same time I began to hope they wouldn't notice me. It was awful."

"It was the first time Sarah had ever cared about her weight," says her mother. "I suffered for her, the poor child. She'd been a slim little darling, until we spent a summer at the beach when she was 10. I let her run with other children, eat at their houses and have pocket money. So quickly, she was roly poly."

Her weight rose commensurately with her height. Never monstrously fat, she was plump. Her doctor's description, "Round and rosy."

Then she reached the new town, and high school. "Her grades," says Mrs. T., "had been high. Now they were ordinary, and I knew she didn't like that. I guessed what was behind it. I pretended a checkup and took her to a doctor who was interested in obesity. I hoped now the time was right."

Tests showed no glandular or other abnormalities. "The doctor asked me if I'd like to lose some weight," says Sarah. "I said, maybe. He gave me calorie charts and told me to keep a diary of my eating, with the calories. He said I was now an adult, that it was up to me.

"He gave me pills, too, that he said would help, and the first week I almost stopped eating. He weighed me, and said I was wonderful."

That week Mrs. T. anxiously phoned the doctor about Sarah's self-imposed starvation. He said Sarah could take it, that she must manage herself. "I had awful misgivings," says Mrs. T. "I was afraid she'd starve. From not caring, she'd gone to mania on the subject."

In the next weeks, Sarah broke her diet outrageously. Then she broke her medical appointments. Says Mrs. T., "For two days before she saw the doctor, she'd eat almost nothing! She wouldn't face him without a loss. It didn't seem very medical to me."

"I cheated on my calorie diary," says Sarah, shamefaced. "Some days I could diet. Some I couldn't. I'd die if the doctor knew I cheated. But he never caught on."

Sarah's erratic program somehow bore fruit. In a year she lost 24 pounds, to 140. She became leader of a girls' basketball team. Her grades went up. She became an editor of the school newspaper.

"But I was still a monster, and I kept away from boys. The next summer I starved myself. I weighed 132 when school opened. I was going on 16, and I'd never had a date."

That fall there was a class dance. "One night this boy called up, and he'd never even *talked* to me in school. He asked me, 'Are you going to the dance?'

"I said, 'I don't know. I'm not much of a dancer.'

"He said, 'Do you want to go with me?'

"And I said, 'OK.' I said it very cool, but I was so startled I could hardly talk. I hung up and ran to tell mother, and said I wanted a new yellow dress, to be beautiful in!"

From that time, Sarah kept an honest calorie diary. In a year, she reached 123. "Now I'm leaving for college, and already I know a boy there. I have to be careful about food. And sometimes the scales terrify me, and I don't eat lunch, not a bite. It's a good thing," she adds, "my doctor doesn't know."

*Say the U.S.C. experts*: Sarah's story is typical. As a child, she couldn't be motivated to the sacrifice of reducing. At 14, she had strong motives, and she could take charge of her own reducing and succeed.

Her extremes and sporadic drive were also typical. Her doctor knew of them. But, able to check her every week, he allowed the behavior.

He knew her calorie diary was forged. But knowing she was protected from malnutrition, and not wanting to confront Sarah with small failures, he let her think it fooled him. Even in forging, she learned the calorie values of foods. Today, correct food choice is easy.

The pep-up pills she got at first were confidence builders. Sarah was all too aware she had failed to reduce as a child.

Neither she nor her mother admits it, but an emotional problem probably is connected with her overeating as a child. The problem faded, but the fat did not. There was no further marked gain, but Sarah stayed plump.

Psychotherapy might merely have opened old wounds to no point. Such self-exploration might have touched off still heavier eating.

Medical supervision allowed her to diet in her own strange way. She was allowed to come to the office only when she could show a weight loss, because, in this way, she never had to admit failure. Thus she never became discouraged. Her broken appointments were suffered without a word.

"It was my knee sent me to the doctor," says Clarabel M. "I was only 72, and I couldn't see why it should hurt and keep me from being spry."

"Arthritis," said the doctor. "Your 243 pounds is far too much for that knee. And it's very bad for your blood pressure, which is quite high."

"You mean," Clarabel said bluntly, "I'll die if I don't reduce?"

"Let's put it," said the doctor, "that I think you'll live longer if you do reduce."

"Well, I thought it over," says Clarabel. "I'd tried reducing, and I didn't care for it. If didn't work on me, anyway. As for my knee, I guessed I could stand that. And as for dying, we all come to it, and if you counted my years by the joy in them, I'd be 150. But it was Arthur, my husband, that worried me. After 50 years he depended on me so. I knew I couldn't leave him, and that's what decided me. I had to give it a try so I could take care of Arthur."

Most elderly people are hard to sell on weight reduction. Clarabel, for example, had been born in 1887, and grew up in a day when fat was stylish. ("Nobody loved a skinny woman!") She weighed 172 on her wedding day, in 1909, and she stood five feet four inches tall.

Childless, she and Arthur gave all their energies to the electrical firm they built. "We entertained for business, so we kept lots to eat around. And when we retired, I weighed 200, and for two years I kept going up. I ate just as much, you see, but I didn't *do* near as much."

The doctor, pessimistic about reducing a lady of her years, gave her charts and menus. But she did well. Her concern for her husband drove her to lose 21 pounds in a few months. But there she stopped.

"My weight went up and down. There'd be a party or picnic or holiday, and I'd fix something nice, and I couldn't leave it alone."

With Clarabel's blood pressure, the doctor could not use appetite-depressant drugs. A year passed, and her pressure began to rise again. "Doctor," she said, "I'm not feeling very good. You've got to find something to help me start losing again. I'll try anything."

Next day, in the mail, Clarabel received a curious prescription:

Rx: JOIN TOPS.

One of many weight-losing clubs, TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly), with 12,000

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



# 5 Libbey ways to express your *flair* for style



"You dress for the occasion — why not style your table accordingly?" says Julia Lee Cook, Libbey Home Stylist. "Libbey's sparkling new fashions make it so *sensible*. The tiny prices let you pick a new pattern each time you shop. Soon you have a complete Libbey Glass Wardrobe."

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Dress for dinner with Rose Bouquet stemware. 8-pc. set, about $6. Relax later with the tumblers. 8-piece set, about $4. ▼





Reach for a 16-oz. Tinted Tankard. Indulge your sense of style as you quench your thirst. Boxed set of 4, about $5. ▶

New Serving Tray Set — exclusively Libbey's. Durable tray — looks like brushed ebony, is accented by 8 gay Raffia glasses. About $5. ▼







# HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

*By* ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
*Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau*

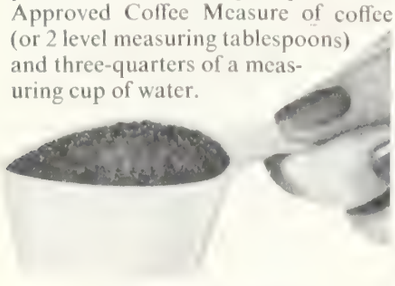
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

**When you buy coffee:**

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

**When you measure coffee:**

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



**When you brew coffee:**

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

**When you serve coffee:**

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

**When you judge coffee:**

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

*Pan-American Coffee Bureau*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

members, is biggest. It uses group pressures to force members to adhere to diets, and rewards success. Many doctors endorse TOPS and send difficult patients to it. (Each patient gets a physical exam, and a doctor sets a reducing goal.) In effect, TOPS supplies an immediate *motive* to reduce.

"We meet weekly, and you better be lighter. If you're not, you have to wear a cardboard turtle. If you weigh more, you're a *Pig*. You sit in the Pig Pen. And you sing, to the tune of *I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover:*

"'I'm looking over a bunch of blubber
"'That I overlooked before. . . .'"

Reducing is arduous for the elderly. With each decade after 45, we need some 7 percent less food. Clarabel's caloric needs were so low she required a punishing 800-calorie diet to bring her weight down.

"TOPS made me stick to it, for two years. Say I cook Spanish rice, and I just love my Spanish rice, I call one of the girls for a pep talk. Then I take the TOPS pledge and set it right by that rice."

Says the pledge, in part: "Even though I eat in private, my excess poundage is there for all the world to see. . . ."

"There's fun at the meetings, but all aimed one way. Those people get to be good friends. You can't leave them. And to stay, you've got to face them every week, and they'll all know whether you've had spunk.

"Well, today I weigh 175. My knee stopped hurting when I passed 200. Blood pressure is almost normal. It's as if for years I carried a 68-pound weight on my back, even in bed with me at night. Can you understand what it feels like to set that weight down at last?

"But there's more. The other night was our 53rd anniversary. And I was dressing, and Arthur came in. And he said, 'Clarabel, you look just as you did the day I married you.'

"Well, he was wrong," smiles Clarabel. "I was three pounds heavier. But there are things you don't tell the man you care for."

*Say the U.S.C. experts*: For many elderly people, reducing may mean many more years of good life. But their record is poor. For the elderly are hard to motivate. They resist change of any kind. Their early years taught them that some overweight was not only not bad, but actually desirable as a sign of health.

Clarabel had a strong motive for reducing: her concern for her husband of fifty years. But even so, she got just so far until another motive—and strict supervision—was added: TOPS.

TOPS gave her something to belong to again. The price was adherence to a very hard diet. Clarabel loved her husband and her new friends enough to do it. Today, she is the local club's proudest ornament.

Groups such as TOPS are for all ages. Providing information, motive and supervision, they help many people who cannot go it alone. Such clubs are becoming widely used as a device for enforcing doctor's orders.

Why see a doctor for overweight? Because for successful reducing, strong motive, though it is the first essential, is not enough. Knowledge is needed, and trained supervision.

Obesity often involves complicating medical problems. In fact, it is a rare obese person who does not have them. Thus, obesity is only one part of the medical portrait. What weight should be lost, how, and how fast are medical decisions. Obesity is subtly and closely related to the psychology and physical health of every patient.

Not all doctors have the time to manage weight reduction. It is fair to ask your doctor if he prefers to recommend another man with a special interest in this field, and it is good sense.

Expect no miracles from your doctor in reducing. Ultimately, it is a slow process, entailing personal sacrifices. The reward, however, is a longer, more useful life.

The doctor is the logical source of scientific information about the body and nutrition. Most patients who come to him have tried self-treatment and failed. For many, the failure has meant lost health, wasted money and useless effort. It seems only reasonable to try *first* the most successful way to reduce, using the skills and training of the man to whom you would in other matters trust your life.

## PAINLESS NEW WAY TO DETECT BREAST CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

magnesium and aluminum, and their alloys—provided the long-sought, extra-sensitive film now being used in breast-tissue X rays. (Although in their usages there is one vast difference. Industrially, the film is used at extremely high voltages; medically, it is used in what is considered very low voltage.) X-ray manufacturers, radiologists and medical researchers are all working together to make mammography the valuable diagnostic tool it shows every indication of becoming.

The final reading of a mammogram depends on the skilled judgment of the doctor interpreting it. He has all the clinical evidence and data to help him in his interpretation. And, because there is no room for error where the possibility of breast cancer exists, he also has biopsy.

In some cases, such as mine, where all the evidence was clear and definitive, no further tests have to be made. But in many cases (partly as a safeguard, since experience with mammography is still limited, partly because the lines of demarcation are frequently slight), a doctor may decide that a biopsy should be done as a routine check on the results of the mammogram. But it is biopsy with a difference.

In the past, as I had known, biopsy could be a terrifying experience for a woman. This is not always so—the actual procedure is relatively simple, and can even be done in the doctor's office. However, depending on her clinical symptoms, a woman was often prepared for major surgery rather than minor, should the biopsy discover malignant cells while she was on the operating table. She was aware of this possibility, but the decision on whether to remove her breast was made while she was under anesthesia. She did not know the extent of surgery until she woke up.

Now, thanks to mammography, the doctor has a clearer knowledge of what to expect from the biopsy. For the two women out of three whose lesions will prove to be benign, a simple biopsy is indicated, at least as a preliminary.

The added insurance that this new technique gives to her doctor can spare her the traumatic experience of going into an operating room not knowing what to expect. The woman whose lesion appears to be malignant can at least be emotionally prepared for the radical surgery she may be facing. She does not awaken to a psychological shock as well as a physical one. A mammogram can pinpoint the exact site of a growth.

Breast X ray can be used to detect a cancerous growth even before that growth is discernible to the touch—until now the most usual indication that an abnormality existed.

In women over 40, where there is a strong family history of breast cancer, breast X rays may be suggested by her doctor as part of each routine checkup. Such regular examinations might discover any hint of cancer before it could begin to make its fatal inroads.

Should breast X rays become a regular part of every woman's annual physical checkup?

The answer to that question is, at the moment, dictated by its practicality. It takes time, equipment and trained technicians not yet available in sufficient number to deal with such a Herculean task. At present, mammography is an important and invaluable new diagnostic tool to aid the physician when he feels that it is wise to use it. What it will become in the future is, of course, another matter. Experimentally, work has already started in using this technique for other soft-tissue X rays—thyroid, for one. Whether it will be found useful here is still not known. But the hope is there. And in the battle to conquer cancer, hope itself is a great weapon. Especially when it helps to cast out fear. END

## NEXT MONTH

**"DEAR MRS. KENNEDY,"**

So begin hundreds of letters delivered each day to THE WHITE HOUSE, some addressed in block printing, others in Braille, all full of questions like: "Can I baby-sit with Caroline?" "May I come live at the White House for three days?" Next month: an amazing, amusing collection of letters written by children to MRS. JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY.

**WHAT NEXT FOR CAROL BURNETT?**

Her first movie, a big, bouncy Broadway musical. "I'm so lucky," says Carol. "I have everything I want except marriage and children." In Part II of NEAL GILKYSON STUART's story, Garry Moore predicts something else: "A difficult life ahead."

**THE HOUSE AMERICA NEEDS**

The *Journal* dreamed, designed, built and decorated it. The idea: an add-on house that grows up with the family. The result: a house that does. You'll tour it in the May issue.

**MARGIN OF PERIL**

VICTOR CANNING's new suspense novel begins with a performance of *Swan Lake* in London and ends in an exciting chase through Southwestern France. En route: murder, romance, a mysterious Soviet-inspired disappearance. All are condensed into hair-raising reading.

**ELOPING?**

Whether you are or aren't, don't miss Fashion Editor CATHY DE MONTEZEMOLO's *Something Blue for a May Elopement*—not borrowed but a brand-new budget wardrobe designed by TONI OWEN.

**GET SET FOR SUMMER . . .**

With Pattern Editor NORA O'LEARY's denim and terry-cloth shorts, shifts and shirts; and Beauty Editor BRUCE CLERKE's simple new "fun-in-the-sun" hairdos (and don'ts).

**THERE'S MORE IN MAY:**

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK on Toilet Training; another in our series, *Can This Child Be Saved?—He Ever Failed the First Grade*, plus *My Husband Was Cold.*



## You couldn't pick anything finer! It's Borden's Strawberries 'n Cream Ice Cream!

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One spoonful of Borden's Strawberries 'n Cream Ice Cream—and you know you have reached the summit of smooth perfection. Maybe somebody someday will make a better strawberry ice cream than this one. But why wait?

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6 DIFFERENT FLAVORS
—everyone a treat!... Bone, meat, egg, fish, milk, cheese.


## ARCHIE LEACH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

There were all sorts of opening moves, and from my altitude I could follow the beginning of each maneuver, the strategy and deploy. I could predict the concerted rush, and spot the deceptive saunter resulting in the rear-guard shove; or the playful ring-around-the-rosy, with me as rosy, beaming daffily down on the little faces of impending disaster. I dreaded the lone ace who came zeroing in out of the sun, flying a small bamboo cane with a curved handle. One good yank as he whizzed past and he'd won the encounter hands down (*my* hands down), with full honors and an accolade from admiring bystanders.

After a few graceful air-clutching staggers, it still took about three lifetime seconds for me to topple—TIMBER!—and by the time I was spread-eagled on the street, those frolicsome urchins were yards away, innocently pointing at airplanes that weren't there.

Still, I occasionally outwitted them by grabbing a nearby awning, while parrying with an elongated wooden leg; but often some sturdy young squirt, joined quickly by volunteers of his cowardly gang, and sometimes even a *crazy* stranger or two, would grab the stilt's foot and tug steadily. It became an interesting speculation which would come away first—the awning, or me. Usually I came away first, resulting in an entirely different, much more entertaining, sort of flailing parabolic descent, known as a backward high gruesome.

Well, *that* job didn't last long, I can tell *you*.

I had kept in touch with other ex-members of the Pender troupe, and through them learned that R. H. Burnside, the Hippodrome director, was trying to round up as many of us as possible, to utilize our acrobatic abilities in his next production. The previous season's show was called *Good Times*, and the coming season's *Better Times*. I hope everyone's life makes such seasonal progress. Mine did. I am not sure how *much* better the times were, but I met love again! A showgirl in the show. A tall girl. And this time, this better time, we often managed to see each other after the evening performance.

One night, we attended a late party in someone's apartment, somewhere or other. Prohibition was in force, so naturally everyone drank. I drank hard apple cider, thinking it least likely to affect me; and in no time at all was laid to rest in a spare bedroom; where I was hazily joined, thanks to the maneuvering of some well-meaning friends, by the lady in question. We awakened to find ourselves falteringly, fumblingly and quite unsatisfactorily attempting to ascertain whether those blessed birds and bees knew what they were doing. Up to that date, my closest contact with wine and women; but I cannot add it was an occasion for song.

Oh, well, I had a lot of life and improvement ahead of me. I was only 19, and neither the experience nor my age gave me confidence enough to know I was a man. Hardly. Not yet.

The young lady lived with her family far out in Brooklyn. Too far for me to accompany her after each evening's performance and still return by subway before the cold winter's dawn. I tried once or twice, but gave it up and, instead, spent suppertimes with other ex-Pender troupe members discussing the new act we were preparing for vaudeville after *Better Times* closed.

We broke in our act playing small nearby Eastern towns before embarking on a long tour of the Pantages circuit of theaters that took us, by weekly engagements, through Canada to the West Coast, and back across the United States. My romance floundered in a mist of obligatory habit. We wrote and telephoned each other dutifully for a few months, and then simultaneously ceased.

There were no cross-country commercial airlines in those days, and I caught my first glimpses of Southern California, with its vineyards and orange groves, through a train window. In Los Angeles, I saw palm trees for the first time in my life. I was impressed by Hollywood's wide boulevards and their extraordinary cleanliness in the pre-smog sunshine of almost 40 years ago. I didn't know I would make my home there one day. And yet, I *did* know. There is some deep prophetic awarer within each of us. I cannot remember c sciously daring to hope I would be succes at anything; yet, at the same time, I kne would be. Which leads me to believe that of us, with a clear knowledge of the past present, and an estimation of the conseque of every action we intend taking in the futu could foretell the paths of our lives. Certai we ourselves create those paths.

In Milwaukee, we met our old friends young Foy family. Except, this time, unl the previous time when we'd worked on same bill, they were playing at a differ theater. A better theater. And staying a better hotel, where we were daily invited breakfast and introduced to a custom w which our parsimony had kept us un quainted: the signing of the dining-room che Such *abandon!* "Put it on our check" t said, while my eyes and gastric juices popp As an active, growing young man, I was ne able to stretch my limited budget as far as stomach; so I remain indebted to the F family for many a free plate of bacon a eggs, with potatoes, toast, milk and tip; a of course, to their renowned father, Ed Foy, Sr., who must have raised a high e brow and fine rumpus at the size of Milwaukee hotel bill. So convenient, that si ing of the meal check, don't you thi Especially when someone else is doing signing; which is rather seldom these afflu days, I must say.

Habitually, I'm a man who examines a totals the restaurant check. And so sho you at today's prices; but if you're afraid disinclined to, or too embarrassed to, t that's up to you. I indulge in no such insect ties. I examine my bills. Just as any ot sensible man would when doing business any other place.

Which reminds me that *Time* magaz recently claimed I still have the first nicke ever made. I really should look for it. nickel of that vintage ought to be a collecte item by now and worth quite a bit more. P haps, like all those bartenders who keep first dollar they take in, I could frame it that the income-tax department would alw know where to find the four and a half ce they collect from each five I earn. Of cour I'd prefer they didn't, but if they didn't, t I might not be able to write with such freed or in such safety.

*Time* also reported I counted out change one of my wives. Now isn't that odd? Es cially since I don't remember giving any them any change at any time. I was m intent upon getting theirs for my piggy ba

I *like* money. Anybody know anyone w doesn't? You *do?* He's a liar.

When it comes to income tax, I have lit knowledge of its ever-changing regulatic and complexities, and leave such matters men who specialize in them. I have the abil to earn large sums and trust they will be pr erly, fairly and legally used and administer Hundreds of letters asking for personal l reach me weekly from scattered hopefuls. E aside from the nationwide charities, the lo Community Chest, and certain other orga zations which receive annual donations fr me, my advisers insist I give to none of the

There has recently been an extraordina rash of people eager to make easy pin mon by compiling a cookbook of celebrities' r ipes. I've given up answering them. There's even larger accumulation of mail from peo who've decided to hold auction sales of "lit personal items" from celebrities. It is longer possible to answer each request. would take a larger office staff than I now p sess and my home would be empty of belor ings and I would be broke and, in turn, u able to retain either the home or the offi

After that successful 1924 vaudeville seas during which most of us saved sufficie money to feel our independence, we al began feeling the strain of our incompatib ities. And so, unable to amiably discuss o mutual dissatisfactions, we disbanded a returned to New York. Some of the trou left for England, and others, including myse remained in America.

I wish I could report a sudden meteoric r of career, but summer and its slack theatric


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eason was around again. I remained in New ork, eking out my savings while living in a ery small but clean, pleasant room at the Jational Vaudeville Artists Club, where I was gain permitted to run up bills while trying to un down jobs. I still think of that club and s staff with fond, grateful memory. At night, any well-known theatrical figures of vaudeille and musical comedy came there for late upper after their shows, and at almost any ther time during the day I could be surounded by the sound of friendly voices. I met erformers of every kind and often teamed in emporary partnership with young comedians o more experienced than myself, in order to btain a day's work here and a day's work here. Usually somewhere close to New York, n a Saturday or Sunday, when small theters advertised, as a sort of weekend bonus, hree or four "outstanding" acts, to embellish heir movie program.

We were paid the regular minimum scale of 62.50 a day. For the two of us. Less 10 per-ent agent's commission. Less cost of travel, ss cost of keeping our clothes clean for the erformances, less tips at the theater and eals between shows. Leaving less and less nd, too often, nothing. But I was glad for the ork. The experiences were of incalculable enefit, because it was during these one- and vo-day engagements that I began learning he fundamentals of my craft. (Give me a ntence with the word fundamental: "I went orseback riding yesterday, and now I have o eat fun da mental.")

Eventually, after graduating to more enterining routines with more accomplished coedians and more regular bookings, I played ractically every small town in America. As he "straight man," I learned to time laughs. When to talk into an audience's laughter. When not to talk into the laughter. When to ait for the laugh. When not to wait for a ugh. When to move on a laugh, when not to ove on a laugh. In all sorts of theaters, of l sizes, playing to all types of people; timing ughs that changed in volume and length at very performance.

I was 21 years old and still six years away om Hollywood. Six years of intensive, dilent work toward an unknown goal.

While playing some short but lucrative engements in and around New York, I struck a happy acquaintance with a musicalomedy juvenile named Max Hoffman, Jr., nd through him met Reginald Hammerstein, stage director and younger brother of Oscar ammerstein II. One evening, in the nightclub here Helen Morgan sang her unforgettably ignant songs, Reggie suggested that instead pursuing what was becoming a profitable velihood in vaudeville, I should begin train-g for musical comedy. He concluded that though I might someday become quite popar on vaudeville circuits throughout the untry, it would still not bring me recogni-on on Broadway, the New York center of e theatrical world. It was logical and sound dvice, and I have never regretted taking it, r forgotten the considerate manner in which was offered.

Reggie was about my own age. Usually I und myself gravitating to older people to ek advice, or to enjoy their amused regard life and be reassured that people *could* ature with age. Of course, nowadays, people der than myself are becoming increasingly fficult to find; but I'm consoled to note that ung people, in turn, now gravitate to me.

Yet, what hopeful advice can one give a unger person? How can young people, oducts of today's sociological order, derive mfort from the words and deeds of our olitical, scientific, religious, moralistic and ilosophic leaders, regardless how well inded, when the combined result of all their les, regulations and beliefs has, cyclically, d us to armament and eventual war?

In society's present stage of evolution, how n anyone tell anyone else how best to live? can only advise you to relax and, just as all sting religions prescribe, have faith in a aster plan far greater than our minds can t perceive. Find, through prayer, an inner ace for yourself no matter what goes on ound you. Perhaps someday there will be a agic moment when everyone everywhere prays simultaneously, in unity, for eternal peace.

Until that great day, do the best you can. For yourself. And for your fellow man. Take care of yourself and of each other.

Permit me to suggest that you dress neatly and cleanly. A young person who dresses well usually behaves well. Learn good manners. Good manners and a pleasant personality, even without a college education, will take you far.

What is the use of packing our heads with general or academic learning, instruction or information, if neither the learning nor the use of it, in a world of competitive rather than concerted efforts, can bring you personal happiness? Most of us, certainly myself, spend years congesting our minds with useless bits of knowledge that will go with us to the grave, and leave little room or time for philosophic thought and the quiet meditation of life beyond the grave.

Reggie Hammerstein cheerfully took me to the offices of his uncle, Arthur Hammerstein, who was soon to begin rehearsals of his expensive, well-produced but ill-destined operetta *Golden Dawn*, which opened the newly built Hammerstein Theater at Broadway and 54th Street in 1927. I played a small part and understudied the leading man, Paul Gregory. One matinee, he arrived at the theater only a moment before curtain time. I had feverishly dressed, preparing to go on in his place, quaking with fright; with the overture ringing in my ears, I begged him *never* to do that to me again! Despite that familiar movie plot about the understudy finally getting the great opportunity, I was one who welcomed it not.

When *Golden Dawn* closed after a disappointingly short run, Mr. Hammerstein groomed me for the lead in his next venture, a musical version of *Polly With a Past*. We opened in Wilmington, Delaware, where a local critic wrote that "Archie Leach has a strong masculine manner, but unfortunately





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fails to bring out the beauty of the score." My musical-comedy inexperience was too evident to go unnoticed, and I was taken out of *Polly* and replaced before it opened on Broadway, where it too, unluckily for that wonderful man Mr. Arthur Hammerstein, was not a success.

At this point, Marilyn Miller became interested in me as a replacement for her leading man in *Rosalie*. The male star of the show, of course, was the great comedian Jack Donahue, whom I knew and greatly admired. But Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Ziegfeld, who produced Miss Miller's show, were hardly on friendly terms and, over my complaining voice, my contract was taken over by the Messrs. J.J. and Lee Shubert, managers and owners of a vast theater chain and countless original plays, musical comedies and other theatrical properties.

I was kept happily, gainfully and steadily employed with them for almost three years. First in the New York production of *Boom Boom* starring Jeanette MacDonald, at the Casino Theater, which was then almost opposite the old Metropolitan Opera House, and next in the traditional male role of *Die Fledermaus* at the Majestic Theater in New York. Followed by a summer season of operettas at the delightful open-air St. Louis Municipal Opera in Forest Park.

In those years of 1928, '29 and '30, I earned from $300 to $450 weekly, with seasonal raises; more than many featured stage players earn today, and was treated with consistent thoughtfulness and courtesy by Mr. J.J. and Mr. Lee. Yet I often overheard actors of dubious ability, who had been given good employment year after year, grumble about the so-called Shubert control of the theater and theatrical employment.

In 1928 I bought an automobile. Bought it before I could drive it. A Packard. At that time the finest of American-made cars. There was almost no chromium in those days, and all shiny parts had to be polished with metal polish. An arduous task, but for me a work love. I washed, polished, scrubbed, waxe patted, doted upon, and finally even learne to drive, that car. It was a phaeton, called touring car; a model no longer made. It ha a 143-inch wheelbase, which made it difficu to lumber around corners. On my first d out for a spin in the country, having only ju called for two young ladies, who sat demure in the back, I began to make a nice wide tur but couldn't properly manage to alternate n foot between the gas and brake pedals, a plowed slowly and steadily into a bright ne car that a surprised middle-aged gentlem had just finished parking. Well, he got out. A I got out. The girls remained in the car.

I told him how sorry I was and explain that I was unaccustomed to driving such long car and indeed, in lower tones, unaccu tomed to driving *any* kind of car, and on trying to impress those two young ladies wh sat over there in the back seat. He looked me for a long, silent moment, then bade r good-day with a smile of forgiveness and raise of the hat. I've often wondered abo that man. Rare. Probably French. Only t French have that sense of the romantic. Pe sonally I would have blown my top.

Well, there you are. That was my troub Always trying to impress someone. No wouldn't you think that with a new, shin expensive open car, and an open-neck shi with a pipe in my mouth to create a carefu composed study of nonchalance, sportivene *savoir-faire* and sophistication, I would c quite a swath amongst the ladies? Wouldn you? *Wouldn't* you? Nothing of the sort.

There's no question about aesthetics bei only surface deep. In all those years in t theater, on the road and in New York, su rounded by all sorts of attractive girls, I nev seemed able to fully communicate with the

Most of the young women with whom formed attachments eventually made it e dent that I was, from their point of vie impossible. And I was. I'm not too possib even now. But enough deserved kicks in t rear over the years finally caught my attenti and, looking back upon the bruises—quite contortion in itself—I've finally learned to a preciate the lessons they ought to have taug me at the times they were so painfully r ceived. The trouble about my formative yea is that the forming, or rather reforming, h been a slower process than it might have be had I paid attention.





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This grand passion's really not
unique;
storytellers speak of it, and say in
days of old
Tristan and Isolde thought *they*
had invented it.
This predates our case a bit.

And, my fondness, measured by
the yard,
would not exceed by very much
the tender, warm regard
in which Héloïse held Abelard.

Let's concede it's nothing of our
own,
the data having shown that, from
the day they met,
Romeo and Juliet, in their golden
hours,
heard the same bells ring,
and smelled the same surprise of
flowers!

This grand passion's clearly
nothing new;
except to me (such news to me!)
and oh, I hope, to you.

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And if I had paid attention I might have found contentment in marriage.

Looking back, it doesn't seem possible that I was married and, alas, divorced, three times.

My first wife was Virginia Cherrill, the beautiful girl who made such an impression as the blind heroine in Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*. We were married in 1934, at Caxton Hall, a London Registry Office, amidst a flurry of photographers, newsmen and seriocomic adventures; and separated seven months later. I doubt if either of us was capable of relaxing sufficiently to trust the happiness we might have had. My possessiveness and fear of losing her brought about the very condition I feared: the loss of her.

My second wife was Barbara Hutton, granddaughter of F. W. Woolworth and heiress to his fortune. We were married in 1942, at the Lake Arrowhead home of my manager, Frank Vincent, who, until he died, was one of the happiest influences on my life. It was a quiet ceremony attended only by those closest to Barbara and me; we separated two years later.

Our marriage had little foundation for a promising future. Our backgrounds—family, educational and cultural—were completely unalike. Perhaps that in itself was the initial attraction; but, during war years and my absences from home on Army-camp, USO-entertainment and hospital tours, we had little opportunity to discuss, or to learn from and adjust to, each other's divergent points of view; and, by that means, to close the wide gap between our individual beliefs and upbringings. It could have benefited us both.

I doubt if anyone ever understood Barbara. But then I doubt if Barbara ever understood herself. But I remain deeply obliged to her for a welcome education in the beauties of the arts and other evidences of man's capability for gracious expression and graceful living.

My third wife was Betsy Drake. We were married in 1949, on Christmas Day, in a small, charming ranch house near Scottsdale, Arizona, to which we were flown by Howard Hughes, the best man: a man who may never know the fullness of my gratitude for his trouble and unquestioning expression of friendship. It was an extraordinary day. A day that would take chapters to relate; thoughtfully planned by an extraordinary mind.

Betsy and I separated 10 years later. Betsy was good for me. Without imposition or demand, she patiently led me toward an appreciation for better books, better literature. Her cautious but steadily penetrative seeking in the labyrinths of the subconscious gradually provoked my interest. Just as she no doubt intended. The seeking is, of course, endless, but, I thankfully acknowledge, of constantly growing benefit.

For more than 30 years of my life I had smoked with increasing habit. I was finally separated from the addiction by Betsy, who, after carefully studying hypnosis, practiced it, with my full permission and trust, as I was going off to sleep one night. She sat in a chair near the bed and, in a quiet, calm voice, rhythmically repeated what I inwardly knew to be true, the fact that smoking was not good for me; and, as my conscious mind relaxed and no longer cared to offer a negative thought, her words sank into my subconscious; and the following day, to my surprise I had no need or wish to smoke. Nor have I smoked since. Nor have I, as far as I know, replaced it with any other harmful habit.

Soon after that night, in proof of the adage that those who help others help themselves, which should especially apply in a marriage, my wife also found herself no longer attracted to smoking, and gave it up. The drone of her voice at that late hour, just as prayers said at such times, had evidently impressed itself upon her own subconscious as well.

I've never clearly resolved why Betsy and I parted. We lived together, not as easily and contentedly as some, perhaps; yet, it seemed to me, as far as one marriage can be compared with any other, compatibly happier than most. I owe a lot to Betsy.

But only recently have I learned that love demands nothing and understands all without reproach. I could write a long book about any of my marriages. For that matter, I suppose a long book could be written about just one short moment of life. Or an apple. Or a pair of shoes.

Why do I write even this much? Is it in order to tell the truth as it seemed to me; because truth itself shifts in perspective and may be colored by the need to impress and affect; or is it with a wish to believe that circumstances were as I write rather than what they actually were?

No, I think I wrote this much because so many journalists have made it their profitable business to mind my business by writing what *they* think I believe, and how, according to them, *I* feel. Most interviewers are stimulating; I enjoy talking with them, though frequently wonder why they care to sit listening to my chatter. I'm a garrulous fellow. Yet, with the exception of Joe Hyams, of the *New York Herald Tribune* Syndicate, who arranged for this story to be printed, and Roderick Mann, of the London Sunday Express, a valued friend, I've shared no really intimate thoughts with any other interviewers.

I am not proud of my marriage record. It was not the fault of Hollywood, but my own inadequacies. Of my own inconstancy. My mistrust of constancy. I doubt if Hollywood lists any more divorces than most other towns of equal population in the English-speaking materialistic world. Nor do I know whether the right to divorce is right or wrong. It is probably both. Like everything else.

Since our separation and Betsy's subsequent divorce from me, I've read about myself being "out with" all sorts of ladies: some I've never met, some whose names are unknown to me, and some who don't even exist.

One eager reporter from a London rag, and believe me they have two or three "beauts" over there, had merely seen me lunching with Mrs. Tom Montaque Meyer, a mature happily married woman whose face and talents as writer and painter under the name of Fleur Cowles are recognized in most international circles, yet he chidingly began to question me about the different young girls with whom, according to his own unreliable paper mind you, I was "always," that was his word, being seen; exactly, of course, what he himself would have loved to be doing; although how he was ever able to reconcile my friend Fleur and that word "always," in his mind, was beyond me. Anyway, later, in the car, as I was letting off steam, my amused chauffeur, an adjusted home-loving man with three children, said, "Never mind, Mr. Grant. Just think. It would be much worse if they printed you were out with a different young *boy* every night."

Last year a local party gossip sweetly snorted that I received *letters* from 15- and 16-year-old girls . . . tsk, tsk . . . as if, with some telepathically immoral intent, I'd induced them to write me. *Certainly* I receive letters from 15- and 16-year-old girls; and 10-year-old girls, and 20-, 30-, 40-, 50-, 60- and 70-year-old girls, and what is wrong with that? Perhaps I should have a clairvoyant secretary divine which mail comes from 15- and 16-year-old girls and return all of it unopened to the puzzled young senders, just to please that honey-mouthed harridan.

I get hundreds and hundreds of letters; and I'm delighted to get them all. You can write too, fellows, if you wish. If it makes you feel better to pen a few thoughts to another human, then by all means direct them at me. It's unlikely I'll be able to write back. I haven't enough time to acknowledge even all my present mail; but any reasoning person will understand and excuse my inability to answer. But write, if you care to write; all you wish. I welcome the thoughts of others. How else can I learn?

After that glorious summer season in the St. Louis open-air opera, I returned to New York to begin rehearsals, with a blessing and temporary contractual release from J. J. Shubert, for producer William Friedlander; and opened in *Nikki* on September 29, 1931, at the Longacre Theatre. *Nikki* was written by John Monk Saunders and starred his wife, a movie star of those days, Fay Wray; and still another well-known film player, Kent Douglas, with myself as leading man. It was a

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story set to music, of flyers left to their own weary amusement and destruction, in Paris, after the First World War. Prior to the play's production, it had been made into an excellent film called *The Last Flight*, starring Richard Barthelmess playing my role of Cary Lockwood.

The show was clearly not a success and, although it was moved to the George M. Cohan Theatre in the hope of bolstering attendance, it closed within a few weeks.

After having worked steadily for more than three years I decided to take a vacation and, with a promise of employment from J. J. Shubert whenever I returned, a set of golf clubs, and a quiet, amusing companion, Phil Charig, a composer of music, I set out for California, that land of clear sunshine and palm trees I remembered so nostalgically.

Thanks to Billy "Square Deal" Grady of the William Morris New York office, and a good man if I ever knew one, who patted me encouragingly on the shoulder as I sat in the car, that same Packard, outside the Palace Theater on Broadway before starting the cross-country drive, and gave me the office address of his friend Walter Herzbrun in Hollywood at which I could receive mail; and thanks to Walter Herzbrun, who kindly took me in tow when I got there, and introduced me to Mr. Marion Gering, former Broadway stage director, who had successfully turned to films and was about to make a screen test of his actress wife; and thanks to Marion Gering, who took me to a small dinner party at the home of Mr. B. P. Schulberg, then head of Paramount studios; and thanks to Mr. B. P. Schulberg, who suggested that I make the test with Mrs. Gering, I was offered, after the test's showing, a long-term contract. Which I accepted with alacrity. And a new name.

Y'see the Paramount hierarchy seemed quite unimpressed by my impressive real name, Archibald Alexander Leach, and asked me to consider changing it and coming up with a new one; as soon as possible. That night at dinner Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders said it might be nice to use the name by which I'd been known in their play, Cary Lockwood. Next morning at the studio I asked to be called Cary Lockwood, but one of the executives pointed out that there was already a Harold Lockwood in films which might cause confusion, and would I please pick another last name. A short one. I asked for suggestions and within a few minutes we were all craning over a quickly typed list of short names. It was the era of short-name popularity—Gable, Cooper, Tracy, Cagney, Bogart, Brent, Stewart—a pin went down the list and stopped at Grant. One man said, "Grant?" and turned to the next man. Next man repeated, "Grant!" and so did the next one. Next man turned to me and said, "Grant?" I said, "Grant. Cary Grant! Hm!"

The following day the lawyers began preparing the contract. From my younger man's viewpoint it promised fame and fulfillment, stardom and serenity. I couldn't know then that, although I would gain the contemporary fame of an actor and the stardom, such as it is, I would still be seeking fulfillment and and serenity 30 years later.

Regardless of a professed rationalization that I became an actor in order to travel, I probably chose my profession because I was seeking approval, adulation, admiration and affection: each a degree of love. Perhaps no child ever feels the recipient of enough love to satisfy him or her. Oh, how we secretly yearn for it, yet openly defend against it.

Without the ability to fully love or be fully loved, so many of us think that the acquisition of money can bring self-esteem and happiness. I've enjoyed friendship with some exceedingly wealthy people. If money brought happiness, then each of them should be ecstatically happy. But I doubt whether any of them is any happier than any of my less well-to-do friends. Money, it seems, attracts more envy than empathy. More lust than love.

In 1932 the practice of psychiatry was little known or respected. The public seemed to regard it, just as I probably did, with skepticism. For years I absurdly treated subjects with which I was unfamiliar, or sports in which I was not proficient, or books which I should have read but didn't, with disdain. But by 1956, lacking the foundation of early spiritual training and suspecting that there was more happiness available than I seemed able to grasp, I had grown much more tolerant of, and receptive to, the knowledge of others. Other searchers, other sharers. Humanitarians in all fields of endeavor. At the age of 53, after three unsuccessful marriages, either something was wrong with me or, obviously, with the whole sociological and moralistic concepts of our civilization.

Now, I believe in caring for my health; and I trust you do too. Physical health is a product of, and dependent upon, mental health—one nurtures and nourishes the other. And so, together with a group of other interested Californians—doctors, writers, scientists and artists—and the encouragement of Betsy, who was interested herself, I underwent a series of controlled experiments with Lysergic Acid, a hallucinogenic chemical or drug known as LSD 25. Experiment is perhaps a misleading word; to most people it signifies patronization and objectivity. For my part I anxiously awaited the personal benefits that could be derived from the experiences, and was quite willing to be less than objective. Any man who experiments with something that cannot benefit himself, or add to his happiness, and that of his fellow man in turn, is a fool and a menace to society. I've heard that a man here and there died during LSD 25 sessions; but then I've heard that men died during poker games and while watching horse racing; but that didn't seem to stop such occupations. Those men might have died anywhere while doing anything. Men have also died testing airplanes and parachutes, vaccines and common cold cures. In attempting to traverse the next step into progress and knowledge, men have always died. But there is a difference between the man who knows what he's about with a high-powered airplane, and an idiot who puts wings on a bicycle and takes off from the edge of Niagara Falls.

LSD 25 is a psychic energizer and the exact opposite in reaction to the addictive drugs and opiates. Indeed, Seconal, or a similar sedative, is usually given as an antidote, to quell and offset the effects of LSD 25, if necessary. The action of the chemical releases the subconscious so that it becomes apparent to yourself. So that you can see what transpires in the depth of your mind—and what goes on *there* you wouldn't believe, ladies and gentlemen—and learn which misconceptions, guilts and fears, with their resultant repressions, inhibitions and insecurities, have formed the pattern for your past behavior. A successively recurring pattern since childhood.

The feeling is that of an unmarshaling of the thoughts as you've customarily associated them. The lessening of conscious control, similar to the mental process which takes place when we dream. For example, when you asleep and your mind no longer concern with matters and activities of the day, yo subconscious often brings itself to your atte tion by dreaming. With conscious contr relaxed, those thoughts buried deep insi begin to come to the surface in the form dreams. These dreams, since they appear us in symbolic guise, are fantasies and, if y will accept the reasoning, could be classifi as hallucinations. Such fantasies, or hallucin tions, are inside every one of us, waiting to released, aired and understood. Dreams really the emotions that we find ourselv reluctant to examine, think about, or medita upon, while conscious.

Under the effect of LSD 25, these dream or hallucinations, if you wish, are speeded u and interpreted, when properly conducted a psychiatrically orientated doctor who s quietly by, awaiting whatever communicati one cares to make—the revealing of a hidd memory seen again from an older, more m ture viewpoint, or the dawning of new e lightenment. Then, if the doctor is as skilled mine was, he carefully proffers a word or k that can lead to the next release, the next st toward fuller understanding.

The shock of each revelation brings with an anguish of sadness for what was not kno before in the wasted years of ignorance a at the same time, an ecstasy of joy at bei freed from the shackles of such ignorance.

One becomes a battleground of old and n beliefs. Of nightmares beyond description passed through changing seas of horrify and happy sights, through a montage of tense hate and love, a mosaic of past impr sions assembling and reassembling; throu terrifying depths of dark despair replaced glorious heavenlike religious symbolisms. S sion after session. Week after week.

I learned many things in the quiet of th small room. I learned to accept the respon bility for my own actions, and to blame n self and no one else for circumstances of own creating. I learned that no one else v keeping me unhappy but me; that I could wi myself better than any other guy in the joi

I learned that all clichés prove true; wh is, of course, the reason for their repetiti even when the meaning has been forgotten the constant usage.

I learned that everything is, or becomes, own opposite. A theory I can sometim apply, but would find difficult to convey.

I learned that my dear parents, products *their* parents, could know no better than th knew, and began to remember them only the most useful, the best, the wisest of th teachings. They gave me my life and bo the promising combination of the two, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE




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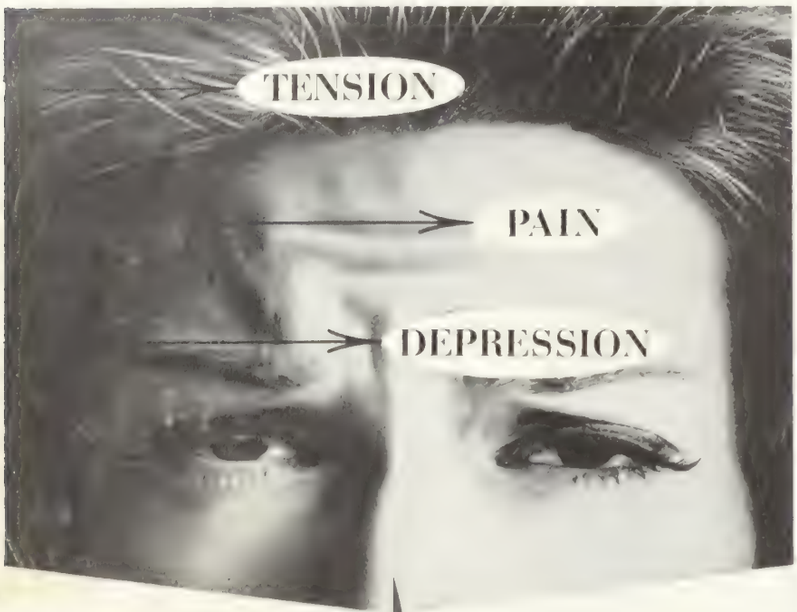



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

my initial strength; they endowed me with an inquisitive mind. They taught me to feed myself, to walk, to bathe myself and to clothe myself; and I shall think of them always with love now, not only for what they *did* know but, even, for what they *didn't* know.

For a slow learner, I learned a great deal—and the result of it all was rebirth. A new assessment of life and myself in it. An immeasurably beneficial cleansing of so many needless fears and guilts, and a release of the tensions that had been the result of them. Not a cleansing and release of them all, certainly, for that would be the absolute—the innocence of the newly born baby with an unformed ego still close to God—and I cannot experience the absolute until I have unreservedly returned to the comfort of God.

In life there is no end to getting well. Perhaps death itself is the end to getting well. Or, if you prefer to think as I do, the beginning of being well.

I have heard and now believe it to be so, that drowning men in the last seconds of life relive the whole of it again; probably in order to cleanse themselves before meeting the great Maker, just as our religions instruct; and everyone is accustomed to the phenomenon of elderly people remembering their childhood with extraordinary clarity, yet forgetting what went on only yesterday. We call it second childhood, but it is undoubtedly the same process, undergone at a slower pace, as that experienced by the drowning man.

LSD 25 is no longer obtainable in America. Orthodox psychiatrists using the slower customary methods resisted its usage, and it's unlikely that it will be reintroduced unless some brave, venturesome and respected psychiatrist publicly speaks out in its favor. Meanwhile, the authorities have banned its use; at least for therapeutic purpose. Although how men can be authorities on something they've never tried mystifies me. However, in the hands of thrill-seekers it could, like whiskey and the automobile, be exceedingly dangerous. I suppose all new methods, new theories, new inventions go through the filter of trial and error, acceptance and rejection. Past the inevitable parade of scoffers and stone-throwers.

Yes, it takes a long time for happine break through either to the individu nations. It will take just as long as p themselves continue to confound it. Y find that nowadays they put you awa singing and dancing in the street. "Here let's have none of that happiness, my You cut that out; waking up the neighb "Those darn neighbors need waking up, tell *you*, constable!"

I suppose if a healthy youngster wa along a street in a bathing suit to allow h her youthful pores a little more oxygen the meager amount obtainable in our s infested cities, he or she would be arre "Here now, none of that trying to ke healthy body in this city. Go to the bea "In which direction, officer? This is Ka City." Even bare feet and a rare acquaint with the earth beneath them would be suffi to disassociate you from the association of embarrassed associates. Civilization! brother! And you, too, sister!

I have made over 60 pictures and live Hollywood for more than 30 years. T years spent in the stimulating compan hard-working, excitable, dedicated, lo serious, honest, good people. Casts and c I recognize and respect them. I know faults and their insecurities. I hope they k and forgive mine. Thirty years ago my was black and wavy. Today it's gray bristly. But today people in cars, sto alongside me at a traffic light, smile at me

I feel fine. Alone. But fine. My mother is elderly. My wives have divorced me, and I a a woman with the best qualities of ea will endow her with those qualities bec they will be in my own point of view.

As a philosopher once said, "You ca judge the day until the night." Since it is fo evening, or at least teatime, I can now look and assess the day. It's been a glorious adve up to here—even the saddest parts—a look forward to seeing the rest of the Just as I did in 1932 when I sat in that P mount Studio office. I took up the pen wrote for the first time "Cary Grant." that's who, it seems, I am. Well, as s profound fellow said, "I'd be a nut t through all that again, but I wouldn't missed it for anything." And that goes for autobiography.

CARY GRANT
UNIVERSAL STUDIOS
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Mr. Peter Briggs
Ladies Home Journal
1270 Avenue of Americas
New York City 20, N. Y.

Dear Peter —

Some months ago Joe Hyams, our fine journalist friend, and I embarked upon an article pertaining to my boyhood and beginnings. But, when much of the interview took on a deeply personal point of view, and the revealing of my childhood seemed of such therapeutic value to me, I began taking active interest in its writing; and gradually, with Joe's support and advice, and his assurance that he could not possibly convey my memories as graphically as I could myself, it developed into an autobiography.

So, because we're old friends, Peter, and the Ladies Home Journal expressed a wish to publish the story, here it is. It comes with Joe's good will, and an understanding that all words, phrases, punctuation, and order of telling remain unchanged. Let my ignorance or perception, insight or self-deception be apparent and speak for its uncertain self.

Happy thoughts,

Cary Grant

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# Our Readers Write Us



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## OLD FOLKS AT HOME — AND OUT OF IT

*Dear Editors:* This is my personal experience in the difficult process of growing old. I am very old, very deaf, and my vision is limited. I am often tiresome and repetitious. I live alone. I am, at times, lonesome—a situation I share with all mankind, in varying degrees.

The people who try to understand my problems are myriad. The newsboy who leaves his stand to help me across the street; the ophthalmologist who tries to save my eyesight; the son who does for me what has to be done, but insists that I do for myself all that I can; the daughter-in-law who watches my diet, takes me shopping and brings the children to see me often; the daughter who encourages me to learn Braille; her husband, who helps with the five children so that she can do this time-consuming task for me; the hostess who puts me off and gets me back on a plane when I am wandering around the airport; the brothers and sisters-in-law who include me in their activities; the bus driver who remembers my stop and says, "You be careful now"; the neighbor who hears a flapping shutter and fixes it; the young man who picks up my heavy bag and carries it up the stairs in Chicago's busy station; grandchildren who never get out of patience when they have to talk loud to me or when I interrupt. This is the simple, everyday help that means so much to all handicapped people.

The time came in my life when I had to make the heartbreaking decision to take my husband to a rest home. I believe that many people are reluctant to do this because of unjust criticism; but it is not "over the hill to the poorhouse." The three nursing homes I have known are comfortable, clean and cheerful; the patients are well fed, well cared for. Some are unhappy. Some of every group are unhappy. But most make an adjustment, become used to the routine, dependent on the nurses.

In all three homes the patients were encouraged to do for themselves all that they were capable of doing and to help each other. One patient, who had no hands, read to anyone interested. One taught knitting; one took pictures which were sent to relatives and friends. One group made Christmas cards.

Some of these old and ill people were tragically lonely and neglected by their families. But most were not. One man, himself far from well and badly crippled, came to see his mother every day. She was cranky and ungrateful, cried all the time he was there, begged to be taken home to her own kitchen where "I can do as I please," disregarding the fact that she refused even to tie her shoes or comb her hair. Her son remembered when she had devoted her life to her family, and he kept coming.

My own granddaughter, about 14, went from school every afternoon to see her grandfather. Her father, my son-in-law, came every evening. He kept this up long after my husband could recognize him, but the others knew they had company and were cheered.

The time came when the rest home could no longer cope with my husband and he had to be taken to a mental hospital. I was allowed to stay with him all day, although that is not encouraged in many hospitals because those in charge feel that the patient makes a better adjustment if he is not constantly reminded that he wants to go home. Some of these mentally ill people are depressed. Many of them are happy. One woman thought she was entertaining friends in her own home, and went from room to room assuring herself that everyone had fresh towels and a glass of milk before going to sleep. Her daughter visited her often and she, too, was treated as a guest. She was encouraged by the understanding doctor to feel responsibility for the comfort of her "guest." She was at home.

When the marvelous doctor in charge of the hospital walked through the assembly room, the patients flocked around him like children, vying for his attention, showing him their craft work, telling him their ailments, some of which he had heard hundreds of times.

One woman made blouses for her daughter. Since neither needles nor shears were allowed, she only had a piece of cloth. The doctor would look at it critically and say, "That is a pretty color" or, "I think Dorothy will like that." And she went happily to folding the cloth again. The patients were not treated like children exactly, but like the individuals they were, each according to his need.

The adjustment to any hospital is often difficult. But it is not impossible. So when old age and illness come to anyone very dear to you, do not feel guilty if your doctor tells you he would be better off in a nursing home. If you use care in your selection, consulting your doctor, you may feel secure that he will be well cared for and treated with courtesy and respect. It is not a perfect solution; perhaps there is none to the burden of old age and illness, but it is not a jail sentence either.

We must give, to the limit of our powers, consideration to those less fortunate than ourselves. We must also develop the ability to stand alone, to have inner resources so that when old age comes, as come it must, we can accept it with courage and a minimum of burden to those we love.

DORA EWING, *La Jolla, Calif.*

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# What makes Southern Girls Different?




**Hoop skirts may have "gone with the wind," but what of the sweet young thing who wore them—the frail but fascinating belle?**

Once upon a time there was a little girl with long golden curls who lived in a big white-columned house in the middle of a magnolia grove. Her name was Harriette, but everyone called her Poufie. When Poufie was 18, she got 17 orchids for Easter—from 17 different men. There were white orchids and purple ones, lavender and yellow ones, which, along with a pink angora sweater, completely filled up Poufie's mamma's refrigerator. But mamma didn't mind because 17 men wanted to take her baby to Easter service (that's what an orchid meant).

Well, obviously Poufie couldn't go with all 17 at once, and she couldn't risk playing favorites, so she simply called each boy to say: "I declare, y'all are so sweet and I *do* appreciate it . . . but you've put me in this dreadful fix. My mamma's icebox is just full to overflowing with orchids, and they're *all* so gorgeous I simply don't know which one to wear first."

The upshot of it all was that the 17 came to call at four. The whole town's still talking about that Easter afternoon when Poufie held court around the fish pond with the 17 orchids floating face up and the goldfish nibbling their petals off. But more than that, they marvel at how Poufie managed to keep all those boys happy—and on the string.

What she had—and still has—is that elusive, indefinable quality called Southern Charm. With a capital C. Poufie oozes it, drips it and spreads it around thick as honey. And men love it because Poufie is a sincere, dedicated Southern belle circa 1960. Steeped in charm since the day she was born, Poufie epitomizes all that's soft and feminine and desirable.

"Soft," said a New York boy trying to pinpoint Southern Charm (he had gone South to school). "I think softness *is* the big difference between Northern and Southern women. Take the voice, for example. . . ."

Southern speech is soft—of vowel and volume. "Heart" sounds like "hot," "there" like "they-ah" because the hard *r* is missing. But the way something is said counts not so much as *what* is said. The whole vocabulary is different.

For instance, when a Southern woman is paid a compliment by a man, she is apt to drop her eyelids and murmur, "How *sweet* of you to say so," or, "Thank you, you're *mighty* kind," which is a neat way of batting a compliment right back and bolstering the man's ego. She would never dream of replying with a curt "Thank you" or, more extreme, as might some women in other parts of the country, "I think so too," or, "I like it." That would be ungracious and vain.

If another woman compliments her on a hat or a dress, she's apt to answer: "This tacky old thing?" which means "say something else nice." Or: "Thank you, you must wear it sometime." Which you mustn't, of course. It's just a way of saying, "It might do a little something for you."

Typically Southern, too, is the way a woman slips away from a party or from someone she's bumped into on the street. Her parting shot often goes: "Now y'all come see us. Real *soon*, you hear?" It's not an invitation, it's good-bye. But it sounds hospitable, as does the way she sometimes declines a dinner invitation. Instead of saying, "I'm afraid we can't make it," she might respond, "Oh, we *really* wouldn't want to put you to all that *trouble*."

Southern women are as quick to pass along a compliment as the salt at a table, which prompted one young New Englander to comment: "I never trust a compliment from a Southern woman. When one of them comes up to me and says, 'You look marvelous, honey,' I don't believe it. But with a Northern woman, I do. I think the whole difference is that Northern women are direct, whether they're knifing you in the back or saying something nice. They mean what they say. Southern women are indirect—you never quite know what they're up to."

Southern women are not really devious. You just have to speak their language. They will rarely call a spade a spade if there's a gentler way of doing so. Their speech is full of euphemisms. If, for example, a man has had too much to drink, he's not "skunked," "stoned," "crocked," "smashed," "gassed," or "bombed," as in the Northern vernacular, but "tiddly," "tipsy," "high" or "tight" in that order. A woman is not "pregnant" but "looking a baby," "expecting" or "anticipating." People do not die down South. They "pass away," "on" or "turn up their toes." The Civil War was *never* Civil but "The War Between the States" or "The War for Southern Independence." Even a Southern woman's expletives are mild, running to "goodness" and "gracious," "gosh" and "golly" and sometimes, if really riled, a simple direct "da-yum." But that's about as far as she goes.

Friends, even acquaintances, are called "darling" and "honey" and warmly greeted with a "hey, how you?" Southern women talk in superlatives: "the darlingest," "trashiest," "rattiest," "tackiest," "sorriest." Their conversation is chattery, light and, above all, local. "The boys always have such interesting stories to tell about what went on down town" is the attitude. And a Southern woman will lead the telling with wide-eyed "Re-a-ll-y's" and "Oh, come *on* now . . . you're *kidding!*" He isn't, of course, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

By **JEAN ANDERSON**, *of the Journal staff, who was the 1963 winner of Southern Women's Achievement Award, for North Carolina.*

# CELEBRATING OUR 130th ANNIVERSARY

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NEW LECOULTRE 130th ANNIVERSARY WATCHES *Left to right:* Master Mariner, self-winding with automatic calendar, $125, other Master Mariners from $89.50 to $235 • Memovox Alarm Watch, $85, other Memovox watches from $79.50 to $180. Diamond Parisienne, solid 14K gold with 6 matched diamonds, $175 • Classique, solid 14K gold with brilliant crystal, $100. Courtland, *His*, solid 14K gold Florentine case, $150 • Lady Patricia, *Hers*, solid 14K gold Florentine case, $115.

## *Vacheron & Constantin-LeCoultre Watches, Inc.*

DIVISION OF LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

# WHAT MAKES SOUTHERN GIRLS DIFFERENT?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

neither is she. They're playing a game in which he does most of the talking. And they play it well, for the rules were made in their great-great-great-great-grandmamma's day.

In mixed groups conversation almost never turns to Cuba or the Common Market—that's man talk. Or to babies and operations—that's woman talk. It's more apt to be about who was playing golf with whom, who's got a new car and about a party that's coming up. Literary discussions die quickly. "If you go to the club and ask someone if they've read this or that, they just kind of give you a blank stare," remarked one girl. "Well, even *I* feel guilty about reading—as though I ought to be spending my time somewhere else."

"Boy, did I make a *faux pas*," said a transplanted Southerner who had returned home after several years in New York. "A group of us were sitting around the club, and I happened to mention something I'd just read by T. S. Eliot. This girl friend of mine looked up with big blue eyes and said in a teensy little voice, 'Oooooh, I don't think I've ever heard of him. I just *love* Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . the things she writes are so *sweet!*' Boy! That girl knew good and well who T. S. Eliot was. She was a Phi Beta Kappa lit major. But she made *me* feel terribly gauche and stupid because I had forgotten that a Southern girl does not talk a man into a corner."

Characteristically, a Southern woman will hide her intelligence in mixed company and on a date. But if the Eliot episode had taken place at that afternoon institution, the girls' bridge-and-Coke party, the girl would not only have admitted knowing Eliot, she probably would also have quoted him.

But in front of men, never; at least not the girl who remains in the South or remains a Southerner. It's the old idea that ladies sat back and sewed while the men talked. Also, as one girl explained, "I was brought up to read nothing except stories about kings and queens and ladies and gentlemen." To appear intellectual would be unfeminine, an encroachment upon the man's world. Traditionally, woman had her role, man his. They complemented each other, but never competed.

In fact, simply observing a girl competing with a man was enough to unnerve one Southern girl in an Eastern college. "I got a blind date for my roommate, a very cute boy, too, and the minute she got into the car she started tangling with him about everything from politics to Prokofiev. It was a revelation to me. The boy didn't seem to mind much—he was a Yankee too—but I couldn't believe a girl would deliberately argue with a boy on the first date. If they had been going steady, and really *cared* about each other's opinions, I could have understood it. But this was a casual social occasion, and I kept wanting to warn her, 'You better look out, or he won't call you again.' After all, he could talk about all those serious matters in the classroom—on a date you ought to have fun."

Education to a Southern girl, is something to be used subtly, but not flaunted. Said a Georgia girl, "When this friend of my father's heard I was going to Sweet Briar, he looked me straight in the eye and said, 'I always thought it was a waste of time and money to educate a woman when she's not going to do anything but get married and have babies.' Well, the other day we were draining our creek to build a creek wall. Half science major me remembered about siphons. My husband didn't know what to do and just went around saying, 'If we could only get this water out.' So I said, 'Do you think we might take some hose and put it on the wall?' He looked at me kind of funny and said, 'That's marvelous.' So we got an old hose and tore it up into about eight pieces and had eight siphons going over the dam. I just felt like calling that man up and telling him to come out and look at what we were doing! But, of course, I didn't."

She didn't because that would be admitting that she understood physics, at least to the extent of siphons, and that her husband didn't. Her attitude is the same as that of another Southern girl who said, "I'd never let a man know I was smarter than he was. I guess that's why we're not eager to discuss things like poetry and politics." If a girl is bright, she feels she must deprecate herself as did a Virginian who kept going around at a party saying, "I'm really so dumb." Her husband beamed and said, "You're *not* dumb, honey." Then, instead of letting the subject drop, the girl persisted. "Well, if I'm *not* dumb, you must be an absolute *genius*. You're *so* much smarter than I am."

Remarked a New Yorker, "This dumb pose is used by the most intelligent women, and they use it *intelligently*. I mean, gosh, look what they get away with. It's wonderful!"

"And fascinating to watch," added another Northerner. "There's no question to me that there is this clinging vine. When I went South, I was shocked to find this woman wasn't something you just read about. She exists. Eastern women are capable, intelligent and much more independent. But the younger ones are less socially mature. A Southern girl grows up very young socially because she begins dating when she's barely in her teens. But she retains this helpless quality. I would say she's a Melanie Hamilton, but Southern women don't consider her a clinging vine at all. They worship her. One woman said her husband would always be in love with Melanie."

The South has a heritage of gentle living. Indeed, mention of it today brings to mind moonlight and magnolias, frail young ladies fluttering about in crinolines, men rushing to assist and protect them. Although the leisure and luxury of plantation living have been dead a hundred years, their essence persists. Many Southern girls are still brought up on an old saying: "Scrub your own floors, get the flour out, but don't let your husband see you, and for heaven's sake, shut the front door before you start!" The idea being that to the public and to their families, they are ladies who always feel well, pleasant and composed.

A Southern woman's duty is to entertain, to please by compliments and by conversation that create harmony. Controversial subjects like religion and politics do not arise at her table, and if they do, she skillfully dismisses them. Thinking little of personal gain or reward, a Southern lady is cordial to all—to relatives near and obscure, to men, to other women and to her elders (how quickly she is on her feet when an older woman enters a room). Traditionally, attention is focused on the aesthetics rather than the essentials of life. Given a choice of laborsaving appliances or a servant, today's Southern lady is apt to choose the latter. Her attitude echoes the old "you can tell a lady by her hands" era, and she does not want to forget it. She is much like the gentle geisha, whose sole purpose is to please and to pamper. A Southern woman pampers her man and, in turn, is pampered.

"The way she has men leaping out of cars to open doors for her is disgusting!" remarked an English girl who has visited often in the South. "And this helpless little act . . . how does she get away with it?"

She gets away with it because it isn't, really, an act. The genuine Southern belle sincerely believes that the world is a pleasanter place if it is softened and brightened by a lot of politeness, a little tact and a dash of frivolity. She has been brought up to expect a father, beau or husband to hold the floor, make the major decisions, take the choice piece of chicken. She likes it that way. And, by the time she's in her teens, what may seem a deliberate pose to an outsider has become entirely natural to her.

Perhaps this is why few Southern girls will admit to playing the helpless little I-can't-do-a-thing kind of woman. And yet one who denies such a guise is indeed guilty.

Her name is Jane, but she was known as Ditty (Southern girls get nicknamed as babies—much of the time from their own gibberish). Ditty was graduated *summa cum laude* from college, made her debut and married. Like many Southern girls, she liked to boast that she couldn't "boil water." She could, of course, although you wouldn't know it to hear the story of her first meal, which was breakfast. Ditty got herself organized the night before by mixing eggs with milk so they'd be ready to scramble and juicing the oranges. The next morning she heated a skillet, poured in the eggs and scrambled . . . and scrambled . . . and scrambled. But the eggs would not scramble. Ditty completely broke down. "Oh, honey," she sobbed. "I'm trying to be a good wife . . . and I wanted to give you a good breakfast . . . but I can't even scramble *eggs!*"

The groom put his arms around his helpless little bride and murmured, "Don't worry, baby. There's nothing wrong with you and I *love* you—it's just that you were scrambling the orange juice."

When a Northern girl heard this story, she exploded. "Good grief! Any *idiot* would know eggs from orange juice!" Ditty did, too, of course. But she didn't let her brand-new husband know it. He was there to protect and comfort her. That is man's role in a Southern woman's life, and she does everything to prolong it. In her own mind and in his. She takes great pains with her person—bathes, creams and massages her skin several times a day. The objective is a soft, natural quality.

"Yankee girls," said a Southern girl who attended an exclusive girls' school in the East, "wear just whole lots more makeup than we do. One minute they're the biggest tomboy, and the next the most sophisticated. I think it's because they've been shut up in boarding school since about age ten. They don't know how to act around boys or older people. My roommate was like that, and she couldn't get over the fact that every time I'd come out of the shower, I'd slather myself with body lotion. All she ever did was put a little dab of cream on a dry place on her face. For a date she'd just throw on her clothes and slap on some pancake makeup, whereas I would spend about two hours getting ready. Well . . . and there are just lots of other differences. Yankee girls don't eat the same things we do—why this girl didn't even know what okra was! But boy, she could drink a man under the table. You'd never find a Southern girl who would do that!"

This softness of Southern womanhood carries over to clothes, too, and to hairstyles. Rarely does she wear the harsh, high-fashion lines that would make her look mannish, nor the straight, close-cropped coiffure. She is stylish, all right, but in a womanly way, wearing easier cuts, more pastel colors and feminine fabrics that flatter her figure.

A young woman from Atlanta put it this way, "Last summer we saw a woman on the beach in one of those fashionable hot-pink outfits. My mother said she looked like a streetwalker. I'd never have had the nerve to wear that." And as for bikinis. "No! Never! I think my husband would lock me up."

"You might as well wear your birthday suit," agreed another Atlantan. "I think we like to leave our men that last little shred of illusion."

Referring to men as *our men* is a trait that irks many non-Southern women. "They think of *any* man as *their* man," complained a girl who had roomed with a Southerner at college. "This girl would hang around the parlors and coo at any pair of pants that came along."

"There's even a club down South," said another Northern girl, "called the Spinster's Club. It's kind of like an old-maid's sorority. Oh, these girls aren't old maids by our terms—they're in their twenties. They've made their debuts, but haven't gotten married. The whole function of this club is to meet men. One girl said its motto is: 'Every man for herself.' The Spinsters have a very limited membership—say 30 girls—and they throw about four or five big formals a year at the country club. Each starts with dinner, to which members invite their best beaux. Later all hell breaks loose when the stags show up. In addition to her own date, every member has to invite about five other eligibles so that there's a good stag line. The ratio is ridiculous!"

Ratio is far from ridiculous to the Southern belle, who measures her social success by the number of dance breaks she gets. Nothing is more miserable for her than getting stuck with one boy for a whole dance.

"I just couldn't get over my first Yankee dance," said a Mississippian who ventured to Massachusetts to school. "Well, it was horrible. My date, unfortunately, was from the South, too, and used to being cut in on, and when we had to spend the whole entire evening together, it was just ghastly. But up North a boy takes you to a dance and unless you double date and swap partners for a dance or something, you're stuck with one boy all night. It doesn't mean you're a social failure at all . . . but, well, I think I prefer the Southern system. I mean, after one or two dances, what is there to talk about?"

Socializing in the South is very different from that done in the North. First, it includes primarily family and friends. Unless a boy and girl are doing "serious courting" and want to be alone, they're apt to join forces with friends at the club or someone's house. Parties are collective, convivial and usually confined to one's own crowd. Everybody knows everybody, and except for introducing a marvelous new find (meaning a man), it's the same faces over and over again. There is little effort to bring in "new blood" or mix interests as there would be in planning a party in another part of the country. And more often than not, *the crowd* are men and women who have known one another since kindergarten. They attended the same high school and frequently the same college and their conversation revolves around "good old times." A girl who goes away to school—especially North—is thought strange. Said one Memphis mother, "Why, I can't send my daughter up north to school. She might *marry* a *Yankee!*"

Many Southern girls do cross the Mason-Dixon, however—to attend college or make a career. New York City is full of them—the girls from the "cow states," as they're sometimes called. And they are extremely successful—in publishing, advertising, fashion, and the performing arts.

"We've a Southern-woman account executive," said one advertising man, "and she can cuss someone out without a single damn or say 'no' so nicely it sounds like 'yes.'" Southern girls rarely lose their graciousness and bring a welcome softness to the back-climbing world of big business. They have intelligence, but, more important, the tact to use it successfully.

These girls never lose touch with home altogether. New York, for example, has a Southern Society, a North Carolina club, and a Texas club, which meet regularly. And the transplanted Southerners return home for visits, but, as Thomas Wolfe wrote, most find that they "can't go home again" to live.

Said one, "I can go home after being away ten years and it's almost as though I never left. People are still taking about the same people and doing the same things. They live in a warm little cocoon. I guess it's kind of security to live where everyone knows you, and who your mamma was, and your grandmamma."

Of course, in recent years, with big industry moving into the South, husbands being transferred, television introducing new ideas, jet flights making trips to New York and San Francisco easy, there have been inevitable changes in the Southern belle, as in the South itself. Yankee girls move South, and just as some of them pick up drawls and embrace the morning Coke party, their Southern sisters adopt some of the more congenial Northern ways. They may no longer feel compelled to wear a hat and gloves to town, although they would rather die than be seen on main street in shorts and curlers, and they may not dress up for casual afternoon bridge. Some of them may even find themselves arguing with their men—but call it "a right spirited discussion"—over a best seller or local politics. With national approval of education, intelligence is no longer quite so suspect, and the little sister of today's belle may not think it necessary to hide her too-good report card from her boy friend—although she would never make a point of showing it to him.

But these are superficial modifications; at heart the Southern girl is unchanged. And what of those who never leave home, who seem immune to all outside influences—the Poufies and the Dittys? They're busy raising little Poufies and Dittys who will grow up, "come out," marry and raise more little Poufies and Dittys who will know how to make *their* men feel great big and strong. Such is the Southern belle. And therein lies her charm.

END

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## *JOURNAL ABOUT HOME*

**May's new products make cooking, gardening, housekeeping easier.**

SPACEMAKERS: Spring cleaning's the time for taking inventory and clearing shelves and closets of clutter. If you've a husband who's handy with a hammer and can build dividers to double your shelf space, you're lucky. If not, you may be interested in a series of simple vinyl-coated shelf expanders. A model we've found especially good looks like an upside-down U, straddles cans and boxes, adds inches to usable cupboard space. Note: there's a larger variation that organizes refrigerator racks. For information, write Artwire Creations, Inc., 41 Wayne Ave., Suffern, N.Y.

GOOD NEWS FOR GARDENERS: If you're a rose lover, you probably know that aphids, mites, insects and fungi mean fewer flowers and blighted bushes. Good preventive medicine this season is Raid Rose and Flower Spray made by S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc. (of wax fame). Packed under pressure in a 14-oz. container and equipped with a valve lock, the spray shoots out when the can's held upright, sideways—even upside-down—death to insects hiding on the undersides of leaves. For lovelier lawns: Johnson's Raid Weed Killer that does away with dandelions and other broadleaf weeds. Its 23-oz. pressurized container is good for more than 500 "shots." Rose Spray, $1.69; Weed Killer, about $1.49, at your local garden or hardware store.

CRYSTAL COMES OUT OF HIDING: Why keep a lovely collection behind cupboard doors? Why not showcase it? Do side table, shelf or windowsill arrangements? There's a new 24-page full-color booklet that tells how, whether your taste in crystal is Colonial, Country American or Contemporary. For a copy of *Creative Decorating With Crystal* by Olga E. Gordon, send $1 to Fostoria Glass Company, P-63A, Moundsville, W. Va.

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT. An electric cigarette lighter that needs no flint, fuel, flame or wick. It's windproof, odorless, lights up to three packs of cigarettes on a charge. Powered by a nickel cadmium battery which never needs replacement, the sleek brushed-chrome, pocket-sized unit plugs into any AC outlet for overnight recharging. Gulton Rechargeable Electric Lighter, $14.95, Gulton Industries, Inc., Metuchen, N.J.

THERE'S NEWS ABOUT NOODLES to please pasta lovers. On the way to market are two new magic mixes. Our Food Department has tried both and pronounced them "terrific." One's a quickie variation of that mellow Italian classic, *Fettucini a la Romana*. Noodle Roni, it's called; thin, tender egg noodles in a Parmesan and Romano cheese sauce (4 servings cost 39 cents). The second, Twist-a-Roni and Chicken, is made in minutes, too, serves 4-6 for 49 cents. Both from Golden Grain, San Leandro, Calif. Also making news: their Scallop-a-Roni and Spaghetti Dinner.

MEMO TO BRIDES: If you're a beginner when it comes to buying food or cooking it, caring for clothes and household furnishings, you may be interested in a handy portfolio of information assembled by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. *Packet for the Bride* costs $1, can be ordered from Agricultural Marketing Service, U.S.D.A., Washington 25, D.C.

FAMILY GOT A SWEET TOOTH? A great soother, we've found, is a sensational new selection of chocolate, dessert and beverage recipes from the Nestlé test kitchens—almost 200 pages of good eating. The book's spiral bound, stands up a la shorthand pad. The recipes are easy to read, easier to eat. For a copy, send $1 to: Nestlé's *Perfect Endings Cookbook*, P.O. Box AA, Garden City, N.Y.

AND SPEAKING OF COOKBOOKS, another welcome edition is *A Treasury of the World's Best Almond Recipes* which shows more than 100 ways to use this elegant nut—in snacks, soups, salads, cakes, candies, even casseroles! For it, send 25 cents in coin to: Dept. A1, California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, Calif.

WALLPAPER IN WORK AREAS? Like kitchens, laundries, bathrooms? It's practical now that many wallpapers are made stain and moisture resistant (see how we've used them in our Add-On House, page 55). If you find a pattern you particularly like that isn't treated, you can inexpensively have it done (Resistane Coating Corporation charges about: $1.55 per single roll of paper, $2.85 each paper-backed fabric roll). Your local wallpaper dealer or decorator can arrange to have paper treated for you. Or, for paper already hung, they will sell you bottled Resistane, a protector you can apply yourself. Cost: $1.65 per pint, $3.10 per quart.

"Hey mom, which came first...the chicken or the rice?"

The chicken, of course. That's how Lipton always starts its Chicken Rice Soup... with chunks and chunks of real chicken (but white meat only!). Lipton beds these tender pieces of chicken in delicious, firm, long-grain rice. Drenches them in a golden broth. Adds a sprinkling of parsley garnish—and there you have Chicken Rice Soup that tastes like Mother just cooked it. Fact is, all Lipton soups taste that way.




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## CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

### By Dorothy Cameron Disney

# "MY HUSBAND WAS COLD"

**She says: "Kent isn't one bit like the average man. He's cold—sexually cold, I mean."**

**He says: "If I feel that any other person is getting too close, I feel hemmed in, panicky."**

*Life is beset by dangers, and even a child feels menaced from many sides. He is likely to develop one type of personality or other that represents a characteristic way of facing peril—choice among the four being based partly on inherited constitution. (1) He may adopt an aggressive and threatening attitude, as if to say, "Leave me alone or you'll get the worst of it." (2) He may become a superpacifist, as if to say, "I'm so harmless you won't think it worthwhile to bother me." (3) He may shower affection on all sides, as if to say, "I love you so much that I'm sure you can't do me any wrong." (4) He may withdraw, play possum: "I'll hide so you can't find me; then I can't be hurt." Jan had developed personality No. 3, Kent No. 4. Of course they did not understand each other! The 60 marriage counselors of our institute spend much of their time merely interpreting husbands and wives to each other. It's not quite true, despite the proverb, that "to understand all is to forgive all." But at least if you understand others and understand yourself, it's a real help in getting along. The counselor in this case was Jack McCreary.*

PAUL POPENOE, SC. D.
*The American Institute of Family Relations*

JAN TELLS HER SIDE: "Yesterday was our third anniversary," said 24-year-old Jan woefully. "The only gift I want from Kent is a chance to become pregnant. It seems I've wanted a baby forever.

"Kent and I can well afford children. He earns $11,000 a year as a top-flight physicist, and I earn $5,000 myself. But Kent and I fritter our money away; we save practically nothing and don't even own a home. We pay rent.

"According to Kent, who is 28, we're too young to be tied down. At the time we became engaged he promised we could start our family—we planned a family of four—after a wait of two years at the longest. Anyhow, that was my understanding. Kent now says I must be mistaken, that he remembers no such promise.

"Whenever I bring up the question of children, he either changes the subject or picks up a book and starts to read. Or else he shoulders his golf clubs and goes out. It breaks my heart, but I've just about decided Kent doesn't want a child by me—now or ever. Indeed I've begun to doubt that he wants me. But he is so reserved and so polite I can't be sure. He never argues. Never.

Kent isn't one bit like the average man. The husbands of my girl friends, who earn much less, are *proud* to have children. They want to buy homes and settle down. They are friendly, outgoing. They are warm and affectionate with their wives. In fact, many of my office associates—I work in personnel and have a wide acquaintance—complain their husbands are oversexed and too demanding. My mother used to have the same complaint about my father before she divorced him, naming three corespondents.

"Where Kent and I are concerned, the situation is entirely different. I've always been the loving one. Maybe I'm *too* loving. I've often been tempted to discuss my lopsided, mostly minus, love life with my girl friends, but somehow the subject is too embarrassing. Kent is cold, sexually cold, I mean.

"In many ways he is considerate and gentle. He is extra good about opening doors for me, pulling out my chair, remembering holidays. But if we make love three or four times a month, Kent is satisfied. Even then the experience is frequently spoiled by his elaborate birth-control procedures. Kent knows how badly I want a child.

"Because yesterday was our anniversary, I had high hopes things might be different. I hoped Kent and I would feel warm and close toward each other, that I might prevail on him to set a definite date for beginning our family. I stayed home from the office and rode herd on our cleaning woman, and we got the apartment in super shape. Freshly waxed floors, flowers, martinis in the refrigerator—the works. I put romantic records on the hi-fi, candles on the dinner table, I wore a sexy negligee.

"My efforts were wasted. When Kent came in from the laboratory—he is all wound up in research projects too deep to be understood by anybody except other physicists—he was abstracted and distant. Although he did recall it was our anniversary, I felt quite sure his secretary had reminded him. He brought me a set of flashy costume jewelry, which I strongly suspect she selected, because his taste is more conservative. It didn't occur to him to put the bracelet on my wrist, fasten the necklace. He just dropped the things on the table—thump!

"Naturally he didn't notice my negligee. And he didn't kiss me. Dinner was a charcoal-broiled, two-inch steak which he chewed and swallowed as though it were cardboard. Dessert was cherries jubilee. As I flamed the brandy, he announced he had an evening date with laboratory colleagues to practice golf shots at a floodlighted driving range. At that point I lost my temper, and suggested he go back and sleep in the laboratory, since he cared so little about sleeping with me.

"Kent ignored my outburst and went off with his golf clubs, unruffled and serene, still without kissing me. I had hysterics there in the apartment—all dressed up in my sexy black chiffon with nobody to admire either it or me. I then wrote a good-bye note to Kent, threw some things in my car and moved across town into my mother's house. By morning—and this has happened more than once in the past—I was sorry. At dawn, feeling like a whipped pup, I drove back to the apartment.

"Kent had read my note. But he was sleeping peacefully and obviously hadn't missed me. His indifference to my suffering was hard to take, but I controlled my feelings. I woke him up and calmly asked if our marriage meant anything to him, if he considered me one half as important as either his work or his golf game. When he didn't answer, I braced myself and asked if he wanted a divorce. He replied that since I was dissatisfied with our marriage, he would leave the question of a divorce to me.

"And that's where matters stand between us at the moment. I honestly don't know what to do. I'm too dumb, I guess. My education stopped with a high-school diploma, and Kent and I have few common interests. My friends and my relatives aren't bookish and scientific-minded. They're dumb like me. I'm sure Kent secretly scorns all of us. Not long ago we visited my eldest sister and her husband, and Kent spent the evening buried in a newspaper. Alice inquired about his work, and he just grunted. When my brother-in-law invited him to go trout fishing, he refused in one word—no.

"The only people Kent enjoys are other physicists. The only sport that interests him is golf. I've begged him to teach me to play, but he invariably replies that golf isn't a woman's game. What he means, of course, is that he's ashamed to introduce me to the Big Brains he golfs with.

"I used to think I was medium bright—I have a good job—but three years of marriage have reduced my self-confidence to the vanishing point. I used to laugh and sing all the time. Now I mope and gloom and get the weeps. Now nothing strikes me as funny. If Kent is bad for me and I am bad for him, I guess we might be better off divorced, since there are no children to consider.

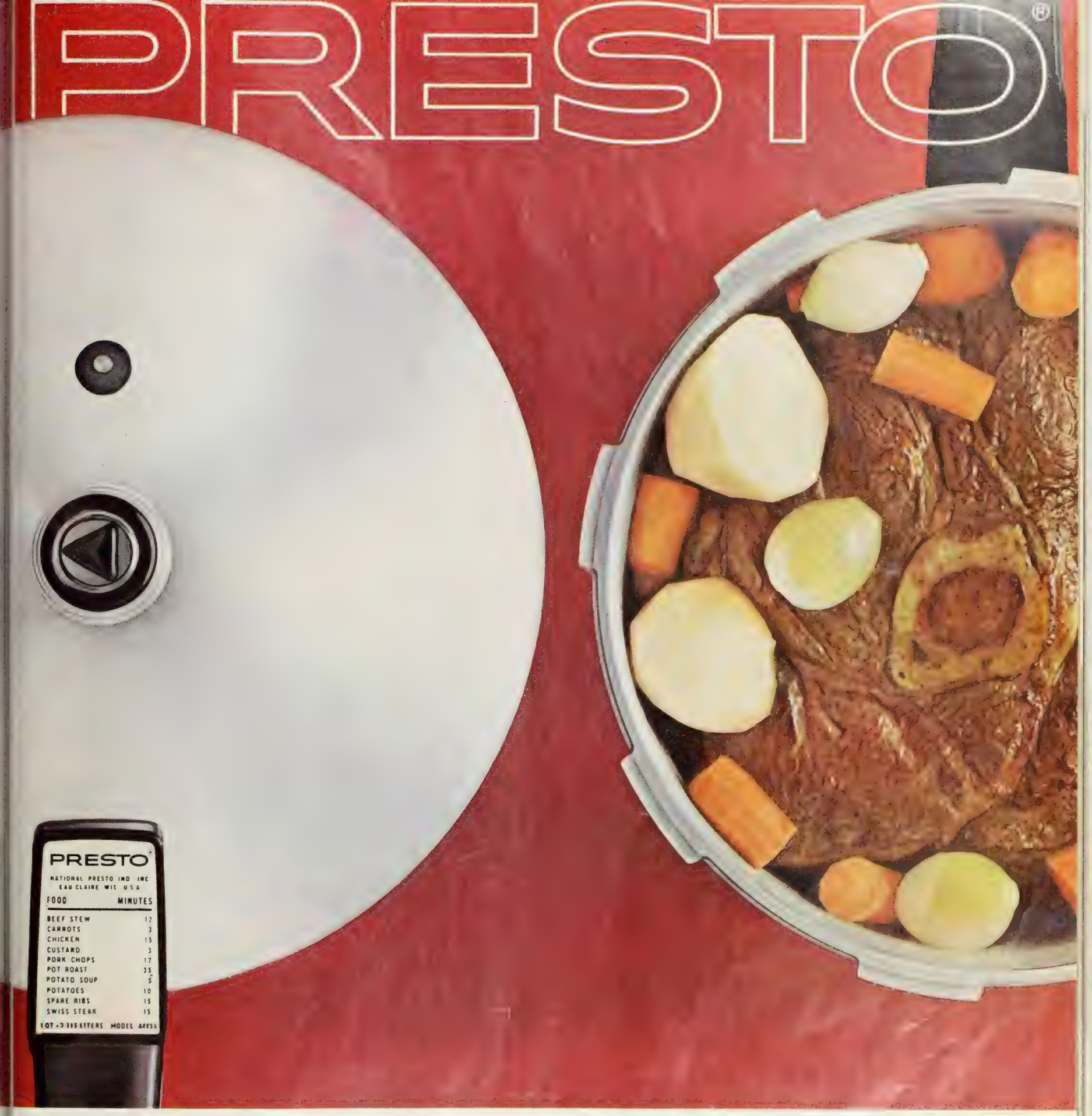
"What really frightens me is that instead of growing closer we are drifting farther apart. It isn't just our sexual relationship that seems empty and meaningless. Days pass when Kent hardly speaks to me. He is a fine dancer, but we haven't gone dancing for months. Dancing brought us together in the beginning—dancing and my determination to become acquainted with him. The first time I saw Kent I was fascinated with his reserve and good manners, his air of maturity and assurance. He was completely unlike any of the other young men at this club dance sponsored by the recreation department in our community.

"He sat in a corner of the ballroom not participating, just looking on. Shortly before the evening ended I wangled an introduction. We danced the final dance together, and I hinted I had no transportation. This was untrue. My car was in the parking lot. However, I joyfully accepted Kent's invitation to drive me home, and next day I went back on the bus and got my car. Meeting him was worth the trouble.

"I was charmed by Kent's diffidence, his respectful manner—he didn't paw me like the other boys I dated—his thoughtfulness, his silences. I was impressed by his college degrees, his ambition. I was particularly attracted by his soft, low voice. I'd had more than my quota of noise and violence at home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

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# "MY HUSBAND WAS COLD"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"All through my childhood my father roared at my mother and she screeched back at him. Night after night, my sisters and I used to hide under the bed in terror.

"The calm and peace of being with Kent seemed wonderful to me. I fell in love with him long before he fell in love with me—if, indeed, he ever did. We went together for 16 months before he broke down and proposed. I still love Kent dearly. If only he would unbend and love me in return, I'm sure we could settle the problem of a home and children."

KENT TELLS HIS SIDE: "These days Jan wants me to be like everybody else," said extremely handsome Kent. He was courteous, but a little hostile. "When we fell in love, she knew I wasn't a backyard-barbecue, split-level type character. She knew I wasn't a backslapper, handshaker, or long-distance conversationalist. I made no promises to change.

"I've already given in to her on many matters. She planned our wedding, and I didn't protest. She bought new furnishings and sent most of my comfortable old stuff to the Goodwill shop. I did balk at moving out of my apartment to a more fashionable address.

"It seems to me Jan should accept me and my failings. I accept her shortcomings, although it isn't always easy. She is argumentative, bossy. For a small person—she weighs barely a hundred pounds—she's astonishingly noisy. She is heavy-handed, heavy-footed. Jan is an excellent cook. But thumping around our kitchen, banging the pots and pans, she produces the sound effects of an invading army.

"I feel sure Jan must be more talkative than the average woman, although I'll confess I cannot qualify as an expert. In high school I worked and saved for college. In college and postgraduate school, I was too busy for girls. After I came West from New England I was completely preoccupied with my profession.

"When I decided I had the income and the leisure to enjoy a little social life, I enrolled for a course of dancing lessons. As soon as I became proficient I made the rounds of church and community gatherings, and after several months I met Jan. She was the first girl I ever dated, and the last. I was then 25.

"Before Jan and I were married we spent many pleasant evenings at the library or just sitting around in my apartment. While she cooked dinner I caught up with my reading and paper work. Everything was very peaceful. Now if I open a book, Jan's mouth opens and an aimless stream of chitchat pours forth.

"The other evening, while I was trying to concentrate on a tricky problem that had arisen at the laboratory, she followed me from room to room, saying again and again: 'Talk to me, honey, talk to me. Listen to me, honey, listen.' Eventually the refrain drove me to the street. Jan had nothing to talk about, except some trivial happening at her office. Or maybe it was a difference of opinion between her and the cleaning woman. I forget.

"Events and ideas don't interest Jan. Nor do I expect my work to interest her; I realize that theoretical physics is not for general conversation. But it does bug me to have her pretend she is interested. A few months ago I attempted to explain to her a special project for which I had been commended. She appeared to be listening with breathless interest. But then she broke in to ask if the commendation would mean a raise in salary, and if we could use the raise to make the down payment on a house. At the moment I don't deserve or need a raise; my present income is adequate for our requirements. Jan and I don't need a house. My old apartment suits us fine. It's near my laboratory, near my golf club, convenient to several driving ranges.

"Perhaps it's typically feminine to be all wrapped up in gossip and personalities. If so, my mother was exceptional. Unless mother had something of consequence to say, she kept still. Sometimes my father could taunt her into an argument, but it was seldom. Jan runs on endlessly with tales of the neighbors and their children; she quotes the cute sayings of the children of her office mates; she reports on her three sisters and *their* children.

"I'm not cut out to be an ideal husband. And I realize I'm no Don Juan or Marlon Brando. It's no secret to me that I'm not demonstrative by nature, not warm. I'm inclined to pull back from affection and intimacy. If I sense that any person, including Jan, is getting too close, I feel uncomfortable, hemmed in. Even panicky.

"I've always been that way. As a schoolboy I suppose I must have craved praise and affection from my parents as most boys do; but at the same time I shrank from seeming to curry favor. On several occasions I brought home examination papers marked 100, which I carefully hid in a stack of magazines rather than show them to my parents. As I recall, I hoped my mother or father would accidentally run across my papers, be pleased and proud, congratulate me without solicitation or prodding. This childish hope was never fulfilled.

"My parents were too occupied with hating each other to be overly concerned with my school marks or me. They married late. Mother was 45 when I was born, and probably should have remained a spinster. Father was 53, was a traveling salesman, but certainly an untraditional one. He was frugal to the point of miserliness. I wore such shabby, outlandish clothes—which he insisted be purchased at rummage sales—that other youngsters mocked me. He had a passion for turning off lights; whenever he was home, mother and I were obliged to make do with a single bulb—the bulb he was using. He nagged her about her spending, with the result that she took a job when I entered elementary school.

"This eased the financial bind, but threw me on my own resources at an unusually early age. I became a latchkey kid at six. I still vividly remember one terrifying afternoon when I was cornered in a ditch by a huge police dog, and was badly bitten. A strange passerby rushed me to the doctor. But it was hours before mother could be located by telephone, and until then I had to remain in the reluctant custody of the good Samaritan.

"No doubt that early training developed my self-reliance—at nine or ten I had stopped consulting my parents about anything. But it wasn't exactly pleasant. When Jan and I get around to having children, I want them to have an easier time than I had. I want to provide my kids with the advantages I missed. I cannot understand Jan's burning desire for drastic changes in our whole regime right now.

"In my opinion, both she and I are pretty well off at the moment. We're better off than either her parents or mine ever were. She can stop working anytime she chooses. I've never asked how she disposes of her earnings. I pay all our bills, except her clothing bills. I'd be glad to pay them, if she suggested it. I buy tailor-made clothes for myself. It's an indulgence I enjoy; I also enjoy my membership in a good golf club. I earned my way through college working as a caddy.

"Nobody's marriage is perfect. For three years Jan has compared our marriage unfavorably to the marriages of her nitwit romantic friends. A sizable minority of those girls are now divorced. Their husbands beat them, kicked around the kids, chased other women, or just plain took a powder. Jan's youngest sister has been divorced twice. The first husband was an alcoholic, the second was chronically unemployed.

"Before Jan hires a lawyer it might be wise for her to reflect on some of my virtues as a husband."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Both Jan and Kent had unhappy childhoods. Their reactions were strikingly dissimilar. Jan's childish terror of quarreling and violence drove her to seek reassurance and popularity outside the home. She became a please-love-me, please-talk-to-me, please-notice-me girl, excessively dependent on winning approval. Her own desire for praise and attention made her sensitive to this hunger in others, and helped her succeed at her job in personnel work. It also made her popular.

"Kent's response to inner fearfulness and insecurity was withdrawal. Sensing that scant parental approval would ever come his way, he early made up his mind that he wanted and required nothing from others. He became a loner, and thus concealed his disappointments and softened blows to his vanity.

"At first he was attracted by Jan's popularity, her graceful dancing, the fact that she was president of the community club. After marriage he proceeded to convince her that her triumphs were trivial in his eyes and that he had far higher values—intellectual values quite beyond her. Not surprisingly, he quickly undermined her hard-won self-confidence.

"First off, I undertook to help Jan repair her battered self-esteem. We discussed the talents she possessed in her own right. She was warm and intuitive and outgoing; it was quite unnecessary that she measure herself against Kent's academic achievements and scientific gifts. Indeed, in a successful marriage her warmth might complement his chilly brilliance.

"Jan had the better emotional equipment of the two. She knew what it meant to be close to somebody else—a sister, a friend—and to share confidences. When she came to understand that Kent had never in his life enjoyed this rewarding human experience, she realized that it would take time for him to learn the art and satisfaction of giving and receiving love. She then admitted that she had swamped him with her demands, alienated him with her unthinking candor, leaned on him too much.

"Kent was not consciously cruel and unkind. His unthawing reserve, his ungiving silences were a legacy from his youth. As an adult he was automatically protecting himself from any intimate involvement which might further wound his ego. Kent was aware of Jan's disappointment in him as a lover and a husband. On their honeymoon she had complained of his shortcomings in explicit detail.

"Kent had tried to forget his childhood. He hated to acknowledge that his parents had influenced him in any way, although they had shaped his temperament and his habits of thought. I am quite sure he rationalized his reasons for postponing the birth of children. I believe he was subconsciously afraid to assume the responsibilities of parenthood lest he fail as his parents had done.

"When Jan decided she wanted to save her marriage, she devised methods to reduce the pressures she had been putting on her husband. For one thing, she decided to create an independent life for herself again. She rejoined a once-a-week bowling club, became active in an intraoffice sewing circle. She visited her mother and her sisters without demanding that Kent accompany her; there was no reason why he should bore the kinfolk who bored him. She changed her ways around the house. If Kent was silent, she did not try to pester him into conversations. If he picked up a book, she picked up her needlework.

"The results seemed spectacular to Jan. As her pressure decreased, Kent became more amenable. He suggested membership in a Saturday-night dance club; now they dance regularly. Jan hasn't yet taken up golf, but every Sunday they breakfast at his golf club before he plays his first nine holes.

"Kent has not become the ardent lover Jan dreamed of as an adolescent girl. However, he is more demonstrative and affectionate. He kisses her when they part and when they meet; they drive to work together. Their sexual relationship is considerably improved, but not yet ideal. It may never be.

"They own a house, of which both are proud. Kent suggested the purchase. As yet they have no children, but they no longer practice birth control. And, very soon, Jan hopes she may have exciting news to announce.

"I saw Jan just the other day. Her sense of humor and fun have returned. Communication between her and Kent, she informed me, has improved 100 percent. 'Now he brings the newspaper in the kitchen to read,' said she, and giggled, 'while I'm getting supper. If he can't think of anything to say, he hands over the comics to me and keeps the editorial page for himself.'"

END




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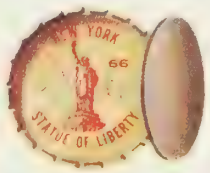
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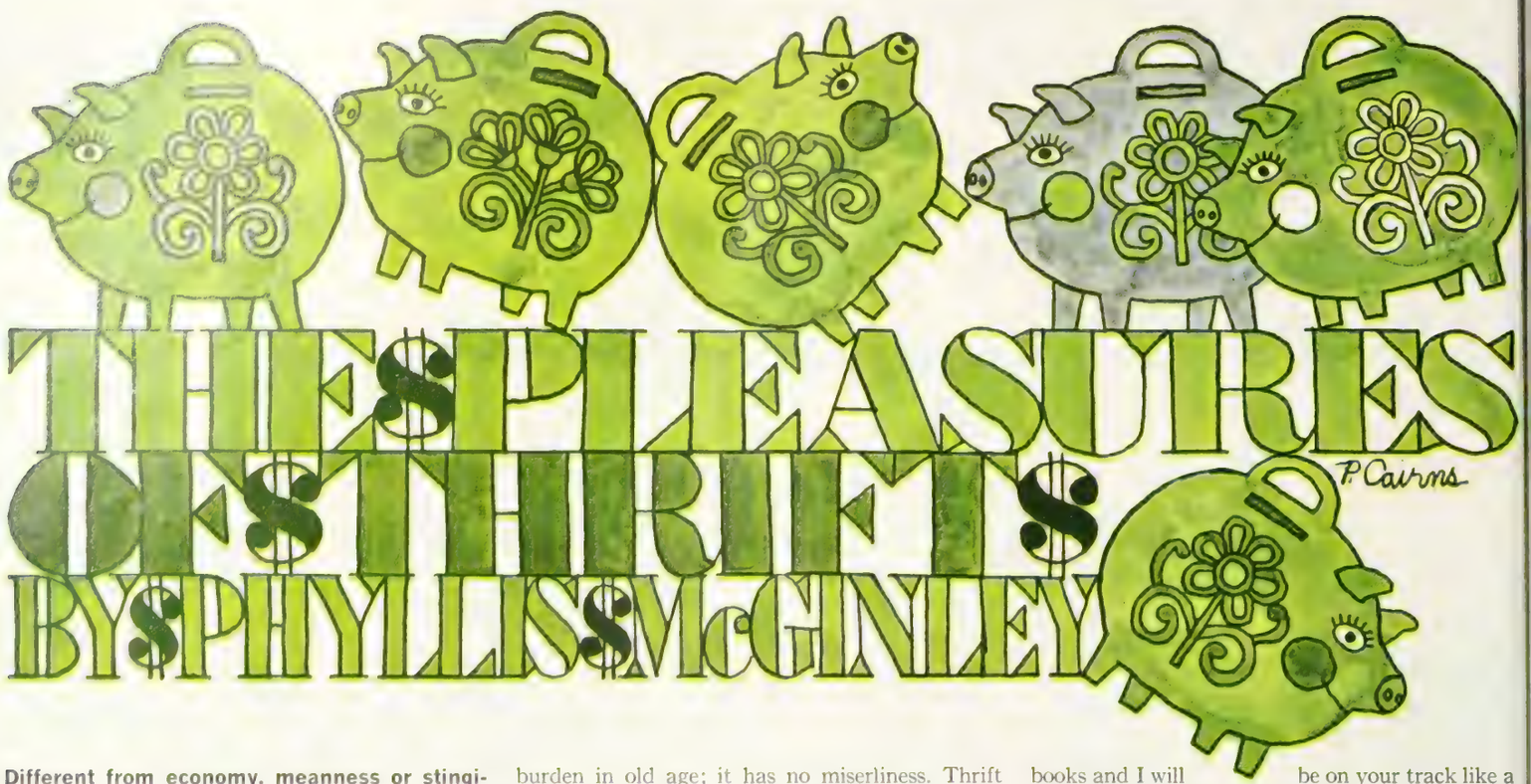
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# THE PLEASURES OF THRIFT

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

**Different from economy, meanness or stinginess, thrift means paying for quality—saving to splurge on something you really want.**

All virtues are good, but some virtues seem more virtuous than others. Take generosity, for instance. It smells sweeter than lilies of the valley, never goes out of style, and who has it needs very little else. On the other hand, there are moralities set down in catechisms which latterly have almost no appeal at all. Prudence is such a quality, temperance another. In this passionate and abundant age, they are scarcely considered virtues. Classed with them currently, I suspect, is thrift.

Yet thrift is a genuine virtue, and one well worth embracing. It is not romantic and has a private worth; but without it there can be little solid domestic happiness. For thrift is neither selfishness nor cheese paring, but a large, compassionate attribute, a just regard for God's material gifts. It has nothing in common with meanness and is different even from economy, which, although it may assist thrift, is a habit rather than a moral act. Let me see if I can explain my premise.

Economy saves pennies, trims corners, and has a tidy mind. On the household side, it prefers meat loaf to crown roast not because it is tastier but because it is cheaper. The poor may receive economy's handouts, but they will be relentlessly entered on a tax return. Meanness ruthlessly stints the table, lets others pay the check, and when it gives old coats to refugee committees, cuts off buttons and fur collars. Thrift is something else again. When thrift serves stew to the family to ease a budget, it sees to it that the dish is savory as *filet mignon;* and it delights to share with whoever comes to the door.

Or let me give a stricter example, one I have seen in operation. Meanness inherits a set of silverware and keeps it in the bank. Economy uses it only on important occasions for fear of loss. Thrift sets the table with it every night for pure pleasure; but she counts the butter spreaders before she puts them away in a careful case.

Thrift saves for the future because the children must be educated and because one must not be a burden in old age; it has no miserliness. Thrift keeps the house painted and the roof in repair, puts shoe trees in shoes, but bakes a jar of cookies for neighborhood children. It is never stingy and never antlike. Thrift is a preserver rather than a hoarder and rejoices in hospitality.

So it seems a pity that the phrase "thrifty housewife" has almost ceased to be a compliment. Even in this flamboyant era, thrift is as essential as ever to an agreeable and generous life; and wives, as they have always done, must bear the most tedious portion of this human duty.

Practiced in the right spirit, it can become a happier thing, indeed, than simple duty. "For all healthy people economy has its pleasures," says George Eliot in her novel, *Daniel Deronda.* In place of "economy" read "thrift" and one has a wholesome epigram. There is satisfaction in seeing one's household prosper, in being both bountiful and provident. By nature I am far from thrifty, alternating between abrupt economies and impulsive spending. But even I can take pleasure in turning linen in its closet so that bed sheets will be used in rotation and not left to wear at the creases unused.

There is nothing of stinginess, but only a proper delight in planning meals so that egg whites, for example, left over from a hollandaise sauce will be utilized before the week is out for a meringue or an angel-food cake. And it is better than pleasure, it is almost rapture for a gardener, say, to see her carefully garnered grass clippings turning into life-giving compost for vegetables or flowers. So long as saving does not become an end in itself, it can be as warm a joy as any other. But it has to be a personal joy which every housewife must work out for herself. My methods of being thrifty (if I ever am) are different from yours because our goals are different and our capacities various. One way of determining thrift is by describing its opposites—avarice and extravagance.

I am aware of my own avarices. I am greedy about books, for instance. Lavishly I buy them, gladly give them away; but I lend them warily. And when I lend them, I want them back. Borrow my umbrellas, my clothes, my money, and I will likely not think of them again. But borrow my books and I will be on your track like a bloodhound until they are returned. I am also niggardly about small things like paper, hairpins, Christmas ribbons (I save every scrap to be ironed out for another holiday) and matches, which I am inclined to stock up on at restaurants I visit.

My husband, the most generous of men in other respects, is a hoarder of hardware. He saves old nails, ancient doorknobs, copper sheeting, odd lengths of pipe. Other people are miserly about string or trading stamps or left-over food which they keep in the refrigerator until it withers.

I have a friend, an openhanded and wealthy woman, who still cannot bear to pay to have her hair shampooed. She washes it herself before she goes to the hairdresser—an economy she learned as a girl. And I know another charming lady who will give you her time or a listening ear, but finds it impossible to give away a flower out of her rioting garden. These compulsions have nothing to do with thrift. They are acquisitivenesses. What *is* thrifty about my book-lending habits, though, is the fact that I keep a notebook in which I jot down the names of the borrowers, the titles of the books, and the date of the transaction. That, you see, is a provident act. It is a polite record I can turn to after a decent interval.

Extravagances differ too. In our household we lump, under that head, expensive cars and eating out. We like our own food and find it difficult to enjoy overspending for dishes we could contrive better at home. As for automobiles, we consider them a necessary means of transportation, but do not care how shabby is the vehicle so long as it runs. In 25 years we have bought only four new cars, two of them still in use. Yet I know families to whom eating in style at restaurants now and then is a valuable treat. To them it is not extravagance but a lift to morale. And I am quite aware that to some, a car is a beautiful, soul-solacing invention, and a shining new one is worth making sacrifices for. Our postman drives a Thunderbird, replaced every season or so. He is childless, his wife works, he is willing to stay home from the movies and sell insurance in his spare time in order to afford it. He *deserves* his sleek chariot, a machine like Keats's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

© 1963 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress, Profession: Housewife. Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.





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## McGINLEY: THE PLEASURES OF THRIFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

melodist, forever panting and forever young. For him it is not an extravagant gesture but a need of the soul.

Everybody, in fact, to be thrifty ought to save toward his favorite luxury. For one family it may mean a son's medical schooling. For another it might be a trip abroad or a new tea rose for the garden. (To the mother of Barrie's *Little Minister*, it meant having an egg every day of her life for breakfast; but that was in another world.) Our desire for pedigreed furniture or excursions to the theater or a well-tempered piano are no worthier ambitions than someone else's for color television or an outboard motor. It is the right private use of money or time toward rewarding ends which *is* thrift. (Of course, one has to have both first in order to save them. The really poor are incapable of being thrifty because they own nothing to be thrifty with. The old remark that "only the rich regard money highly" is perfectly true. How can you nourish a lack?)

In my own case, I am more apt to disburse time thriftily than money. I have neither the vitality nor the hours to spend in department stores or in supermarkets, hunting down household economies. I would enjoy the chase if I dared, for I have a good wide Germanic streak of the *hausfrau* in me (in spite of my Irish name) and like as much as anybody else to feel the smug glow of acquiring a bargain. But I have a trade to follow, an infirm back to pamper. So I do my marketing, for instance, by telephone. It is not the most economical way, and I do not recommend it to haler housewives. Still, the grocer and I are old friends, and I daresay my bills are not much higher than those of other people. Besides, I follow the seasons in my purchases.

Whatever is seasonably ripe or ready is not only cheaper, it tastes better. When asparagus is plentiful and inexpensive, we eat asparagus several times a week. We delight in strawberries and avocados and oranges and mushrooms chiefly when they flood the stores. Through the mail or on advice of the grocer, I keep track of sales and stock up then on canned goods; but I try not to buy more than we can use in the immediate future. Young housewives, like most husbands, tend to get carried away by anything marked down. I scarcely dare let my own husband out alone on an expedition to a chain store—he comes home burdened with cans of boysenberries (which we dislike) or packages of curry powder (which we use sparingly) or gallon jars of jam (which is apt to linger stalely in the bottle) merely because he saw them at a discount. A bargain, though, is only a bargain if it is usable. Thrift takes account of that.

In fact, when I come to think about it, I effect most of my savings by *not* going to the stores. It is amazing how much one can get along without if there is no temptation to buy. I have seldom regretted the bargain dress I came home without, or the extra pair of gloves on sale which would never have matched anything I own, but which were priced so enticingly low. And I have my own ways of taking advantage of reductions. There is always January, when every store in the area reduces the cost of its sheets and tablecloths and towels and housewares. I remember to replace my worn ones then, by telephone or letter.

Naturally, I miss the fun of a good search. I leave that to my husband. He is a born shopper with far more stamina than I, and nothing pleases him so much as to be asked to scour the marts for a gadget—anything from a door hinge to a dishwasher. I have to remind him ten times a winter that he needs, maybe, a new overcoat. But mention that I have use for a fish mold, a door mat or an automatic pencil sharpener, and he is off happily to look, price, compare and come home with the best possible contrivance at the lowest possible cost.

If time seems less valuable to you than dollars, be thrifty with the latter and expend the former. Apologetically, I will go on my path—taking taxis instead of buses, doing my Christmas shopping in one exhausting day at one exhaustive store, and ordering my meat over the phone.

Though now I come to think of it, I do not really apologize for the last; the man I patronize delivers anyhow. And so long as we have a dollar in our purse, I will go on buying from the same independent butcher I have known and relied on for a quarter of a century. It would be my final economy, to purchase meat which has not been selected, cut and hung by an expert and personal hand. We would rather eat tuna fish and noodles any day than a tough steak; and that is exactly what we do whenever we feel insolvent. A good stew is far more delicious in our opinion than a poor roast or a juiceless capon.

And for any other household where food is held in esteem, I give this one strong bit of counsel: Save on staples, stock your larder with bargain items in cans or packages, but when you want prime meat, see that it is really prime. If you wish to economize, eat creamed dried beef which, when bought in bulk instead of in jars and served with a mushroom sauce, is not to be despised. Serve hamburgers. Braise chicken hearts with onion—a gourmet's dish and as inexpensive as cornflakes. Eke out your menus with things concocted of rice. Then, when you feel expansive enough for tenderloin, be lavish as a king and spend for a real feast—something tender, costly, and Epicurean. (Remember, too, that meats and fish, as well as vegetables, have their seasonal cycles. Lamb is best and cheapest in the spring, lobster in the fall. Chicken grows most succulent in summer. And local food, like a wine of the country, always has the kindest flavor.)

As a matter of fact, the same reasoning applies to nearly everything in life—that quality pays. If it is quality you enjoy, buy sparingly, but of the best. I would rather, for instance, have one dress a year and have it fit and become me than own a closetful of clothes in which I took no pleasure. I do not want skimpy curtains at my windows or an ersatz piece of silverware. I would sooner eat on a card table—as, in fact, we once did for several pinched months when we were first married—than settle for an article of furniture cheap but detestable. I do not mean to imply that everything in our house is either expensive or beautiful—but at least it is as unugly as I can find or afford. It is *my* form of thrift, the patience to wait for what I want. And I have discovered that every time we have made a domestic purchase cheaply and in haste—whether a shrub for our borders or a carpet for the floor—we have repented at leisure. The carpet wore thin before its time. The scale did not measure accurately.

Thrift is a worldly virtue, and it operates by an immutable worldly law: You get what you pay for. To cut corners is not always to cut eventual expenses.

So the thrifty housewife will pay willingly for quality. But once she possesses, she reveres it. Her good durable carpet is preserved against the moth; her well-fitted frocks hang in her closets under plastic covers and have their hooks and eyes and zippers in good repair. (I wish I could say the same of my own.) The herbs in her cupboards are arranged alphabetically not only for the sake of handiness but because that way she can remember which ones to renew. She airs sweaters and wa blankets and feeds wax to her furniture. S clever with leftovers and makes stale bread crumbs to store in the refrigerator. The refri ator itself is defrosted in its proper season

And she is as careful of her time as of cherished objects. She does not so wear her days with committees and charitable and garden clubs and tracking down barg that in the evening she is cross to the chil and abrupt to her husband. She does not i on doing her own housework and then c plain of being a martyr to the home. If spends all afternoon icing a birthday c she makes sure the effort does not ice her position too. There is nothing chillier tha economical and systematic housekeeper n in love with neatness than with peace.

I have a friend who is incorrigibly abs minded about dusting and sweeping polishing. She forgets to mend her napk lets cobwebs accumulate in corners, an apt to hem up her slips with safety pins. O I took coffee there, and set down my cup saucer beside her fireplace. When I looke a week later, the dishes were still exa where I had left them. Nobody could call a provident housewife in spite of her excel cooking; but maybe she has her own vis of thrift, since nothing but kindness good spirits centers in that house, and family has never gone hungry or unloved a guest uncomforted.

But then, I repeat, every woman has learn to be thrifty in her own idiom. economies must be like her luxuries—cut the shape of the family budget or the fan dream; and they must never descend to dignities. Thrift implies dignity, the imp tance of human worth as well as of inanim things. It might lie for one person in a th so small as properly balancing her checkbo or for another in something so large as lea ing to make all the draperies for her windo It might consist merely in putting a net o her hair at night to save the curls she p for; or in being so clever about the fo money that she can buy her husband, out savings, the ivory chess set he has been cov ing. I think I demonstrate such thrift a have in staying doggedly home at my ty writer instead of lunching with my frien It is not so dramatic or so visible a household symbol as my beloved soup kettle, da occupied by expendable bones and vegetabl but it is my individual contribution.

The thriftiest of my friends is a woman small means. She has lately taken to do her own laundry in order to help with mailed monthly check to an impoverish Italian family in Naples whom she has ne met. Perhaps in her case, thrift has turn into something better—into charity, lovel virtue in the catalog. Still, the rest of us ha to begin somewhere along the road to p fection. Thrift is not charity, yet it can proach it when accomplished with love. A like laughter or sachets in bureau drawers, is a pleasant thing to have around the hou

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# PEAS PARNASSUS

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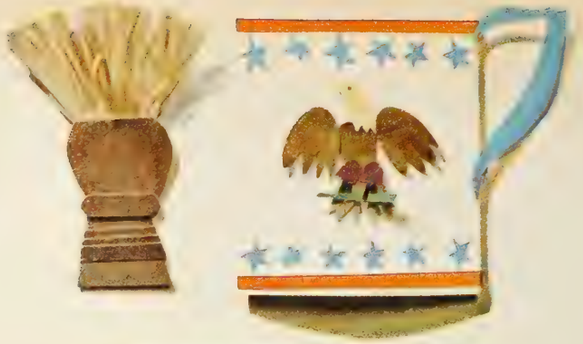

The Greeks have a recipe for it, but you'll win all the laurels for this triumph, sure as you count on DEL MONTE Early Garden Peas. Here's how to do it: ❁ Roll up 4 or 5 slices fillet of sole (about 1½ lbs.) into individual rolls; arrange in baking dish. Sprinkle with seasoned salt and pepper. Squeeze a half lemon over fish; dot with 1 Tbsp. butter and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) while preparing sauce: Pour off liquid from 1 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Early Garden Peas; save it. (Notice these peas are a blend of just-right sizes, all selected for tenderness.) Melt 2 Tbsp. butter, add 8 to 10 small whole cooked onions, 1 buffet can (approx. 1 cup) DEL MONTE Stewed Tomatoes, ½ tsp. seasoned salt. Stir and simmer 5 min. Mix ¼ cup liquid from peas with 2 tsp. cornstarch, stir into sauce. Add peas, spoon mixture over and around fish, bake 10 min. more or just till fish flakes with a fork. Serves 4-5. ❁ ❁ Try DEL MONTE® Peas plain, too! It's easy to taste why DEL MONTE is America's favorite brand of canned peas. It's the brand you can depend on for your money's worth, always.

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# THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

I've solved a mystery: How we men won a 40-hour week. We did it by putting half the women in the country to work for wages. They didn't even rebel.

Our flossiest matrons wear concealed hearing aids. They aren't cheap, but they think it's worth the money to keep an ear cocked.

If I were smarter in math and economics, I might figure out who grabs the nickels and dimes inflation steals from widows and orphans.

Our autocrat of the lunch table has reached his unanimous opinion: that four of every five divorcées would be happier if they'd remained married to the Big Oaf.

I'll try again for courage to wear Bermuda shorts downtown, and lunch at the club without a necktie in warm weather. But I'm a coward; how can I omit my tie when fellow members wear vests at 90 degrees?

On my last overseas airtrip I bought $187,500 worth of insurance for my Lady Love for only $7.50. She was more tickled than with two dozen roses, which cost more.

Should a wife ever strike her husband? I see no harm in it, if she isn't too athletic. It gives him the upper hand morally for a few minutes.

When my blond daughter-in-law tells me Harlan III resembles me, I'm flattered, but I tell her not to despair. "All babies look like me at first," I sweet-talk her, "but their faces soon smooth out."

Our town's wisest judge suggested the litigants pay off their divorce lawyers and try it again. "Be as tolerant of each other," he advised, "as your friends are of *your* faults."

Fiftyish execs tell me retirement is murder if compulsory, suicide if voluntary. (Our mail carrier argues that if a man's smart enough to enjoy retirement, he's smart enough to hold down a good job.)

We've argued since our honeymoon: I like dinner after seven, my wife prefers to eat before seven. I was a bit stuffy in my triumph when all around the world we found ourselves eating at 10 or 11 o'clock.

My Lady Love decrees every husband must know how to prepare one good dish gracefully and exquisitely. I've chosen smorgasbord. With a dozen tins, a dozen kinds of sausage and 12 types of cheese, my smorgasbord is a Viking triumph.

Don't nine women out of ten wear their hair in a style that pleases their beautician, even if they must risk vexing the severest critic: their husband? And this is truest of the more frizzled and baffling coiffures.

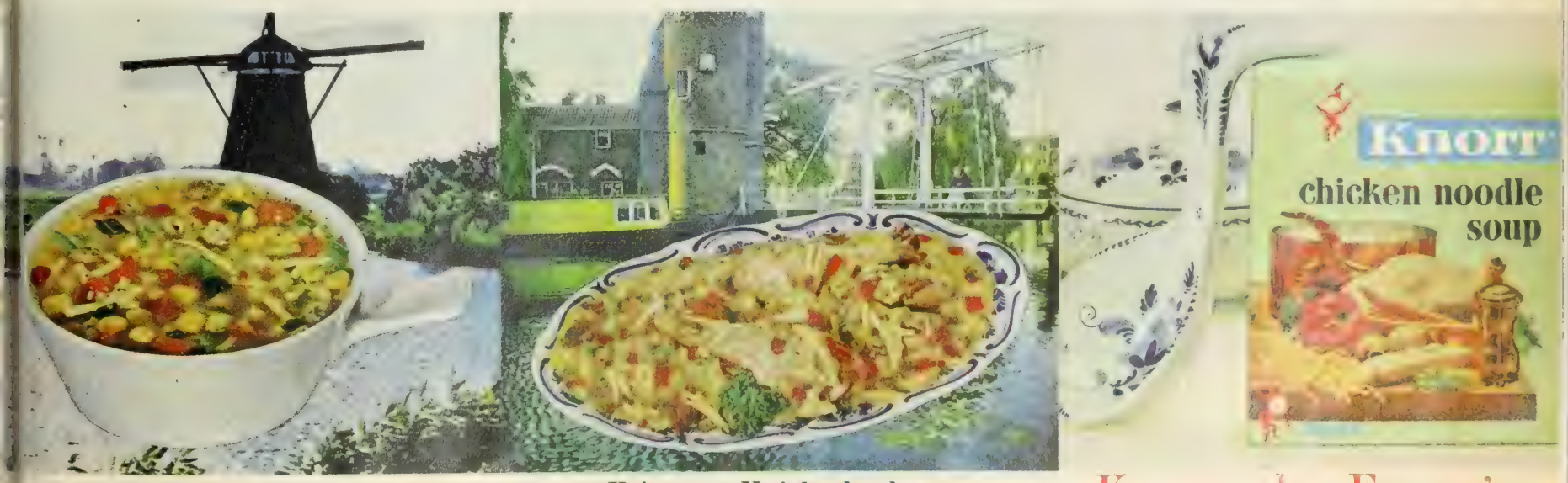
Even on legal holidays our supermarket now sells ice cubes. It's a great convenience, and we barely notice that they cost more'n ice cream.

When my Dream Woman offers to tint her hair red if I'll take off 20 pounds,
. . . And Eric, not yet four, draws a cartoon of his mom when she's angry,
. . . Or my talented and versatile son-in-law panels his bookroom in an offhand way,
. . . And both my redhead and my young captain take up painting as a hobby,
. . . Or my daughter-in-law writes better letters on family business and finance than I ever could,
Then I relax blissfully and thank God the brave new-world generations inherit traits from ancestors long long forgotten.

# Knorr takes you on a kettle cruise of Holland

KINDERDIJK, HOLLAND

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## Windmill Chowder

- 1 foil pak Knorr Chicken Noodle Soup Mix
- 3 cups water
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 1 8-oz. can corn
- ⅛ tsp. curry powder (optional)
- 2 Tbsp. margarine

Melt margarine in saucepan. Add green pepper and onion. Cook over low heat till tender. Add corn and water; bring to boil. Add soup mix and curry. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes. 4 to 6 servings.

## Fricassee Knickerbocker

- 1 foil pak Knorr Chicken Noodle Soup Mix
- ¼ cup margarine
- 3 cups water
- 1 cut-up chicken (broiler-fryer)
- ¼ cup flour

Melt margarine in skillet. Brown chicken on all sides. Stir soup mix in 2½ cups water. Pour over chicken. (This fricassee gets its good flavor from Knorr's authentic seasoning. No salt or other seasoning needed.) Cover and simmer till tender, about 30 mins. Remove chicken. Blend flour and ½ cup water. Stir into mixture in skillet. Cook, stirring till thickened. Add chicken, heat. Serves 4.

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# MISS CLAIROL

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

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PHILIPPE HALSMAN

*Carol has raised Christine for five years, provided things she missed herself—from discipline to braces on her teeth.*

# THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER - OF CAROL BURNETT

**Garry Moore says, "A talent the size of Carol's is a terribly mixed blessing. She needs someone to love. I think she wants desperately to marry." Carol says, "I have everything I want—except this."**

CONCLUSION: When Carol Burnett joined the *Garry Moore Show* as a regular in November of 1959, it is not clear whether the staff knew altogether what they were getting: that she could bark like a dog very well, for example, pick up a martini glass with her teeth, plunge over the back of a couch sustaining only bruises but no broken bones, sing while buckets of water were being poured on her head or while she was being thrown to the ceiling, or achieve, with just a slight interior shift of the adenoids, a startling range of mentally defective faces. Whatever they didn't know, once they had her they were stuck with her.

At the time she joined, she was also starring nightly in a Broadway musical. It was the latter that represented arrival to her; she had come to New York to go on the stage, not on TV. But Garry offered audiences of unthinkable millions, and when ratings began to climb, the implications were immense. The 21-inch screen soon gulped down Carol, stage and all.

TV ratings are notoriously shifting sands, but before long some 14 percent of the nation, give or take a few millions, was tuning in every Tuesday night to watch Garry, Carol, Durward Kirby and Marion Lorne—plus guests, a first-rate singing chorus, and probably the best orchestra and dance troupe on TV. Carol's play, which had been about to fold, took on new life and ran another six months—reaching in those six months some .5 percent of a single night's TV audience.

Carol stayed with the *Garry Moore Show* for three solid seasons. Its format happily exploited all her formidable skills—athletic, vocal and acting. She sprained her ankle six times in six months. The music was sometimes loud and funny, often exciting. Carol speaks of the countless, vanished skits of these three years as "wonderful training," for the range of their nonsense was unlimited. She played Eskimo maiden and moulting Southern belle, gun moll and kindergarten teacher, Mother of the Year and adolescent tomboy, Cinderella and pirate captain, and so on ad infinitum. She grabbed these characters as naturally as a puppy grabbing a bedroom slipper; she leaped on them with her voice, face, teeth, hands and body (let no one sorrow for Carol's teeth; they are among her most versatile assets), and if she thought one of them was too spineless, she threw in a head cold or crossed eyes. And the cumulative effect, on 24,000,000 people, seemed to be that a girl so foolish was a girl to cherish—adenoidal effect and all.

The show suited Carol in many important ways. For one, it seems to make her happy to have a fatherly image near at hand. When she speaks of George Abbott as "Mr. Abbott," one can hear the reverence in her voice. Arthur Willi, a partner in her management firm, is one of show business's elder statesmen, and he says, "Carol is the only person in show business who calls me 'Mr. Willi.' Every time I hear it, it hits me. I've begged her and begged her to call me by my first name. She says, 'I can't!'"

On the *Garry Moore Show*, it was Garry she looked up to. She had been his own particular discovery, and he had given her guest spots for years. She once wrote an entire magazine article singing his praises. In person, she uses phrases like, "He is the *nicest*, the *kindest* man. . . ." When she finally left the show, it truly was with his complete blessing. Garry says, "I try *not* to be a father. People do have their own lives to live. The legitimate stage is Carol's big dream, and she won't be happy until she's tried it."

For another, with certain reservations and making due allowances for maturity, it might be said that Carol's spiritual home is a college campus. The *Garry Moore Show* was and is a large financial enterprise, produced with a gleaming professional polish—and Carol, who particular panic and demon is perfection, wou demand no less of it. She became a pro in th sense at about the age of four. Neverthele both Carol and the show have their other sid

The show's intimate spirit was and is abs lutely genuine. Its polish is achieved by fo days of sit-down rehearsals, stand-up r hearsals, full rehearsals and dress rehearsals some in a dusty rented hotel ballroom, some the CBS theater, but all requiring the staf constant exposure to one another. Carol sa with emphasis, "I *never* had a cross word wi anyone the whole time I was on the show. N did I hear anyone have a cross word with an one else."

Garry has a talent for assembling geni people in the first place, and Carol brought h own need for feeling herself part of a grou This need is one of her clear and visible cha acteristics. She spends herself hard respondi to people. Like a dog shaking off water, s sheds warmth on passing fans, waiters and ta drivers. To say she is totally unaffected wi almost everyone she meets barely states th case. She conveys a flattering impression genuinely *liking* them.

This reaching out for the touch of friendsh carries over into her professional life. (Sh once said, laughing, "It's my basic insecurit I *need* this.") One of the things that haunts h managers is her odd, stubborn reluctance put herself in the position of solo star. "I' chicken," she says, or, "I'm not sure the pu lic is ready for that yet." It's a reluctance tha she is learning to overcome this year, but whi she was on the *Garry Moore Show*, one of i pleasures certainly was feeling herself su rounded by strong, supporting friends. In th world of show business, she is considered a jo to work with—because she is so immensel appreciative.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

**by Neal Gilkyson Stuart**

Such beautiful breads at your grocer's these days! Discover more of them for great snacks and sandwiches with Cracker Barrel Natural Cheddar Cheese.

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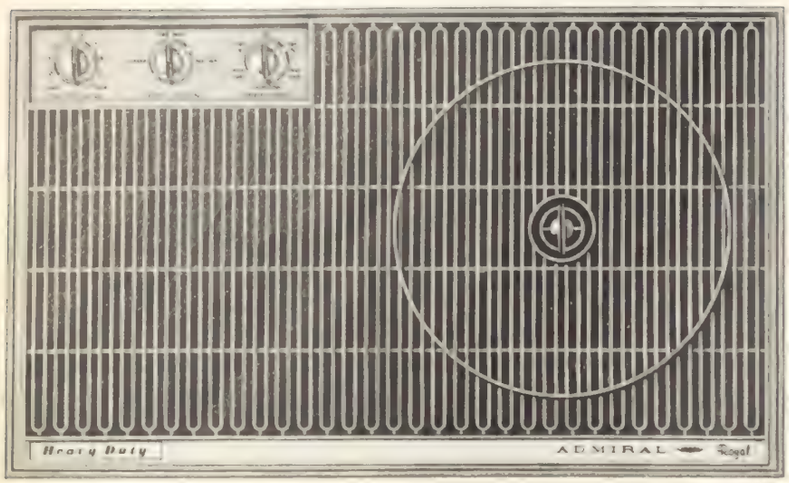
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## THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER —OF CAROL BURNETT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

She admired Durward Kirby. ("He's marvelous! *So* good. We worked so well together we hardly had to tell each other what we were going to do.") She loved Marion Lorne. ("A doll! You want to cuddle her.") In reverse, it is impossible to find any member of the *Garry Moore Show* staff who speaks of Carol with anything less than deep personal affection. It is not her professional skill that they love. As the piano player in the show's orchestra put it in classic phrases, after she had called out a sunny "Hi, Hank!", "She's one of the gang—one of the *nicest* people there is."

Carol adored her work, and became vehement to reporters in stressing her wonderful luck—like someone caught by surprise at her own happiness. "It's marvelous when you like what you're doing. How many people wake up in the morning and look forward to their work? And how many want ads for performers are there? If you don't like it, get out. There are a million others to take your place."

She made a raft of new associations and a few close friends. She even made a lot of money—she began on the *Garry Moore Show* at $1,750 a week. But most of it passed over her head into the hands of her business managers. When asked if she was drawn to the sort of nightclub life sustained by a few New York celebrities, she hoots, "Hardly! I did buy a mink coat, and I'm happy to say that I shelled out for it myself. I lived high compared to how I *used* to—but not as high as lots of people in my . . . uh, position. I still go to a little place around the corner and spend $35 on a dress I feel comfortable in." She adds loyally, "You can't really change your background."

She was seen here and there dining with eligibles like Bob Newhart and Dick Chamberlain. She had a few more regular squires. But every time the columnists sank their teeth into something it disappeared. She was seen most often picking up dinner with other members of the show after rehearsals—wearing slacks and playing musical guessing games over the table. Her sister Christine and her two Yorkshire terriers, Bruce (female) and Fang, got a bigger press than men.

But even during these years, she had one weakness that she gave time to. Carol happens to be a pushover for children. Real child lovers are a strictly nonsentimental breed. When Carol says, "My ideal of a happy life is to get married and have kids as often as possible," it isn't simply pretty scenes of mother love she has in mind. She says stoutly, "I'd like to have a *big* family. There's nothing I like better than mayhem and confusion. You know—it's *fun* to organize this sort of confusion."

Children run through her life in droves. Surely no other performer has held court to them in a Second Avenue candy store. She is haunted by teen-age fans. She learns their names, arranges tickets for rehearsals, and talks to them from her balcony. ("I'll tell you what. I'll be coming out in half an hour, and I'll walk to the corner with you, OK?")

Before her play opened, when she was fairly frequently at leisure, she volunteered her services one evening a week to the children's ward of New York University Medical Center's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. She had pictured herself reading aloud to kids who had measles, but she ended up in a black tank suit taking physically handicapped children swimming in a therapeutic pool.

"It was *hot!* After two hours, I'd come out looking like a *prune*. One kid was so smart. He could hold his breath under water longer than I could. There was a spoiled little girl who used to scream the whole time. One night I screamed right back at her. *That* shut her up in a hurry. Her big eyes filled with tears, but those kids can take discipline as well as anybody. She never screamed again. How those kids cope! I can't tell you what a feeling it gives you. *None* of them is as afflicted as some people walking around whole."

Carol has stayed a volunteer for four years now, except for breaks because of her performing schedule. This year, her evenings at the hospital are on land. She wears slacks and a green smock, plays hours of table tenni tells riddles, and sees to bed half a dozen litt girls in nightgowns, their faces scrubbed. U to the present she has never allowed this wo to be publicized. (Her press agent says, "Sh told me if I ever gave it out, she'd crease m skull with a hatchet.") The terms in whi it can be told are clear: The children are t important characters in the enterprise.

Meanwhile, she was raising her sister, Chri tine. It is hard to imagine a young actress, st prone to occasional relief checks, who cou not find good reasons for palming off on ot ers the moral, financial and educational r sponsibilities of a 13-year-old sister. Carol h not only volunteered for the job, she h leaped to greet it. Her first step was to borro money to put braces on Christine's teeth a put Christine in a private school—two adva tages she had missed herself.

Carol likes to tell stories of her ferocio discipline as Christine was growing up. T first time she caught Christine smoking, s allegedly told her, "If I catch you with a cig rette again, I'll shove it right through yo braces!" She recently did a radio spot f National Library Week, and when she saw t script for the first time, she began to gigg "There are a couple of great big *fibs* here," s said. "Christine and I don't exactly have 'lo conversations about books.' It's more lik 'Get that copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* o of the house!'"

Actually, the two sisters are thoroughly d pendent on each other in their respective fa ions, and their affection for and loyalty to e other are very real. Carol can look a repor in the eye and say, without a trace of gu "We love each other very much."

The two girls are different; Carol has se to it. Where Carol is driven, Christine serene. It is Carol's anxiety and joy to prov security. Her selection of school is one e dence of the sort of softhearted firmness t constitutes her general tack with the you She chose an all-girls' church boarding scho run by Episcopal nuns, and Christine w aghast. But Christine says now, with so awe, "Carol always knows the *right* thing do." Christine's native sweetness and stea ness helped. By the end of her first year s was elected class president. Now she is a t vent alumna, with the happiest memories close friends and gentle nuns.

And she is sailing into the kind of teen-s social life that bears no resemblance to Car harrowing descriptions of her own. There nothing worldly wise about her; she gets alo just fine with other girls—but she gets alo just fine with boys too. She is now 18, a brunette beauty, "stacked," as Carol sa "like Sophia Loren." She is a freshman o small resident campus (Moravian College Pennsylvania) with a fair aspect: 500 boys 300 girls. She quickly found "the grea bunch" there—both boys and girls—and w asked if being Carol's sister is a problem, looks surprised at the thought.

Christine's manners are so sweetly cou ous they make one think of that old-fashio phrase, "well brought up." She hopes to fi college and then marry. She spent last sum as a script girl on the road with Carol, had a heady time, but when Carol rece asked her, "Honey, how would you like to a counselor at a kids' camp this summe Christine merely gulped and said polit "Fine." During the tour, she arose every S day morning in a strange city and took her to church. To Carol, this was a marvel. ("I so proud!") Not, of course, because goin church is so remarkable, but because C must ask herself, like any parent, "What h I wrought?" and this was one answer.

The year 1962 brought one visible proc Carol's success after another. In May she t television's highest honor, an Emmy aw while the *Garry Moore Show* itself won other. In June, within two weeks of each ot

CONTINUED ON PAGE



***GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG***

*Isn't it true?*
*Your day's brightest moments are the ones you spend*
*Talking things over, over coffee.*
*Good coffee aroma. Great coffee taste. Friendly coffee talk.*
*And this is true, too: A little more coffee in your coffee*
*Means a lot more pleasure in your cup.*

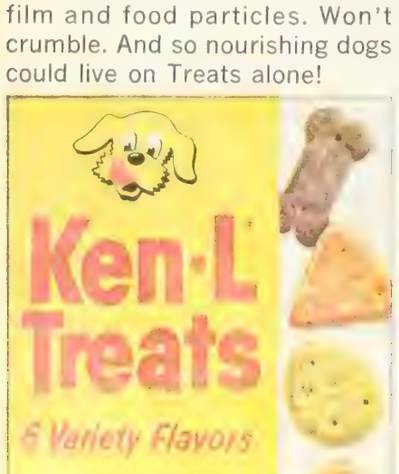
*How to become famous for your coffee. See page 134.* *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.*




THIS IS A "TOOTHBRUSH" for your dog!



More than just a snack, bone-hard **Ken-L Treats** provide vital exercise for teeth and gums! These are hard biscuits that help clean away film and food particles. Won't crumble. And so nourishing dogs could live on Treats alone!




6 DIFFERENT FLAVORS —everyone a treat!... Bone, meat, egg, fish, milk, cheese.


## THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER—OF CAROL BURNETT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

came a two-woman TV "special" with Julie Andrews, telecast from Carnegie Hall, and her last show as a regular with Garry Moore.

The special had grown out of Julie Andrews' guest appearances on the *Garry Moore Show*, where Julie and Carol had been teamed as natural foils from the first. The two became, and are still, devoted friends.

Bob Banner Associates knew a good thing when they had it going, and thus *Carnegie Hall* was born. The difference between Bob Banner and *Garry Moore Show* staffs is largely semantical. *Carnegie* had Irwin Kostal music, Ken Welch songs, and Joe Hamilton as producer-director. It had gags and galloping production numbers; the two girls took their bows from the bottom of a heap on the floor, panting hard. But it was a musical delight. Carol sang bits of *Wouldn't It Be Loverly*, Julie bits from *Oklahoma!* ("I cawn't say cain't"), and when they lit into the duet from *West Side Story*, the surprised audience burst into applause.

Carol remembers her last evening on the *Garry Moore Show* as a mixture of nightmare and fond tears. Prop men and principals contrived to make everything go wrong in the main sketch. Garry confided the joke to the audience beforehand. "It was really true, may God strike me dead," she says. "They went to an *awful* lot of trouble. Dur Kirby even walked around with a paper cup of what looked like whiskey beforehand, so I'd think he was tight." Onstage, zippers refused to open for her, Dur stole her lines, and characters failed to appear on cue. She desperately covered up for Dur until the skit's final collapse in shambles. It was an intramural joke that is still cherished by those involved in it—including Carol.

And just before the taping, the entire staff had gathered around her, wearing towels embroidered with WE'LL MISS YOU, CAROL, and presented her with a gold TV camera for her charm bracelet. "I cried. I was so sad—it was like leaving home. I didn't want to go—but after that send-off I *had* to."

Julie and Carol had planned to take *Carnegie* on the road last summer, but Julie found herself pregnant, and plans were changed. The show was rewritten around Carol. It was a clear break from the agreeable tradition of the college varsity-show team. She would be traveling with the old friends of years—the key production men from the *Garry Moore Show* plus a nucleus of its singers and dancers. She would have the assistance of the comedy team of Allen and Rossi. But the show was to be called *An Evening With Carol Burnett*, and she was its highly nervous star.

Ken swears that when they set about booking theaters, "managers threw up their hands and said, 'Carol for a *week?* We couldn't fill the house.'" The old Schubert in Detroit, which has staged almost every important play and player of the modern American theater, refused to give a guarantee. They could hardly be blamed. There simply weren't any statistics anywhere on Carol's solo pulling power.

By the end of the summer, the statistics were thunderingly in. Carol says, with a justified gleam of pleasure, "We were the only road show in the country that made money last summer. We broke records in every house we played." They had to put in extra seats at the tiny Schubert; she broke the records set by *My Fair Lady* and *South Pacific*. She packed 8,000-seat houses for a week in Pittsburgh and Kansas City, and 4,000-seat houses for two weeks in Indianapolis and Dallas. She galloped about in the Nausiev Ballet number from *Carnegie*. She used one of her *Garry Moore Show* classics: the Princess of Morovia getting looped on toasts. She developed her pantomime of the charwoman in the empty burlesque house, probably the most complex sketch she had done: half sparkling imp, half Chaplinesque waif. She lost 12 pounds in the course of the summer, and loved every minute of it. She and her troupe wound up at The Sands in Las Vegas, where they pulled in more people than Frank Sinatra's record numbers.

And by the time they reached Vegas, it was no secret to anybody around them that she and Joe Hamilton had fallen for each other. Carol stayed on in Vegas to get her divorce. Dorothy Kilgallen telephoned from New York to tell her that she would have to break the story. The press services picked it up, and soon everybody from coast to coast who cared to read knew that Carol had fallen in love with a man who sounded ideal in a strictly limited number of ways. He was 34, boyishly handsome, and extremely successful in her own business. He had begun his TV career as a singer on the Dinah Shore show, had graduated to assistant to Bob Banner, its producer. Bob, himself very young and very gifted, had gone on to create the production firm of Bob Banner Associates, and had put Joe in charge of the *Garry Moore Show*. Under Joe's hand, the show had reached new heights. But he was married, he and his wife were Roman Catholics, and they had eight children. His divorce plans depended wholly upon his wife. His most striking characteristic seemed to be his foredoomed unavailability.

Her managers wondered anxiously what this would do to the public's wholesome image of Carol. But her image seemed immune. For one thing, she soon afterward signed what she calls her "fantabulous" contract with CBS. It guarantees her $100,000 a year for the next ten years for one TV special and two guest spots. For another, she came back to New York in the fall, saying of the new *Garry Moore Show* season, "The baby daughter is away at college. Sure, she's missed, but you quickly get used to having her gone. My first guest spot will be like coming home for Thanksgiving." But it wasn't quite like that.



*Carol and Joe after rehearsal of bruising skit on Garry Moore Show. He asks if she is hurt.*

Garry's early fall ratings lagged over the previous year's, and when Carol made her first guest appearance in November, they shot up 25 percent. This has been a genuine embarrassment to her. She is rooting hard for Garry, is cheering on her quasi-successor, comedienne Dorothy Loudon ("They're talking about us doing a guest shot together. I'd love it!"), and is as delighted as anybody that his later ratings have stayed up. But she came back as a guest about once a month all winter, invariably to screams of joy from the live audience and jumps in the ratings. She had cause to lie awake at night and contemplate a remark of Ken's: "Carol is now *truly* a star."

Her first months back in New York were, except for the *Garry Moore Show* guest spots, her first break in years from a heavy working schedule. She made plans with all the people involved in her future: composer Jule Styne and playwrights Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who are writing a custom-tailored Broadway musical for this fall; Eileen Farrell, with whom she would do an album; Robert Preston, with whom she would do her first CBS special. (*Carnegie Hall* will also be rerun this summer, and another special, *Calamity Jane*, is scheduled for fall.

She slept late and filed a bushel basket of clippings in her orderly files. With Christine at college, and her cleaning woman, Mollie McGowan, in only twice a week, she is often alone in her modest two-bedroom apartment on Central Park South. She has some light-hearted art on the walls, but her long, narrow living room overlooking the park is basically somber, with a brown velvet couch, a huge carved-oak cabinet (packed with show albums) and a baby grand piano (Carol doesn't play, but her friends do).

When she wasn't having business lunches, she was at the Waldorf, sitting on the dais in some philanthropic cause having to do wit children (once three times in one week). Sh pursued her singing lessons. "Only with me it' yelling lessons. I began taking them durin *Mattress;* if I hadn't I couldn't have sung eigh times a week without getting laryngitis. Fo the first half hour we do scales—then we ope up the score of *Gypsy* and let go."

And during these fall and winter months she had time to think—or perhaps more accu rately, to agonize. Joe had moved to town to (his wife and children live in a suburb), an they had dinner, perhaps went to the theate or a movie every night. But his expectation that his wife would divorce him were not ma terializing, and the uncertainty of his plan was hard to take. When it was remarked t her that her professional life had just abou swallowed her private one, a look of real pai crossed her face, and she said between he teeth, "I wish it could!"

There was no doubt that she was badl smitten; even her face looked pinched. Bu she was also desperately unhappy in her rol of "other woman"; it was the most wildly un suitable miscasting of her career.

She was absolutely clear in her own con science that she had not initiated Joe's mar riage difficulties. When she talked about it she had to get up and walk about the room "Did *I* bust this up? Heck, no! *I'm* no femm fatale. *I* don't go knocking on doors saying 'I want your husband.'"

Their careful dinner dates were usually i the company of other couples. It was a re spectable "engagement" period, nothing else "Oh, no! Not for my own sake, or Chris's, o his. When I left Don I decided the kind o man I'd fall in love with. He'd be in the pro fession, so he could understand my problems but at the top—his career more importan than mine. He'd have to love children, be kind and have a wild sense of humor. Well. I've got him—yet I can't have him. God give some things and takes others away. I hav *every*thing—except this."

It was a fantastically unsatisfying situatio for a girl allegedly in love. Yet it is notabl that Carol never talks of love as a possessiv passion; she sees it in terms of an intens family life and plenty of children. She onc burst out, "I *have* to get married and hav children." She was badly shaken up after a evening at the Adolph Greens'. "I saw thei new baby, Adam. After dinner he cried, an Phyllis went in and sang him to sleep. Sh let me come in and watch. *Well!* This to m was the most beautiful thing! My reactio was almost embarrassing."

She has a cherished vision of marriage. "Sure I'd get the itch once in a while. But I'd settl down pretty much. I really would. What mean by settling down is *not* a weekly TV show. It's the theater. You can plan it so yo work hard for about three months, and the stop. I wouldn't be *totally* a career girl.

"If a real conflict came, if the chips wer down, you *betcha* I could choose for home Jobs and job offers come and go—husband and babies don't." She pauses, and then add solemnly, "A baby is so many days old onl *that one day!*"

It is impossible to resist the suspicion tha it was Joe the father who appealed to Carol a least as deeply as Joe the man. When broache with this, she said defensively, "Sure I wan children. But I want them with the man I love I've dated *other* men who were fathers; I coul have married one of *them*. I could go out an have kids with just *any*body. . . ." She look momentarily horrified.

Which raises the equally irresistible sus picion that Joe's unavailability was another o his charms. She didn't fall in love with an fathers except the one she couldn't have. He virtuous, hands-off approach in their relation ship effectively threw all the decisions back t him. Thus she was relieved of having to mak her own decision between her deep wish for family and her devotion to her career. Jo was the ideal man for a forlorn game of Let' Pretend. She was soon as sorry as anyone els

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



*Beautiful Hair*

# B R E C K

## THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Children's hair is naturally beautiful. Breck Shampoo is naturally gentle. That's why mothers like a Breck Shampoo for their children as well as themselves. Breck is pure — leaves hair soft, fragrant. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition.




**D** FOR DRY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair is especially made for those who have dry, brittle, hard to manage hair. It cleans thoroughly – gives your hair softness, manageability and lustre.




**O** FOR OILY HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Oily Hair is especially made for young adults and women with oily hair and scalp. It keeps the hair free of dulling oils–gives your hair life and sparkle.




**N** FOR NORMAL HAIR

Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair helps maintain the proper balance of natural oils. It cleans gently and thoroughly, yet is not drying–brings out the natural beauty of your hair.

ENJOY "GOING MY WAY" STARRING GENE KELLY ABC-TV NETWORK EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 8:30 P.M. E.D.T.

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Tiered, ruffled dance dress, Eloise Curtis. Sandals, Capezio

Be carefree — use Tampax! You always feel like dancing

(or swimming)



You feel so cool, so clean, so fresh with **TAMPAX** Worn internally, it's the modern way

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

## "WILL MY BABY COST ME MY FIGURE?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

One more thing. You will find that your ructions tell you to limit sharply the ount of salt used in your diet. In pregnancy oman's tissues tend to retain water, and more salt you eat, the more water may be tined. Sudden, excessive weight gain, swol- fingers and ankles, puffy eyes, should al- s be reported to your doctor. They may signs of possible pregnancy complica- ns.

Now, are there any specific questions you ld like to ask?"

A few," Phyllis said. "About smoking. I 't smoke more than 10 or 12 cigarettes a , but it would be a real struggle to give up oking entirely. Do I have to?"

If you smoke no more than 10 cigarettes a and feel that it would be upsetting to give m up, I see no harm in your continuing. If were a really heavy smoker you might my answer quite different, however," the tor said frankly. "I do *not* think it wise for oman to smoke heavily during pregnancy. ne years ago an old friend of mine, Dr. Ben

ompson, proved that—neonatally—there e routine traces of nicotine in the blood of ies of mothers who were heavy smokers. d recent studies seem to suggest that women o smoke tend to have smaller babies and re premature babies.

But some heavy smokers are really de- ndent on the habit. Forcing them to give it suddenly may mean more than just emo- nal upset—it may also encourage them to more. Many real addicts who are forced to e up smoking do put on weight. With such atient I don't attempt abrupt prohibition cigarettes, I try encouraging her to cut wn slowly until she reaches the permissible f pack a day. Most women go along with s. They don't want to smoke too much if it ght harm their babies. In really severe cases, dication-mild tranquilizers or ampheta- nes help, though they must be used with e."

Should I take vitamin pills?" Phyllis ed. "A friend of mine is taking some that mbine fluoride with the vitamins. She says extra insurance, so her baby will have d, strong teeth."

"Pregnancy supplements,' as we call them, inexpensive and convenient (one a day). I nk it is a pretty good idea to take them tinely, even though some of the constit- nts may not actually be required. Addition fluoride is wise where the local water sup- is not fluoridated, though not absolutely cessary where it is. I prescribe a complete supplement, starting early in pregnancy. It is apt to be needful during the stage of morning sickness, when poor food intake can create nutritional and vitamin deficiencies."

"Just one more question," said Phyllis. "What about drinking? Bob and I hardly ever drink anything more than a glass of beer or wine, but some of our friends do like a cocktail or two before dinner. When we entertain them or go to their houses, the question does come up."

"I don't have a hard and fast rule about this, Phyllis. I will tell you just what I tell each patient who asks me this question, and then the decision is up to you. In general, I think a woman is better off if she doesn't drink during pregnancy or takes only a very occasional, very mild drink. Cocktails, as usually taken before meals, stimulate appetite. Alcoholic drinks are in themselves highly caloric. The average cocktail has about 200 calories, a glass of beer has 115 to 150. Sweet wines have from 120 to 160 calories per 3-ounce glass. The light, dry wines have about half that number—something to remember if you do settle for a glass of wine when others are having their cocktails."

Mrs. Porter got to her feet. "Thank you, doctor. I'll try hard to remember everything you've told me."

"Don't forget to ask Mary Ann for the printed instructions I mentioned," the doctor said. "And we'll see you again in three weeks."

But when Phyllis Porter came in for her next examination three weeks later, she was obviously troubled. "According to my scales I've gained four pounds," she said. "That's too much, isn't it?"

After checking her weight on his office scales, the doctor agreed.

"I've really tried to follow the instructions you gave me." Mrs. Porter reached into her purse and pulled out a sheet of paper.

"I've planned my meals carefully, including the foods you said I should have. Here are yesterday's menus, for instance." She handed the sheet of paper to the doctor. "Why am I gaining more than I should? What have I been doing wrong?"

The doctor scanned her list of menus hastily. Breakfast: orange juice, egg, whole-wheat toast, coffee. Lunch: cup of soup, fruit salad, whole-wheat bread, glass of milk. Dinner: lamb chop, potato, green beans, fruit gelatin ("Bob had whipped cream on his. I didn't," Phyllis explained carefully), glass of milk.

"It doesn't look as if you're doing anything wrong," he said. Then, thoughtfully, he glanced at his watch. "You're my last patient this afternoon, so why don't we take a little extra time and study this more carefully. Maybe we can find the answer to those extra pounds. Now, at breakfast: orange juice, fine. How did you cook the egg?"

"Scrambled," Phyllis said. "Bob likes them best that way."

"With butter?"

She nodded. "About a tablespoon."

The doctor made a note. "Butter on the toast? Cream and sugar in the coffee?"

She nodded again, and he made another note. "Any snacks between breakfast and lunch?"

"Only a cup of coffee. A neighbor came over and—oh yes, she brought a coffee cake she'd baked, and I *did* have a small piece of that. She'd have been hurt if I hadn't. . . ." Her voice dwindled into silence as the doctor's pencil moved again. (He suspected and hoped that she might be making mental notes of her own; "learn to say no, even if it might hurt a friend's feelings.")

"Now lunch. What kind of soup did you have?"

"Cream of tomato. I thought it would be a good way to work in some of my daily quota of milk."

"Your salad, was it made with fresh, frozen or canned fruit? Did you have dressing on it?"

"Mostly canned fruit, with a tablespoon of mayonnaise."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

## QUEEN OF NIGHT

By CHARLES G. BELL

All night I have kept you waking
In the sweet unrest of love;
We have seen the gray moon streaking
The warm hills of home,
And the long moonlight probing
The fringed lake and the grove.

Now the day is breaking
And all the day birds are shrill;
Reason comes creating
In the blind depths of the will;
And to the world of making
I must follow the day's spell.

But you, my love, may take you
To the sepia land of dream.
Sleep, sleep, my soul's soft shadow;
I would not have you move,
Till the moon and I shall wake you
To the sweet unrest of love.




Play up your gray this care-free way with Tecnique Silver-Tone

- Highlights as it conditions as no ordinary rinse can!
- Won't run, won't streak, won't rub off as rinses do!

From salt-and-pepper to pure silver, Tecnique Silver-Tone has a beautiful way with gray. It adds glowing highlights as it does away with yellow tones. It even conditions! Fine oils bring new softness to your hair. Tecnique® has a built-in shampoo. Just apply, rinse, and you're through. Choose your shade from Silver-Tone's care-free six. $2 plus tax will get you two beauty treatments that'll last for weeks of compliments.




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Now Kotex comes in 4 proportioned sizes.

You choose the width, depth, and length that meets your absorbency needs.

Each napkin has the moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

Nothing protects quite like Kotex. That's why, now more than ever, Kotex is confidence.

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REGULAR
Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.

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Narrowest, deepest, shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.

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Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.

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For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

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Gerry Rhoads



Cathy at work on bed for our cover.



CARICATURES BY JOE KAUFMAN

Jim Abel

# JOURNAL NOW

Assistant-to-the-editor **Arthur Diedrick** became so engrossed in the teaching materials described in the **Doman-Stevens-Orem** article, *You Can Teach Your Baby to Read*, page 62, that photographer **Raymond Jacobs** could hardly pry them away from him to take the picture. "My daughter, **Marie-Louise,** is nearly two," Art explained. "If I don't teach her to read soon, she'll be retarded." Fortunately, he has a new daughter, **Danielle,** now five months old, and he will be able to get a book—or a magazine!—into her hands before she idles away her best years. If you want to try teaching your baby to read, you can order the Doman Reading Exposure Materials from the *Journal* (see page 126). One reward is certain for mothers who play this reading game: They will love their children even more. Loving is definitely a part of the game. **Glenn Doman,** the creator of the game, is director of the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential in Philadelphia; **George L. Stevens** and **Reginald C. Orem** are reading-improvement consultants in Washington, D.C.

Reading lesson No. 1: See our lovely cover girl. Her name is **Gretchen Harris.** See the baby? She is **Gretchen** the younger. See the little picture (above) of a lovely lady in the position of a praying mantis? She is sewing fabric on the mattress which made the background upon which Gretchen 1 and Gretchen 2 relaxed to make our cover. Her name is **Catherine Di Montezemolo,** the *Journal's* fashion editor. She is working.

"House buyers take what they can get instead of demanding what they want," Home Building Editor **John Brenneman** says. "People can have far better housing than they have now, but they have to ask for it." The *Journal* plans to help them ask for it. In *The Houses America Needs* (*The World We Want*, page 53), the proposal is stated fully. Anyone who reads it will be startled, informed, and ready to pound on the counter. *The Add-On House* portfolio (pages 55 to 61) is the beginning of *Journal* efforts to do no less than revolutionize housing standards and to promote an entirely new system of house design and construction.

**Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer** has known the President's wife since she was young enough to write the letters she now receives from children (see *Dear Mrs. Kennedy*, page 76). It was Molly who wrote the only authorized biography, *Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy*, published in the *Journal* in 1961 (remember the charming pictures from Mrs. Kennedy's personal albums?) and now available as a book (Doubleday, $4.95). A journalist since her teens, Molly has "visited *almost* too many places, met *almost* too many friends—but not quite, not yet." If you ever meet her, ask about her racing camels in Lebanon.

**Jim Abel,** our versatile new 31-year-old art director, claims his moustache is better than **Greg Birbil's** (for comparison, see the illustration for **Bruce Clerke's** *Get Set for Summer*, page 66, in which Greg appears as the barber). Jim says the only trouble with a moustache is that it ices up badly when he skis. "But it takes only one good strong hot-buttered rum to thaw it out," he says. And thus Jim's *second* hot-buttered rum is never too strong—and it's not so hot either.

*The Ladies' Home Journal Complete Diet Guide* is now on sale at most newsstands. According to Managing Editor **Gerry Rhoads,** who planned it, the *Diet Guide* will help solve everybody's diet problems, including teen-agers and men (and there's a No-Will-Power Diet for those with *that* problem). "It's a 'how to eat,' not a 'how to starve' anthology of the *Journal's* most famous diets," she reports, "with more than a hundred recipes for low-calorie dishes." *Journal* staffers (**Bruce Clerke, Grant Harris, Helen DeBerry, Dorothy Robinson, Jean Anderson, Elaine Ward-Hanna, Lois Stilwill, Jack Haring**) worked so hard on the *Diet Guide*, they claim they lost weight just *thinking* about it.

Fiction Editor **Jean Freeman** is vacationing in Greece this month, and **Victor Canning's** novel, *Margin of Peril* (page 64), carries all the fiction honors in this issue. The novel is a thriller. Jean's vacation might be too. Accompanying her is Editorial Associate **Jean Anderson** (*What Makes Southern Girls Different?* page 12). A note from the two Jeans says, "We are confident of our ability to get along because we know three Greek words: *oxi* (no), *mahleestah* (yes) and *voithia!* (help!)." Listen, girls, wherever you are, have you read about the heroine, Irina, in **Victor Canning's** novel? Those three words didn't help her a bit. The bad guys locked *her* in a cave (with a good guy).

# . . . AND THEN

**50 YEARS AGO** There's a Long, Long Trail began in May, 1913, when ladies wore frilly paper dresses garlanded with roses and daisies to May Day parties. The 60-floor Woolworth Building was completed, tallest in the world. Golden-haired Mary Pickford reigned as Movie Queen, and top attraction on Broadway was George M. Cohan's *Seven Keys to Baldpate.*

"American-made clothes and fashion designs" was the *Journal's* 1913 campaign. The magazine showed American gowns selected by President Wilson's three pretty daughters, Margaret, Jessie, and Eleanor.

"Seven years ago the *Journal* published its first editorial urging sex instruction for children," writes Editor Bok in the May, 1913, issue. "Thousands of letters of protests and cancellations came to this office, for this was a tabooed subject. Now it is discussed everywhere, in the press, from the pulpit, and before clubwomen. Before the *Journal* spoke up, there were ten books on the subject; now there are 185."

The fashion editor wrote, "An American society woman in Paris recently ordered six lace nightgowns at a cost of $1,000 each. She spent $1,200 for hats, $500 for stockings; with 40 to 50 Paris gowns, her wardrobe cost $100,000."

"Bushes you can plant for 25 cents: rose, white lilac, forsythia, or pink japonica."

"Thousands of graduates from nursing schools are earning as much as $10 to $25 a week."

NOW! BRIGHT NEW WAY
TO WELCOME SPRING...

Bouquet Salads

Sweet fresh fruits and tender you
vegetables fairly beg to be display
in this easy, but oh-so-glamorous n
way!

Start with one of the basic salads b
low, cottage cheese or your own favori
Waldorf or potato salad.

For "bouquet": Place plastic doily
flat plate. Mound salad in center. Ga

nish with greens and rings of fre
fruits or vegetables. Refrigerate. Ser
with additional Best Foods . . . the del
cate, subtly flavored mayonnaise th
never hides the flavor of other food

BASIC FRUIT SALAD

2 bananas, chopped
1 cup sliced strawberries
2 cups chopped pineapple
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/2 cup Best Foods® Real Mayonnais
1 cup cottage cheese

Combine Best Foods and cheese. Tos
with fruit. Garnish. Serves 4.

PEAR VARIATION: Follow above re
cipe, substituting 2 pears, choppe
1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/3 cup flake
coconut for strawberries, pineapple an
pecans.

BASIC VEGETABLE SALAD

2 cups diced carrots
2 cups sliced celery
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 cup sliced radishes
1 cup diced cucumber
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup Best Foods Real Mayonnais
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1-1/2 cups cottage cheese

Combine Best Foods, salt and cheese
toss with vegetables. Garnish. Serves 6

NOTE: These recipes were developed
with Best Foods and no other bran
can insure the same delicious results

This is no place for "second
best"! It takes real mayon-
naise—Best Foods—to bring
out the best in special salads
like these. Extra delicate and
light, Best Foods highlights
but never hides the natura
goodness of other foods.

this is no place
for "second best".




lring out the BEST FOODS...and bring out the best




AL FRANCEKEVICH

# TOILET TRAINING

**"When should his training begin? How long should it take? Should it continue when the baby seems to resist all of our efforts?"**

Of all the topics in child care, the one that has most baffled me—and many mothers—is bowel training. I've written previous articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal* in which I presented new slants I'd gained on the subject, and I've revised *Baby and Child Care*. But from the mail I get from mothers, I know I haven't solved the problem yet. To be sure, a majority of families make out well. But there is a minority who still suffer frustration.

In the first part of this century there was a lot of enthusiasm for early and vigorous training. This was thought to be the best way to establish regularity, bodily health, and general cleanliness. But meanwhile Freud and his followers were discovering that too harsh a training program could produce various personality difficulties. When physicians like myself learned about these risks, back in the 1930's, and when we actually saw babies, now and then, fighting frantically against the toilet or becoming much too worried about being clean, we thought it was our duty to warn all parents against making too much of an issue about the toilet. Unfortunately we were more clear about how training should not be done than just how it should be done, but we were always looking hopefully for clues.

We thought for a while that we had the right answer when we heard from some mother a story like the following: She had struggled conscientiously to train her first two children by starting early, keeping at it doggedly. But both children had rebelled and had resisted use of the toilet for bowel movements until about three years of age. When her third child came along, she was too discouraged to start trying. She just kept putting it off. Suddenly when he was nearing two years he took an interest in what his brothers were doing on the toilet, insisted on doing likewise, trained himself completely—for bowels and daytime urine—in a day or two and never relapsed. "Why didn't anybody tell me it could be this easy?" such a mother would ask reproachfully.

Letting a child train himself at two years sounded like a marvelous method. I recommended it to parents and held it up as an ideal in writing the first edition of *Baby and Child Care* in the early 1940's. But experience showed it was far from a universal solution. In the first place, not many mothers were willing to wait that long. And of those mothers who were willing, not many of their children showed this desire to train themselves without any help.

By 1955, at the time when I came to Western Reserve University to work, I was discouraged. If at the end of a talk to a group of college-educated young mothers (such as hospital interns' and residents' wives) I asked for questions, it always seemed as though a sizable proportion of the audience was having trouble with bowel training, even when their children were two and a half and three. Yet in the Well Baby Clinic in which I was teaching medical students, where almost none of the mothers had been to college and few of them did any reading, a great majority of the children were successfully trained by the age of two, without severity and without any evidence of psychological harm.

In 1958 a dozen of us from the departments of child psychiatry and pediatrics gained the financial support of the Grant Foundation for a study of some of the unsolved problems of child rearing, and we agreed that toilet training was one of the areas which particularly needed clarification. The parents who volunteered for this co-operative study were predominantly college educated. When we came to review the training of the first dozen children when they were two years old, we were startled to realize that though some of the mothers had had good success, a larger number had not been able to make much progress, despite repeated efforts and despite the encouragement of the staff. In other words, the old problem of bowel training was right there under our noses CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

**BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.**

Every good washer washes clothes . . .

# . . . only a very good washer automatically washes each fabric properly

pretty
party dresses . . .



rugged
play clothes . . .



wash
n' wears . . .



even diapers
and delicates!



# This RCA WHIRLPOOL is a very good washer

This new RCA WHIRLPOOL 2-speed washer automatically controls washing time, temperature *and* agitation. It washes delicate things gently, at *low* speed; does heavier things at a brisk *high* speed! And, for heavily soiled clothes, this new RCA WHIRLPOOL washer gives you Super-Wash . . . a special new cycle that pre-washes *and* pre-soaks . . . all automatically! And, this RCA WHIRLPOOL also offers you an extra cycle that cools down wash 'n' wear clothes before spinning them . . . and so helps prevent wrinkles from setting in. Your RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer will be happy to demonstrate it for you.




RCA Whirlpool

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## Gleams without polishing, wears a lifetime, always in good style...Nickel-quality stainless steel

There's Nickel in the stainless steel of which these housewares are made. See how they gleam? Yet there's no upkeep problem in that soft, rich lustre. Nickel stainless steel keeps its beauty without polishing.

Look at those well-styled lines. Quality stainless steel products are designed to be in good taste for years to come.

Think how durable! With all their grace and loveliness, Nickel-quality products like these shrug off the hard knocks and bumps of everyday use.

Quality housewares with the gleam of Nickel stainless steel are now being featured in leading stores. In housewares, as in sinks and hundreds of other products, Nickel is used because its contribution is quality.

Write for the free booklet "Carefree Living with Stainless Steel," Dept. K-25.

**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., New York 5, New York**

NICKEL
its contribution is
QUALITY

## DR. SPOCK: TOILET TRAINING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

ain. We tried to work more concentratedly th the mothers in analyzing where the train- g difficulties came from and in helping them overcome them.

Let me review for a minute some of the ages in a young child's attitude toward bowel nction. In the first year it's a matter of re- xes rather than attitude. When the move- ent accumulates in the rectum and presses ainst the anus from the inside, it makes the by push automatically. He doesn't think out it. If he's naturally regular, his mother ay catch him on a potty. After being caught r weeks, he'll begin to push as soon as he els the rim of the pot. This is a conditioned flex.

In the first half of the second year a child nerally becomes aware that the movement is s own—provided he has a chance to see it in he piece or to see that it comes out of him. his is the age when he's discovering his body, s individuality, his will. He usually develops possessive pride in his BM. He'll talk about in the potty or play with it if it gets out of the aper in bed. He'll show it proudly to his par- nts and perhaps sniff it appreciatively. There no disgust. And if his movement was previ- sly being caught, he may now begin to resist tting it out while he's on the potty chair or ilet; he may rebel against surrendering it so adily to his mother. Then as soon as he gets o he lets it go. He's apt to feel a bit secretive out the business and to choose a hidden spot hind the door or sofa.

Somewhere after a year and a half we may gin to see a shift from a possessive attitude

**ever attempt to bear more than one ind of trouble at once. Some people bear ree kinds: all they have had, all they ave now, and all they expect to have.**

**EDWARD EVERETT HALE**

one of uneasiness and dislike, especially if a ild's parent is trying to encourage the ange. He looks a bit uncomfortable after he s soiled his diaper or he may make some nd of a sign to his mother, meaning that he'd efer to be cleaned up. Later still he will sig- l before he's passed the movement. He may t disgusted with the smell or with getting a t of the substance on his hand. Once he has cepted training, he's apt to be anxious and ilty about an accident—or even about get- ng his hands dirty in garden soil. He fears at this will antagonize his parent.

What are the factors that delay training so ften in the United States, especially in college- vel families? In our study, each of us kept in ose touch twice a month with the mother we ere counseling, about what was happening in e third year, and we reviewed again the eriod from one to two years. We came to the nclusion that the commonest factor was in- fficient persistence—not because of laziness ut because of anxiety. Most of the mothers ad started to try to accustom the baby to a air or toilet by a year and a half. A few of em made steady progress, and their children ere trained for bowel movements by two ears. But some had no success in catching the ovements, and after a while abandoned their orts temporarily. Others caught the move- ents for a while, but eventually ran into re- stance—resistance to passing the movement r to sitting on the seat—and so they stopped ying. Months later they would try again r a while, but again make no satisfactory rogress and stop. The mother's reason for ot persisting was usually the fear that it would rouse too much antagonism in the child.

Of course this common anxiety about the anger of making children hostile comes artly from books and articles like mine, from hild-psychology courses in college, from the dvice of pediatricians. And this danger of cre- ting a persistent hostility does occur in a very w cases. But we physicians and psychologists ave obviously made 20 times as many mothers scared of it as need to be. With our well-meant efforts we've complicated toilet training.

I think that we made our greatest mistake in focusing too exclusively on the child's pos- sessiveness of his bowel movement, his re- sistance to his mother's taking over. We should have emphasized that there are other strong drives and motives at this stage of develop- ment that work in *favor* of toilet training. The child is interested in achieving mastery over bodily functions, as we can see, for example, in his delight in climbing, his desire to progress from finger feeding to spoon and then to fork.

He is fascinated with the idea of putting ob- jects into containers, removing them, replacing them—ad infinitum. He wants to give presents, as shown by the way he will pile possessions in the lap of a visitor—though we have to admit that he is almost as interested in getting them back. His capacity for becoming uncomfort- able at being soiled, or disgusted with the feel and smell of the movement are built into his instinct system to facilitate toilet training. (This capacity occurs in other animals too.) Then there's the all-powerful ambition to do things in a grown-up way. Perhaps most im- portant of all is the satisfaction a child gains from pleasing his parent and from working out any co-operative business with the parent, from patty-cake to bedtime rituals.

Mothers who become anxious about arous- ing antagonism can easily overlook these fa- vorable factors. One may give up her training efforts and put her child back in diapers be- cause of slow progress, despite the fact that he objects vigorously to this indignity. Another may decide against taking her child to the bathroom, even when he is saying "potty," because she is discouraged about how often he balks when he gets there. Another still may in- terrupt training that is making good progress because she detects what she thinks is indirect evidence of resistance; for example, a rash that might be psychosomatic.

You may ask why I keep implying that bowel training preferably should be accom- plished by about two years of age. What's the disadvantage in waiting until three? First, I believe that most American parents, from long tradition, expect bowel training by about two and are at least mildly irritated at their children when they don't make the grade—though they may not feel consciously that it makes any difference. Second, and more im- portant, our study has convinced me that most children of two have all the drives, percep- tions, physical controls, and means of com- munication that are required. When a child has the capabilities to succeed and knows further- more that his parents would like him to suc- ceed, then I think it's better for him to be suc- ceeding. For if he doesn't—partly because of his rebellious feelings and partly because his mother is hesitant to ask him to—he gets stuck in a rut. His negative feelings are allowed to stay on top. It's very tempting to him to go on foiling his mother. As the months go by, he's apt to become more convinced inside that he's a baby, and this may be something of a drag on his emotional and social growth.

I'm not saying that I think all children *must* be bowel trained by two, or that if not they will surely be maladjusted. I'm only saying that I think it's better to set this as a target, rather than let the process drag out for an extra year of mutual irritation. However, I still don't have a prescription that is guaranteed to work. (How I wish I did!) In fact, in our study when we tried to make available what we had learned from our first group of children to the parents of a second group born a year later, we were only moderately more successful.

A potty chair on the floor has several advan- tages over a seat that fits over the adult toilet. The child can climb onto it himself, feels that it is his own property. He is not made uneasy by being high above the floor, does not de- velop the worry about falling into the big toilet and being swept away in the flushing. It's a sensible idea, if a potty chair is to be used, to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136




# Here's how the best cook in Danbury, Conn. makes fried chicken with no greasy taste



**Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, Jr.**
First Prize Winner, Cooking Contest
Danbury State Fair, 1961-1962
Goshen Fair, 1961
Bridgewater Fair, 1961

To avoid greasy taste in any kind of fried chicken,
I always fry right with Crisco
And for a tangy tropical touch –
- Sprinkle raw chicken liberally with lemon juice
- Sprinkle lightly with poultry seasonings, salt & pepper
- let stand ½ hr. - flour chicken thoroughly
- fry over medium heat till crisp & tender

Mrs. Smith's
"Tropical Fried Chicken"



## Why Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste!

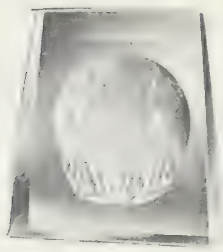
New Crisco is different from other shortenings. It has an exclusive vegetable formula with added special protection against greasy taste. Crisco works in your frying pan to make foods fried right turn out crisp, digestible, delicious—with no greasy taste. No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

You see, every ounce of Crisco is highly unsaturated vegetable shortening—no animal fat. In fact, Crisco has doubled the preferred unsaturates many scientists believe are better for you. So for all your baking and frying use new Crisco . . . Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste.




**CRISCO**

- EXCLUSIVE VEGETABLE FORMULA
- HIGHLY UNSATURATED
- SO DIGESTIBLE



## THE WORLD WE WANT

*Part of the world we want is right under our own roof—the house we live in. And there, our dreams can be compromised by reality. Even when we willingly mortgage our earnings for 20 or 30 years, most of us cannot afford the house we need—and should get for our money: space, beauty, privacy, dignity, convenience. But we should not be resigned to the situation. The houses America needs are within reach. The first step is enough knowledge to know how to get them, even to demand them.* CURTISS ANDERSON Editor

# The Houses America Needs

All our wealth and inventiveness have brought us close to the material world we want in almost every area except housing.

There are about 58,000,000 houses in the United States. More than 11,000,000 of them—nearly one house in five—do not even have adequate plumbing. But these are not our concern of the moment. They are universally recognized as substandard, and we know something will be done about them.

There is a much more subtle threat: The houses most of us live in—even the very newest—lag as much as half a century behind the times in design and quality.

Our $20,000,000,000 building industry is chronically sick. True, it operates. Houses are built because they *must* be built, no matter how. But the industry is so overpowered by its problems that we are denied the fruits of efficient private enterprise in the biggest single investment most families make.

We build houses today almost exactly as we did before the Civil War. Practically every building code in use is based on a lumber-framing system devised during the 1840's and 1850's and made possible by the mass production of the common nail.

House building is the only remaining craft industry of our industrial age, yet most of its craftsmen have long since disappeared, and we can no longer afford the few who remain.

Fifty years ago, large building-material producers, such as the great lumber companies, dominated the housing industry. They sold their products to local lumberyards, who sold to small builders, who built houses for individuals. There was little demand for change; the comfortable hierarchy functioned so profitably that few people in it ever gave a thought to social forces that might someday require mass methods.

Well into the 1920's housing was an unbridled, freewheeling industry. But by 1925 its prosperity began to fade. The stock-market crash of 1929 carried away the last memories of happy days for the traditional building industry.

The depression was a period of onrushing migration and city growth. A new generation of mass builders and home manufacturers—the prefabbers of that day—began to grow. They offered something new: low-cost building methods. They soon became large enough to develop their own sources of supply. In the face of this cheap competition, the older producers could only raise the banner of solid, slow, traditional methods. The tactic failed; the newcomers were here to stay.

But the emphasis on tradition stayed too, reinforced by public rejection of a wave of incredibly ugly, boxy, stucco and glass-brick houses that crudely imitated the International Style being developed in Europe. They were labeled "modernistic," a name that persists with unpleasant connotations to this day. The slowly reviving energies of the old industry were forced into tooth-and-claw price competition; no energy was left over for the natural process of innovation which might have carried the day and saved the industry in the long run.

In 1934, the Federal Housing Administration was established. With 2,000,000 people in housing out of work and the industry virtually paralyzed, the National Housing Act brought badly needed aid. Mortgage insurance for new houses followed in 1935, and the low-down-payment, Government-insured mortgage was evolved. Gradually, the FHA Minimum Property Standard building codes became the standards of the entire housing industry.

To this day, most Americans believe that if they have houses built to FHA codes they have the best sort of construction. Let it be clearly stated: These codes were, and are, minimum standards. FHA regulations are really a statement of the poorest product any responsible builder can produce.

Thus the depression transformed the housing industry into an unwilling quasi-public utility, whose shortcomings are subsidized and whose growth is dictated by the Government.

While Government-insured loans cover only 30 percent of the new houses built, competition has made it almost economic suicide for any conventional builder to stray far from the pattern of conformity to Government minimum standards. These standards are woefully inadequate today.

Federal officials have recognized that standards are too low, and in 1958 they raised them to allow higher loan commitments for quality materials. The move has met with only limited success, because the rulings of the central FHA office are interpreted and administered by local offices which have almost complete autonomy, and can interpret new rules almost as they please. These offices are subject to all the pressures from all the people who have no desire to upset the status quo. There is no counterforce of public opinion, so the quality of housing remains at the minimum level.

For example, in Arizona the local FHA offices would like to recognize and approve a new type of bathroom with molded-plastic walls and fixtures. Approval is being bitterly opposed by the makers of conventional surfaces and fixtures, who argue that their margin of profit is so small they cannot afford to compete with a quality improvement.

The argument is repeated over and over in other offices by makers of other products. If a manufacturer cannot get his product recognized by the FHA with a valuation that will allow the Government-loan commitment to cover its added cost, the product will very likely never be produced. Such battles should be fought in the marketplace, where consumers are the arbiters. Instead, they take place in Government chambers, and new products are discarded before the public learns about them.

The quality of houses has been further depressed by the growth of the "trade-up" market. Housing-industry leaders, cocking an eye at the auto industry's success with trade-ins, and reading statistics that one person in five moves every year, decided that people should trade their houses not only in but *up*, for bigger ones.

When the bigger houses came along, people bought them. But too often the small houses they moved out of were simply abandoned. With practically no money invested in their houses, many people found it cheaper to let them go to the Government—as the mortgage insurer—rather than take the time and trouble to sell them.

The bigger houses, usually with three bedrooms and sometimes one and a half baths, have quickly become "minimum" houses. They are only slightly bigger, and very little better, than the ones they replace. With the encouragement of the industry, most young couples who buy them still consider them temporary way stations on the quest for the "good house" they hope to have someday.

Our modern pattern of moving upward from house to house has become a Pandora's Box operation. Few people, escaping from one inadequate house to another house they do not really want, will invest in quality. The house needs to be only good enough to last a few years. After that it can go to seed.

And it does. Builders have used this situation as an excuse to cut corners in thousands of substandard houses. The full impact of their cheapness is yet to be felt. Great numbers of these houses built after World War II are just beginning to age to the point of real deterioration. CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

**We present The Add-On House, the first of the Journal's unit houses planned to solve America's housing needs, on page 55.**

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN, A.I.A.
HOME BUILDING EDITOR



# This new Philco doesn't care how often you open the door

*PHILCO "Instant Cold" Chills Faster, Runs Less Time — Quieter, too!*

Nowadays, everything goes in the refrigerator! Pickles, pastries, soda pop, pizza... you name it! Your refrigerator door has become the busiest door in the house. And every time you open it, warm air rushes in and raises the temperature inside. So your refrigerator has to work overtime trying to keep temperatures down. That's why Philco built the new "Instant Cold" Refrigerators... with up to 63% more Reserve Power. Even if you open the door 40, 50, 75 times a day, the inside temperature drops instantly when the door is closed. Foods stay in their "safe cold zone" longer... are preserved better! Salads, gelatin desserts, puddings, beverages chill faster... are ready to serve sooner. Yet Philco "Instant Cold" Refrigerators run less time... and quieter, too! See these 2-door Automatic and No Frost "Instant Cold" Refrigerator-Freezers from Philco today!

PHILCO A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*



# THE ADD-ON HOUSE

*Architect:* **JOHN BRENNEMAN,** *A.I.A., Home Building Editor;* **CYNTHIA KELLOGG,** *Decorating Editor;* **MARGARET DAVIDSON,** *Home Management Editor;* **ALICE KASTBERG,** *Editorial Associate;* **ELIZABETH GOETSCH,** *Editorial Associate. Interior Designer:* **NORMAN SHEPHERD,** *A.I.D., N.S.I.D. Manufacturer and builder:* **THE CRAWFORD CORPORATION.** *Photographs:* **ERNEST SILVA.**

The picture above gives you a glimpse of the ideal surroundings most of us dream of—and wistfully aspire to only in some distant future. Our Add-On House, built in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where it will be on display early in May, now brings the dream within reach of almost any couple able to buy or build a house. It is designed to solve today's most serious housing problem: putting up handsome, long-lasting quality at a reasonable price.

This is the first of a series of manufactured houses, *The Houses America Needs*, in which the *Journal* will co-operate with a group of home manufacturers and producers of materials and equipment to introduce a simple new concept of housing. We call it "unit planning"—meaning that the house is composed of several small structures, each the size of a two-car garage or larger, each with a special function, all tied together with enclosed passages. This flexible, moleculelike structure opens up all sorts of new opportunities for beauty, individuality and living convenience.

For example, the traditional house on its lot wastes land--sometimes as much as five sixths of the land around it. Unit planning puts all that space to work. It treats land as a checkerboard, filling in certain squares with enclosed living space and developing the remaining outdoor spaces for special uses. We not only can get two or three times more house on an average lot than we used to, but the open spaces between the units become entry courts, dining terraces, play terraces, sun courts, formal gardens, pool enclosures, and the like. Unit planning makes expansion practical for the first time, because it eliminates cutting into existing construction and replacing inadequate facilities. The added unit is simply built 15, 20 or 50 feet away and attached by a passageway to a preplanned opening in the original, or "starter," structure.

Now you can build the house you really want in the first place, and put down roots. The hardships of moving—changing schools, cutting neighborly ties, starting lawns and

# THE ADD-ON HOUSE

worrying about selling the old house—can become a thing of the past

Your first house grows with your family. With a unit house, you can afford quality. It is essential to start with good land and good planning, and to invest from the beginning in quality materials and equipment, sacrificing space if necessary. Space can easily be added later, but poor-quality materials deteriorate and their replacement is expensive.

Our Add-On House is built in three stages (yours could have two, perhaps, or even five). The starter house—for a young family—contains living and dining rooms, kitchen, family room and a bath. The family room functions at this stage as a bedroom, or even—with a movable storage partition—as two bedrooms.

We show the Add-On House here in stage two, with a sleeping unit for children. It provides large bedrooms, luxurious tiled baths and a laundry. It can be built to suit, with fewer or more bedrooms.

The third unit, added when the children are school age, is a private retreat for the parents. It contains a study or den, bedroom, dressing room and bath.

All three units can be built at once, of course. They make a far more exciting and adaptable house than a conventional one—at about 10 percent higher cost. This is not an "economy house." No one can suddenly cut the price of quality. But you can buy your house in reasonable installments, unit by unit, as your family grows and your buying power increases:

1. Buy a good lot in a neighborhood that suits the house you eventually want. You will spend more for land and less for house at this stage.
2. Go to a manufacturer and outline a house with two or three or four units (or as many as you please) in the exact combination of rooms you hope to have. You may change your plans as you please later, but start with a long-range master plan.
3. Build the first unit or two—whatever you can afford at the time, financing the purchase with an open-end mortgage (one which can be increased in value at any time during its term when you want to borrow more money).
4. Later, when you are ready, go back to the manufacturer and buy the next unit, just as you would buy open-stock silverware or china.
5. Increase your open-end mortgage to accommodate the new purchase. The total money outlay will be about the same as if you were to sell one house and buy a bigger one. Now, however, you will have the money you might have spent for moving expenses to invest in the house. There will be no real-estate fees or mortgage closing costs, and utilities such as water and sewer will already have been installed.
6. Repeat the process whenever you add another unit.

The crowning glory of this house is the pleasure it gives to those who live in it. Walk through the house. Imagine yourself entertaining in one side while your children sleep undisturbed in the other. See yourself sunning in seclusion on the master-bedroom terrace. Stand in these rooms and look out, not into a neighbor's windows, but at the intimacy of your own house and enclosures. A well-planned, aesthetically satisfying house is a daily joy. No one investing in a home should have to settle for less than this.

Besides the Crawford Corporation, the *Journal* also worked closely with U.S. Steel Corporation, U.S. Gypsum Company, U.S. Plywood Corporation, Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, E.I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Tile Council of America and the Edwin L. Wiegand Company to introduce new products in The Add-On House. The house will be distributed by a nationwide group of home manufacturers, listed on page 122.

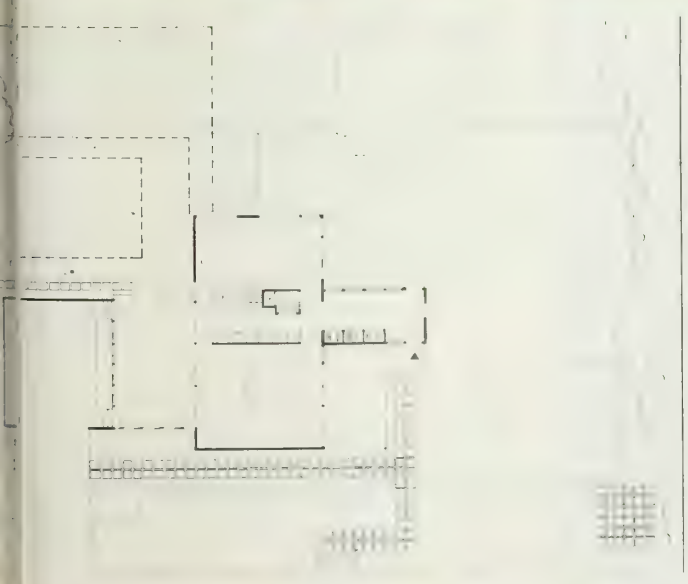


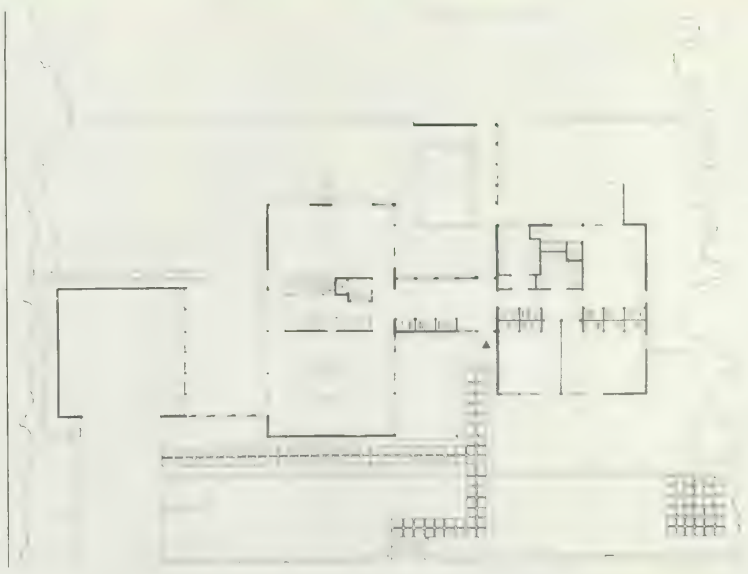



*Above:* Unit concept shows here. At left, with white Ted panels, is living unit. Blue ceramic-tile-paneled sleepir unit is at right. Rest of exterior is stained redwood boards and plywood. Sliding panded aluminum screens w like shutters for sun control privacy. Central entry hall connects units, giving house "H" shape and creating a pleasant latticed terrace outside living room. Covere walk leads to front door.

*Left:* COMPLETE HOUSE PLAI Use it to locate walks, driveway, decks and terrace Leave undeveloped space where terrace is at lower right for service trucks, to build add-on units.







*Far left:* STARTER HOUSE—may be built with or without garage, formal entry hall. Land allocated to future units may be left in grass or gravel play yard. Wedge temporary walls (dotted lines) between finished floor and ceiling.

*Left:* INTERMEDIATE HOUSE—as we built it. Tile panels behind reflecting pool mark the start of the third unit, and unpolished gray plate-glass panels (photo, page 55) are part of the passageway to come. This could be the finished house if desired.





Living room (above), separated from the dining are by a free-standing fireplace, mixes old and new fu nishings. Colors are limited to bold strokes in upho stery and paintings, creating a cool color scheme tha makes the room look more spacious. The glass-toppe coffee table, large enough to eliminate the need fo end tables, contributes to the uncrowded look. Con trasts in textures add decorating warmth: plaid linen houndstooth tweed and smooth leather for upholstery a felt cover, studded with nails, on the sofa table, wool rug in a tile pattern on the real tile floor. A old architectural detail, refinished, is used as a wa bracket beside a modern painting by Xavier de Callata

The entry hall sets the mood of airy decorating in sunstruck climate, with a quarry-tile floor louvere closet doors, brilliant blue-and-green notes. In keepin with a cool, breezy look, furnishings are few—a bench ferns, a painting and an antique bird cage hung in one corner. The stand for the plant is an old iron fence post painted emerald. Painting is by Xavier de Callatay





The dining area is on the other side of the see-through fireplace in the living room. Plank-top table, painted chairs and two armoires, separated by a carpenter-made serving counter, recall the furnishings of a house on the Mediterranean. In the same mood is the chandelier, an old wrought-iron one wired for electricity. On the walls: over the counter, a painting by Hubert Hanush and, right, a relic of New Orleans's famed iron filigree, simply hung on the wall.



The dining terrace shows how spaces between units work as sheltered outdoor rooms. Sliding doors to kitchen and dining room (at right) open indoor areas to outdoor one for parties, and movable expanded-aluminum screens create a breezy, appealing enclosure. Lightweight aluminum furniture repeats the Mediterranean look in its modernized Spanish silhouettes.

he two-unit version of the Add-On House was decorated for the busiest me in the family's life—the "entertaining years." The first unit was rnished for parties, with an elegant living room for grownups, a gay mily room for teen-agers. The second unit of bedrooms was furnished r the privacy that every member of the family needs.

The decorating plan fuses the two units into one happy whole. It in-lves two strong new trends: a refreshing blue-and-green scheme, arming "Mediterranean" furniture styles. Norman Shepherd, who de-gned the interiors, interpreted these trends in a variety of fresh adapt-le ways throughout the house.

We know the rule has been never to use blue and green together. But ny not? These colors are the most natural decorating duo in the world, a glance outside will remind you. This is what this scheme does for the dd-On House—and any home. It visually cools the rooms. It has a anquilizing effect on people (men, we find, love it!). It creates a young, w background that wakes up traditional furnishings, a bright, lively e that complements streamlined modern designs. You can vary the lor recipe to establish different decorating moods—brilliant jewel tones for a lively setting, gentle shades of sea and meadow for a soft, feminine room, neutrals like khaki for a sophisticated, masculine interior. You can add blues and greens just as strong accents in a white room or you can splash these colors all over the walls and floor. As a starter, you could try out the idea with a few vivid towels in the bathroom, or a summer slipcover change in the living room.

The Mediterranean furniture styles will appeal to families who love countrified furniture but want something more elegant than Early American or French Provincial designs. These styles, based on traditional ones in countries that border the Mediterranean, hint of a villa on the Riviera or a castle in Valencia. They include tables with ornate iron bases, chairs with filigree backs, storage units modeled on the French armoire.

Such traditional styles make a pleasant, heartwarming contrast with modern architectural backgrounds, which, in this house, include quarry-tile and vinyl floors that underline the Mediterranean look. To play up this contrast of old and new, we added modern furniture, as comfortable, tailored sofas; used modern patterns and weaves in fabrics, papers and rugs; finished off with antique decorative objects and modern paintings.

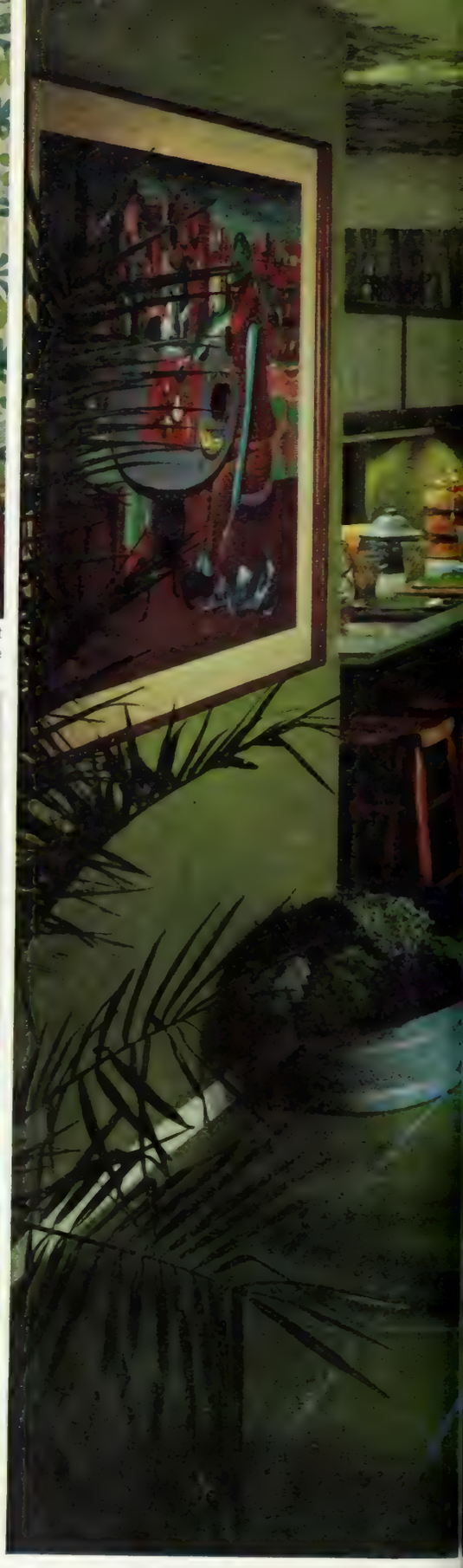
BEDROOMS AND BATH SHOWN ON PAGE 118. FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 122.



The kitchen is tied to family room by tile-design vinyl floor and hand cutouts that spill across the ceiling and wide counter for eating or making snacks. The 30″ electric range has eye-level oven, surface unit that holds preset heat, and matching ventilator. By outside door (at left) there's a sink plus handy drinking fountain



Compact two-wall arrangement works well—traffic bypasses it. Refrigerator is for fresh food (its ice-cube space is small); freezer holds cubes aplenty plus frozen food. Neither needs defrosting. All cabinets are nonrust, nonwarp; solid plastic doors clean easily. Kitchen's basic white puts major expense in long-time materials.



The fun of the family room is its function. It's pretty, practical and loves a good party. Furthermore, it's two-faced (but in the nicest way), which explains the twin sofas in tandem position. One faces the television, hi-fi and family library housed and partly hidden behind closed doors (the storage wall's arched design is an echo of Old New Orleans). The second sofa looks across the room through sliding glass doors to a deck area punctuated by a reflecting pool (at right). Both are for sitting, snoozing and overnight sleeping (the guest bath is nearby). And they can be eased out of the way when twisters take over (the blue-and-green vinyl fitted into a flagstone pattern is just the floor for it). The floor colors, incidentally, key the scheme. Game headquarters for this fun-and-games room is the octagon topped table on an iron base which is an updated adaptation of a Spanish antique. Its uses are many: cards, confab, family meals. No need to worry about noise—the walls are sensibly hung in a sound-absorbing felt that's also stain, flame and moth resistant. The kitchen and family room have been purposely allied so that teen-age short-order cooks can broil hot dogs or build Dagwoods and still be a part of the party. The snack counter, open above, serves to separate and join the two rooms, is made extra wide for both eating and serving. Its own stainless-steel sink, equipped with an ice-water bubbler, makes it the perfect home base for barkeeping.

LAUNDRY AND POWDER ROOMS SHOWN ON PAGE 120. FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 1

y is the family room a favorite? Color—it's a relaxing scheme, conducive
good times. Arrangement—there's room for everyone, every activity
ether it's playing games or records, snacking or snoozing. Durability—
ery surface is easy to care for, quick to clean. Painting by Noel Rockmore.

*o get Storage Wall plans, send $1 for Storage Wall Plan JE No. 2982 to Refer-*
*ce Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa. Pa. residents add 4% sales tax.*

eckerboard pattern of house and terraces shows here. Reflecting pool,
hind entry, divides duckboards into three terraces for different activities.
ding doors open out from every room. Sleeping unit is on left with master-
droom terrace protected behind glass screen. Family room is at right.



# You can teach your baby to read

**Few articles ever written can actually change the world. This is one. It will be talked about in every home with small children—it may shake the foundations of American education.**

In this amazing "how to do it" article, the *Journal* is presenting—for the first time to a national audience—a concept of the teaching of reading which may have truly revolutionary consequences for American education. If you do *not* want your very young child to learn to read, or feel it may be bad for him, do *not* attempt the personal teaching program outlined here.

Reading has generally been regarded as too difficult a skill to be acquired by the preschool child, but all normal preschool children manage to master one or more spoken languages. Every well child can speak rather fluently at the age of three. No one doubts a baby will learn to speak English, French, or Russian if his parents do. If the household is trilingual, he will master three languages before he is five! As little thought has been given to this miracle of speech mastery as to the assumption that a small child cannot learn to read.

There is overwhelming evidence, both scientific and anecdotal, both historical and contemporary, that many children learn to read before the age they normally start to school. Many of our greatest scientists and scholars, men like J. S. Mill, Samuel Johnson and Norbert Weiner, learned to read before they were six. Of course, such men were probably born with superior mental potentiality, but their genius was obviously stimulated by their extensive early reading. Does a high IQ produce an early reader, or does early reading produce a high IQ?

The authors of this article—a child developmentalist and two reading specialists—believe that the language aptitude of the young child is a transitory condition of the central nervous system which could apply to all forms of language, written or spoken. In their view, if the majority of children do not learn to read the "natural way," the way they learn to talk, it is because they are not given the opportunity.

Because of the high degree of success Glenn Doman, and many mothers he has instructed, have had in teaching tiny children to read, and because it is a game which neither baby nor mother can lose, the *Journal* is making the Doman Reading Exposure Materials available to its readers. A note at the end of this article will tell you how to get them.

It's astonishing that we adults have succeeded in keeping the secret of reading away from the children as long as we have. It's a wonder that the children, with all their brightness—and bright they are—didn't catch on. The only reason some careless adult hasn't spilled the beans to the three-year-olds is that we adults haven't known the secret either. But now it's out.

The most important secret is that we have made the print too little.

The underdeveloped visual pathway of the one-, two- and three-year-old just isn't sophisticated enough to differentiate one word from another. It is possible, of course, to make the print too small for even the sophisticated visual pathway of the adult.

These are the facts:

1. Tiny children *want* to learn to read.
2. Tiny children *can* learn to read (and the younger the child, the easier it is).
3. Tiny children *are* learning to read (and to read better).
4. Tiny children *should* learn to read (because it is good to be able to read).

These facts are true and they are simple. Perhaps all truths are simple, and for that reason very difficult to see. *There are few disguises harder to penetrate than the all-enveloping cloak of simplicity.*

You can teach your baby to read. This article will tell you how to go about it.

Most sets of instructions begin by saying that unless the instructions are followed precisely you will get bad results. In contrast, about the instructions which follow, it is safe to say that no matter how poorly you carry them out, your two-year-old is almost sure to learn more than he would if you hadn't tried. This is one game you win, to a degree, no matter how badly you play it! You would have to do it incredibly badly to produce no result.

Nonetheless, the more cleverly you play the game of teaching your tiny child to read, the quicker and the better your child will learn. *(Note: This method is not necessarily suitable for children over the age of six when many factors may contribute to reading disability.)*

The best time to teach your child to read with little or no trouble is when he is about two years old. Beyond two years of age, the teaching of reading gets harder every year. If your child is five, it will be easier than it will be when he is six. Four is easier still, and three is even easier. If you are willing to go to a little trouble, you can begin when your baby is 18 months old or—if you are very clever—as early as 10 months.

It is certain that from two years of age on, the sooner you start to teach your child to read, the easier it CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

BY GLENN DOMAN, GEORGE L. STEVENS AND REGINALD C. OREM



PHOTOGRAPH BY RAYMOND JACOBS


OES

# MARGIN OF PERIL

By VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY MORTON ROBERTS

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL.

*It was a terrible moment. He must deliver this unsus pecting girl into the hands of her enemies. He ha only begun to love her—now, he might lose her*

All the way round the golf course Manston had been wondering whe Sutcliffe was going to open up about his visit. He could have aske him frankly, but the habit of years of service still stuck.

Sutcliffe had telephoned that morning from London, suggesting round of golf, but Manston knew there was more to it than golf.

A few moments later Sutcliffe played a bad approach shot to th green, leaving himself some 12 feet from the pin. Sutcliffe's mind wa not really on the game, that was clear. He was usually deadly aroun the green. Sutcliffe missed his approach putt by an inch, leavin Manston two putts for a win. He sank his putt for an eagle thre

© VICTOR CANNING, 1963. THE COMPLETE BOOK IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MORROW AND CO., INC., UNDER THE TITLE, THE LIMBO LINE.



"Five quid," said Manston. "You want to lunch here, or come back to my place?"

"Your place."

Half an hour later, settling in a cane chair on the terrace of Manston's country house, Sutcliffe said suddenly, "How long has it been since you left us?"

"Eighteen months."

"No regrets?"

"None."

Almost in a tone of self-pity Sutcliffe said, "It was a great loss for me when you left. Thirty-five. Record, excellent. You've got the languages. Nerves. No panic. No attachments that make a man hesitate that half second too long. Self-contained."

Manston lighted a cigarette. "You're wasting your time if you want me back," he said. "Look—I'm out and I don't mean to go into the reasons again. I liked it once. At first. It was exciting. You get a feeling of power. . . . Oh, you know it all. Carte blanche for so many things. Then, at last, it comes home to you that it's people you're dealing with, people you're messing up."

Sutcliffe, benign, even a little hurt-looking, shook his head. "You're getting me wrong. I'm not asking you to come back."

"Then what do you want?"

Sutcliffe smiled. "I value your judgment of people. I just want you to have dinner with someone—then tell me what you think about this person. That's not asking much, is it?"

"And no strings attached?"

"No strings. Just a simple favor. They're doing *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden tomorrow. I've got a box. I'll leave the tickets for you at your club. Barry Dymen will be there too. After the ballet you go to dinner with him and two girls. I'm interested in one of them, and would like to know what you think about her."

"Why the ballet first?"

"This girl is dancing in it—only a small part. Just see me afterwards and tell me what you think. You'll do that?"

"I might. It happens I'm going to town anyway." CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

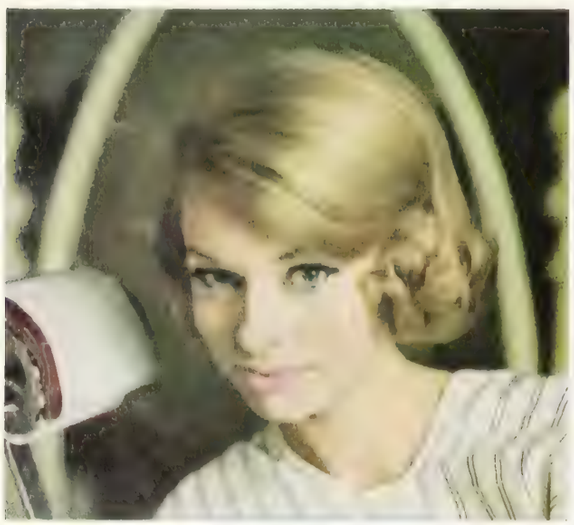
*Richard peered down at the dancers, trying to locate Irina. Then he saw her: dark, graceful, quick. Could this girl be a spy?*

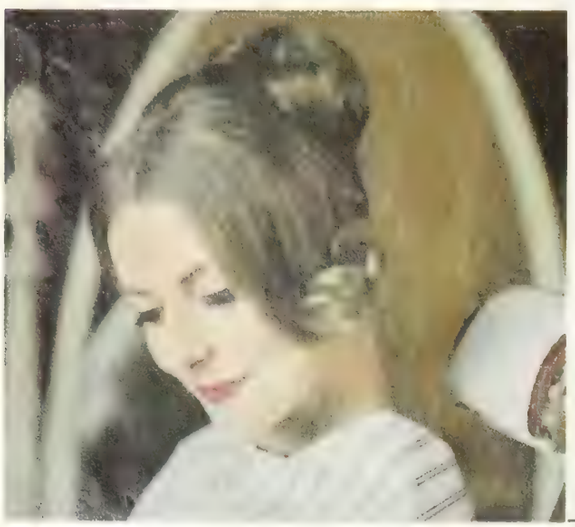


# GET SET FOR SUMMER

by Bruce Clerke
BEAUTY EDITOR







GLEB DERUJINSKY

Looking for a new summer hairdo—something pretty, something simple but durable enough to face up to the heat and humidity of the season? For inspiration, look back in your family photo album for birthday pictures of yourself. At five or six, your hairdo was barber-shop simple and your beauty accessories consisted of a candy box full of bright ribbons and pretty barrettes.

Your hairdresser can go on from there. Guided by those old pictures (and, not so incidentally, by those early views of the natural tendencies of your hair), he'll be able to style a grown-up version for you to wear and enjoy this summer. The upkeep will be a breeze if you follow our summertime setup.

Any hairdo, no matter how simple, needs to be reinforced if it's going to face up to heat and humidity with style. A permanent wave does just that by implanting inner strength and body in your hair. (Body is to hair what starch is to collars, petticoats to full skirts.) Right now, there's good news from the home-permanent manufacturers, who have developed new ways to pass on even more body-building additives to your hair, along with just the degree of curve, curl and wave that's right for your particular hairdo.

If your hairdo is plotted on the curve—then you'll be delighted with the results from the new Roller Perm that uses fat roller-sized curlers with the curling solution. Since you're already familiar with the roller technique, the permanent installation will seem a simple procedure to you. Another permanent, Pretty Perm, makes up for the effects of faded hair—with a color conditioner that's part and parcel of the waving process. Style retention—body again—is another of its specialties.

Once you've established your hairdo with a permanent, take aid and comfort from these other products that prolong the perfection of a hairdo: shampoos to match and treat your hair problem—be it oily, dry, or tinted; a home dryer to speed up the drying process without fading or overdrying your hair, as the sun is inclined to do; a setting lotion with newly revised formula to give your hair extra bounce and finish with each setting.

Choose a hair spray that works special ways with your hair type. The lineup includes sprays for gray, tinted and normal hair, dry, oily and hard to hold. In any case, one of them, and a barrette or perky ribbon, should be all you'll need to set you up for another album snapshot.

---

If you grew up during the '20's or early '30's, you'll surely recognize the top hairdo. It was called a Buster Brown or Dutch Bob—barber's choice. Our grown-up revival counts on support to get just the right curve to the sides, the gentle arc of height at the crown. There's a special new home permanent that gives just this amount of curl.

They called this (middle hairdo) the Flip in the '30's, a French Bob in the '20's. Today you can substitute a once-a-summer pin-curl permanent for the torturous kid curlers of your birthday-party days. A rollup after your shampoo with a setting lotion stays the perfection of the bouncy borderline of curls.

Remember when—or even now—how long it takes for bangs to grow out? At left, a '60's version of the ponytail—hairdo of the '40's. The short sides—they could be growing out bangs—curved, curled and color-reinforced with a new home permanent that is also responsible for the topknot holding its own pretty curliques in good order.

ENRICO CARUSO'S SETTING INSTRUCTIONS ON PAGE 104





# TERRY CLOTH

This is the 1963 look in wonderful, wearable, washable terry cloth. Its bright florals, leopard prints and dazzling color combinations, made up in new Butterick patterns, enliven your wardrobe for beach or home. Braid-bound scarves add a final touch of pretty practicality.

By NORA O'LEARY, PATTERN EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESTER BOOKBINDER

TURN TO PAGE 106 FOR PATTERN NUMBERS AND BACK VIEWS OF BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

ALL FABRICS AVAILABLE AT MOST J. C. PENNEY STORES.





# AND DENIMS

Bright, clean colors, multicolor stripes and exciting plaids make denim a fashion headliner. Frog closings, lace trim or soutache braid are surprise trimmings on these easy-to-make costumes. Trim a summer straw with matching band, to flirt sensibly with the sun.

TURN TO PAGE 106 FOR PATTERN NUMBERS AND BACK VIEWS OF BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

ALL FABRICS AVAILABLE AT MOST J. C. PENNEY STORES.



# Something Blue...For A May Elopement

by Catherine di Montezemolo
Fashion Editor



If you're not planning an elopement, don't despair. This is a delightful summer group covering needs from gardening to dancing. The flowered prints, inspired by Northrup King's new seed packet, Bouquet of Blue, are in cotton by Everfast with Everglaze Easy Care.

The fabric and the clothes, designed by Toni Owen, were all created especially for the *Journal*. Above, a two-piece dress that could go dancing or sunning, with a top that tucks in or out. Top about $10, skirt about $13. The white calf sling-back pumps by Cobbies.



For a wedding or for just one of those hundred other times you can wear a shirtwaist, this one is in two parts. The wrap skirt is the same one that is perched on the ladder (opposite page). About $13 each.



A glorious look, if nothing else, to offset that first home-cooked meal. It is actually a long shirt with a high yoke gathered to make it full to the floor. The pink sash wraps any way you wish. About $30.



A raft of blue flowers will bloom from Northrup King's new packet. A lovely new idea for gardening, we think, and so is this waffle-piqué jump suit in another bright print inspired by the packet. About $23.



In the same seed-packet piqué print, a two-piece wrap-skirted sun-dress. Wear the top outside like the one opposite, or tucked into skirt (above) or shorts. Top about $10, skirt about $13, shorts about $8

Photographs by Horn/Griner • Clothes available at all Best and Company stores. For list of other stores nearest you, see page 117



# Summer Sleepers

Today's sleepers are more imaginative than ever. In fact, they are looking less and less like bedtime clothes. Our cover, reproduced at left, is a bright-yellow coin dot of Fortrel and cotton. The dot is repeated again in different-colored bands at the hem. On or off, it looks for all the world like the prettiest beach shift. About $11 by Trilium-Fantasy. The baby is wearing cotton-and-nylon stretch sweater and overalls, about $5, by Hanes. They are on a scrawl of daisies in Wamsutta's cotton.



Above: This could almost pass as a dancing dress—waltz length and an Empire waistline with a skirt that is two layers of nylon tricot banded with nylon lace. The bodice is all bra by Maidenform. About $13. The awning stripe is a Wamsutta cotton.



Above right: In a frosted lemon color is probably the coolest sleeper we've ever seen. Two layers of nylon tricot, it is beach-dress length and worn over matching panties. Designed for the young to buy by the threes. About $7 by Kayser Lingerie.

Opposite: Here's the most enchanting bloomer get-up since mother was a girl. An old-fashioned camisole right down to the in-and-out blue ribbon. About $8 by Gotham Lingerie in Lowenstein's stretch cotton. She is sleeping on Everfast's coin-dot cotton.

TOP: NIGHTGOWN AVAILABLE AT B. ALTMAN AND CO., NEW YORK; HUTZLER'S, BALTIMORE; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; THE VILLAGE STORE, BIRMINGHAM, MICH. OVERALLS AND SWEATER AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK AND ALL STORES; THALHIMER'S, RICHMOND, VA.; SIBLEY LINDSAY & CURR COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y. ABOVE RIGHT: AT STERN'S, NEW YORK; MEIER AND FRANK, PORTLAND, OREG.; WOLFF AND MARX, SAN ANTONIO. OPPOSITE: AT B. ALTMAN AND CO., NEW YORK; STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA; RICH'S, ATLANTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESTER BOOKBINDER



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age children. She
sonal message through Miss Bald
cases of very genuine and urgent appeal—sends
a signed letter or an autographed photograph of
herself, or perhaps both.

Both the mother and aunt of a 15-year-old girl who was seriously ill asked for a message of cheer. Miss Baldrige, at the First Lady's direction, replied:

Mrs. Kennedy has asked me to write you a little note to say that she hopes you are now feeling a great deal better and will soon be out in the wonderful spring weather with your friends. . . . We are so sorry that you have had such a painful illness. With very best wishes for your quick and complete recovery.

This message worked like magic.

### Dear Mrs. Kennedy:

**You will never know the light in my daughter's eyes as she read the letter, for the day it came she was very sick. May God bless you all very much, always.**

An 11-year-old was facing open-heart surgery similiar to the operation performed on the little Greek girl whom Mrs. Kennedy had brought to this country some months before. Mrs. Kennedy signed the following letter herself:

I am so sorry that soon you will have to have an operation. The President joins me in sending all best wishes for an early and complete recovery. Little Chrysanthemis Papacotsis is now enjoying herself in a normal, happy life with her family and friends, having had a similar operation. Please extend also our good wishes to your mother and father. Perhaps you would like to have the photograph that is enclosed.

The little girl's great-grandmother wrote to Mrs. Kennedy: "It has helped her so much—your letter has made her brave. . . . She is so proud of them (the photograph and letter), she has taken them to the hospital with her for luck. . . . I wanted you to know what a sweet thing you had done."

It is sad but true that most of the people who write to Mrs. Kennedy must be disappointed in their answers. Even with the best will in the

When a 12
finding a pen pal in Paris
of Mrs. Kennedy's trip there, the
reply is understandably more cordial:

**I am writing on behalf of Mrs. Kennedy to thank you for your recent letter. . . . Mrs. Kennedy is most appreciative of the kind thought which prompted you to write, and she enjoyed hearing from you. We regret, however, that your request cannot be granted. She receives hundreds of similar requests to find pen pals, and we know you will understand why she is unable to reply.**

And still the letters come. They arrive not only from all over America, but from every part of the world, for never has a First Lady been so international a figure. Although she cannot read every letter herself, she knows their general content, and this tells her in thousands of ways and in tens of languages that she is admired.

### Chère Madame Kennedy:

**Pouvez-vous revenir en France? J'éspere que vous pouvez. J'ai 7 an. Mon nom est L. Lorraine. Je vous est vu quand vous étié en France. Je pense, que vous êtes très jolie. Affecteusement. Vive la France. Vive L'Amerique.**

### Saint-Maximin, France.
### Dear Madame Jacqueline:

**I am called Michel and I am eight years old. I am vacationing I studied hard at school also I asked my papa to take me to America to see the real cowboy and the real Indian. But my papa said it was far away and cost a lot. He said that we were not rich enough. I thought of asking you if you could invite me to your big white house. I would be very happy and I would be very good. Me, I would bring you crickets which would sing all day long. Me, when I grow up I shall be president of France and I will invite you. I should like to know Monsieur Jonne because he is strong. I send you many kisses to share with you.**

**See you soon. I am impatient to see the enormous house. Mick.**

END

# "Dear Mrs. Kennedy:"

CHILDREN SEND HER DOLLAR BILLS, AND TEEN-AGERS WANT HER TO SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS. NO OTHER FIRST LADY HAS RECEIVED SUCH PERSONAL MAIL.

---

**Dear Mrs. Kennedy:**
**I wanted to ask you why women can't be Presidents? Some people say that girls do more studying in school and care more if they pass than boys. If this is true, why are men Presidents? This question was picking cucum**

The

**awfully charmed me, and from that time on, I am feeling an uncanny intuition of Love and respect for you. . . .**

**I much aspire to approach you but how it can be possible. Because you are most worthy and Substantial, while I am most humble and poor girl.**

**I Sincerely pray that Almighty God may tender with more prosperity and happiness to you and to your most respected husband**

**trip to the White House would help prepare for when we are older and have reached voting age.**

Questions about fashion, interior decorating and White House antiques take up another 10 percent. Fashion-conscious teen-agers bombard Mrs. Kennedy with questions, occasionally uninhibited ones about girdles and other lingerie. They ask for information about her s should be kept on or

**te you show in clothes nto the fashion "spot- ch like to have your sug- I would be suitable for a both in color and style. I pring is fair, with medium eyes. I stand 5'6" and y budget is limited.**

**:**
**n style? I read that beat-up nnis shoes are in style, but ppy. What is your opinion? tick is best for me? I have eyes, dark eyebrows and mplexion.**

n to Mrs. Kennedy for infor- her colored tablecloths are ne glasses to use. One young r seeing a photograph of a d at a state dinner party, kind as to tell me the name of t was shown?" (It was a des- hite House vermeil collection, th gold, has aroused much

**nedy:**
**liberty of writing to you because I have an unusual problem. His red to give us a set of vermeil flat- lding present. We would love to t are uncertain of its durability. I stores, and they all gave the same ly the White House has used ver- ough to know."**

ining 20 percent of the letters are us.

**John F. Kennedy:**
**is Lisa Leeder and I'm 11 years old. n be moving to Bethesda in Maryland. d like to know if I could baby-sit for**

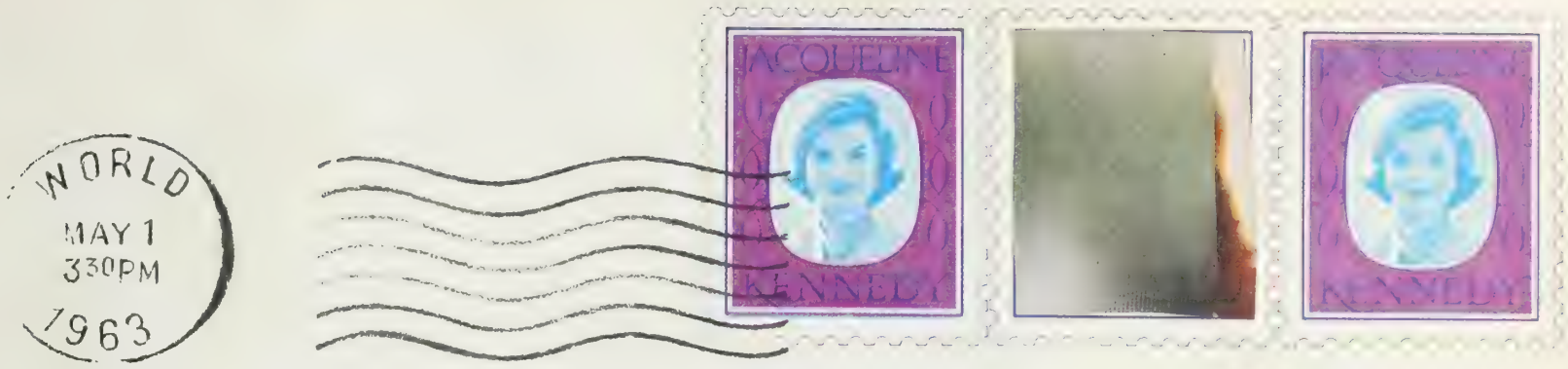
Oppo bloor old- in- Lir is

appeared in the *Journal* in 1961.

Above: This could almost pass as a dancing dress—waltz length and an Empire waistline with a skirt that is two layers of nylon tricot banded with nylon lace. The bodice is all bra by Maidenform. About $13. The awning stripe is a Wamsutta cotton.

Above right: In a frosted lemon color is probably the coolest sleeper we've ever seen. Two layers of nylon tricot, it is beach-dress length and worn over matching panties. Designed for the young to buy by the threes. About $7 by Kayser Lingerie.

TOP: NIGHTGOWN AVAILABLE AT B. ALTMAN AND CO., NEW YORK; HUTZLER'S, BALTIMORE; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; THE VILLAGE STORE, NEW YORK AND ALL STORES; THALHIMER'S, RICHMOND, VA.; SIBLEY LINDSAY & CURR COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y. ABOVE RIGHT: AT STERN'S, NEW SAN ANTONIO. OPPOSITE: AT B. ALTMAN AND CO., NEW YORK; STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA; RICH'S, ATLANTA.




**Dear Mrs. Kennedy:**
**Will you send me a picture of Caroline? I have an idea for Khrushchev. If he comes to see you in confrence, you can talk him out of the way to rule the world.**

**Dear Mrs. Kennedy:**
**Being a collector of antiques, I have naturaly been interested in your plans for decorating the White House, with historic antiques belonging to the presidents and their family. I have been collecting for about two years (mostly family heirlooms). I feel at least its a start for I'm only a lad of 14.**

**Do you feel the next President and First Lady will keep up your work? Do you think you will run out of places to put these articals?**

**Do you feel your children are leading a normal life or do you feel they some what above there companions?**

**Do you find it hard to express your feeling about a particular thing with out feer of loosing friends or making enemies?**

**I like to know as much about our first family as possible, and what better way is there than to write to them. I hope you didn't find this letter two nosy. Thank you for listening!**

All this mail is handled in a big plain room in the White House East Wing, across a corridor from the offices of the First Lady's personal staff. The envelopes are opened by an electric machine. A staff then sorts the letters into a bewildering number of categories.

Many of the serious adult letters are passed on to appropriate Government agencies for answers. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is sent many having to do with education and medicine. When girls write on behalf of their boy friends in the service (often asking to have them transferred to a nearer post), their letters go to the Department of Defense. The State Department receives letters in Spanish, Greek, Urdu, Hindi. (Letters in French are handled by the White House.)

Questions about the history of White House furnishings are relayed to White House curator William Eldred. Particularly complex questions on cultural matters go to August Heckscher, Special Consultant to President Kennedy. General hard-to-answer letters go to Hortense Burton, who assists Tom McCoy, the chief sorter. Miss Letitia Baldrige, Mrs. Kennedy's sympathetic Social Secretary, answers most of the mail from children as well as coping with Mrs. Kennedy's.

Miss Baldrige will be leaving the White House in June, but until then, it is she who inserts a personal or cordial note into a routine answer if a letter seems to warrant it. She regularly shows Mrs. Kennedy a comprehensive sampling of her mail, plus any letters of special interest or human appeal. Mrs. Kennedy herself is most concerned with problems of mothers and school-age children. She sometimes transmits a personal message through Miss Baldrige or—in cases of very genuine and urgent appeal—sends a signed letter or an autographed photograph of herself, or perhaps both.

Both the mother and aunt of a 15-year-old girl who was seriously ill asked for a message of cheer. Miss Baldrige, at the First Lady's direction, replied:

Mrs. Kennedy has asked me to write you a little note to say that she hopes you are now feeling a great deal better and will soon be out in the wonderful spring weather with your friends. . . . We are so sorry that you have had such a painful illness. With very best wishes for your quick and complete recovery.

This message worked like magic.

**Dear Mrs. Kennedy:**
**You will never know the light in my daughter's eyes as she read the letter, for the day it came she was very sick. May God bless you all very much, always.**

An 11-year-old was facing open-heart surgery similiar to the operation performed on the little Greek girl whom Mrs. Kennedy had brought to this country some months before. Mrs. Kennedy signed the following letter herself:

I am so sorry that soon you will have to have an operation. The President joins me in sending all best wishes for an early and complete recovery. Little Chrysanthemis Papacotsis is now enjoying herself in a normal, happy life with her family and friends, having had a similar operation. Please extend also our good wishes to your mother and father. Perhaps you would like to have the photograph that is enclosed.

The little girl's great-grandmother wrote to Mrs. Kennedy: "It has helped her so much—your letter has made her brave. . . . She is so proud of them (the photograph and letter), she has taken them to the hospital with her for luck. . . . I wanted you to know what a sweet thing you had done."

It is sad but true that most of the people who write to Mrs. Kennedy must be disappointed in their answers. Even with the best will in the world, neither she nor her staff have the time or the powers to answer the questions and grant the requests of all those who write. Two girls who hoped Mrs. Kennedy might wave a magic wand and transfer their soldier boy friends closer to home received an answer which sums up many of the replies: "I am writing on behalf of Mrs. Kennedy to thank you for your letter. . . . Mrs. Kennedy refrains from giving advice on personal problems. She has many hundreds of similar requests with which she cannot comply."

When a 12-year-old writes asking for help in finding a pen pal in Pakistan after having read of Mrs. Kennedy's trip there, the White House reply is understandably more cordial:

**I am writing on behalf of Mrs. Kennedy to thank you for your recent letter. . . . Mrs. Kennedy is most appreciative of the kind thought which prompted you to write, and she enjoyed hearing from you. We regret, however, that your request cannot be granted. She receives hundreds of similar requests to find pen pals, and we know you will understand why she is unable to reply.**

And still the letters come. They arrive not only from all over America, but from every part of the world, for never has a First Lady been so international a figure. Although she cannot read every letter herself, she knows their general content, and this tells her in thousands of ways and in tens of languages that she is admired.

**Chère Madame Kennedy:**
**Pouvez-vous revenir en France? J'éspere que vous pouvez. J'ai 7 an. Mon nom est L. Lorraine. Je vous est vu quand vous étié en France. Je pense, que vous êtes très jolie. Affecteusement. Vive la France. Vive L'Amerique.**

**Saint-Maximin, France.**
**Dear Madame Jacqueline:**
**I am called Michel and I am eight years old. I am vacationing I studied hard at school also I asked my papa to take me to America to see the real cowboy and the real Indian. But my papa said it was far away and cost a lot. He said that we were not rich enough. I thought of asking you if you could invite me to your big white house. I would be very happy and I would be very good. Me, I would bring you crickets which would sing all day long. Me, when I grow up I shall be president of France and I will invite you. I should like to know Monsieur Jonne because he is strong. I send you many kisses to share with you.**

**See you soon. I am impatient to see the enormous house. Mick.**

END

# The Chinese Have a Wonderful Way With Food

BY NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD
Food Editor

*Here's the Journal's collection of sixteen superb Chinese dishes—all easy to make, and all ingredients to be found on your supermarket shelf.*

Shrimp, succulent, sweet and gently sautéed with crisp cucumber chunks . . . beef cubes browned and sizzled in a skillet with snow peas and tomatoes . . . egg-batter fried chicken, served up with shreds of cabbage in a sweet-sour sauce . . . cuts of duckling, tender and tart under an orange glaze—what more elegant introduction to the art of Chinese cooking! We've 16 choice recipes designed for American kitchens, and they've lost none of the magic of ancient Oriental cooking.

Chinese dishes have never been cooked to satisfy the appetite alone. They combine colors and shapes to delight the eye, contrast the succulent and crisp, compound subtle herbs to please the palate. Sometimes a light, clear soup is a perfect beginner for a Chinese meal (see the Beef-and-Watercress Soup on page 135). Serve any of our main dishes with plain white rice, fried rice (the frozen fried rice is delicious), or the wonderful recipe for Soy-Sauce Rice on page 134. A simple fruit dessert is *the* dessert for a Chinese meal, with crisp cookies and tea.

The magic of Chinese cuisine is less a matter of rare ingredients than many people realize. All 16 of our wonderful dishes can be made with simple supermarket selections: soy sauce, sliced, diced or whole water chestnuts, bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, and so on. The cooking's fun, the food's fabulous!

### Shrimp With Cucumber

(1) Wash and drain 1 pound shelled and deveined shrimp. (2) Marinate in a mixture of 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 2 teaspoons cornstarch. (3) Peel 2 cucumbers, quarter lengthwise, scoop out seeds and cut into 1-inch pieces. (4) Heat 1 tablespoon cooking oil in a skillet. Sauté cucumbers until they are transparent, 3–5 minutes. (5) Heat 2 tablespoons cooking oil in another skillet. Sauté shrimp until they are pink. (6) Stir in cucumbers and cook 2–3 minutes. Garnish with a sprinkling of chopped chives. Makes 4 servings.

MORE RECIPES ON PAGE 134.

Seven of these recipes are from the book, *The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking*, published by Simon and Schuster. Copyright © 1962 by Grace Zia Chu.



NORMAN KARLSON


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Campbell's
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SOUP

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MORE RECIPES ON



creamed chicken breasts according to package directions. Stir 1 teaspoon each prepared hot mustard and parsley, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and a few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning into the sauce surrounding the chicken. You might like to add about ¼ teaspoon prepared horseradish too. Makes 2 servings. Try serving it with our modern version of an old Hungarian favorite—**RISI BISI:** (1) Cook 1½ cups precooked rice with 1 teaspoon instant onion flakes. (2) Cook 1 package (10-oz.) frozen green peas with mushrooms according to package directions. Drain. (3) Toss rice and vegetables together. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a little butter. Makes 4–6 servings.

Perfect partners—pears and cheese. Try this combination for a change. **HONEY-CREAM CHEESE PEARS:** (1) Drain the pear halves from a 1-lb.-14-oz. can, reserve the syrup. (2) Mix 1 package (8-oz.) cream cheese with ¼ cup honey. (3) Fill the hollows of the pears with cream-cheese mixture, dividing it evenly. (4) Arrange pears in casserole, pour in reserved syrup, sprinkle with graham-cracker crumbs. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes or until warm. Makes 4 servings.

Sizzling and savory—spread a **HAM STEAK** cut ½" thick with ½ cup of the new hot catsup and broil 5" to 6" from heat for 10–12 minutes until it is deep golden and tempting. Makes 2–3 servings. Serve with hot buttered carrots sprinkled with chopped watercress instead of parsley.

**TROUT MARYLAND:** (1) Thaw 4 (10-oz.) packages frozen rainbow trout (8 trout). (2) Mix 1 cup *prepared* packaged bread stuffing with ½ cup chopped walnuts. Fill the cavity of each trout with about 3 tablespoons stuffing. Secure with string or poultry pins. (3) Arrange in a shallow casserole or baking pan. Brush trout with melted butter or margarine mixed with a little lemon juice. (4) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes or until fish flakes when touched with a fork. Brown quickly under broiler. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 8 servings.

**CUCUMBER, LIME AND OLIVE ASPIC**—shimmering, refreshing. Make it with a package of lime-flavored gelatin, add lemon juice to taste, stir in 1 cup of peeled, seeded and chopped cucumber and ¼ cup sliced olives, ripe or green, when the mixture is thick and syrupy. Chill until firm. Makes 4–6 servings.

**BUTTERMILK DRESSING:** Beat 1 cup of mayonnaise with ½ cup buttermilk until smooth, stir in 2–3 tablespoons minced chives, a pinch of salt and a dash of liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Chill well. Makes about 1½ cups.

Pack sliced canned or frozen (thawed) peaches and frozen (thawed) blueberries into small pastry shells. Serve at once, topped with a mixture of sweetened whipped cream and candied orange rind.

Mix 1 jar (1-lb.) sweet and sour red cabbage with 1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) apple slices or 1 jar (15-oz.) applesauce for a distinctive relish to serve with roast pork or duckling. Makes 4 cups.

Top 4 **POACHED FILLETS OF SOLE** with 1 package (12-oz.) baked frozen Welsh rarebit for an elegant yet easy main dish. Makes 4 servings

That Italian specialty **CHICKEN CACCIATORE** now comes packaged and frozen (7-oz.). For hearty appetites; serve it over hot cornbread. Make cornbread with a mix and add a little grated Cheddar cheese before baking. 1 serving.

**CHEESE-AND-BROCCOLI CREPES** prove meatless meals need not be dull and tasteless. (1) Heat 1 package (9-oz.) broccoli au gratin according to package directions. (2) Meanwhile, make eight 6" thin pancakes with a pancake mix and keep them warm. (3) Add 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 tablespoon minced chives, salt and pepper to taste to the broccoli au gratin. (4) Fill the crepes with the broccoli mixture and roll them up. (5) Spoon hot cream of mushroom soup heated with 2 tablespoons milk over all. Makes 4 servings.

**FROZEN CROOKNECK SQUASH** brings a taste of summertime to your menus. (1) Cook 1 package (12-oz.) crookneck squash according to package directions with 1 teaspoon instant minced onion and ¼ teaspoon oregano. (2) Drain well. Season to taste. (3) Heat 1 can (11-oz.) condensed Cheddar cheese soup and pour over squash. Makes 3–4 servings.

**MOCHA BROWNIES**—different and delicious. Add 1 tablespoon instant powdered coffee to the dry ingredients of a package of brownie mix, then proceed as usual, following package directions.

For delicate Far East-flavored **LAMB KEBABS:** (1) Cut 1 lb. lamb cut from the leg into 1" cubes. Arrange cubes on skewers. (2) Mix together ½ cup yoghurt, 2 tablespoons grated onion, ⅛ teaspoon coarse ground black pepper and a pinch salt. Broil lamb cubes 5–6" from the heat brushing frequently with the yoghurt mixture. Turn the skewers frequently to ensure even browning. Makes 3–4 servings. Serve with hot curried rice made from a package mix if you like.

When every minute counts, a no-cooking meal hides an extra dividend—no dirty pans to wash! **CURRIED SHRIMP SALAD:** Mix 1 lb. cooked, cleaned and deveined shrimp (fresh, frozen or canned) with ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons dairy fresh sour cream, 1 teaspoon each curry powder and lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon bottled onion juice. Chill well and serve on a bed of crisp salad greens. Makes 4 servings.

Seven of these recipes are from the book, *Thi of Chinese Cooking*, published by Simon and Copyright © 1962 by Grace Zia Chu.

# Make a great pot roast cook it with *Campbell's Soup*

**ONION POT ROAST** (Pictured)

**Campbell's Onion Soup is both the seasoning and the perfect onion gravy.**

3 to 4 lb. beef pot roast
1 can Campbell's Onion Soup

In heavy pan, brown roast on all sides. (Use shortening, if needed.) Stir in soup. Cover; cook over low heat 2½ to 3 hrs. Remove meat. To thicken gravy, gradually blend ¼ cup water into 2 to 4 tbsp. flour; slowly stir into soup. Cook; stir till thickened. Serves 6 to 8.




**MUSHROOM POT ROAST**

**Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is the seasoning and the gravy.**

3 to 4 lb. beef pot roast
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup

In heavy pan, brown roast on all sides. (Use shortening, if needed.) Stir in soup. Cover; cook over low heat 2½ to 3 hrs. Remove meat. To thicken gravy, gradually blend ¼ cup water into 2 to 4 tbsp. flour; slowly stir into soup. Cook; stir till thickened. Serves 6 to 8.



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Plan on delicious Ritz Crackers. They add the crisp touch to your canapés!



## WHEN UNBENDING

What could taste better than a snack with Ritz. Crunching-crisp, richer-tasting Ritz!



## HAPPY ENDING

**MOCK APPLE PIE WITH RITZ AS THE FILLING!** Break 35 Ritz Crackers (or 1 Stack Pack) into pastry-lined, 9-inch pie plate. Combine 2 cups each of water and sugar with 2 tsp. cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil gently 15 min. Add 2 tblsp. lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon. Cool. Pour over crackers. Dot with butter. Add cinnamon. Cover with top crust. Bake 30-35 min. at 425 degrees F. Serve warm, garnished with cheese apples.



NOTHING FITS THE OCCASION LIKE **RITZ**®




Each reclosable Stack Pack wrapping, fully sealed and moisture-proof, keeps Ritz crisp.

## ARGIN OF PERIL

TINUED FROM PAGE 65

Good. Her name is Irina Tovskaya. You pick her out from the program."

hand came over his shoulder and dropped eet of paper on the table before him. He not look round, for he was daydreaming. For London. Immediate."

ne familiar voice edged with authority, pated the soft veils of his dreams. He ded, still without turning, and heard the steps go out of the room. He did not look n at the paper. Everything was immediate . It could wait a while.

e stared out at the August sunshine, over usy strip of the Quai des Célestins, across ork of the Seine to the Ile St. Louis. He a fool, he knew that. Through Michele he walking straight into disaster. The oldest kness in the world possessed him, and he not care.

e looked down at the paper. It read:

GRIP TO CAPA.
IVE SOONEST DATE ON IRINA TOVSKAYA.

lexandre pulled the cipher books toward and began to encode the message.

he clocks were striking 12 as he finished. dropped the message into the dispatch n and walked out onto the Quai des stins, the AGRIP message clear in his . Irina Tovskaya meant nothing to him. ould have looked her up, he supposed, but lt no interest.

e paused outside the Ecole Massillon and ed for Yuri to catch up to him. He was 's responsibility outside. He was not sup- d to know this, but he did. Alexandre had rrangement with Yuri. Neither of them ed to waste time during their lunch hour. uri said, "The usual?"

lexandre nodded. "And you?"

The usual."

hey walked across the square together and ed at the corner of the Rue de Sully. Yuri off to play belote in a café, and Alexandre ed right, into the Rue de la Cerisaie, e Michele had her room. Some day, he ght, his love would not be rationed to half hours at the favor of Yuri. A few ths' grace to make enough money, and he ld be free to buy the time which he felt his due.

e house lights went down in the red-and- splendor of the Royal Opera House. The luctor entered, took his bow, and the ture of Pëtr Ilich Tchaikovsky began.

was not until Act Three that Manston was to identify Irina Tovskaya. During the querade at the castle she came on with her ner for the Neapolitan Dance. He watched hrough his opera glasses. She was a dark- ed slim girl of about medium height, and danced as though she was not only giving rformance but also thoroughly enjoying elf. Her smile, he noticed, was her own, ral and easy, not one of the fixed, rather ned affairs of some professionals.

s the curtain fell at the end of Act Three door at the back of the box opened and y Dymen came in. "Evening, Richard— enjoying yourself, I hope?"

Hullo, Barry. You're a bit late. Let's go have a drink."

hey found a table at the far end of the bar, a window which had been opened against August night heat of London.

What's the score, Barry?" Manston asked.

don't know. I was told to meet you and you out to supper. I know one of the in the ballet. Nice little thing called Elsa ni. She's bringing a friend."

rina Tovskaya?"

Yes, that's the name. Russian. One of the ll ones who flew the coop. Her English is d."

s that all you know about her?"

arry raised his glass and smiled over the "For publication at the moment—yes."

ater they had supper at the Four Hundred. Manston liked both girls. Elsa Polani, he ght, was a little bit overrefined, but very ndly and obviously devoted to Irina. Irina did not say much—Elsa made up for that—but when she did talk, as Barry had said, her English was good. Her accent was attractive too. In fact, she was altogether an attractive girl, dark, large brown eyes, and with typical high Slav cheekbones, and splendid long legs and arms. Watching and listening to her, he wondered what Sutcliffe's interest in her could be.

Now and again he caught her looking at him with a slightly puzzled air, and he wondered if she had any inkling why he was here. While they were dancing, she said, "What does your friend Barry do?"

"I'm not sure. Something in the city."

"And you?"

"I'm a farmer."

She leaned back from him a little, and he saw the little crease of surprise on her forehead. "You don't look like it."

He smiled. "I've left my gum boots behind tonight. I farm in Kent."

When Elsa and Barry had to leave, they stayed on for another hour at the club and danced most of the time. One thing, at least, he could tell Sutcliffe—she was a stayer. She showed no signs of being tired. He himself was quite glad to flop back in the taxi on the way to her flat in Gloucester Place.

When they arrived, she asked him if he would like to come in for a last drink.

"Thank you, I'd like that," he said.

She went ahead of him up the dark stairway, finding the light switches. It was a small flat—a sitting room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a tiny kitchen. He helped her off with her coat and fixed two drinks at the sideboard while she went to a budgerigar, which was in a cage hung by the window, and gave it seed and fresh water.

"What do you call him?" he asked.

"Nijinsky." She laughed. "But he does not talk or dance. I am very fond of him."

When he handed her her drink, she said, "It is nice when the evenings are so warm to go up on my roof. Shall we take our drinks up?"

They went into the hallway and she showed him the fire-escape ladder up through the ceiling to the roof. A few moments later they were sitting on one of the inner parapets, a chimney stack towering above them, and the smoking loom of West End lights to the south.

"You've got a wonderful view from here."

"You like it? Good. I love it. I've never been happier anywhere. I like London, and I like the London people."

Manston said, "What made you leave Russia?"

He saw her hesitating over his question, and then she said, "It is not easy to answer. Until two years ago I never thought of leaving. You see, my mother and father died when I was very young. An aunt brought me and my brother up. He went into the army. We are very close to each other, my brother and I. Then three years ago—without saying anything to me—he left, deserted from the army in East Berlin and went over to the Americans. He is in America now."

"Didn't that make it tough for you in Russia?"

"A little. At first. But I was with the Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, and all dancers, you know"—she smiled—"are very important people. For a year I was not allowed to go abroad on any tours. Then, I was allowed. Don't ask me why. Maybe they thought I was safe. And so I was. I mean inside myself. I had no thought to go. Then the ballet went to Paris, and it happened. It was my first visit. I can't tell you what Paris did to me. It was as though suddenly a great window was open and for the first time I was really seeing the world. The true world. And I wanted to be part of it."

"So you ran away."

"Yes. I went to the British Embassy." She raised her eyebrows. "I can't tell you the fuss that went on then. But in the end I was sent over here, given British nationality and, because I was from the Kirov—though not a very important dancer—Madame de Valois saw me and I was given a job. It was all very strange at first—the language mostly, though I had learned a little English in Leningrad. Elsa looked after me. She was wonderful."

"Have you seen your brother?"

"No. Not yet. But next year I shall go to America to visit him. First it was necessary to remake my career here." She paused and said, "Forgive me—I talk about myself too much."

"I'm interested. It takes courage to do what you did."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I did not think of that. It was just something I suddenly had to do. What do you call it? Impulse?"

"And one you haven't regretted?"

"Never. Oh, never. Not even right at the beginning when sometimes I was lonely—you know, when you wake in the night and begin to think of what you have done?"

"I know."

He moved away from her to the roof edge and looked down. What the devil did Sutcliffe want with this girl? The more he stayed with her, the more he liked her and felt baffled. Surely Sutcliffe was not thinking that she still



belonged to the other side, that her move to the West was a deliberate plant?

He came back to her side and said, "It's late. I must go. You must be tired too." He took her by the arm and led her to the roof ladder. He went down ahead of her and then, as he stood at the bottom, he reached up and took her hand to help her. She jumped the last two steps, and his hands went to her shoulders to steady her. She looked up at him, smiling, and before he knew he was going to do it, he bent down and kissed her gently on the lips. She accepted the kiss without protest.

"Thank you," he said, "for a very pleasant evening. Say good night to Nijinsky for me."

Before Manston opened the main door in the hallway to let himself out of the building, he paused and, bending down, lifted up the flap of the letter slot. Obliquely, and almost out of his vision across the street, he could see a man standing on the corner of Gloucester Place and the intersecting York Street. He had spotted him from the roof, and it amused him now to unravel some of the smaller routines of the game. He opened the door noisily, slammed it hard to lock it behind him and, as he went down the short run of steps, saw that the man had disappeared. Manston went south down Gloucester Place, crossed the Crawford Street intersection and then at the end of the block turned right, into Montague Place. A few yards along the pavement he stepped into a doorway and waited. Shortly afterward he heard the hurried shuffle of footsteps rounding the corner.

The man was illuminated clearly by a street light and Manston recognized him. He said softly, "Evening, Ritchie. Have a cigarette."

The man turned, fast at first, and then slowed up, relaxing. "Well, I'm damned! You know, sir, I thought it was you. But they told me ——"

"Eighteen months ago, Ritchie." Manston closed his case and watched Ritchie snap a lighter to the cigarette he had taken.

"How many of you?" asked Manston.

"Four. Two on and two off. Not so bad this weather."

"Any interesting visitors?"

"Not exactly visitors, sir. You're the first in a week to go inside. But there are some nibbles and ——" He pulled up suddenly, aware of his indiscretion. "You really are out of this, sir?"

"Yes. But it's all right. I'm on my way to the old man now." Ritchie, he knew, had never met Sutcliffe, but he knew what the "old man" meant. "What kind of nibble?"

"There's a bloke pays off a taxi at the top of Gloucester Place, Marylebone Road, every night at half past ten. Got a small Pekingese dog, and he walks it up and down for an hour, maybe longer, depends what time she gets in. Once in, he goes back to Marylebone Road and gets a taxi."

"The taxi is someone else's job?"

"Yes, sir. But don't let on I told you any of this—if you're not on the job."

Manston found a taxi in Montague Square. At the top of St. Martin's Lane he leaned forward, pushing the window back, and said to the driver, "Drop me here."

He walked the few hundred yards to Sutcliffe's flat. Never in his life had he taken a taxi right up to the place. He rang the bell and waited three minutes, watching the lorries move up into Covent Garden. From somewhere beyond the darkness of the doorway arch he knew that he would be scrutinized by Hackett, Sutcliffe's manservant, before he was admitted. Sutcliffe, in a green dressing gown was lying back in an armchair, his feet up on a stool. "Pleasant evening?" he asked.

"Very. Nice to see Barry again."

"What did you think of her?"

"I liked her very much."

"What kind of character would you say she was?"

"I don't know. Just a fairly ordinary girl. Plenty of spirit. Shows what she thinks. But she wouldn't make any Mata Hari, if that's what you're thinking."

"I'm not. Physically, how would she go?"

Manston laughed briefly. "You sound as though you're talking about a horse. She's a dancer. They train hard. She practically danced me off my feet. She's in good trim. And she's got guts. You have to, to walk out of the Kirov and start a new life."

"I know." Sutcliffe lay back in his armchair and pipe smoke festooned the air above him. "I need," he said, "someone to talk this over with. You never did any work on these political-asylum people, did you?"

"No."

"Well, at the moment they're giving us a big headache. Not only us either. Interpol, and the police in France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. In the last two years from all these countries, these Iron Curtain refugees have been going back at about the rate of 10 a month. Nearly 250 in two years. Not the big names, but the small ones, like this girl. Usually the pattern is the same. They go back to their lodgings one night, and in the morning they aren't there. No trace of them."

"And then?"

"Then—so our Moscow people report—they turn up in Russia about a month or t later. Right back in the small town or vill they came from, doing the same job, j carrying on as usual."

"What's the angle? If a big name goes ba I can see it's a feather in the cap for Rus But why these tiddlers?"

"It's simple really. And it's effective. Th people are taken back and they have to ag to toe the line. That means in a hundred sm towns or so, they go around amongst the peo




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have known all their lives, saying that they fools, that they escaped to the West because wanted freedom, but when they got there soon discovered that it was no paradise—it a capitalist hell. That's the kind of propa- a that works in small towns amongst people 've known all your life. If I were an engine r wondering if I'd have a crack at going —I'd think more than twice about it if my driver friend, who had taken the plunge, back and said it wasn't worth it."

"If they're going back at the rate you say, then it must be a pretty big organization. You must surely have a lead on that?"

"We know who's running it. That's about all. It's run from AGRIP in Paris."

"That doesn't surprise me." AGRIP was, apart from being a genuine official trade organization enjoying diplomatic immunity, also a recognized cover for other activities which the Russian Embassy in Paris knew better than to handle direct.


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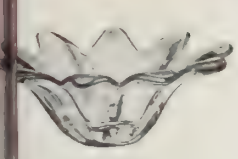


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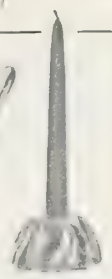
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"Three weeks ago we got a break. We've at last got a chap working for us in AGRIP. You know what kind of break that is—and it isn't likely to last long. But as long as he lasts we're going to milk him hard."

Manston said, "I think I can read the score now. He's tipped you off that she's next on the list to go back."

"He has. He doesn't know much about the kidnapping network, but he does know the names of those going back as they are picked out. She's next from this country."

Manston stood up. He was remembering Irina dancing in gay Neapolitan clothes. He said without any show of emotion, "What's the problem? If you know she's next, you can give her all the security she needs."

"Of course. That would be easy. But what happens then? We save her. We save the next one, maybe, when our contact gives us the name. But then our contact goes. AGRIP will rumble him for sure. And then we have no more names tipped off—and back the rest will go at the same rate. No, we've got a break and we're going to use it."

"What do you mean?"

"We're going to let her be kidnapped; let her pass through the organization to the point almost of no return—but we'll have been following all the time. Then we jump, free her, and wrap up this fiendish outfit."

For a moment Manston was silent, then, his voice cold with anger, he said, "You can't do that to a woman! It stinks!"

Sutcliffe eased himself back into his armchair. "We're going to do it. Pity it's a woman, of course; but then, if we bypassed her, the next also might be a woman. And after that there wouldn't be any next, because our man probably won't be alive. No, it's got to be her."

"You're going to watch a girl be kidnapped and then try to keep tags on her possibly halfway across Europe? It can't be done!"

Sutcliffe shrugged his shoulders. "It's got to be tried. It could be successful—if we've got the right man to handle it."

"Oh, no! You don't get me like that!"

"Listen, Richard. This is going to be done. And you're going to do it. Just for this one job—that's all."

"I'm not coming back. You can't do this to her—or ask it of me."

"I'm sorry for her. She just came up in the draw. That's the best way to look at it. But you're not going to refuse. You can't. Of all the men I've got—or had—you're the only one I'd give more than an even chance of pulling this off."

"I wish to heaven I hadn't come up here. You and your simple favors. You know how I feel about this kind of thing. I cleared out because of it."

Unmoved, Sutcliffe said, "It's got to be done, and I want the best man on the job."

Alexandre slept in one of the five attics at the top of the building overlooking the Seine. He shared his room with an elderly man, Vadim, who acted as reception clerk at the small desk in the hall. Vadim's hours were regular, and he snored through the night with great gusto. When the bell above Alexandre's bed rang, Vadim never moved.

Alexandre got up, pulled a dressing gown over his rough pajamas, fumbled with his feet into his sandals and went down to his room, combing his hair back with his hands. *Urgency, always urgency,* he told himself.

In his office, Alexandre switched on the desk light and sat down and waited. The door opened behind him and the duty clerk from the main office came sleepily into the room. Without a word he dropped two envelopes in front of Alexandre and went out.

The first message was short, and he could almost decode it without reference to the book.

CAPA TO AGRIP.
NEXT CONSIGNMENT. DELIVERY USUAL PLACE TIME AUGUST THIRTY. CONFIRM.

Alexandre glanced at the wall calendar. The 25th. Five days. He must get round to Michele at midday and telephone. That would mean more money for him.

The second message was longer, and he smiled to himself as he recognized the tone.

LIMBO TO AGRIP.
PAYMENT NOT RECEIVED FOR LAST DELIVERY, ADVISED GENEVA. PROMPTNESS ESSENTIAL. ALSO, FUTURE CONSIGNMENTS MUST BE SMALLER. DIFFICULTY HANDLING THREE CASES. TWO MAXIMUM, INSIST.

Alexandre took the originals and his decoded copies and went through to Oleg's room, waiting briefly when he knocked on the door for the voice within.

Oleg was at his table, dressed, shaved, neat, impersonal, looking as though neither night nor day made any difference to him. Alexandre put the messages before him and waited. Oleg read them slowly, deliberately, and then as slowly unlocked a drawer, slipped the messages inside and locked the drawer.

He looked up at Alexandre and then said evenly, "Your record here is excellent, but you are getting careless in your dress. Yesterday your shoes were unpolished, and it is not good to wear a collar for more than three days."

Alexandre was not required to say anything. He did not even debate Oleg's remarks in his mind. Oleg was a rock that spoke. It wasn't any good trying to understand him unless he gave an order.

During the morning, which was hot and airless, surly with the promise of thunder, Alexandre sent three messages of importance.

The first was to Capa:

AGRIP TO CAPA.
CONFIRM THIRTIETH. TIME, PLACE SAME.

The second was to Limbo:

AGRIP TO LIMBO.
PAYMENT INSTRUCTED TODAY GENEVA. APOLOGIES. CONSIGNMENT QUANTITIES REQUESTED BY YOU WILL BE OBSERVED UNLESS EMERGENCY DEMAND. ONE, REPEAT ONE, CONSIGNMENT ARRIVING TARU THIRTIETH AUGUST. TARU WILL HOLD. COLLECT EARLIEST. INFORM WHEN.

And the third:

AGRIP TO TARU.
THIRTIETH AUGUST. ONE CONSIGNMENT. USUAL ARRANGEMENTS.

As Alexandre went off during his lunch hour to see Michele, he was wishing that he could put a real name to Limbo and Taru. For that information he could in one deal make all the money he needed for himself and Michele. As he parted from Yuri at the corner of the Rue de Sully, the first big drops of the storm began to fall, and by the time he had reached the Rue de la Cerisaie, the rain was lashing down and thunder was rumbling heavily over the roofs. He was wet through by the time he reached Michele's place. She kissed him, began to help him take his clothes off.

"These will never be dry for you to go back. Never. We must do something."

"They'll be all right, Michele. Take them into the kitchen and wring them out. I must telephone."

From the kitchen door, as he began to dial a number, Michele said stubbornly, "No, no. I have a suit of my brother's. It is the same color almost, and no one will notice."

"All right, all right." Alexandre waved for silence as his number began to ring.

But later, when he came to dress, Alexandre refused to take her brother's suit. It was true that it did look a bit like his and was almost the same fit, but he was certain that someone, Yuri, Vadim in the hall, or Oleg coming in with work to him, would notice the change. Somebody certainly would, and that could be dangerous, for it would lead to questions. Where had he been? How had he got the suit? No, it was far too dangerous. The only concession he would allow Michele was to borrow one of her brother's shirts so that at least he

had something dry next to his skin. He went back to AGRIP with his wet shirt, wrapped in newspaper, under his arm.

Vadim, sitting at his hall desk, saw him come in. He gave him a slow nod.

At ten o'clock the next morning Manston was back in his old room at the Department. The secretary allotted to him was new.

She said, "Mr. Sutcliffe hasn't arrived yet. The morning papers are on your desk."

Just after the secretary had brought him coffee, Sutcliffe came into the room, trailing pipe smoke and with a flat file tucked under his arm. He stood by the desk and beamed, not with triumph, but with real pleasure.

"I'm grateful, Richard. Very grateful."

"I'm here—but don't think I approve. It's a dirty business."

"So long as you're here. That's all that matters." Sutcliffe dropped the file onto the desk. "This will give you all the dope. We've made a lot of progress. Barry's been running it so far. He will go on under you. It's in your hands now, and you can have anything you want. The whole Brigade of Guards if necessary."

When Sutcliffe had left, Manston lighted a cigarette and began on the file. There was a complete biography of Irina Tovskaya. BORN VOLKHOV, JUNE 23, 1940. HEIGHT 5 FEET 4 INCHES. HAIR, DARK BROWN. EYES, BROWN. DISTINGUISHING MARKS, MOLE ON RIGHT THIGH. Who had supplied that tidbit, he wondered? Probably Elsa Polani. He read on. In brief official jargon her whole history was laid out. Her father had been a schoolteacher, her mother a doctor, and neither of them members of the Communist Party. Her brother, Gregorovitch, was three years older than Irina. There was a complete dossier of his interrogation by the American authorities, and a similar dossier for Irina, beginning at the British Embassy in Paris, and then by the Department. They had both been cleared.

There was a clip of reports from Paris on the agent they had with AGRIP. His name was Alexandre Shernof, a cipher clerk. Their Paris agent now was someone new to Manston, a man named Robert Casalis. The last report from Casalis read: I AM MILKING ALEXANDRE SHERNOF AS HARD AND FAST AS POSSIBLE. HE DOESN'T IMPRESS ME AS THE KIND WHO WILL LAST LONG. Manston saw that he had been enlisted through a French girl named Michele Guichard, who had now and again worked for the Department. There were photographs of Shernof and Guichard, a report on the organization of AGRIP, together with a photograph of the man who was running its clandestine operations. He looked a tough number, Manston thought. Georgi Oleg.

Slowly, Manston read through the transcripts of the messages which Alexandre Shernof had passed over. Capa, Taru, and Limbo. It was interesting, he thought, how unconsciously the people who played this dirty game couldn't resist the romantic touch in the choice of a code name, as though somehow the music of a word might offset the sordidness of the operation. From the facts they had, it was clear that there were three movement stages. Capa was the London end. They handed over to Taru and Taru to Limbo. Capa was located in London, but Shernof could give no locations for the other two. They might be anywhere.

There was a report on the possible identity of Capa. The man with the Pekingese who was in the habit of taking a stroll down Gloucester Place each evening was Charles Hardwick, aged 54, originally a Pole, now a naturalized British subject. He lived in St. John's Wood, was a bachelor, and owned a garage near Regent's Park. The garage was also the business headquarters of a small continental coach touring company—Hardwick Tours—which Hardwick ran in partnership with a Miss Pauline Rylands, aged 43. A brochure of the Hardwick Tours was attached to the reports.

When he had finished looking at the file, Manston sent for Barry Dymen.

Coming in to him, Barry said, "Welcome back. Couldn't resist it, eh?"

Manston smiled. "I'm here. Let's leave it at that. Well"—he indicated the file—"what do you think of all that?"

"So far as we can say at the moment, I'd presume that Hardwick was running Capa. He's taking an enormous interest in the girl. The coach-tour business might be a lead."

"I see you've got a man into the garage."

"Yes—there was a vacancy for a petrol-pump attendant. Do you think they would ship her out in a coach?"

"Could do. But it means she would have to be packed away neatly and kept unconscious for a few hours at least. When does the next tour leave?"

"They do one a fortnight. The next—France and Italy—leaves on the 30th."

"That's the date Capa has given AGRIP."

"Yes. I've got a man booked on it."

"Twenty-sixth today. We've got four days. They can pick her up anytime from now on."

When Barry left, Manston went in to see Sutcliffe. He told him that, so far as he could see, the only likely lead they had at the moment was the Hardwick Tour one.

"It's pretty clear that AGRIP organize the whole thing, but I imagine they are not active in it," Manston said. "This is a cash job done by other people. Limbo, certainly from their messages, are cash-minded. Stinks, doesn't it? You want the bodies delivered. We'll do it—so much a nob. I'd like to have a talk with this Robert Casalis in Paris. He'll have to arrange things the French side for me."

"I'll get him over first thing tomorrow."

"Good. Now, I'm going to have a look at this Hardwick place."

Before lunch Manston took his car and went up to Regent's Park. On the north side, short of Lords, he pulled into the Hardwick Garage and filled up with petrol. There was a big yard at the rear of the garage, full of cars under repair and, in a couple of bays to the right of the yard, he saw two long-distance coaches painted yellow and black. The coach tour offices were above the garage offices. All he could see of them was a run of glass window, half-frosted at the bottom and surmounted with a long notice in neon strip: HARDWICK CONTINENTAL TOURS. BOOK HERE.

He drove back to his club in Brook Stree by way of Gloucester Place. Barry Dymen ha taken over an empty flat in one of the house obliquely facing Irina's building.

Manston found Ritchie in the sitting roor which overlooked the street. He was makin a lunch of corned-beef sandwiches and bottle beer. Another man sat just back from th window, watching the street and the building

Ritchie straightened his bow tie and let smile escape from under his bushy eyebrows "So you was kiddin' me all the time, sir."

"Something like that, Ritchie. How ar things?"

"We've got a comfortable pitch here. W keep two out and two in." He tapped a tele phone which stood on the table. "Direct line Couldn't be more comfortable. That's Wil liams."

The man at the window turned briefly an nodded.

"New but promisin'," said Ritchie.

"Is she in?" Manston asked.

"No, sir. Gone out. Looked real nice too But then any girl does these days in a summe frock."

Williams at the window said without excite ment, "That's funny. Here he is about te hours too early."

Manston moved closer to the window. O the far pavement a man and a woman ha halted by the steps leading up to the house The man was tallish, elderly, neatly dressed i a dark suit and bowler hat. The woman wa dumpy, plain, wearing a gray dress and a littl black hat with the edge of a purple feathe showing in it. As Manston watched, th woman reached out and took a dog's lea from the man's hand. A Pekingese appeare from behind his legs. The woman, with a fain wave of her hand, walked on down the street The man turned and went up the steps.

"Having a quiet look round," said Ritchi

"And he knows that it's safe," said Manstor almost to himself. "When did the girl g out, Ritchie?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9


*Pineapple Cheese Chiffon Pie*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

About fifteen minutes ago, sir."

Then there was someone hanging about iting to spot her. He's now had time to ne and get his boss down. Check with r other two when they come in and see if can spot him. He'll probably be here in."

Yes, sir. But what about him?" Ritchie ded across the room.

Ianston shrugged his shoulders. "Just re- t it."

obert Casalis arrived from Paris the next ning, and Manston went through a quick fing of the situation. He found very soon Casalis was not the kind who needed to er over detail. He had a quick, ranging d, almost photographic.

The odds are, at the moment," said nston, "that they are going to use a coach. 've got a man booked on that. I shall come r on the same boat from Dover. From ais we've got to have cast-iron cover, and ust be the kind of cover that can go on for s if necessary and move quickly."

Shouldn't be too difficult. We can have e cars in radio communication. One out ad of the coach, one close behind—we be in that—and the third can be left swing- to move as we want it, say along a allel road. They won't be official-looking s, and with reliefs we can keep them run- for a month if you want."

I hope not. You can fix all that, can you?"

Sure. The Sûreté will make an awful stink ut it, but they'll do it."

We've got to be right behind this girl all way."

OK."

And above all, nobody is to do any jump- This is just a watch-and-follow job."

asalis smiled. "The hardest. Watch and p anyday for me."

fter Casalis had gone, Manston called secretary and said, "Get hold of the lab ple and tell them I want a complete list of normally procurable drugs which can be hypodermically injected and knock a person out cold for 24 hours. I want to know all about them. How quick they work, characteristics of behavior as the person recovers, and possible aftereffects."

He spent the half hour before lunch going through the coach photographs and specifications which had come from Barry Dymen. On the Hardwick Tour coaches all luggage was carried in an enormous boot at the rear of the coach. He had a moment of vicarious claustrophobia as he realized into how small a space a human body—deprived of any power to struggle or shout—could be packed.

He left the office, the heat from the pavement coming up into his face, and got a taxi. He told the driver to go to Gloucester Place by way of Berkeley Square. In the square he stopped the taxi for a few minutes and went into Moyses Stevens and bought a dozen yellow roses. He paid off the taxi at Irina's house and stood casually for a moment or two on the steps before going in. Ritchie or one of his men would be watching, and he wanted them to know it was he.

The main door was open, propped back by a wrought-iron porpoise. He went up the stairs and rang the door bell of the flat.

The door opened, and she was standing, blinking at him a little in the gloom of the tiny hall. She was wearing a loose housecoat, her legs were bare, her feet thrust into tiny golden slippers. He told himself that she had probably been sunbathing on her roof.

"Oh, it's you." Her voice, surprised and pleased, was a little husky with the sun too.

He smiled. "I had to come up to town for a few days, and I've brought you a bribe."

He held out the roses. She took them, lowering her face to them, and watching him over the yellow blooms. "How lovely. What for?"

"I want you to have supper with me tonight."

She laid the roses against her breast, and said, "I'd love to."

"Good. I thought we'd go out into the country and eat. It will be cooler. Bring a swimsuit—I know a place where we can swim. Six?"

She nodded.

He had lunch in a pub in Dover Street and went back to the office.

Barry Dymen came in after about an hour. "I hear you called on her at lunchtime. Stayed ten minutes."

"Correct."

"With a bunch of yellow roses?" Barry raised an eyebrow.

"Part of the service. I'm taking her out to dinner tonight."

"Is that wise?"

"Nobody is supposed to know what is going to happen to her except Capa. They must fit in with whatever she does. We don't have to make anything easy for the devils. So, she gets taken out to dinner in the country."

"Very nice too."

Manston ignored this, and said, "I'll give you our timetable and route, and I'll phone twice during the evening."

When Barry had gone, Manston sat, wondering why he was taking Irina out. It was a pleasant thing to do. He liked the girl very much—but there was more to it than that. In a way he felt guilty about her. This service, of which he was part, was going to use her coldly and callously for its own purposes. If anything went wrong, it would be prepared to write her off and be equally prepared to try again with someone else if it got the chance. People didn't exist in their own right here. He was finding it hard to adopt that attitude—damned hard.

There was a knock on the door, and Vadim came in.

"Well?" Oleg put a little extra bark into the word to show that he was in no mood for long-windedness.

Vadim sniffed, and said, "Two days ago Alexandre went out to lunch. It was the day of the big thunderstorm. When he came back his suit was wet through and he was carrying a small parcel wrapped in newspaper under his arm. That evening he took a damp shirt from the parcel. He put it in his dirty laundry bag."

"So?"

"The shirt he was wearing was quite dry."

"So?" The word cracked in the room like a sheet of ice going.

"At first I imagined, perhaps, that getting wet through he had bought himself a dry shirt at some store and, perhaps, changed in the lavatory. A man would do that, perhaps, to be comfortable."

"Perhaps."

"But this morning I examined the shirt he had been wearing. You have said so often that one should not overlook any detail."

"Correct."

"It was not a new shirt. It had been laundered many times and"—Vadim's right hand fumbled in his jacket pocket and he pulled out a piece of paper which he held close to his eyes to read—"the tab at the back of the collar read, GERARD FRERES, AVENUE VICTOR HUGO, BLOIS. A shirt from Blois, not new."

"Interesting. Thank you, Vadim."

When Vadim had gone, Oleg reached for the telephone and asked that Yuri be found and sent up to him.

An hour later Yuri stood in front of Oleg. He was worried because he knew that he could not always produce answers as quickly as Oleg could put questions.

Oleg said, "You followed Alexandre today?"

"As always."

"What did he do?"

After a moment's hesitation Yuri said, "The usual. . . ."

"And what did he do two days ago, on the 25th?"

"The day of the big thunderstorm? It came down so heavily—we were both drenched—that he turned into the Rue de la Cerisaie and found shelter in a doorway. I sheltered, too, in a doorway about 20 yards down the street. I stayed there about 20 minutes until the storm stopped. When it did, he left the doorway and I followed him back here."






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"Could you actually see him in this doorway?"

"No. There was no cover on the other side of the road which I could use. Short of going into the doorway with him I could do nothing."

"Did anyone else use the doorway while he was there?"

Without hesitation, knowing that there was a limit to his loyalty to Alexandre even, Yuri said, "Yes. A girl wearing a raincoat. She must live or have been visiting in the house."

"Didn't this strike you as odd?"

"No. Alexandre shelters in a house doorway; if the owner or lodger returns and goes in, that is not unusual."

"He could have gone in?"

"For 20 minutes, yes. But it did not strike me as likely or worth reporting. But I can find out if he did go in."

"How?"

Yuri smiled. "If he went in for 20 minutes, it was at the girl's invitation. That makes her one kind of girl. It should not be difficult."

Oleg had his report from Yuri by five o'clock that evening. The girl was Michele Guichard, aged 27, a cinema usherette. She had been born in Blois and had lived in Paris for eight years. She had a small flat on the third floor of the house in the Rue de la Cerisaie. She had entertained Alexandre for 15 minutes and lent him her brother's shirt.

All this information Yuri had obtained from Alexandre himself. As he had left Oleg, Yuri had met Alexandre on the first-floor landing of the AGRIP building and had jerked his head toward the lavatories. They had had a two-minute interview in which Yuri had reluctantly, but for the safety of them both, said that from now on he would be turning in the truth on Alexandre's movements, and had made quite clear to him—after he had heard about the shirt—what he was going to report to Oleg.

By 6:30 they were free of London. The evening was warm and Manston had put the hood down. Irina sat alongside him, a silk scarf over her hair, and wearing a linen suit, into the lapel of which, he noticed, she had fastened one of his yellow roses. She was the kind of girl, he thought, that any man would be flattered to have alongside him in a car. He drove fast, and they did not talk much.

It was a beautiful summer evening, the sun still burning the grass, everything wrapped in a green peace. At the Rose and Crown in Brenchley they had melon and cold lobster with a bottle of Pouilly Fume.

Over dinner at some point he said to her, "What is the greatest change in your life since leaving the Kirov?"

Irina thought for a moment and then said, "The fact that I am now an individual. You see, in the ballet, I was one of a group. We weren't people, we were a group—a collective. You never did anything on your own. I lived with three other girls. When we traveled, we traveled together. We never had individual tickets—always group tickets, always all together in the same bus. It was a bad thing to be different."

"That's why you don't mind living alone now?"

"I love it. You can't imagine what it is to have a room, a flat, all to yourself. It's heaven."

Before they left the Rose and Crown, Manston called the office. Barry Dymen was not yet on duty, but his assistant answered. There was nothing to report from the London end. Manston said he was going on to his house and would ring Barry before he started the return trip to London.

They drove on through Horsmonden, Goudhurst and Sissinghurst to his house. Bumping down the narrow farm lane, Irina said, "This is where you live?"

"Yes. I thought we might have a swim and a drink before we started back for London."

He showed her the gazebo, where she could change. She had a large white summer bag over her arm in which she had brought her swimsuit.

"I'll change in the house. Be with you in a moment."

He left her and went into the house. He fixed a tray of drinks and left them on a table just inside the sitting-room door. Then he went up to his room and changed. He switched on the pool lights and, as he came down, he heard the splash of a dive. On the terrace he saw Irina swimming lazily down the length of the pool. He dived in after her.

The low-level floodlights silvered the trails of summer evening mist over the water which was so warm that their bodies seemed to float in a vacuum. Irina had her hair pulled back and tied with a length of ribbon. Her shoulders and arms were brown, and he guessed that she did a lot of sunbathing on her rooftop. She turned and laughed at him and then abandoned herself to the water, rolling and diving like some slim, lithe sea animal.

When he helped her out of the pool, he saw that she was wearing a white swimsuit. With her dark hair clinging damply to her forehead, her slim tanned body, and the pleasure shining in her eyes, she was beautiful, vital, full of happiness. For a moment she was just a lovely girl, a gorgeous girl with whom he was happy to be spending an evening and then, as his eyes traveled over her, he saw on her right thigh the brown mole mark which had been noted in her dossier. Reality, the bitter knowledge of the future which lay close ahead for her, struck at him. Something of his feelings must have shown in his face, for she said, "You frown. Is something wrong?"

He smiled. "Wrong? Of course not. What could be wrong on an evening like this? A beautiful evening, a beautiful girl—and a large drink waiting for us."

When they had both changed, they lay in deep wicker chairs on the terrace.

Irina said, "You live here all alone?"

"I have a daily housekeeper. She looks after me. Then there's Joss, my dog."

As he spoke the telephone in the house began to ring. Manston got up and went through to his study. The moment he recognized Barry Dymen's voice, Manston reached out with his foot and kicked the study door shut.

"What moves?"

"Quite a bit. You've got her there?"

"Yes."

"Nice evening?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad."

"Why?" Manston asked sharply.

"Because I think it's the last she's likely to have for some time."

"What's happened?"

"Mr. H. and another man went in about 10 minutes ago. They're obviously settled there to wait. They had a key to the main door. There's a small green van parked around the corner with another man in it."

As Barry spoke, Manston looked at his watch. It was now 10 minutes to 10: He could be back in London with Irina before midnight.

At the other end of the line, Barry said, "What's the form? You'll be bringing her back and they'll be waiting. If you go into the flat, you'll run straight into them and they'll have to deal with you."

Manston considered this. Any man who took a girl out for the evening would see her home. He would have to go up to the door of her flat. He did not have to go inside. He would have to let her walk straight into trouble. His lips tightened with disgust.

His voice hard, he said to Barry, "Don't worry, I'll keep clear. The moment I leave her I'll park the car somewhere and go up to Ritchie."

"I'll be there. We'll have the whole place covered. Nothing can go wrong. What time will you be back?"

"Just before midnight."

After he had rung off he stood in the room lighting a cigarette. She was waiting out on the terrace for him, not an idea in her head that anything could happen to her.

He went out and stood over her. "We ought to be going," he said.

She reached up a hand and he took it, pulling her up from the long chair. For a moment, as she found her feet, she stood close to him, the floodlights making her dark eyes shine, the fragrant warmth of her breath just touching his face for a moment. The compassion in him for her suddenly made him feel angry.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

He shut up the house, and they drove off. He drove fast and was glad that she seemed in no mood to talk. She just lay back in her seat, the wind teasing at her head scarf.

There was little traffic about as he turned into Gloucester Place. Ten minutes to 12 his watch showed. He drew up outside her place, and they went up the steps together and then, flicking on the lights as they went, made the long climb to the top flat. At the door she halted, picking about in her bag for her key. He took it from her as she brought it out and reached toward the lock. The door opened a shade as he turned the key.

"It was a lovely evening," she said. "Thank you very, very much."

It was said simply, her voice low with pleasure, and her face raised to him, and it was raised in a way a woman does when out of gratitude and friendship she offers her lips to a man. For Manston it was a hard moment. All he had to do was take her by the arm and take her down and out of the building. Instead he raised his hands and held her by the shoulders. Then he put his lips on hers, and he felt her lips, feather-light, warm, caress his, move for a moment closer, promising, and then withdraw.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night. And thank you."

He stood, watching her. She made a little movement of her right hand and then pushed the door open more and went in. The door closed, and he heard the faint click of the light switch. There was no other sound. Slowly he turned away and went down the stairs.

Ten minutes later he was in the flat across the road from Irina's place. The room was in darkness. Sutcliffe, Barry Dymen and Ritchie stood in a little group drawn back from the window. Barry had the telephone in his hand, talking to someone in a soft voice.

Sutcliffe said, "They're taking their time. She's been up there over ten minutes now."

Manston said nothing. Imagination could not be kept at bay. He could see her in the act of tossing the big summer bag onto her bed. Someone would move behind her, the arm would come out, around her throat, firm but definite, stopping all cry and the chloroform pad suddenly blocking her face, sending panic winging through her. . . . He swore to himself.

Ritchie said, "Here's one of them."

The main door of the house opposite opened, and a small man came down the steps and walked up and around into York Street.

"Getting the van," said Barry into the telephone.

A few moments later the van came round the corner and drew up outside the house. The driver got out, and opened the doors of the van. Then, after a look up and down the road, he went up the steps.

It happened then, quickly and smoothly. They came down the steps, Irina between them, and it was impossible to say whether they carried her or she walked between them. They took her to the back of the van and eased her in. Hardwick got in alongside the driver and the van moved off.

Barry said into the telephone, "The van's left now. Going down Gloucester Place. Got it?" He paused waiting, then said, "Good."

Sutcliffe stirred, turned from the window, and faced Manston. "Barry can handle things here. No need for us to stay."

Manston said, "Has anyone got a key to that place?"

Ritchie's hand came out through the gloom. "Outer door and her flat, sir."

Manston took the keys. "I'm just going to have a look round. Then I shall go back to the office." Without a word to Sutcliffe, Manston went out.

He let himself into the building and went up the stairs to the flat. He didn't need a key for her door. It was ajar, and the light was still on. The sitting room was tidy, untouched. In the window Nijinsky chirped once, sleepily. He went into the kitchen. A small saucepan of milk had been put on the gas ring. Someone had turned the gas off. The milk was faintly warm. He went back into the sitting room and through to her bedroom.

The light was on, and the moment he entered he could smell the chloroform. The rug by the bed was disarranged. Her handbag lay on the bed and near the dressing table, which held a vase of yellow roses, one yellow rose lay on the floor, brushed from her jacket lapel. It had been trodden on and the bruised petals were scattered on the bare boards.

He stood there, looking round the room, and his face was set with the look of a man who has a bitter taste in his mouth.

Irina came to, briefly. A short, middle-aged woman was standing over her, one hand still shaking her shoulder. "Drink this."

The glass was at her lips, and she drank, suddenly aware of her thirst, the woman's free arm now half-supporting her. The arm left her, and she dropped back. Her eyes went round the room, and there was nothing to see except unplastered brick wall and, over the woman's shoulder, part of a door.

The woman dropped on one knee by the bed and, her mouth close to Irina's ear, she said, "Can you hear me?"

Irina nodded slowly.

"Good girl. Now try to understand this. You are quite safe. If you behave yourself, no harm will come to you. Just behave. . . ."

She drifted away and then came back momentarily to hear the woman's voice say, "You may be sick. It means nothing. There is something by the side of the bed if you are."

Irina tried to nod, but the effort was beyond her.

Manston lay on the camp bed which was set up in the anteroom to his office. It had been three o'clock before all the reports on the Irina Tovskaya kidnapping were in. The green van had been driven some way up the Edgware Road and then back for a complete circle of Regent's Park before going into Hardwick's garage. Irina had been lifted out and taken through a door at the back—which led into the small garden of the house occupied by Miss Pauline Rylands, Hardwick's partner. Irina was now somewhere in the house, and the house and garage were under observation from six different points.

He lighted a cigarette and blew smoke at the ceiling, frowning. From now on nobody could let up for a second.

Early the next morning—the 28th of August—Barry came in with a report from their man who worked at the Hardwick garage. The boot of one of the coaches had been modified with a false back, leaving a cavity behind it big enough to take a body.

"Clinches it, don't you think?" said Barry.

"Is it the coach that's due out on the 30th?"

"He's pretty sure it is. Hell of a way to travel, eh?"

Manston said nothing, but all that day the thought of it kept coming back to him.

Before dinner that evening he took a taxi to Regent's Park and walked through toward Lord's Cricket Ground. Ritchie was installed in a small bachelor flat some way from the garage, but giving a good view of it. "That Pekingese," said Ritchie. "Never known a dog that wanted so much walkin'."

Manston said, "When I go down to Dover the day after tomorrow, Ritchie, I want you to come with me. You can drive my car back. Fresh air will do you good."

"And very nice, too, sir. Could do with a change."

Manston stared out at the garage with its run of parking bays behind the small house of Miss Pauline Rylands backing up to the bays. Somewhere in that house was Irina. He turned away from the window impatiently.

On the morning of the 29th of August, Alexandre Shernof came to a decision. Ever since Yuri had talked to him about the shirt he had borrowed from Michele, he had been worried. Oleg would have Michele investigated. It was this that worried him. His only consolation was that he trusted Michele implicitly.

Halfway through the morning he decided that he would be a fool to stay and risk his future happiness. He had not made as much money as he wanted, but he had enough. They could go away. He could get false papers and he could work—drop into obscurity in Spain or Portugal or somewhere.

A message came in from Capa at midmorning.

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And there was one from Limbo.

LIMBO TO AGRIP
WILL COLLECT TARU FIRST SEPTEMBER.

And from Taru.

TARU TO AGRIP
ALL ARRANGEMENTS MADE TAKE-OVER FROM CAPA.

Alexandre was impatient to see Michele that lunchtime. These messages would mean more money. But the payment would have to be prompt, that day, by special messenger to Michele's flat. It would have to be. He was not going to take any more risks.

Michele was waiting for him, dressed as she always was these hot days, a wrapper over her underclothes, her black hair loose over her shoulders. She saw at once that something had happened to him. He took her in his arms, kissed her, but said nothing. He telephoned his man, gave him the text of that day's messages and insisted that the money should be sent around that day to Michele by messenger. Alexandre said that this would be the last time he would be in communication with him. The situation had become dangerous. At the other end of the line the man said calmly, "I understand. Thank you for your help." Alexandre marked the note of finality.

Michele brought him a cup of coffee, and they sat on the bed together.

Alexandre said, "You are ready?"

Michele nodded. "Whatever you say, *chéri.*"

"The rest of the money will be here this afternoon. Take it all, pack a bag and go to the Gare de Lyons, buy two tickets for the eight-o'clock train to Marseilles. I will join you at the station at half past seven."

"Oh, Alexandre, *chéri. . . .*"

He put his arms around her and kissed her hair. There was no fear in him now, only a deep, contented resignation and a joy in anticipating the happiness of a future, no matter how brief it might be.

Alexandre had to hurry back to AGRIP, for he had spent more time than usual with Michele. Back at his desk he settled down to the routine translation of commercial letters. An hour later Oleg rang for him.

He went into Oleg's room. Oleg was sitting behind his desk, frowning. A man stood by the window and there was another man with his back to the filing cabinet. Both men were in dark-gray suits, both looked oddly the same, and they held themselves almost ruggedly at attention, watching Alexandre stonily. Seeing them, there was suddenly a great cold hollowness inside Alexandre.

Oleg said, "You have been visiting a Michele Guichard at her flat in the Rue de la Cerisaie." It was not a question, but a hard, unaccented statement.

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"I am in love with her."

"What do you know about this woman?"

"Her parents are dead. She is a cinema usherette. She was born in Blois. She has a brother who is a truck driver."

"That is all?"

Alexandre shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

"Until four years ago," said Oleg, "this Michele Guichard was the mistress of a British intelligence agent in Paris. She has kept in touch with him. Through her you have been selling him information about this organization."

"No."

"You have been selling him information. I need a list of all such information."

"I have not done this."

"You are stubborn now, but you know that you cannot continue in this stubbornness."

"I am in love with Michele Guichard. That is all."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Alexandre never saw what sign Oleg made. But the man by the window, his swiftness making a mockery of the bulkiness of his body, was at his side. His hand flashed up, and something hard smacked brutally against the side of Alexandre's neck. Alexandre fell to the floor, panting with animal distress.

Oleg said, "Get up."

Slowly Alexandre pulled himself up.

"I want," said Oleg evenly, "a list of all the information you have supplied. It is known through Yuri that you have visited this woman many times."

"I have gone to her because I love her. Just that," said Alexandre.

The other man moved with the same surprising rapidity, and he kicked at Alexandre's legs, knocking them from under him and then, almost before he had reached the ground, the other man's heavy boots thudded into his ribs.

"Stand up," said Oleg.

Alexandre pulled himself up. There was nothing he could do now, he knew. Michele would wait at the Gare de Lyons. The Marseilles train would go.

"I want a list of all the information you have passed."

As though someone, a stranger inside him had taken over his faculties, Alexandre heard himself say, "Go to hell."

He was struck on the side of the neck again and fell to the ground.

"Stand up," said Oleg.

Five days later Alexandre's body was pulled from the Seine near the Pont d'Iéna. There was nothing about the clothes to identify him, and his face was unrecognizable. Yuri's body, equally unrecognizable, though starting from the same point just above the Quai des Célestins, traveled farther and was found seven days later near the railway bridge at Puteaux.

On the afternoon of August 29th, an hour after he had finished interrogating Alexandre, Oleg, after a conference with his superiors, sent the following message:

AGRIP TO TARU
REPORT HERE IMMEDIATELY

The gray-haired woman came in with a supper tray. She put the tray on the table and straightened up, smiling at Irina.

It was this pleasantness, which in some way caused Irina more fear than anything else. The woman nodded at the tray. "It's a nice piece of beef. I do hope you eat it. You haven't had much since you've been here."

Irina said, "I'm going back, is that it?"

"I don't know about that, dear." For a moment the woman sighed, and then added, "I gave up asking questions long ago."

"You're English, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"How could you do this?" Irina's voice hardened, anger rising in her. "You know what you're doing, don't you? I left my country of my own free will. One should always have that right. Now, you're helping to send me back. I'd heard that it happens sometimes But I never thought of it for me. I'm nothing. I'm never even going to be a star dancer. Why should they want me back?"

The woman considered her sympathetically. "Yes, I know. But it's no good asking questions, is it? How can you ever hope to understand the whys and wherefores of the things they do." She smiled encouragingly.

Irina said, "I've got some money. Not a lot. But about 300 pounds. You could have it all if you let me go."

The woman considered this sadly, and then shook her head. "Money's got nothing to do with it, dear. I mean, in the first place, he had to do it. He gets paid, of course. But it's no good you offering me money. I mean, it just isn't to be considered."

She went out the door, and Irina looked at the tray of food. Best rib of beef. So it might be, but she knew that she was not going to eat it. The most she could do would be to drink the milk.

Suddenly, staring at the clinical whiteness of the handbasin against the harsh red brick wall, she remembered her evening in the country with Manston. Richard Manston. All that evening out of some shyness she had avoided using his first name, and she had noticed that he had done the same with her. It had been nice that way. Particularly the swim in his pool. How much she had enjoyed that. She remembered how she had gone into her flat after he had left, standing for a moment inside the door, hearing his footsteps fade on the stairs. She had been full of happiness. And then. . . .

A swift turn of misery swept over her. *Oh, no! Oh, no!* she cried to herself. *This can't be happening. It can't be.*

Her misery stirred her to anger. She got up and went to the door and beat on it furiously with her fists.

Manston went to the office at nine the night of August 29th. He would be there all night. He and Barry Dymen had to be on call now right up until the Hardwick coach left the garage in the morning. The complement of tourists traveling with the coach was to be picked up at Eccleston Bridge in Victoria. Among the passengers would be one man from the department.

The lab man came in. He stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his white lab coat and said in a deep voice, "I'm sorry I've been so long about this, sir. But it's not so easy as it seems, and I wanted to check it."

"You mean you've carried out a test?"

"Had to. I was told this was important, not just to rely on theory. Despite what the average crime writer thinks and writes—it isn't easy to put anyone out cold for eight or twelve hours."

"I didn't imagine it was. But it can be done?"

"Well"—there was almost a note of relish in the deep voice—"first you've got to give an intravenous injection of the proper thiopental sodium solution. You give this over a period of ten seconds—in the elbow—and the patient will be unconscious before the injection is completed."

"And that's it?"

"No, sir. Not by a long chalk. A couple of minutes later you've got to give the same dose of the same solution, but intramuscularly. And then two rectal suppositories of Chlorpromezathine—about a hundred grams each. Then, if you want to get the full time limit, the patient must be kept cool, we found ——"

"We? Whom did you try this on?" Manston was forcing himself to think only of an anonymous patient, not Irina.

"I was the guinea pig. They stretched me out on a rubber mattress full of ice water. You don't want too much jolting or vibration, that cuts down the time. And you need adequate ventilation, of course."

"You sound as though you had a jolly time."

"Well, sir, I was driven around for eight hours and I was still out. Actually I came round after 10 and a half hours. But there was considerable disorientation for about three hours. I weigh over 10 stone. With a woman, say eight to eight and a half stone, she should go the 12-hour period easily."

"Apart from the disorientation—no other aftereffects?"

The lab man smiled. "I didn't exactly feel like a million dollars for about eight hours."

"Thanks. Now tell me something else. How long could this process go on? Say you wanted to have someone in an unconscious state for three or four days?"

The lab man made a face. "Damned risky. A couple of times—that is consecutively—maybe. But after that the old ticker might give up. No, you couldn't do it. You'd have a corpse on your hands."

Ritchie came for Manston on the morning of August 30th and they drove down to Victoria. It was still only half-past seven and there was no sign of the coach. Near the bus shelters various people were assembled with suitcases, but he paid no attention to them. He left Ritchie with the car and walked to the corner of the square.

A Special Branch car was parked just back from the corner. It was a small black van with the legend REDFERN TILE COMPANY in gold letters along its side. Two men in overalls sat in the front seats. Inside the van, Manston knew, would be another, a radio operator. One of the men, seeing Manston, wound down the window. He gave Manston a wink and said, "Nice day for going abroad."

Manston, who knew him, raised his eyes humorously, and then said, "I'm going to take a walk over the bridge. After that I shan't hang around. Nothing's likely to happen between here and Dover."

He went back to the bridge. The coach had arrived and was drawn up at the far end of the bridge. The courier was standing by the entrance to the coach with a clipboard in his hand, checking names. The driver was at the back of the coach, the doors of the large luggage compartment open, and he was stowing away passengers' cases. Some of the passengers had already settled into the coach.

Manston stopped 20 yards past the coach and studied a bus timetable on the wall, watching the scene from the corner of his right eye. The courier came back to the driver who was about to close the doors of the luggage compartment. A luggage compartment, thought Manston, normally eight feet deep, five-feet six wide and four feet high. Only now it was only five feet six inches deep. The other two feet six inches by five feet six by four feet belonged to Irina. She was there, not 20 yards from him, packed into her neat compartment, no doubt adequately ventilated, unconscious on a mattress filled with ice water, neatly semirefrigerated for 12 hours.

He turned away sharply and walked on over the bridge, into Eccleston Square. The Special Branch van was still at the top corner.

Manston motioned Ritchie into the driving seat.

Ritchie drove round the square and, as they came to the top, Hardwick's coach went by,

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yellow and black like a great hornet, the sun shining on its coachwork, garage-leathered, gleaming.

Ritchie said, "Which way?"

"Over Lambeth Bridge." The coach disappeared, and he was not eager to see it again until they reached Dover.

Ritchie drove fast, and they made Maidstone in just over the hour. A few miles past Maidstone a patrol car on special duty was parked off the road. Ritchie drew alongside it. As Manston got out, a police officer also got out of the police car.

Manston gave him a code word and identified himself. The officer said, "The coach is approaching Maidstone now. There's also this."

Manston was handed a folded sheet of paper. He opened it. It was handwritten by the car's radio operator, and was from Barry.

FOLLOWING RECEIVED FROM CASALIS. QUOTE. PARIS AGRIP CONTACT ALEXANDRE SHERNOF AFTER PASSING LAST INFORMATION HAD ARRANGED TO LEAVE EVENING 29TH FOR MARSEILLES WITH MISTRESS MICHELE GUICHARD. SHERNOF NEVER ARRIVED STATION. NO CONTACT MADE BY SHERNOF WITH GUICHARD SINCE. UNQUOTE.

As they drove on, Manston watched the road absently. So, the AGRIP contact had been broken. God knew what might have happened to Shernof. This could be serious....

They were at Dover just after half past nine. Manston said good-by to Ritchie.

Ritchie gave him a little nod, fingered the tip of his bow tie, and said, "Best of luck, sir. She's a nice girl. I got quite fond of her just watching."

The trip across took an hour and a half. They docked at Calais five minutes late, and Manston made his way with the rest of the passengers through the *douane*. He walked through the Gare Maritime and found Casalis with the car parked at the top end of the Bassin Carnot. The car was a black Citroën, showing no outward signs that it was radio-equipped. The operator, not in uniform, sat in the back seat. His name was Jean Belville.

Manston dumped his suitcase in the boot of the car and turned to Casalis.

"Any more dope on this Shernof bloke?"

Casalis, big, looking full of energy, the wind off the sea fretting at his fair hair, shook his head. "He's just disappeared. What do you make of it?"

"I don't like it. We've got to work on the assumption that the worst has happened—that AGRIP have rumbled him, made him confess and then dealt with him. In that case they must have asked themselves why we didn't stop Irina Tovskaya from being kidnapped. Agree?"

"Yes."

"Which gives them the answer that we have other plans. The obvious deduction on their part is that we may be going to follow her through the line. We've got to assume this."

"Why didn't they warn Capa or get them to change their plan?"

"Because there wasn't time, probably. And also because they must have realized nothing could save Capa—if we'd been keeping tabs on the girl. But there's a lot they can do to protect Taru and Limbo. They're not going to let us get a sniff at them."

"So—there will be a change in their normal routine this side?"

"We'd be fools not to expect it. The usual routine was probably a change-over to Taru somewhere between here and Amiens or in Amiens. But we've got to be ready for any unexpected stop of that coach before it reaches Amiens. What about this place they stop for lunch? You've had a look at that?"

"Yesterday. It's a small place on the Saint Omer-Hesdin road which caters for coaches, the *Café de la Forêt*."

As he spoke the yellow-and-black coach came slowly down toward them over the cobbles. He had a glimpse of the driver's broad face, peak cap pushed back a little, and he saw the courier standing in the body of the coach. And in the back—hidden behind the luggage compartment—Irina. For a moment he remembered her face as she swam in his pool, the wet black hair, sleek to her head.

Casalis put his head through the car door and said to Jean Belville, "That's her, Jean."

They gave the coach a few minutes' start, and then they got into the car. Casalis driving, they drew into the parking space of the *Café de la Forêt* a few minutes ahead of the coach. They parked the car well up, and Jean stayed with it. Manston and Casalis went into the bar which adjoined a long dining room.

There were three people in the bar—a man and a woman sitting near the dining-room door, and another man sitting near the entrance door with a glass of beer and reading an old copy of *Paris Match*.

Manston ordered a beer from a girl who came through a door behind the bar, and looked over the three other people. They looked ordinary—the woman in a summer dress, hair dyed blond with the part showing darkly the original brunette, the man, jacket off, hitting the edge of the table with the side of his hand as he argued some point. The man reading *Paris Match* looked as though he might be a local.

As he turned back to his beer Manston saw the long length of the black-and-yellow coach slide by the windows. He said, "When they're in the dining room, you go in. Order for both of us. I want to look around outside."

Outside, Manston could see the passengers descending from the coach, being shepherded by the courier. The café manager was at the door, welcoming them. Manston saw the driver get down, stretch his arms and light a cigarette and then stroll toward the dining-room door. He stood there alongside the courier, while their flock, chattering, came into the room.

The *Paris Match* man stood up, nodded to the girl behind the bar, and went out. Manston saw him pass the bar window, heading as though for the lavatories. Every instinct awake now, Manston said to the girl, "Is he a regular, the man who has just gone out?"

The girl shook her head. "No, monsieur. I have never seen him before."

Manston went over to the window. He was just in time to see the man go into the door marked HOMMES. He went back to Casalis and said, "I've got an uneasy feeling about that character. You go along and keep him company while he's in there. I can watch the coach from here."

Casalis nodded and went out.

Waiting there alone, Manston was acutely aware of the anxiety which had grown in him since he had received the news of Shernof. Following someone without his knowing it was hard enough, but to follow someone who knew—that was hell. The whole object of this operation had been to trail Irina secretly. The terms were different now. If AGRIP were wise to them, how could they succeed?

He lighted a cigarette and saw the flame of the light steady as his hand held it. Somewhere, instinct suddenly backed by experience, little ice-cold jabs of awareness began to needle him. Already—the intuition flashed into his mind, wordless for a second, and then formed—already something was wrong. The *Paris Match* man had been inside too long, and so had Casalis.

Manston went quickly to the door. He ran to the lavatory and went through the door, taking his automatic from his pocket.

Casalis lay on the concrete floor, his head thrown back awkwardly, his eyes shut. Manston dropped on his knee beside him. There was a bruise and a ragged cut over his right temple, and, in a moment of time as he knelt there, assuring himself that Casalis was only out cold, he saw a small pile of whitewash flakings on the floor alongside Casalis. The lavatory was open to the sky. The *Paris Match* man had gone over the wall.

Manston turned and ran to the front of the place. As he came out of the door he knew he was too late. The coach was moving. As he ran forward he saw the coach move away from the road exit, stop, and then suddenly reverse, roaring back in a narrow arc. The towering rear end of the coach rammed backward at the Citroën. Manston shouted, and Jean, standing by the Citroën, already aware of his danger, leaped to one side. Jean was not quick enough. Part of the rear end of the coach caught him on the shoulder and sent him sprawling. The next instant the back of the coach crashed into the Citroën, forcing it over on its side into a small flower bed. The coach jerked out of reverse and came speeding down across the front of the café. Manston leaped out of its way. As it went by him he recognized the *Paris Match* man at the wheel.

The coach swung out onto the road and at top speed began to head back toward Saint Omer.

Manston ran up to Jean, who was picking himself up. "The car's no good, but the radio may work," Manston told him. "Raise th others and tell them what happened." Th map was clear in his memory. "Get on t Amiens—ask for a general call. If anybod locally spots the coach, they must let it g just report it. We don't want it stopped. W just want to know where it goes. Pick u Casalis in the lavatory and then follow me,

Opposite the bar door was a small sport car, top down. He jumped into it, offere thanks for the ignition key left in the lock and then was away.

Ahead of him he saw the coach slow dow for a small stone bridge over the river. Ther was just enough clearance to take the vehicle On the far side of the river was a belt of tree on the hillside, and the road cut deepl through it. Manston drew up at the end o the curve in the road, before the bridge. H watched the coach climb slowly. *Paris Matc* was in no hurry now. Almost at the limit o the trees Manston saw the coach turn to th left off the road. It moved about 50 yards int the trees, its bright-yellow body flashin through their trunks and then it stopped.

Manston got out of the car and walke down the road to the bridge. Beyond th bridge he went into the trees and began t work his way up to the coach. Fifty yards u the slope, set among the trees, was an ol quarry. He flanked it and on its crest found rusty tin shed which had been used as a shelte for the workers. He went in and looke through. He could see part of the coach twenty yards away, partly obscured by th intervening bushes and trees. It was standin in a small clearing.

*Paris Match* was at the back of the coac with two other men dressed in workin clothes like himself. They had the luggage compartment doors open and were tossing ou suitcases onto the grass. Nearer the road stoo a farm truck, half full of cabbages and a fe crates crammed with poultry.

The three men worked without talking When the compartment was empty, one o them climbed in. After a while he cam crawling out backward. As he stood up, *Par Match* and the other man reached inside, an Manston guessed that they were easing out th false back of the compartment to free Irina

So far, he had tried not to think of her too much. So far, it had been comparatively easy But not now. In a few moments he would se her—for the first time since he had kissed he good-by at the door of her flat.

He swore to himself silently as the thre men lifted out the false back of the compart ment. They dropped it carelessly on the gras and stood looking inside the compartment.

It was at this moment that, from the door less entrance behind him, a voice said i French to Manston, "Just stand back from th window and keep your hands well away fro your sides."

Manston turned fast. Standing just outsid the doorway was the jolly man from the *Caf de la Forêt*, jacketless, his blue shirt staine below the armpits with sweat. One hand wa raised, holding a heavy revolver. Behind hi stood the blond woman.

"Come out," said the man. "Slowly."

The man backed away as Manston cam into the sunlight, and then, when Manstor was clear of the hut, he moved his gun hand motioning him to halt.

"Turn round," said the man.

Manston turned. The man hit him hard an expertly. The last thing he saw as he fell wa a scrawl of white paint on the side of the hut

During the morning of August 30th, Ole dispatched the following message:

AGRIP TO CAPA
DISMANTLE. REPEAT. DISMANTLE.

Capa now, Oleg told himself dispassion ately, was a rotten limb. It had to be cut awa ruthlessly. It had happened before, and i would happen again. After a time Capa woul be replaced.

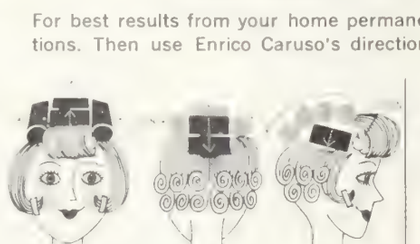
At six o'clock that evening Sutcliffe wa handed a report from Casalis on the inciden at the *Café de la Forêt*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

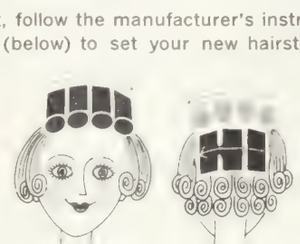
## Get Set for Summer

Setting directions for hairdos on pages 66 and 67.

For best results from your home permanent, follow the manufacturer's instructions. Then use Enrico Caruso's directions (below) to set your new hairstyle.



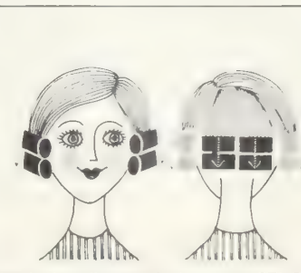
Buster Brown: To get a curvy bang, smooth hair over a little pillow of cotton, secure with clips. Side swirls are "set" with transparent tape to your cheek.



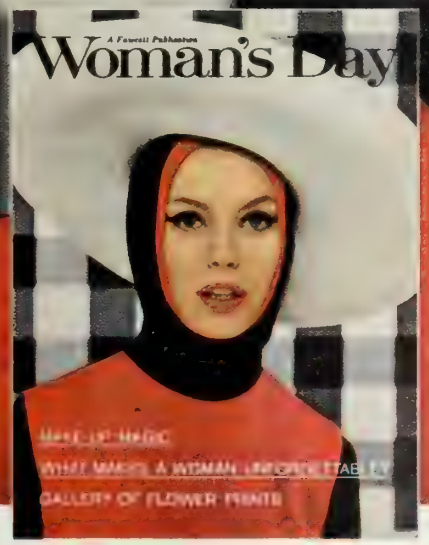
The Flip: Rollers set the high-riding shape. When winding pin curls, remember that the larger the curl (and the more hair it includes), the looser the finished curl.



Ponytail: For a split-level hairdo (short front, longer back hair), roll back hair into French twist and pin. Make three giant standing pincurls of the ends. Clip.



Sidewinder: (large photo, page 67) Rollers are all you need for this. The barrette, enameled in pale blue, is from Ben Hur, or you can use a ribbon bow or a comb.




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# TERRY CLOTH

Other views of Butterick patterns on pages [illegible] 71.



**Butterick Design No. 2706** Adult and Child's Sleeveless Beachdress. One Size $.50, in Canada $.60. Adult version shown requires 3 yards of 36″ fabric without nap. Child's version shown requires 1½ yards of 36″ fabric without nap.

**Butterick Design No. 2721** Child's Beachdress with curved yoke. 2–12 $.50, in Canada $.60. Version shown requires 1⅝ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 6.

**Butterick Design No. 2709** Beachdress with curved yoke. 10–16 (31–36) $.50, in Canada $.60. Version shown requires 3 yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.



**Butterick Design No. 2744** Overblouse with Shorts. 10–16 (31–36) $.60, in Canada $.70. Overblouse shown requires 2⅝ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14. Shorts version requires 1 yard of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Terrycloth Beach Scarf** requires ½ yard of 36″ fabric and 2½ yards of cotton braid or 3 yards of bias tape, double fold.

**Butterick Design No. 2714** Overblouse with bateau neckline. S-M-L $.50, in Canada $.60. Version shown requires 1⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap for right side; 1⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap for left side; ¼ yard of 36″ fabric without nap for contrasting band. Medium size 14–16.



**Butterick Design No. 2743** Hip-Length Overblouse. 10–18 (31–38) $.60, in Canada $.70. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Butterick Design No. 2711** Sleeveless Beachdress. 10–18 (31–38) $.50, in Canada $.60. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Butterick Design No. 2747** Proportioned Pants. Waist Sizes 24–32 $.50, in Canada $.60. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist, medium.

# AND DENIMS



**Butterick Design No. 2730** Side-Pleated Dress. 10–18 (31–38) $.60, in Canada $.70. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Butterick Design No. 2704** Ankle-Length Skirt; Street-Length Skirt and Overblouse. $.75, in Canada $.85. Ankle-Length Skirt version requires 2⅝ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14. Street-Length Skirt version requires 1¾ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14. Overblouse requires 1¼ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.



**Butterick Design No. 2757** Child's Blouse and Shorts. 7–14 $.50, in Canada $.60. Shorts version requires ⅞ yard of 36″ fabric without nap, size 7. Blouse version requires 1¼ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 7.

**Butterick Design No. 2736** Shirt Shift. 10–16 (31–36) $.60, in Canada $.70. Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Butterick Design No. 2692** Sleeveless Dress and Jacket. 10–16 (31–36) $.60, in Canada $.70. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 36″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Buy Butterick Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *California and Pennsylvania residents add sales tax.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

The sports car in which Manston had followed the coach had been found close to a bridge over the Aa River near Avroult. The coach had been abandoned in a small wood on the other side of the river. Manston was missing. The coach now, its passengers and the driver and courier were in Amiens and, in view of the false compartment revealed in the luggage space of the coach, the driver and courier were being held. No trace or description had been found of the vehicle which must have taken off Irina Tovskaya and her abductors.

After he had finished reading, Sutcliffe was silent for a while, thinking. Then, as though talking to himself, he said, "They must have Manston. He'd have got in touch by now otherwise."

Barry nodded.

"Tell Casalis to hold the driver and courier. Get them back here. The passengers too."

"They'll be happy."

"Who cares?"

"Hardwick and Rylands pulled out of their place by car an hour ago. We lost trace of them near Hampstead in a traffic jam. There's a call out for them. I've got all the port exits alerted. You want them in?"

"Yes. But we won't get much from them. AGRIP have thrown them to the wolves. Damn that fellow Shernof." Sutcliffe reached for his pipe and began to fill it. He went on, "You'd better get over to Casalis. The stuff this side is routine. The real trouble is that AGRIP must know that we are on to them. Our only hope is Manston."

Irina was only vaguely aware that it was daylight. At least she imagined that it was daylight, but it was difficult to tell because her mind as well as her eyes seemed incapable of any settled focus.

She lay on a bed, and there was a woman leaning over her, and for a long time she wondered why she went on leaning. Then, in a flash of clarity, she understood that her clothes were being taken off. She made no protest beyond the mute words of protest in her mind. Her body seemed to be always lagging a few yards behind her thoughts.

Stripped, she was cold, colder than she had been, and she shivered. The woman leaned over her, and she saw the dark part at the roots of her blond hair. She shut her eyes, and her head whirled until she was the center of a spinning nebula.

She felt herself lifted at shoulders and feet, and heard a man say something. She tried to speak, protesting her nakedness in front of him, but her throat closed up on her.

They put her in a warm bath, and she drifted away, vaguely conscious of the woman's hand moving, bathing her, the sweep of a sponge over her face like a soft palm.

After that it was darkness for a long time.

Manston watched the dawn come up. He sat on a small stool by the window. Except for the bed, it was the only other furniture in the room. It was an attic room, and the window was set in the embrasure of a small gable. There was a row of iron bars across it, firmly set in a stout oak frame.

While he had been unconscious he had been handcuffed, with his hands in front of him. They were old-fashioned figure-eight cuffs, holding his wrists close together.

He looked out across a small stretch of lawn which was bordered by shrubbery. Beyond the shrubs stood a row of tall pines, and through them he could see the river. He could see something of the front of the house, and it looked to him like a small country château. The river had a familiar look to him. It could be the Loire. If so, the house was probably between Orléans and the sea.

He got up and went over to his bed, dropped onto it and awkwardly lighted a cigarette. They had left him his watch and his matches and cigarettes—considerate of them. He also had a thumping headache, dimming now. His right arm was slightly swollen. What had he been treated with when they had lifted him in among the cabbages and poultry? A small dose? Just enough to keep him quiet on the journey and carry him through to darkness when he had awakened with a bumping hea and a stiff neck.

He sat up, suddenly angry with himse Fancy letting himself be caught in that quar hut. No matter how fast things had moved, should have thought of being followed.

The door opened behind him after a pr liminary protest of bolts. He turned.

A man came two steps into the room, carr ing a tray. Behind him, blocking the doorwa stood *Paris Match*, hands in his corduro jacket pockets, the flat untidy face pouched what was probably a smile. The man with t tray was the man with the blue shirt.

He put the tray on the floor and sai "Breakfast"—and then with a wink, added "and my apologies for yesterday."

*Paris Match* stepped back out of the roor and the other man followed him. The do closed and the bolts were rasped into plac

On the tray were a pot of coffee, a jug of h milk, some *croissants*, a boiled egg, salt, pe per, butter, sugar and a tiny jar of peac preserves. Manston carried it to the windo ledge, drew up his stool and began to e hungrily. The coffee was delicious.

When he had finished eating, he sat with th last of the coffee, smoking a cigarette.

That they had preferred to have him ali rather than dead was easily figured out. Dea men could not speak. That was something h was going to have to face and, if they broug it to an issue, there was no quick way out f him. When his clothes had been searche they had known exactly where to look for th regulation vial. It was one of the first thin he had checked.

And Irina? More than likely she was in th place, and by now she must be conscious. H chances of being rescued from now on we slim and depended on him.

Later that morning, a few miles north Capel Curig in Caernarvonshire a motorcyc patrolman returning from Bangor noticed black car parked just off the road by the sid of Lake Ogwen. He drew up beyond it, di mounted and walked back. There were tw people in the car, a man and a woman. The were both dead. The woman had a small auto matic wound in the left temple and the man similar wound in the right temple. The auto matic lay on the floor close to the car brak A large crocodile-skin bag on the woman lap contained two passports, one for Mi Pauline Rylands and the other for a M Hardwick. Capa was dismantled.

Manston was kept in his room until eigh o'clock that evening. At 7:30 he heard vehicle come to the house. Half an hour lat *Paris Match*, gun in hand, and the other ma came into his room.

The other man said, "Come on—time t go." He stood aside from the open door, an Manston moved through it. "Walk betwee us," said the man. "And watch the stairs.

They went down two flights of stairs to th ground floor. In the narrow hallway was th blond woman. Manston recognized her fro the *Café de la Forêt*.

The woman came forward, holding up length of black silk. She dropped the silk ov his eyes and knotted it at the back of his hea

His arm was taken, and a voice said, "Ju follow me. Outside, there's a flight of s steps." Manston went down them and ont the gravel of the drive. Guided, he walke about 50 yards and then was halted. For moment there was complete silence. The Manston heard a door slam. It sounded mo like a heavy car door than the door of th house, and it was very close to him.

A hand took Manston's arm, and he w urged forward. "Put out your hands, and the get your knee up and crawl forward. Manston felt cold metal under his finge about waist high.

He found a rest for his knee, and moved h hands forward and lost the touch of meta now, feeling canvas, stretched tightly wit something packed hard under it. He crawle forward, blindly.

Metal clanged. Somewhere close ahead him he heard very faintly an engine start, an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Sealy
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You're looking at Sealy's new Posturepedic "Imperial 200" mattress—an experience in beautiful, healthful sleeping. It's pure Posturepedic. . designed in cooperation with leading orthopedic surgeons. Pure luxury, with deep, twin layers of billowy Sealyfoam and a lustrous covering of Moonglow satin. And it's guaranteed for 20 years, too.* "Imperial 200" mattress and matching foundation, the set, $200. Yours will be registered in your name.

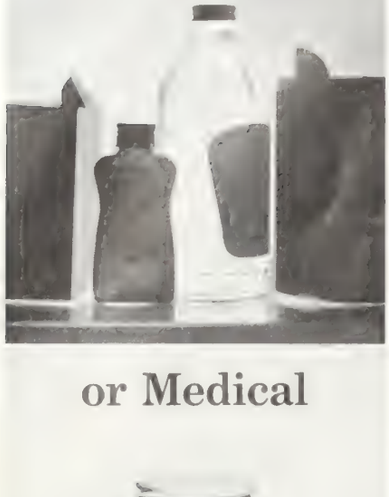
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Be assured—try Massengill Powder. Available in jars and in convenient pre-measured packettes.



Massengill Powder


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

he could feel the vibration run through his hands and knees. Almost immediately the floor jolted under him, and he was thrown forward, caught off his balance. He lay full length and knew that he was moving, feeling the sway and jolt of the vehicle over the ground. He began to twist round, awkward without the proper use of his hands.

There was a movement close to him. A voice said, "Wait."

Fingers went to the back of his head and the black-silk blindfold was unknotted. He twisted himself round into a sitting position and sat blinking at the sudden light. He was in a small cell-like chamber, about 10 feet long and five feet wide. The place was completely lined with rough, strong canvas held in place by strips of thin steel. At the far end of the chamber a small electric light was set in a glass bowl about the size of a car's headlamp, protected by a thick wire. Along the floor on each side of the chamber were two long benches about 18 inches wide. Sitting on one of these opposite him, her head clearing the roof by less than a foot, was Irina Tovskaya.

She just sat there, staring at him in amazement. She had one leg drawn up under her on the seat and her hands were in her lap, holding his length of black silk. She still wore the linen suit, now rather rumpled, in which he had taken her to the country. Her face was pale, drawn with weariness, and there were dark shadows under her large brown eyes. The sight of it sent a sharp pang through Manston.

He put out his cuffed hands and took hold of one of her hands, his fingers pressing around hers, and he said gently, "It's all right. You're not dreaming—it's me."

Her eyes closed for a moment, and her head went back as though suddenly she had need for great drafts of air. "It can't be! Oh, it can't be! Richard. . . ."

He held her hand tightly, giving it a little shake, and spoke quickly, knowing that she needed all the help he could give. "It's me. I'm with you, and everything's going to be all right. Now, reach in my pocket—you'll find cigarettes, and then I'll explain."

She leaned forward and got out the cigarettes, lighted them for them both.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"Good. All you have to do is listen and I'll explain things. But let's get one thing clear at the start. I'm here to help you. I'm on your side. So long as we keep our heads, everything is going to work out. These people ——"

Suddenly she moved forward, dropping on to her knees in front of him, and her arms went around him and she pressed her head against his chest. He silently cursed the handcuffs which stopped him from gathering her in his arms and comforting her. She raised her face to his, and he leaned forward and kissed her. Slowly she drew herself back and then sat beside him. She gave a small smile, and he saw the return of spirit to her dark eyes.

"I'm all right now, Richard. I will be patient and listen."

"Good girl."

It was not an easy story to tell. He began by explaining about AGRIP and the organization for kidnapping people from different countries and shipping them back to Russia.

"I knew this happened, of course," she said. "But I thought it was only for very important people."

"Nobody's unimportant. Over a hundred people like you are shipped back every year—and we couldn't find out how. It had us worried stiff."

"Us?"

"I'll come to that later." He went on, explaining how eventually the Department had got a break by making a contact with the cipher clerk in AGRIP. "From him we got the name of the next person on the list to be kidnapped from England." He paused and saw that she understood.

Quietly, she said, "It was me?"

"Yes."

"But if you knew ——" There was a puzzled, questioning lift in her voice.

"We could have saved you? Yes." He made no attempt now to avoid anything. "But Sutcliffe, the man I worked for once, had a different plan in mind. Our contact with AGRIP wouldn't last long—hasn't lasted, in fact. There was just this one chance to find out about the organization and smash it once and for all. So, Sutcliffe's plan was to let you be taken and for us secretly follow you down the line, grabbing you back at the last moment."

"Oh, no. . . ." She drew away from him, her face stony.

"You've got to try and understand," he urged. "This was his one hope of saving all the other people fated to be snatched back."

She said nothing. He went on to tell her how, although he had left the service, Sutcliffe had got him to come up to the Covent Garden Ballet and go out to dinner with her.

"And that night—as you took me back to London—you knew?" Her voice was little more than a whisper, and the look on her face was unbearable.

"There was nothing I could do. Leaving you at your flat door was pure hell. You've every right to feel as you do. But you were our one chance to stop this dirty racket. Irina—try to see it our way." He reached out and caught her hand, and she let him hold it this time, but she turned her face from him and, in profile, he could see the glint of tears at the corner of one eye.

"It's very hard . . . so very hard. I am trying." She leaned her head back against the canvas wall and her eyes shut, the line of her throat tightening. "It's like some bad dream. How can people do this to one another?" She opened her eyes and turned to him. "Oh, no—not you, I don't mean that. But this other thing—this kidnapping."

"That's what we wanted to smash. And you were the one chance given to us."

She was silent for a moment. Then quietly she said, "Yes, I can understand that." She smiled faintly, "It's all right. I'm not a fool. It is just that I thought that evening that you liked me—just that."

"Of course I did. I wouldn't have done for anyone else."

"Is that true? You did it only for me? But what now? What's going to happen?"

Manston moved closer to her. "Things have gone wrong, but they're not hopeless. We're going to escape. We'll find a way."

"What way?"

Manston smiled. "Well, it's early to say yet. We've got plenty of time on our hands. The chance will come as long as we never let up looking for it. All you have to do is to have confidence in me."

For a moment she looked at him, and then swiftly she came close to him, her head dropping to his shoulder, her arms going round his neck.

"Richard. . . ."

"It's all right. We'll pull through." He cursed silently again his cuffed hands.

At a table overlooking the Quai de Célestins, Oleg sent a message to Limbo. It read:

AGRIP TO LIMBO

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES NECESSITATE TWO CONSIGNMENTS FOR YOU SHIPPED THIS NIGHT FROM TARU. YOUR AGENT FULL DETAILS. BUT STRESS ADDITIONAL CONSIGNMENT MUST BE TREATED WITH MAXIMUM CARE OR COULD GIVE TROUBLE. WILL INFORM ONWARD MOVEMENT ARRANGEMENTS TWO THREE DAYS TIME

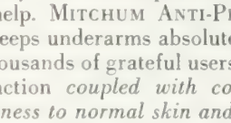
As the hours went by Manston began to feel the beginning of a curious disorientation which made concentration doubly difficult. They might have been in some rocket capsule being projected through space. The only thing that had an independent existence was the needle of his watch compass. As the vehicle bore round long curves, the second hand—clicked free by the winding stem—would swing, faithfully homing on north.

There was no doubt that the general line of their journey was south by west, and Manston was pretty sure that they must be heading down the western side of France. From the floor tilt it was quite clear that they had not entered any of the really hilly parts of France. From the smoothness of their ride it was reasonably certain that they were sticking to the wide main roads.




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Dr Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

fter they had been in the vehicle nine and lf hours, he felt it pull up and the engine ped. Irina, who had been dozing, sat up. hey sat there waiting, but nothing hapd. Then, after a few minutes, Manston the vehicle vibrate as the ground close to as shaken with a regular rhythm and, e at hand, he heard the scream of a locoive whistle. A few seconds later the vehicle an to move again.

We must remember that," he said. "They ed up at a level crossing and a train went Half-past five. Sounded like the hooter of lectric train."

hirty-five minutes later the vehicle left the oth main road, and they were jolted about hey struck some rougher side road. They this track for three minutes and then the icle came to a stop.

anston said, "I think this is it. Thirty-odd utes from a level crossing. Three minutes n a rough side road."

ina said, "All this will help us?"

le said, "It might. When we are let out, 't miss anything. They won't let us see h, if anything, but we have our ears and noses."

ehind them there was a sudden noise. nston turned. From outside a heavy voice l. "Don't make any move. Do as you are l. Monsieur will come first. Mademoiselle tie the bandage round his eyes. It is derstood?"

Manston said aloud, "Do as they say." And he whispered, "Tie it loosely."

rina put the silk bandage round his eyes, tting it loosely, and Manston raised his ed hands, pulling it away from his eyes a e so that he could look down.

he voice outside said, "Monsieur first—e out backward."

Manston crawled out backward, groping the ground with his feet. Looking down- d under his bandage he caught a glimpse a tail lamp and then the ground, hard- ked earth with a few strands of straw. As stood up, he raised his cuffed hands, mean- to pull the bandage up free from his eyes. a moment his hands were on the silk dfold, tugging it upward. He had a brief pse of feet and a pair of legs and beyond feet a sight of a small dog looking upward im. It was a white mongrel with a curly tail a black patch on its side shaped like the p of Australia. Then the movement to free eyes was killed by two hands that pinioned arms below the elbows from behind.

No, monsieur. It has been tried before."

he hands held him, and he heard the move- nt of another man. Suddenly the bandage r his eyes was tightened violently from be- d. The man holding him moved, still pin- ing him, and he felt the other man pass a e round him, looping it through his wrists l then knotting it behind him.

Now you, mademoiselle."

Manston stood there, hearing them dealing h Irina. He had a feeling that the place was e kind of farm building into which the icle had been backed. Although it was only in the morning, the day was already warm. newhere, not very far away, he heard a soft ckle from hens.

His arm was taken, and the talking man d, "Come. You can walk freely. There are obstructions."

Manston began to move, counting his paces he went. Twelve took them out of the lding, and he felt the sun strike against his ht cheek. He could smell pines and guessed y were going through the trees on a path ad enough to take the two of them. enty paces down the path, then the sound rushing water and his feet striking for three es boards that echoed under them.

The man halted him. "Five steps," he rned.

They went down five stone steps. Manston d them with his feet cautiously, pretending have difficulty, and felt that their edges re without sharpness, worn smooth.

Another path, open to the sun now, and s time it was hot on his left cheek. They had ne round in a half circle. The path began to e and there was no smell of pines. After 15 es they topped the rise and then descended 20 paces when the sun went altogether.

Ten more paces and there was rock under his feet, hard, smooth rock, and the air was suddenly colder. The place smelled musty, dampish. *A cave?* he wondered.

The man said, "Bend your head. Keep it down until I tell you."

Manston did as he was told. The rock seemed to have a thin layer of sand on it which gritted under his feet.

"All right."

Manston straightened up. The man left him. He heard a key turn in a lock and the clang of ironwork. The man came back and behind him. "Go forward a few yards and then stop."

Manston did as he was told. The sand was thicker on the floor now. Behind him he heard the man speak to Irina. There was the clang of iron again. A key was turned in a lock and then the swift movement of the men's feet. Another door clanged, and he heard bolts shoot home. There was no sound except the breathing of Irina close at hand.

Then Irina said, "Richard—where are you?"

"Here." He moved toward her.

He felt her hands come out and move behind him. He said, "You're not tied?"

"Not now. Wait."

She freed the rope from his waist and hands, and then he felt her fingers go up to the back of his head and tug at the knot of the bandage. As it came away from him, he realized that the place was in complete darkness.

Irina said, "Give me your wrists. They've let me have the key to the handcuffs."

He raised his wrists and felt her warm hands mold round them for a moment. She was clumsy in the darkness with the key, and she said, "Oh, dear—I don't know how to do it."

"Take it easy. The lock's in the center, it springs both bracelets."

She did it at last, and the cuffs fell off.

Manston said, "What about you? Are you still blindfolded?" He raised his hands, feeling her shoulders and then her face and, finally, the silk over her eyes. He slipped his fingers into the knot at the back and freed the bandage from her. As he did so he felt a slow, relaxing movement run through her body. He slipped his arm round her shoulder and drew her to him, holding her comfortingly against him.

"The devils," he said. "They might at least have given us a light."

As though someone had heard him, the light at that moment came on, blazing down from a high rock-vaulted ceiling above them.

LIMBO TO AGRIP

DOUBLE CONSIGNMENT RECEIVED SAFELY IN GOOD CONDITION. NOTE THAT ADDITIONAL CONSIGNMENT IS OF QUITE DIFFERENT STANDARD AND QUALITY CALLING FOR EXCEPTIONAL HANDLING, AND CLEARLY OUTSIDE THE TERMS OF OUR CONTRACT. CAN HANDLE THIS, BUT NOT WITHIN PRICE SCHEDULE ALREADY AGREED. MUST REQUEST CONFERENCE, USUAL PLACE, TO ARRANGE NEW TERMS. ADVISE DATE AND TIME.

Oleg read the message, pulled out a signal pad and began to write. His message read:

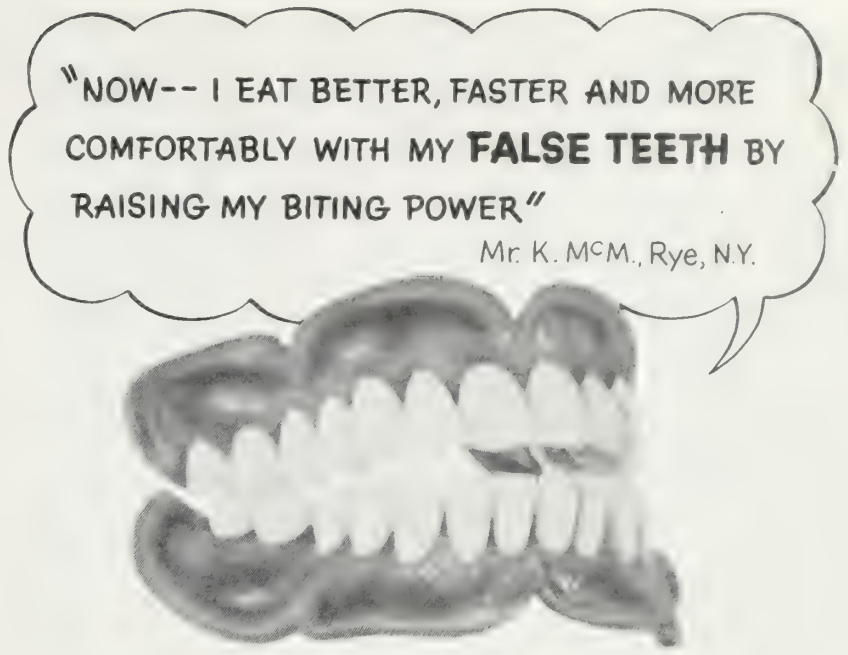
AGRIP TO LIMBO

THIRD OF SEPTEMBER, USUAL PLACE, USUAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The third of September was the next day.

The place they were in had obviously been deliberately fashioned and furnished for the purpose of holding people. It was a large rock chamber, the roof about 18 feet above them and holding one powerful light. For the most part the walls were as nature had originally framed the cave, but in places they had been worked or reshaped with concrete to form a room about 30 feet long and 12 feet wide. The entrance to this chamber was in one corner and closed by a stout wooden door. Eight feet from this door a grille of steel bars, set with a steel door, ran right across the cave from walls to roof. They were penned within this inner cell. But in one place to the right of the steel door, the bars had been arranged in such a way that they formed a gap about a foot square. On the far side of this opening stood a rough table, and on their side of the opening was a similar table

In their cell were three camp beds, four cane chairs, their table and, against the back


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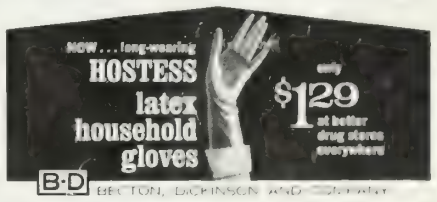

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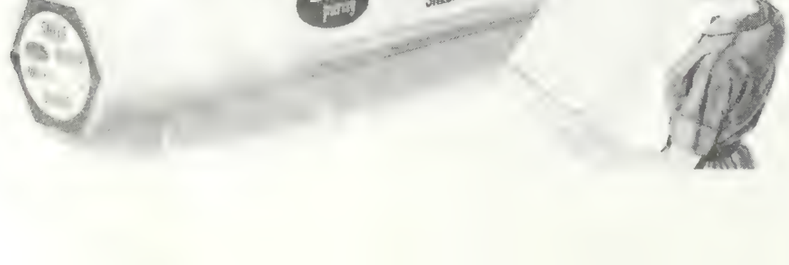
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wall, a cupboard about the height of a man's head. In a corner of the chamber a large alcove had been hacked out of the rock and closed with a cheap three-ply door. This held a chemical toilet, clean and ready for use, whose disinfectant odor faintly permeated the whole of the chamber.

On the table by the steel bars was a large sheet of cardboard with white paper stuck on to it that contained instructions in three languages—French, English, and Russian:

INSTRUCTIONS TO OCCUPANTS

1. MEALS WILL BE SERVED THREE TIMES A DAY. THESE WILL BE PLACED ON THE TABLE OUTSIDE THE BARRIER AND CAN BE TRANSFERRED THROUGH THE APERTURE IN THE BARS.
2. BEDDING, CROCKERY AND OTHER NECESSITIES WILL BE FOUND IN THE CUPBOARD. ALL CROCKERY AND CUTLERY WILL BE WASHED AT THE TAP.
3. THE LIGHT WILL BE SWITCHED OFF AT NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT, AND COME ON AGAIN AT SIX IN THE MORNING. . . .

Manston studied the notice. It was typed on an old machine. The line spacing was inclined to wander and the *n* on the machine had its legs worn so that there was little more than the arch of the letter showing. He decided that when he left this place, he would rip off a piece of the card. The typewriter would not be hard to identify.

The light in the chamber went out suddenly. He felt Irina move closer to him, instinctively, and he put his arm round her shoulders.

"What's happening?"

"It's all right," he told her. "My guess is that it is breakfast—rather late."

They stood in the darkness and waited. Footsteps thudded slowly and deliberately on the loose sand of the chamber floor, and he heard someone breathing heavily. As the steps came across to the grille, Manston took his arm from around Irina and slipped a hand into his pocket. He heard something being set down on the table outside the grille.

Manston stepped forward through the darkness toward the grille and, at the same moment, whipped his matches from his pocket. He struck one and held the light aloft, close to the bars. The spurt of flame in its first strong flare of ignition brought the chamber vividly to life. But if Manston had hoped to gain much by his ruse he was disappointed. Outside the grille, just straightening up from placing a tray on the table was a man. He wore a pair of cotton trousers, and a loose corduroy jacket. He stood there while the match flared and then died, staring straight at Manston. Over his face, crude, bizarre, bringing a gasp of horror from Irina, was a carnival mask—bulging red cheeks, a bulbous nose and a long, thin slit of a mouth from which projected tusklike teeth.

For a second or two he stood motionless, his hands half-raised and then, as darkness returned, they heard him turn and go back across the sandy floor to the door.

A few minutes later the light came on.

Manston shrugged his shoulders, smiling at Irina. "They must have had that trick played on them before."

"He looked ghastly."

"A carnival mask. But we learned something anyway. From his hands, and the way he held himself he was an elderly man."

On the tray outside the grille was a jug of coffee, another of milk, a plate of rather stale bread, cut into thick slices a dish of butter and another of plum jam.

As they ate Manston explained to Irina the considerable amount of small detail they already knew. They had a rough mileage of the journey they had taken, and from the compass he was pretty certain that they were somewhere down in the southwest corner of France. They knew that this place was about 30-odd minutes' run from a level crossing and was certainly in the country

"And this"—Manston held up the dish which had contained the bread—"is some regional pottery. No mark on the bottom. But look at the design and remember it. Goat's milk too. That could mean that we're not in good pasture country. The food may tell us a lot. We get whatever is going in the region. The beret the man was wearing was Basque-type. So you see, we know quite a lot. Ar more we learn, the quicker we can get at people when we're free."

"When we're free?" Despite herself, I voice had a doubtful note.

Manston lighted a cigarette for her shook his head. "The trouble with you i don't have faith in me." He leaned for and put his hands on the crooks of her elb "Just keep clear in your head that we are to have a break. It's going to come, and it does, we're going to be ready. OK?"

For a moment she said nothing. Sh there, her face solemn, her dark eyes stead him and then slowly she nodded. "I prom

By the morning of their third day in rock chamber both Irina and Manston beginning to feel as though they were a co of guests isolated in some pension, bour the house by bad weather, their worst en boredom. Except, as Irina found, bore had no place with Richard. He pointed that their evening salads were absol crisp garden-fresh, not tired stuff from s market stall. The wine was local, he gue and so was the goat's cheese and milk. food was sufficient, but not generous, fish, *pâté de campagne*, cheese, and alwa salad, potatoes, endive and green pepper

Always before she slept he came over kissed her good night. During the day he always quick to notice when the sudden r zation of where they were and what migh ahead became a black thought for her. talked to her, carried her through her m and always his great confidence was ther calm and encourage her. Sometimes, w they grew tired of playing cards, or the pa and-pencil games he brought out, she w stand with one hand on the iron grill though it were a *barre* and go through *battements*. The first time she did this, he said, "Pity there isn't a golf club here. I c practice my swing."

She was doing her *battements* on this m ing when the incongruity of the exercis this place suddenly swept over her. stopped and turned away from him, loo through the iron bars.

Behind her he said quietly, "What's matter? A touch of the miseries?" He put arm around her, holding her to him. " been thinking about it. These people are careful and our only chance to escape come when they move us. They'll probably that at night. We've got to have a trick up sleeve, and I think I've found the thing want. You'll have to use it. Now listen. .

He began to explain to her and, as he talk excitement and hope rose in her. He finish "There's only one thing you've got to reme ber. Not to jump the gun. That is, not try anything in here. Whatever they tell you do—you do. But the moment we're outsi you watch me and be ready. OK?"

That night, waking from sleep, he sens that Irina was awake. After a moment's h tation, he rolled off his bed and went acr to her. He sat down on the edge of her and as she pulled herself up a little, he put arms round her shoulders and felt her he press against his side.

She did not say anything. He sat the holding her, knowing her need for comfo Gradually he felt the fear going from until, with a slow movement, she sat up and felt her hands touch him and slide softly up find his face. His head came forward a briefly, her lips touched his.

She said, "Thank you . . . it's all right no For a moment it was bad . . . but not now

He heard her lie back on the bed, and reached down and pulled the blanket up, hand brushing her bare arm lightly.

"Good night." He went back to his bed a lay there, knowing she was still awake, calm. He lay for a long time thinking abo her before sleep came to him.

Oleg's next message to Limbo was in a n code. It read:

AGRIP TO LIMBO

SHIPMENT BOTH CONSIGNMENTS 2200 HOU TOMORROW. USUAL ARRANGEMENTS AND S NALS. WEATHER REPORT FAVORABLE, BUT

EVENT UNFAVORABLE CHANGE CANCELLATION WILL BE PASSED DIRECT LINE BEFORE 2000 HOURS. ACKNOWLEDGE.

At 20 minutes to nine o'clock in the evening of the next day the light in the chamber went out. Manston was sitting at the small table with Irina playing cards.

He put his hand out onto hers. "Nearly half an hour early. This could be it."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said quietly, "I'm ready."

Through the darkness came the sound of the far door being opened. He stood up with Irina close to him. Feet scuffled for a while on the sandy floor and the door closed. At the same moment a thin pencil beam from a flashlight cut across the darkness. Manston made out the forms of three men.

A voice, flat, expressionless, said, "We are moving you. You will do exactly as you are told. Mademoiselle first."

Manston's hand tightened encouragingly on Irina's arm as the light went out.

"She will come to the barred door and stand with her back to it. We are not going to harm her, merely to tie her hands and then gag her. When this has been done, you, monsieur, will be dealt with in the same way."

The light came on again, and Manston saw that there were three men, all carnival masked. He stirred, and the flashlight swung round on him. "Stay where you are, monsieur."

The light went off. Manston heard the men working as they tied Irina's hands and gagged her, and because he knew their hands were on her, that she had to stand there and suffer all this indignity, he felt his anger rise slowly. For the first time he found it hard to control himself.

"Now, monsieur. Your turn." The flashlight came on, swung and rested on Manston's face.

Manston said, "If you want me, you must come and get me."

"Monsieur?" There was genuine surprise in the voice.

"If you want me, come and get me."

"You will regret this, monsieur."

Manston made no reply.

The light moved with the men, and Manston heard a key turn in the grilled door. The door opened, and the three men came through. The light shot up into Manston's face, holding him. He narrowed his eyes against it and waited for them to move. They would come all together and he would have no chance against them, but he wanted one, just one of them for a few seconds before he was overwhelmed.

The flashlight went out, and they jumped for him. He moved himself forward and to the right, his hands reaching through the darkness. The man bore down on him, and Manston got his right hand on the upper part of the man's right arm. As he felt his fingers rip the blouse sleeve, a moment of real pleasure sweetened the darkness for him. He met the man's forward rush take him, made no opposition to it, and fell backward so that the man was taken off balance by the lack of resistance. Manston reached up and tore off the man's mask. Then, as they both fell, he threw the man over his shoulder, somersaulting him so that he smacked into the rock wall behind. His body thudded against the hard rock, and he lay groaning.

At once the other two were upon Manston. They overpowered him and finally, holding him, began to drag him upright.

The light flashed on, and immediately one of the men holding Manston shouted, "Put your mask on!"

Manston tried to turn, but he was jerked around and held away from the man. They tied his hands and gagged him, and not until this was done did they go to the man who lay on the ground.

Manston, turning, saw him sit up and then rise helped to his feet. He was silent now, fighting his pain, and his mask had been put back a little to one side. One of the others straightened it.

The man, pulling himself up stiffly, said viciously, "The swine—he might have broken my back." He put his hands behind him, pressing them into his back and gave a small groan. The taller man moved closer to Manston. The cold, flat voice said, "This is forbidden. But you have demanded it."

A fist crashed out, took Manston on the side of the face and sent him reeling back against the rock wall. Manston lay there, and a voice from somewhere in the blackness said, "Get the blindfolds on them."

A small sacklike affair was pulled over Manston's head and tied around his neck.

When they got outside Manston realized that it was raining. They followed the same route as the one which had brought them to the chamber, across heather and wet grass, the stone steps, the small bridge. They halted and then he heard a door slam and the movement of the men about him.

Without warning he was taken by both arms, thrown forward, and he felt himself slide across smooth boards. A door slammed behind him, and he guessed that he had been flung into the back of a van of some kind. He rolled over and sat up awkwardly. A car engine started, and he felt the boards jolt.

For a while the vehicle bumped and swayed over rough ground, and then he heard the gear change and they were rolling smoothly. Later, the speed slackened and they were twisting and turning, probably along some side road. Then came a jolting and bumping and eventually the car stopped.

The doors at the back opened and the voice close to Manston said briefly, "Out."

Hands reached in for him and he was pulled across the floor and set on his feet, feeling at once that the rain beating against his hood was now backed with a strong wind. Distantly he could hear the roar of the sea. A hand held him by the arm, the fingers biting into his flesh, forcing him forward. The sound of breaking surf grew louder.

His feet were on concrete, then the hand on his arm held him back. A voice said, "Steps."

They began to go down the steps, which were awkward and wide-treaded. Manston counted them to himself. At one point they were broken by a flat level, about five paces long. The wind and the rain were gone, and there was a damp, musty smell.

The steps ended. A door squealed and then clanged. The wind and the rain came back, and now the sound of breaking surf was much closer. The ground was uneven, and he could feel loose stones, and then there was sand for a short stretch. The voice said, "Steps—up."

They went up, and now there was concrete again and, clear through the noise of wind, rain and surf, he heard the sweet, sharp call of a wading bird. He was halted on the concrete. Behind him hands went under his armpits and he was lowered, steadied, and felt his feet on boards. He was pressed down and found himself sitting, aware now of the steady slap-slap of water running against the side of the boat which he knew he must be in.

He sat there and heard the process repeated for Irina, and then she was brought and sat alongside him. Nowhere along the line had any chance been given to him for action. Now they would be taken out to sea and somewhere lying off this coast would be a ship—and ahead of them the slow crawl through the Mediterranean, the Aegean and through the Bosporus into the Black Sea.

A marine motor broke throatily into life. A fierce scurry of rain beat back against Manston's hood and the motion of the boat increased. It lifted to a long length of swell and then dipped, and he heard the smack of a wave against the bow up to his right. But after a while the rise and fall of the boat evened out, and he knew they were now out from the shallower coast water with its riding surf.

Later, and it was difficult to guess what time had passed, the motor eased up, beating now to a slow, idling note. Then, distantly, growing louder, Manston heard a new noise. It was the steady thump, thump of screws, large screws beating. It came closer, and he heard the long hissing run of sea being cut by a heavy bow and then, clear and unexpectedly, the triple ring of a bell.

The voice said, close to Manston, "We are taking the blindfold off you. Mademoiselle will go first." Manston stood. Hands went round his waist, threading something under his arms. He felt the jerk of a knot being made fast. Then hands were at the back of his neck. His head cover and gag came off.

He was standing in the forward deck well of a seagoing motorboat. Close to his left rose the sheer rusty side of a large steamer, down whose flank a companion ladder was lowered, its bottom platform a few feet from the bow of the motorboat. From somewhere above a light weakly illuminated the scene. Around his waist was a rope, and the free end trailed away from him and up the length of the steps. Looking up he saw a man at the top of the steps holding the rope's end, which he had looped for security in a hitch around the ship's rail. At Manston's side stood another man wearing a singlet, arms and shoulders bare, and a pair of greasy trousers.

The man at his side motioned to the bow and put out an arm, helping Manston forward. At the same time the rope from his waist had the slack taken up. Irina, he guessed, had already made the journey to the deck. He went up the steps awkwardly because of his hands behind him and when he was halfway up he heard the motorboat's engine open up. He looked back and saw it pulling away.

By the time he reached the deck the motorboat was lost in the sweeping veils of rain. The two men led him across the deck, down a short flight of steps into a corridor. One of the men




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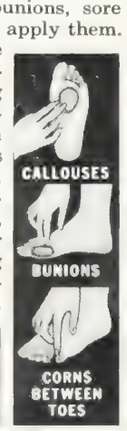
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unlocked a door, gave him a push through it, and the door was locked behind him.

He was in a large, four-bunk cabin. The light was on, and Irina was sitting on one of the lower bunks, her hands still tied behind her. He went forward and kissed her.

"Turn around," he said. "Your back to me and give me your hands."

She turned obediently, and he felt for her wrist bonds with his fingers. The cords would be wet and difficult from the rain. Frowning with concentration, he worked at them, talking to her as he did so.

"This could be our only chance. God knows when they'll be back. Do you think that stuff has stayed dry in your dress pocket?"

"I think so. Someone gave me a cape."

"Mine's wet through. No damned good."

She said, "When you fought them, one of the men's masks came off. I saw his face clearly. I think I'd recognize it again."

"Good. I was working for that."

He felt the first knot of her cords come free and then the next. "Now mine. Quickly."

She bent down behind him, and he heard her breath coming impatiently, anxiously, as she worked at his wet cords. As she did so, he gave her instructions, forcing them home, knowing that so much depended on her, finishing, "You know what to do. And remember this—they won't expect anything. That gives us a great advantage."

She freed his hands. He whipped round, held her by the shoulders for a second, gave her an affectionate shake and then turned from her. Time, time, time—for all he knew they might have half an hour, but it might be only ten minutes.

He worked now with a cold, swift competency. There was a washbasin at one end of the cabin supported on two wooden legs. He gave one of the legs a couple of savage kicks and it came away at the bottom. He wrenched it free. He had in his hand a two-foot length of stout timber.

He went to one of the lower bunks and pulled out the locker under it. There were three life jackets in it. He took two and threw one to Irina. "Stick it behind you on the bunk. Sit in front of it. And keep your hands behind you as though you were still tied."

As she sat down he went over to her and sat beside her, putting his own life jacket behind him. He put his hands behind him and thrust the length of timber under the jacket.

For a moment he sat there, resting, letting his breathing even down. Then quietly, he said, "From the deck I could just see shore lights now and again through the rain. When we've dealt with them we go straight up on deck and to the nearest rail and over. Don't stop to put your jacket on. Do it in the water."

She nodded, and he saw the fear in her eyes. This was a terrible thing for her to have to go through.

He went on, "Remember, no matter who comes in, we're going to go through with it. Just let them come across, and when I move—you move. Got it?"

Her hand came up and her face turned toward him, and he saw the ghost of a smile.

After what seemed an age, Manston heard sounds outside the door, and his fingers tensed round his timber length. The same two men came into the cabin, and the leading one held in his hands long lengths of thin chain which chinked softly. Manston knew then he had picked the right moment, the only moment to be offered to them. Here now came the full and final precaution against escape.

As the first man stopped, Manston—life jacket in his left hand—jumped to his feet, and he felt Irina move alongside him. He saw the look of surprise on the men's faces, saw Irina's hands come from behind her to be lifted, cupped, toward the leading man's face as though in supplication. Then, with a sudden outward jerk of her wrists, she flung into his eyes the heap of pepper so jealously conserved in their rock chamber.

Manston went past the man, hearing him cry out, and his timber length smashed down at the far man. He spun round and saw the blinded man grabbing at Irina.

Manston hit him on the back of the head with the wood length, hit again and saw him crash forward and slide to the ground.

He turned and saw Irina, life jacket in hand, make for the door. She went up the steps a few yards ahead of him and disappeared. When he reached the deck, he saw her running through the rain toward the rail. Somewhere above him a man shouted. He ran on, saw Irina poised for a moment awkwardly on the rail, saw her look back, and he shouted furiously, "Jump!"

Her face flashed away from him and she pitched forward. He flung the timber length from him and, one hand free, reached for the rail top and vaulted over.

At five o'clock in the morning Oleg sent three messages:

AGRIP TO LIMBO.
MESSAGE RECEIVED S.S. LUPKA. AT 2215 HOURS BOTH CONSIGNMENTS LOST OVERBOARD. AREA SEARCHED FOR TWO HOURS UNSUCCESSFULLY. RAIN MADE VISIBILITY BAD. SAFE LANDING ON COAST STRONG PROBABILITY. S.S. LUPKA ESTIMATES HENDAYE-CORNICHE BASQUE-ST.-JEAN-DE-LUZ SECTION, OR, LESS POSSIBLY, ST.-JEAN-DE-LUZ–BIDART SECTION. COVER BOTH AREAS. IF CONTACT MADE, TAKE NO ACTION BUT REPORT IMMEDIATELY AND MAINTAIN CONTACT.

AGRIP TO TARU.
DISMANTLE. REPORT HERE IMMEDIATELY.

AGRIP TO S.S. LUPKA.
FULLEST REPORT REQUIRED. ALL DETAILS. PROCEED DIRECT HOME PORT.

At ten o'clock the next morning Sutcliffe was over Biarritz in a chartered plane, turning for a landing at La Negresse.

A few minutes later, briefcase in hand, he went through *douane* alone. In the park at the front of the airport buildings Casalis waited for him at the side of the car.

They drove away, bypassing Biarritz, and headed for St.-Jean-de-Luz. It was now past the beginning of September and the main road was crowded with returning holiday traffic, going against them.

Casalis said, "You want it from me, or from him?"

"From him. Where have you fixed them?"

"In a small villa, the other side of St.-Jean. Manston insisted on being tucked away."

"Quite right. How is the girl?"

"She was pretty done in when I picked them up. Since then she's slept. She'll be all right. Good lord, he left it to the last minute."

Some time later they went down the hill into St.-Jean, and over the bridge at the top end of the harbor. Casalis pulled up about 200 yards along the Corniche road.

"The road to the villa goes around the back. Quite a drag. I thought you might like to go up unobtrusively. A few yards along you'll see a green gate marked Ixas-Atou—that's the villa. Path leads up to the house."

Sutcliffe nodded and got out. The car drove off, and he walked slowly along the road until he found the gate. He went through and began to climb a series of steps overhung with palms and unkempt oleander bushes. As he came up level with the lawn he saw Manston sitting at a table.

Manston, seeing him, stood up, a tallish figure in a white shirt and blue linen trousers. As Sutcliffe approached, he said, "After that climb you need a gin and tonic or a beer."

"Beer."

Sutcliffe, hot in his dark suit, dropped to a canvas chair and said quietly, "I'm glad to see you, Richard. Very glad." For a moment his right hand came out and just touched Manston on the arm.

There was a little balcony outside Irina's bedroom window. Looking from the sea, to the road, to the terrace below, she caught the movement of Manston's white shirt. He was talking to someone she could not see. Just for a moment he looked up, saw her and his hand went up in greeting.

There was something about that moment, the quick flash of his gesturing arm, that crystalized finally the thing that had been forming within her for a long time. She was in love with him—and the very phrase was inadequate, because this thing was not at all a match for anything she had ever imagined

loved him. There was no need to go be- t that because the moment it was ac- wledged it needed no explanation.

here was nothing incongruous, either, in wing that something as definite, as right true as a dance pattern perfectly timed, ic and body co-ordination all one thing, ld have emerged from the brown, rain- t murk of a nightmare.

ogether in the water, they had seen the turn and come about in a great circle ching for them, and three times they had that they must be seen, but the sweeping squalls had saved them. The real agony n after that, after the first hour. All her nct had been to strike out and swim rd the distant lights they could see, but ad forbidden her to do this; once he even ted angrily at her. All they had to do, he ted, was to relax and let the sea take them. could he have known that the sea would them to safety? She remembered thinking in the water, thinking it furiously, arguing against him and he had replied, "Never the sea."

fterward she knew that they had been in water four hours. She could not even now ember much of landing. The dawn was ing up and she was being helped ashore im, he had found a rock cleft for her to er in, and then explained that he must her for a while. They needed clothes and —and above all he wanted no one to w that they were safe. Limbo was in this ict somewhere, and he wanted to keep in the dark. He had gone away, up the ide. She rested in the rock cleft in her wet es until she was aware of the sun. Then, gth returning, she had stripped off and g her clothes to dry, sobbing like a little l at the wet and cold. Then, as though the gthening sun had made it flower within she was abruptly aware that she was safe.

hen he had come back he had brought a s and canvas shoes for her, both too large, wearable; and he himself wore dry trousers a shirt. He had, too, a half bottle of dy, bread and some cold meat and, to her tion, had answered simply, "I stole them."

ey had gone up the cliff, heading south the broken hill country until he had found t he wanted—a small farm with a tele- e and a housewife who openly showed suspicion of them yet did all he asked and them all he asked. Listening to him ing with the woman, she had been aware , even more than in the past, how charm- e could be. So that, in the end, the woman changed her attitude and they had stayed e secure, resting until Casalis had arrived ur in the afternoon.

here was a knock on the room door, and alis came through and out to her. "Lunch out half an hour. Good sleep?"

e lounge of the villa Ixas-Atou was a , high, narrow room with three windows looked out over the terrace and to the sea. tcliffe sat with his back to the far window. others sat in various chairs around the n, except Irina, who had perched herself ways on the stool by an upright piano. tcliffe felt that the girl vaguely disliked . He couldn't blame her after what she had through. He had an idea, too, that she gone on Manston. That didn't surprise either. Just for a moment, he wondered anston had slept with her during their ivity.

part from himself and Irina in the room were Manston, Casalis, and the Sûreté Casalis had co-opted, Jean Guyon. on was in his 30's, a short, dark-haired , sleek, dapper and with the still concen- d air of a blackbird, ear cocked for the erranean murmur of worm movement , Sutcliffe guessed, as fast in striking.

tcliffe said, "Let's get this thing straight, then let's get moving on it." He pulled ard him the pages of notes he had made e talking to Manston before lunch and to a over lunch. "I'll read what I've got and can come in on each point as you want to. the way, Miss Tovskaya, purely as a nality, anything said here is secret."

I understand."

utcliffe smiled to himself at the slight edge er voice. He began to read his notes, ex- panding them now and then as he went along. In essence they were:

1. CAPA AND TARU WERE EITHER EXPENDABLE OR MOVABLE. CAPA HAD ALREADY BEEN WRITTEN OFF AND WOULD NO DOUBT BE REPLACED. TARU WOULD PROBABLY BE MOVED. THEY HAD A REASONABLE DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE, AND THE FRENCH POLICE WOULD PROBABLY LOCATE IT—TO FIND IT EMPTY.
2. THE JOURNEY FROM TARU TO LIMBO. MANSTON HAD PUT FORWARD THE SUPPOSITION THAT THIS MUST HAVE BEEN DONE IN SOME KIND OF TRUCK SPECIALLY FITTED OUT. IT COULD HAVE BEEN A WINE, MILK, KEROSENE OR PETROL TRUCK.
3. LIMBO WAS ABOUT 35 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM A LEVEL CROSSING. THE ACTUAL UNLOADING HAD BEEN DONE IN SOME KIND OF BARN AND THERE HAD FOLLOWED A SHORT WALK THROUGH PINE TREES, OVER A STREAM BRIDGE, DOWN STONE STEPS AND ACROSS HEATHER AND BRACKEN TO WHAT WAS PROBABLY A CAVE OR SOME STRUCTURE BUILT INTO A HILLSIDE. THE WALLS OF THE CHAMBER WERE NATURAL ROCK.

Here, Guyon, who had a map, said, "In the whole of this area there are only two railway lines and they form the two sides of a triangle from the Bayonne apex down—one along the coast to St.-Jean, and the other inland down to Cambo. It won't be difficult to check the level crossings and work from there."

4. THE PERSONNEL OF LIMBO. MISS TOVSKAYA HAS SEEN THE FACE OF ONE MAN. MANSTON HAS A SAMPLE OF TYPING PAPER AND TYPE FROM THE CHAMBER INSTRUCTIONS, AND CAN RECOGNIZE CROCKERY, WINE AND CHEESE BELIEVED TO BE LOCAL.

Here Manston said, "Don't forget the white dog with the curly tail and black patch on its side." He grinned. "We could circulate a description—'Dog Wanted.'"

Sutcliffe frowned at this and went on.

5. THE JOURNEY FROM LIMBO TO THE COAST. THIS TOOK THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR AND A SMALL VAN WAS PROBABLY USED. EMBARKATION WAS PRECEDED BY THE DESCENT OF SOME FORM OF COVERED STEPS. MISS TOVSKAYA COUNTED THE STEPS AND MADE THEM 49. MANSTON MADE THEM 48. THE BOAT—WHICH WAS A WORKING CRAFT RATHER THAN A PLEASURE CRAFT—WAS LYING ALONGSIDE SOME KIND OF CONCRETE STRUCTURE. THIS WOULD HARDLY BE A PUBLIC QUAY OF ANY KIND. FROM LATER DETAIL ESTABLISHED BY MANSTON THE POINT OF DEPARTURE WOULD SEEM TO BE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE COAST BETWEEN BIARRITZ AND HENDAYE, BUT PROBABLY NORTH OF ST.-JEAN.

Here Casalis said, "The whole stretch of coast Guyon tells me is riddled with the remains of German fortifications. Most of the gun emplacements have covered steps either down to the ammunition stores or to the beaches. I can check these with police help."

Manston said, "Keep the police unobtrusive. We want to hold our advantage as long as possible."

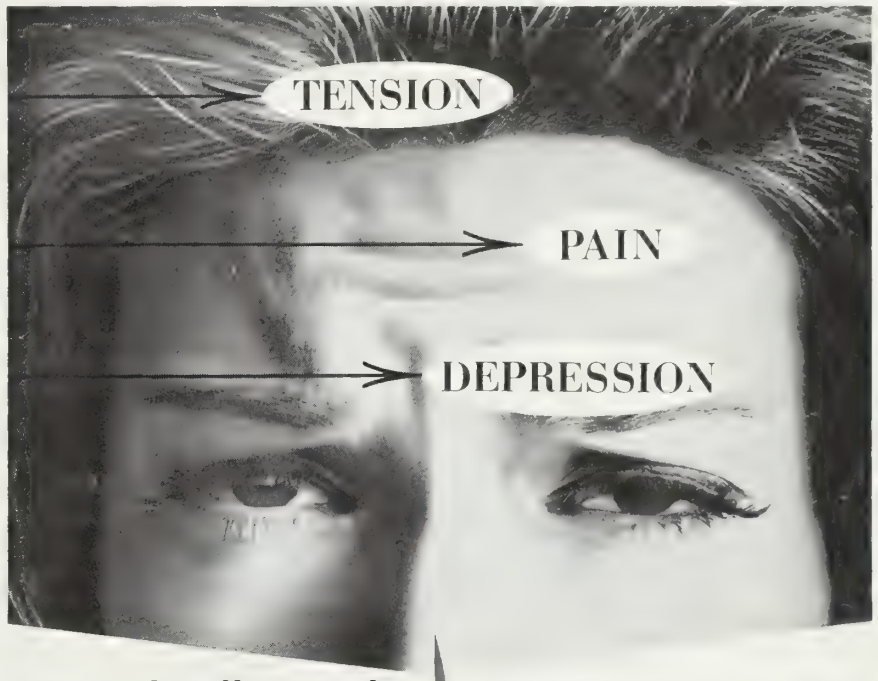
Sutcliffe went on.

7. THE S.S. LUPKA. MANSTON TWICE SAW THE NAME OF THIS STEAMER WHILE IT SEARCHED FOR THEM. GUYON HAS CONFIRMED THAT THIS WAS A ROMANIAN BOAT THAT LEFT BORDEAUX THAT SAME DAY. NO ACTION CAN BE TAKEN WITH THE S.S. LUPKA—THE MASTER WILL HAVE NO DETAILS OF LIMBO ANYWAY. HE WILL HAVE HAD ORDERS SIMPLY FOR THE RENDEZVOUS. AS CERTAINLY HE WILL HAVE REPORTED THE ESCAPE OF MANSTON AND MISS TOVSKAYA TO AGRIP.

Here Manston broke in with a look at Irina. "Don't mind him and that Miss Tovskaya business. He's known me for years, and I rarely get called Richard."

Sutcliffe looked from Manston to Irina and for a moment said nothing, but he was telling himself that it went both ways. Manston had


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a thing for her. It wasn't something that helped in this kind of affair.

Sutcliffe grunted and went on.

8. THE LIMBO POSITION. THEY ARE IN IT FOR MONEY, CLEARLY. AS CLEARLY, IT IS PROBABLY MANNED BY LOCAL PEOPLE. AN ORGANIZATION LIKE THIS TAKES TIME TO ESTABLISH AND NEITHER AGRIP NOR LIMBO FOR THEIR OWN REASONS WILL WANT TO CLOSE IT DOWN. AT THE MOMENT THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MANSTON AND IRINA. IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT THEY KNOW A MAN'S FACE WAS SEEN BY IRINA. THEY MUST FEEL PRETTY SAFE ABOUT THEIR OWN SECURITY.

Sutcliffe stopped reading. "We've got two advantages," he said. "One, a bundle of facts which we can get to work on. Two, for the time being we've got surprise. Limbo are in the dark. But I don't imagine that they will be for long. When that happens they may well be provoked into action—and that often opens up a short cut to the end. Agree?" He looked directly at Manston, and knew that Manston understood perfectly what he meant, and Manston's reply showed it.

He said, "Of course, I'm staying here."

"I know. . . ." Sutcliffe tapped the loose ash from his pipe into a tray. "I've got to get back to London tonight. . . . Miss Tovskaya. can you be ready to leave in an hour?"

Irina stood up, one hand smoothing along the run of the piano, and she looked down at the dark polished wood as though it held some mirrorlike fascination for her. Then her eyes came round to Sutcliffe. In a firm voice she said, "You mean that while you are all doing this work here—there could be danger from Limbo? For Richard?"

"One never knows the extent of desperation on the other side. Frankly, they might try anything. Manston knows this—and he accepts it as a professional risk. But I can't allow you to share this. You must come back with me."

"No, I'm not coming." Her voice was clear, definite, and her head went up. "How can you ask me to do that? If I stay here, I can help. And I want to help. You took the responsibility of letting me be kidnapped. You risked me quite callously. That's past, and I say no more about it. But I hate this traffic, hate the thought of others suffering and now"—she paused, her dark eyes unflinching on him—"I have a right to decide for myself what risks I should take."

For a while Sutcliffe said nothing. Although he was angry at her stand, he was also aware of the logic, human, emotional logic behind it. She could possibly give some help—but he had to carry the risk she took. More than all this, he distrusted the intimacy between her and Manston. Manston was hard and competent, but he could from a moment's anxiety for her, from the slightest hesitation that the thought of her safety could evoke at the wrong second, find his timing late, his hand slow. No man should have to carry that. Sutcliffe looked at Manston and said. "What do you think, Richard?"

Manston uncrossed his legs, sat forward and stared at his bare toes sticking out at the end of his sandals. "The lady wants to stay. She knows the risks. In my book—because of the way she's been used and what she's been through—she's got a perfect right to insist."

Sutcliffe stood up, his anger open now, and stumped across the room to stand in front of Manston. "I expected more sense from you, Richard. We've got a chance of pulling this thing off, but not if Miss Tovskaya ——"

"Irina," Manston grinned.

"But not if Irina is killed. No"—Sutcliffe swung around and looked at Irina—"I'm sorry. But if necessary, I get out the red tape and the rubber stamp and the French can demand that you leave the country."

Before Irina could say anything, Manston was on his feet. "Don't wave a big stick. She can help, and she wants to help. She's not a child. She knows the risks. Now stop bully-

Sutcliffe said, surprise in his voice, "You really want her here?"

Manston nodded. "If she wants to stay. You forget she was with me on the *S.S. Lupka*. She doesn't flunk in an emergency. I can't think of a woman on your staff who could have done as well as she did."

"All right. But get this place sewn up for security. And I don't ever want her to be alone when she goes out and about." He turned and smiled at Irina. "Forgive me—there is nothing at all personal in this. This is a sordid professional business, and I did not feel I could allow you to take the kind of risks that Manston has to take. Personally I think your attitude is admirable."

He went out of the room, and when he had gone, Casalis said, "Quite a speech for the old man."

Going up to his room that night, Manston saw a light under the door of Irina's room. He knocked, and her voice called to him.

There was a small bedside light burning, but she stood by the open window, looking out over the balcony rail at the sea. She was wearing a silk dressing gown which had been part of the wardrobe that Casalis had supplied. She half-turned and smiled. "I did right to stay, didn't I?"

He shook his head. "No. I think you are unwise. You'd be much safer in London."

"I want to be here with you."

He smiled. "It's an argument that would have sent Sutcliffe through the ceiling."

She said, "Before you came in, I was standing here, trying to make myself believe I was here. That all the rest was behind me. I had to make myself believe that too. That it had happened. Do you know the hardest thing?"

"No." Against his arm and his body he could feel the warmth of her moving into him, and he was aware of a slow contentment, undemanding, which was new to him.

"It was about you. I couldn't believe that it had all really happened so quickly. Only a few days, really. Somehow I seem to have been with you . . . oh, I don't know"—she laughed quietly—"for ages. Perhaps that's not a good way of putting it. But do you know what I mean?"

"I think I do."

She turned against him, facing him now. Her lips came up toward his, and he kissed her, his arms gathering her close to him.

When he released her, she said, "You know what has happened to me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do." He smiled. "After all I've been trained to watch points."

He put his arms around her and kissed her again, and now the pulse of their contact, which had been even, slow and rich on the balcony, rose, and when she broke from his arms, breathlessly, she leaned back from him, her eyes dark and light-flecked from the bedlamp, and said, "How could I have gone back to London? . . . I want to be with you. . . ."

Guyon, working on the fact that the rock chamber was some 35 minutes' driving time from a level crossing, had been busy with the map the previous evening, and had established a series of possible localities. He and Manston started the search in the southern section, and Irina accompanied them. Both men were armed, and they used a sports car with the top rolled back and made themselves look as much like tourists as possible. Casalis, in the meantime, went off with help from the Biarritz and St.-Jean-de-Luz police to check on the coast steps.

Manston drove down into the town, over the harbor bridge, past the railway station and out to the level crossing on the Ascain road. Guyon sat, with the marked map on his lap, beside him, and Irina was in the back. She found it hard after her recent experiences, to imagine that what they were doing was real and urgent. By midday her mind was a jumble of names of villages—Ascain, Souraide, Ainhoa. Time and time again they got out and walked up farm-cart tracks, even found barns and outbuildings, but none that fitted the description they both had built into their memory. Somewhere close there had to be pine woods, a bridge over a stream, and the stone steps. Every time they left the car she noticed that the two men kept her between them. She could not believe that in this bright sunlight there could be danger for her.

At half past twelve, they drove into a small hill town named Sare. They parked the car and went to the square. As they walked they kept their eyes open for crockery stalls and shops that sold wine and cheese.

Manston groaned and said, "I don't think I can face tasting any more cheese."

Down the street they found a café-restaurant and took a seat at a table outside. This road and the square immediately in front of the café was packed with people watching a pelota game. Irina was always to remember their lunch, for it seemed as though some fate had deliberately set out to humor and help them. They ordered a bottle of wine, a fresh sardine salad, and decided to eat outside where they were.

The girl who took their order came back and began to lay the table. As she put the plates around, Irina was conscious of shock. She looked down at the plate, and then her eyes came up to Manston. He gave her a look and then said to the girl. "This is interesting crockery. I like the design. Is it local?"

"Yes. monsieur. It's very nice, isn't it?" said the girl. "It's made locally."

When the girl had gone, Manston said to Guyon, "This is the stuff. Right, Irina?"

Irina nodded. Guyon said, "We'd better try the wine and cheese."

The wine, both red and white, they could not be entirely sure about. But about the cheese there was no mistake. It was strong and creamy under a hard crust, and the girl told them that it was goat's cheese made at three or four farms in the neighborhood.

Their bill paid, the three of them got up and moved for a moment into the crowd to watch the game. It was being played by two teams of men in white shirts and trousers, each man with the sickle-shaped basketwork *cesta* strapped to his right wrist. The ball went whizzing back and forth, and now and again, when a player failed to catch and return it, it would come shooting into the crowd—quite dangerously, Irina thought, though none of the spectators seemed to mind.

It came bounding back and hit a dwarf-sized man a few yards in front of Irina on the chest with a thud that, instead of making him shout with pain, caused him to roar with laughter and the crowd around him to pat him on the head and thump his shoulders. One of the players came running back to receive the ball from the dwarf. He stood a few yards in front of the crowd, his *cesta* hanging at his side, his chest heaving with his exertions, and he called to the dwarf for the ball.

Irina saw all the movement, heard all the noises as though in a dream. All she was really aware of was the man waiting for the ball. Could it be? She shut her eyes, memory taking her back to the rock chamber. She saw the thin beam of a flashlight and a man lying on the ground. The blurred lines of the man's face rose in her imagination.

She gripped Manston's arm and said, "Richard—the man who's just taken the ball. It may be him. The one I saw."

Manston handed the bus conductor a five-franc note and said, "All the way." Where "all the way" was, he did not know or care. All he knew was that if he paid for all the way, he could get off when the man standing ahead of him did.

From the moment Irina had said it might be the man, Manston had thought first of all of her security. The pelota player might be a deliberate decoy—if the other side had any idea Irina had seen him before—stuck up in public just on the chance that he would be seen, and with the hope of perhaps reducing Irina's bodyguard.

Guyon was competent and armed, but one man was not enough. So he had made Guyon show his credentials at the Sare police station and arrange for a man to accompany Irina and him back to St.-Jean.

When they were safely on their way, he had gone back to the square. At the end of the game the man had hurried out to the main street to catch a local bus, giving Manston time to get on behind him.

The road began to rise through oak and chestnut woods and the man turned and started to work his way back through the bus. Manston began to move after him. The bus changed into a lower gear f
the man suddenly droppe
He ran a few steps with h
and then turned down a
yards farther on, Manston
walked back to the path a
the man, who was about
ahead of him, climbing a
led up through bracken an
of trees. The man had gon
of a mile, climbing all the t
aware that he was being f
saw him stop and look b
Manston coming on, and th
went on himself, not qu
Some time later the man di
a belt of pine trees that fell
gray outspur of craggy rock

Manston went on through
on the other side a lev
stretch of grass and beyond
and slate-roofed cottage. To
man was waiting for him.
yard away from him.

The man said, "Are yo
monsieur?" There was a tou
in his voice, and his Frenc
the local accent.

"Yes, I am. I think we've
I'd like to ask you some que

"We've never met before,

Manston reached up and
glasses. "You don't recogni

The man gave an impati
head.

"I think you do. A few nig
together, you and I."

"I don't know what you
monsieur."

For a moment Manston
this the man whom he had
shoulder, smacking him int
He slipped his hand into
brought out his automatic.

For the first time the man
surprise. "What is that for,

"Turn round." Manston
matic forward.

"You're mad." The man
he faced the cottage, he sh
"André! André!"

Manston stepped forward
shirt upward, free of the
ripping it partly. One glan
The man's back was bru
lacerated in places.

At that moment the ma
toward the cottage, shouting
Manston saw another man
cottage doorway. The runni
sideways and Manston saw
sun on a gun barrel. There
and the grass and dirt a yard
denly spurted with the im
pellets, and he felt some of
right arm and leg.

He turned and ran for th
another burst of shot hiss
bracken to his left. The nex
in the shelter of the trees a
down the hill as fast as he
was nothing else he could d
was no good against a b
moment he tried to approac
he needed now was a teleph
possible.

At eight o'clock that even
message came to Oleg from

LIMBO TO AGRIP.

MANSTON ALIVE, ACTIVE
INFORMATION WHERE LOCAT
TOVSKAYA WITH HIM. OWN S
QUESTION, BUT SITUATION SE
PARENT MANSTON MUST HA
PINPOINTING THIS AREA. RE
BE TAKEN.

Oleg's return message rea

AGRIP TO LIMBO.

ESSENTIAL FULLEST CHECK
TAKE NO ACTION. REPEAT NO
REPRESENTATIVE WITH YOU
NING LATEST.

CONTINUE



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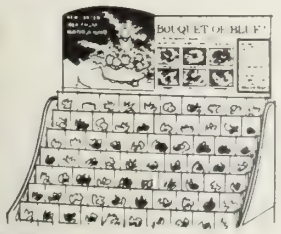
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Manston picked up a lift on the valley road very quickly and returned to Sare, where he telephoned to Guyon at St.-Jean. Guyon came out within a half hour and took over with help from the Sare police. Manston himself went back to the villa, where Irina had been left with two house guards.

Guyon's report on his return was that the two men were well known locally. They were Pierre and André Salgazza, brothers, both known smugglers. Neither of the men was in the cottage—which was no surprise to Manston—and no trace of them had been found, though a police call and check of all roads and frontier posts had been set up as unobtrusively as possible. It could fairly certainly be assumed, since their cottage was only a couple of miles from the border, that they had gone over the frontier clandestinely.

"We should have picked that guy up in the square, you know," Manston said.

Guyon smiled and lighted a cigarette. "You've got too high a standard. No one can think of everything."

"Yes, but now Limbo must know we're after them. We've lost that advantage."

At that moment Casalis came in. He poured himself a whiskey and flopped into a cane chair. He reported that they were pretty certain they had located the steps, about three miles away on the Biarritz side of St.-Jean-de-Luz on private land. There was a holiday bungalow at the head of the steps, which were protected by doors top and bottom. On the rocks to one side of the private beach there had been a small concrete landing platform.

Through the St.-Jean police, Casalis had learned who the owner was: a bachelor, one Amadeo Grandier, who lived near Sare and who used the bungalow for holiday purposes. He had been in trouble once for smuggling, but down here smuggling was not regarded as a crime of much importance.

Amadeo was in his late 30's, of independent means, popular socially, and was known to be having an affair with the wife of the Comte Aristide Longeau-du-Quercy, who also lived just outside Sare. The police were inclined to regard Amadeo as the type of man who, with luck, would remain straight, but also as one who would not hesitate to go over the line if he needed money.

Manston said, "Does this Amadeo own his house at Sare?"

Casalis shook his head. "No, he rents it from a friend, Louis Saint-Amand. I got some dope on him too."

Louis Saint-Amand was a man nearing his 60's with an only child, a daughter, Claudine, who was 21. The Saint-Amand family had lived in the Sare district for generations. Louis Saint-Amand had independent means, but was far from wealthy. He was a scholar and occasionally published articles in obscure historical journals. In his young days he had been known as a skilled potholer and speleologist, and had written a small brochure on the caves, potholes and underground rivers of the western Pyrenees.

"Caves. . . ." Manston looked at Casalis.

Casalis shrugged his shoulders.

Manston went on, "Tomorrow, Irina and I had better check the steps."

The next morning, the police put a motorboat at the disposal of Manston and Irina. Guyon and Casalis, in case of trouble, took one of their French house guards and arranged to meet them by car from the land as they checked the steps.

Manston looked across at Irina, who sat opposite him, wearing red slacks and a white sweater, which had been bought in St.-Jean. Catching her dark-eyed smile, he told himself that it was really against all the odds that the two of them should be here. It was a smiling, sunlit world which forced the imagination to work hard to accept that behind it, somewhere close, lay the Limbo organization.

They kept well out, and after some time Manston picked out the bungalow on the clifftop which had been described to him by Casalis. He cut the motor, and they rose and fell gently on the swell.

They both looked toward the shore, and for a time neither of them spoke. There was the red roof of the bungalow showing on the clifftop and below it was a cliff-enclosed beach—but on the beach, either under colored umbrellas or playing about at the water's edge, were a dozen or more people. Two speedboats were tied up alongside a concrete platform by some rocks, and the sound of laughter and voices came clearly across the water to them.

Manston looked at Irina. "So much for our private little snoop around. I wonder. . . ."

After a moment's pause, Irina said, "Why do you need to wonder?"

Almost to himself Manston said, "These are pretty certainly the steps—and almost as certainly Amadeo Grandier is in there with a bunch of his friends. After that business at Sare yesterday with Pierre Salgazza, Limbo must know that at least I'm alive and kicking. That means I don't have to worry about being undercover anymore."

"Then why don't we go right in there? Nothing can happen to us in broad daylight, and we might learn something."

"You've got more faith in broad daylight than I have."

"I've got faith in you. If you were by yourself, you'd go in, wouldn't you?"

Suddenly he said, "OK. It'll give Casalis and Guyon heart failure watching from the clifftop, but I think you're right. We'll go in. Listen, you stick close to me—and keep your eyes and ears open." He pulled her to him and kissed her, and then, as he released her, added, "If you're asked your name, give it. Just be absolutely honest in reply to any normal question. You're on holiday, staying at the villa Ixas-Atou."


## SOMETHING BLUE . . . FOR A MAY ELOPEMENT

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The party on the beach watched them row in, and a man detached himself and came strolling down to the jetty. He was wearing beach trunks and a pair of canvas shoes. His fair hair was cropped short, and there was a pleasant smile on his good-natured face.

"My apologies for disturbing you," said Manston in English, "but my distributor head's broken. I wondered if there was a telephone I could use?"

"Jump out," said the man. "There's one up in my bungalow." He spoke English, slowly and deliberately, the process of translation creasing his forehead. "I'm the owner here. Did you hire the boat?"

"Yes. From Saint-Jean."

"On holiday there?"

"Yes. . . . I'm sorry." Manston turned toward Irina. "This is Miss Tovskaya, and I'm Manston—Richard Manston."

The man showed no surprise at the mention of their names. He said, "Grandier. Amadeo Grandier. Come on." He reached down a hand and helped Irina up onto the jetty.

At the bottom of the steps he said, "There is no need for Mademoiselle Tovskaya to climb all the way up."

"I don't mind," said Irina. "I'm stiff from sitting in the boat. The exercise will do me good."

Amadeo shrugged his shoulders and led the way up the steps. By the time Manston was halfway up and they had come to a small landing, there was little doubt in his mind. When he reached the top, he was sure. There were 48 steps. As Amadeo went over to the bungalow ahead of them, Manston looked at Irina. She nodded.

In the little hallway of the bungalow was a telephone. Manston called a garage, then said, "They're sending a man out. He'll be here in half an hour."

"That means an hour," said Amadeo. "You'd better come back to the beach. You've got plenty of time for a swim and a drink."

Under the umbrellas a table was laid with drinks, and these were being dispensed by a Franz Aspender, who poured each of them the largest gin and Compari Manston had seen for some time. Manston watched all these people as they were introduced. Not one showed the slightest surprise at their names. Irina was taken off by the Comtesse Bernice—the one, Manston remembered, with whom Amadeo was having an affair. Her husband apparently was not there. But her mother-in-law was, the Comtesse Douairière Estelle Longeau-du-Quercy. The dowager countess, wearing a blue-and-white-striped silk dress, white gloves and a large, flower-decorated hat, sat in state under a red umbrella in a canvas beach chair. Close to her sat a priest, a short, square nondescript figure in a soutane and black hat who—when she could give him her attention—was reading the paper aloud to her.

They spent an hour on the beach with the party, bathing and drinking. Manston, with all the people sorted out in his mind—the Aspenders, the countess and her daughter-in-law Bernice, Louis Saint-Amand and his daughter Claudine, Amadeo Grandier, who never seemed to be still; a bright, gay, animated beach party—found it hard to believe that a few yards away were the steps down which he and Irina had been led not so long ago on a rainy night. There was no menace here, only friendliness and an eagerness to make them welcome. He did not even have to dig for the simple facts he wanted.

Amadeo said to him, "The town beaches are crowded. Anytime you want to come here, please do. I am staying here for the next two or three days. You are always welcome. But when I leave, then you will find the keys to the steps under the large geranium pot in the doorway of the bungalow. All I ask is that you lock up when you go and put the keys back."

And, thought Manston, if he made this offer to them, there was no doubt that he had made it among his friends. Any of the obviously large circle of acquaintances which he had could use these steps with impunity. That did not make things easier.

Going back along the coast, Manston said to Irina, "What did you think of them?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127



Girl's room looks like an airy garden room with its crisp white furniture and floor, sky-blue fabrics and grass-green rug. Furniture combines white French Provincial chests, hutches, and poster bed with a white wicker chair and matching blanket chest. A desk counter was made by a carpenter and hung on the wall between a pair of chests topped with decks of shelves. The floor is of mosaic vinyl. Painting (over night table) by Jeanne Ballard.



Closet walls have louver doors that fold open so that the entire contents can be seen at a glance. Ready-made bedspread (one of several styles), and closet accessories are available in fabric matching the curtains.



Boy's room has the atmosphere of a masculine "den." A daybed placed against the wall makes space, a cube chest for a night table stores bulky items, a molded walnut chair, vinyl-upholstered, swivels and reclines to accommodate a boy's restless frame. Paper-backed burlap wall covering hides nail holes. Rug is of easy-care, man-made fibers. Fitted bedspread and covers for bolsters are durable cotton sailcloth. Painting by Sam Middleton.



Plaid fabric shower curtain, vivid towels and rug and a colorful painting give this practical children's bathroom a young, gay air. Blue basins and tub add more color. Mirror is lit by fixtures recessed under a shelf.

No matter how much the family enjoys being together, there are times when every member wants to be alone. The children's rooms, like the master bedroom, were arranged to provide this needed privacy.

They are furnished with desks (the boy's is out of sight on the wall opposite his bed), shelves for books and knickknacks, bulletin boards for "pinups" and other memorabilia, comfortable chairs for lounging. The youngsters can shut their doors on the world and study, dream, work at hobbies and even quietly entertain a friend.

Furnishings are sturdy and inexpensive, as suits these areas of the house, but color converts them into cheerful abodes to suit the tastes of the most feminine girl and the most masculine boy. The girl's domain is her dream of a "grown-up" room with white French furniture, gilded and painted with flowers. The boy's room is what he thinks a man should have—businesslike furniture in sturdy oak.

Serving both rooms is a bathroom decorated in a gay, young style.

**Add-On House begins on page 55.** FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 122



# Listen to her smile...when you call Long Distance

You say hello, how are you—and right away her little-girl words are full of smiles. She's so glad to hear your voice... and you get so much pleasure from just talking to her. Wouldn't you enjoy that visit right now?

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# THE ADD-ON HOUSE

ERNEST SILVA



The powder room, compact and complete, once served the starter house as its bath. Added bedroom section with both master *and* children's bath (in similar schemes) frees it for guests' use (it's near living and family rooms). Matching wallpaper and shower curtains make the small area seem bigger. Basic white with cool blues and greens is space-making, as are the fixtures, which have been scaled down in size.



The laundry location is noteworthy on three counts: (1) it's in the bedroom unit where most dirty clothes accumulate, (2) it's backed up to the two bathrooms (plumbing is together), (3) it's a room with a view—of a private rear deck. Organized along one wall: an automatic washer and electric dryer plus a handy sink for puttering or pampering hand washables. Ironing is done by the door where light and view lighten the job. Ironing table conveniently adjusts to your most comfortable height—sitting or standing. No cord confusion either—a spring device keeps it away from your work.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 122

## THE HOUSES AMERICA NEEDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

A worn-out auto can be junked, but the substandard house remains, to become an increasing liability. Huge tracts of shabby houses have consumed vast amounts of land. Since World War II, land costs have gone up shockingly—an average of 300 to 500 percent and sometimes far more. Consider the California builder who had to pay $19,500 per acre for land on which he built $12,990 houses. He had spent about $5,000 per lot before ever starting a house. The building budget that remained ensured sub-standard houses and very little profit. The profit comes from long-term mortgage interest.

Houses such as these have been sold for the last 15 years by their accessories—the appliances and kitchen cabinets, the intercom systems and brass-plated hardware. Most people are downright bored by the houses themselves. They are sick of the monotony of mass housing, the endless rows of "ranches" and "splits" repeated ad nauseam in every major city in the country. They long for self-expression, for privacy, for space and permanence. But they get "Early American" or "French Provincial" cake frosting on the same old identical boxes.

The housing industry is running out of ways to save costs on conventional houses. Home manufacturers and mass builders now use compressed air to drive nails, and power saws that will cut 20 rafters at a time. The National Association of Home Builders has conducted studies to improve labor efficiency in ways such as reducing the time it takes to install a window from 33 minutes to 29 minutes. Labor costs have been cut from 50 percent to about 22 percent of the cost of the average house. But these efforts are reaching the point of diminishing returns.

Housing experts watch $5-per-hour electricians chop up the frame of a house to install wiring, and begin to wonder not merely how to improve the efficiency of the job but how to eliminate it entirely. The next logical step is the manufacture of prefabricated, mass-produced parts, using new materials such as aluminum, plastics and synthetic-wood products.

Houses were simple to build when they contained only space. But in recent years they have been complicated by a proliferation of sophisticated mechanical equipment and accessories which now cost more than the building itself, and immensely complicate its construction and finish. All of these things are desirable in themselves, but they boost costs inordinately because they must be assembled by the builder and then put together by makeshift means. Seldom is an item properly designed to fit with anything else. The result is constant, expensive adaptation and, for a custom-built house, devastating costs.

The mass builder installs an $18 aluminum window in 29 minutes. The custom builder installs an $80 wood window of similar shape in two hours. This is why most experts feel there are just two types of houses today, cheap poor ones, and very expensive good ones. There is almost no middle ground of quality at a reasonable price. Nor will there be until house frames are engineered to receive modern accessories without having to be torn apart first.

The building industry has been forced into a desperate defensive position. Its conservative methods have proved uneconomic even under the protection of the Government. But now some housing leaders are correctly diagnosing the basic problem. They realize their only chance lies in taking giant technological steps to overcome their late start.

The industry's pressing need has caused a stirring of inventive ideas in many quarters. For example:

The traditional materials producers are hunting for ways to get into house manufacturing. They are developing new construction methods and buying manufacturing companies in the process.

A large paint manufacturer is developing honeycomb panels. A plumbing equipment manufacturer and a steel company are pooling resources to build complete houses. A gypsum manufacturer is developing aluminum wall sections.

The aluminum manufacturers are investing heavily in housing projects and construction research. Manufacturers not heretofore associated with housing, such as the large chemical companies and aircraft manufacturers, are spawning home-building divisions.

In short, the building industry is finally changing from a fragmented collection of producers and local craftsmen into a centralized, highly capitalized manufacturing industry.

We who live in today's houses can only cheer. We want a totally new product from the housing industry, a house planned from the start for mass production and the use of new materials; planned to satisfy living needs not merely to look well or serve as a status symbol. We can list our needs:

1. *Houses that can be individually tailored to people's needs.* This implies separating a house into parts that buyers can choose at random.

2. *Houses that can be budgeted.* Houses will be cheaper in dollars per square foot. But our housing desires are becoming much grander; therefore we will, in the long run, sometimes spend more than we do now. There must be a way to make the investment in small, affordable parcels.

3. *Houses that make better use of land.* We must find the best ways of using all the land available. This implies that houses must be spread out over the land more uniformly.

4. *New standards of beauty.* We must learn to appreciate new materials for their own special beauty, not try to make them look like something else. (Generations ago, steel was cast to look like carved wood.)

5. *Houses with specialized living parts.* Our increasing emphasis on family life makes it important for houses to accommodate special family activities. We are gravitating to an era of playhouses, workshops, entertaining pavilions and other special parts in the complex of the growing house.

6. *Individual character.* The nature of mass production with interchangeable parts and limitless optional accessories will create in housing a freedom of choice that can hardly be imagined now. Industrial technology makes it possible to create a million and a half different versions of a popular-priced automobile. The variety in housing will be far greater!

7. *Materials that will not deteriorate.* We are closest to this objective.

8. *Simplified plans.* It must be easy for anyone to put the pieces together with a minimum of professional help. It is not the design work that makes architects expensive; it is the laborious details.

9. *Simplified structural systems.* There must be as few basic parts as possible. This is the key to economy of production.

10. *Compatible systems of products.* No air-conditioner manufacturer would dream of making an auto air conditioner until he had worked with the auto manufacturer to make sure everything would fit. Every product in a house must fit with every other product.

11. *Assembly without tools.* Cutting and fitting should be virtually eliminated.

12. *Factory-finished interchangeable parts.*

13. *One basic quality standard.* Autos are not made with "fair" or "good" brake linings. Only one quality is permissible, the best. And only the best quality can suffice in housing.

In coming years, the whole character of the housing industry will be transformed. The builders, plasterers and others whose roles in housing are decreasing will be caught up in a new kind of business enterprise. While automation will eliminate much of the labor in housing, it will also create new opportunities for retailers, distributors, assemblers and sales consultants. Whole new families of housing products, equipment and accessories will arise, and new production facilities and fields of employment to go with them. Historically, industrialization has greatly expanded employment instead of diminishing it.

Economists are searching for a "new product" to bolster our national economy. That new product will be the industrially built house of the '60's and '70's. It will revitalize our economy, give us a higher living standard and bring us a giant step closer to the material world we want.

END

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SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

# THE ADD-ON HOUSE

The Add-On House is new literally from the ground up. Its floors float airily on an epoxy-coated steel foundation which eliminates expensive masonry. The epoxy coating, first developed for oil-field use, allows the steel to be placed directly on earth or buried without protection. U S. Steel is the producer.

The white exterior wall panels are a U.S. Plywood product called PF-15, surfaced with Tedlar, a new, almost indestructible plastic surface film made by Du Pont. U.S. Plywood guarantees that PF-15 will not need repainting for 15 years. It has been weather tested in actual use for 15 years—a vivid testimony to the expense and difficulty of creating new products.

The blue panels are ceramic tile set on plywood with epoxy adhesives. They were manufactured in New York and shipped to Baton Rouge. We tipped these panels over on concrete, dropped them, to test them. Neither shipping nor our calculated torture fazed them. The quarry tile on the floors is also set in epoxy mastic.

The tile and Tedlar panels are interchangeable four-foot-wide components which can be placed anywhere to allow free choice of colors and textures.

The exterior sliding screens, of U.S. Gypsum expanded aluminum, are designed to take over the function of shutters and protect the windows from sun and heat or cold. They are set on double tracks so that they can be arranged to cover the glass wall or any part of it, or they can slide entirely out of the way. They could be made of glass, translucent plastic or solid material for different kinds of protection.

There are no conventional windows in this house. All the openings are fixed-glass panels or sliding-glass doors, made by Shower Door Co.



Tile wall panels, sliding shutters, and the floating floor system all show here. With its steel foundation and raised floors, the house can be set on level ground with no excavation except for supporting steel posts.



Supplementary heating elements drop into floor or can be installed as baseboards. The registers fit level with floor tile for easy cleaning. The insect screens (not shown here) go outside the sliding glass doors.

Libbey-Owens-Ford gray plate glass cuts down glare and reduces the heat load on air-conditioning equipment. The windscreen by the pool and window beside the front door are Libbey-Owens-Ford's elegant unpolished gray plate glass. (All plate glass has a texture like this before it is ground to a smooth surface.)

This all-electric Gold Medallion house has a new Chromalox Season-Aire heating-cooling system which can do everything but think. Air is electronically cleaned and humidified or dehumidified, as requested by the automatic humidistat, and heated to a temperature of 70 degrees by a central air-handling unit. It is then introduced into the open crawl space below the floor, where it spreads out under the entire house, heating the floor to a uniform 70 degrees. The air is constantly and slowly circulated, thus avoiding rushes of heat and cold when the fan starts and stops.

Floor registers are located around the perimeter of the house, so the tempered air moves continuously into the rooms. The registers contain supplementary heating elements controlled by individual Minneapolis Honeywell thermostats in each room. Whenever heat is needed, they go to work—but only in the room where heat is required. There is none of the overheating of rooms on the warm side of the building so common to ordinary heating systems.

The air conditioning, located in the central air-handling unit, has a capacity for removing more humidity than the average air conditioner.

Each unit of the house has its own self-contained heating and cooling system, which allows one unit to be kept at 76 degrees while the other might remain at 60 degrees or be turned off entirely.

The interior walls are surfaced with sheetrock sprayed with a liquid epoxy compound called Tufcon, made by the U.S. Gypsum Company. The Tufcon finish is so hard that it is virtually dent-proof and scratchproof, and it is impervious to moisture.

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The Add-On House will be distributed and manufactured by:

Crawford Corp., 7111 Florida Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La. *Sales area:* Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Tennessee, East Texas.

Arbor Homes, 1261 Meriden Road, Waterbury, Conn. *Sales area:* All of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Northern Virginia.

Place Homes, 1212 So. Walnut Street, South Bend, Ind. *Sales area:* Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Southern Wisconsin, Eastern Iowa, St. Louis area, Louisville area.

Midwestern Homes, 931 E. North Street, P.O. Box 886, Rapid City, S. Dak. *Sales area:* South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Alaska.

Intermountain Precision-Bilt Homes, 12 Eighteenth Street, Ogden, Utah. *Sales area:* Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Western Colorado, Western Wyoming.

Far West Homes, West Coast Mills, Chehalis, Wash. *Sales area:* Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Chicago area, Kansas City area, Benton Harbor, Mich., area, New Mexico, Nevada.

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**Shopping Information for pages 55–61, 118, and 120.**

*Tedlar-faced exterior wall panels:* E I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., U.S. Plywood Corp.; *steel foundation:* U.S. Steel Corp.; *ceramic-tile wall panels, ceramic tile in baths, quarry-tile floors:* Tile Council of America, Inc.; *solar screens of expanded metal, Sheetrock and Tufcon finish:* U.S. Gypsum Co.; *glass and mirrors:* Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.; *finish hardware:* Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.; *Chromalox Season-Aire heating and air-conditioning system:* Edwin L. Wiegand Co.; *folding closet doors:* Maywood, Inc.; *garage door:* Overhead Door Co., Inc.; *sliding glass doors:* Shower Door Company of America; *paint and stain:* Martin-Senour Co.

FOYER—*flooring:* "Canyon Red" quarry tile. About $1.50 to $2 a sq. ft., installed, Tile Council of America, Inc.; *curtains:* "Cape Ann" casement, about $6.50 a yd., F. Schumacher & Co., 939 3rd Ave., N.Y.C.*; *bench:* $210, Lee L. Woodard & Sons, Inc., Owosso, Mich.

LIVING ROOM *-rug:* "Tiempo Coloniale," 9′ x 12′, $199.50, Karastan Rug Mills; *sofa:* $574 in muslin, Henredon-Schoonbeck Co., covered in "Plaids," $10.50 a yd., Tressard Fabrics, 70 E. 56th St., N.Y.C.*; *piano:* style "R" Traditional, Baldwin Piano Co.; *bench:* about $75, Manual Arts Furniture Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; *wing chair:* $200 in muslin, Thomasville Furniture Industries, Inc., covered in blue-and-green houndstooth check, $8.25 a yd., S. M. Hexter, 509 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.*; *club chair:* $206 in muslin, Henredon-Schoonbeck Co., covered in "Viking Blue" leather, about $1.25 a sq. ft., American Leather Mfg. Co.; *coffee table:* base only, $110, J.G. Furniture Co., 160 E. 56th St., N.Y.C.*, plate-glass top, $136, Pittsburgh Plate Glass; *lamp:* $90, Norman Perry Lamps Inc., Plymouth, N.H.; four-sided *fireplace screen:* $141.20, Bennett-Ireland Flexcreen, Inc., Norwich, N.Y.

DINING ROOM *bookcases:* Chateau Collection, $333 each, Thomasville Furniture Industries; *counter* (between bookcases): carpenter built; *Normandy benches* (under counter): $79 each, Meyer-Gunther-Martini, 511 E. 72nd St., N.Y.C., covered in blue-and-green houndstooth check, $8.25 a yd., S. M. Hexter; *table:* Pavanen Group, about $450, Tomlinson Furniture Co.; *chairs:* Brittany Cottage Group, side chairs $38 each, arm chairs $46 each, Williams Furniture Co., Sumter, S.C.; *crystal:* "Orleans" pattern, $3 each, Fostoria Glass Co.; *china:* "Innsbruck" pattern by Pasco, for store information write to: Paul A. Straub, Inc., 19 E. 26th St., N.Y.C., 5-piece setting, $11.50; *flatware:* "Melrose" pattern, sterling, 6-piece setting, $54.50; *open salts:* sterling with blue-glass liners, $32.50 pr.; *salt and peppers:* sterling, $32.50 pr.; *candlesticks:* "Cambridge" pattern, sterling, $22.50. All silver by Gorham Silver Co.

BREEZEWAY DECK AND DECK AT REAR OF HOUSE—*cigarette table:* $22; *chaise longue:* $110; *chairs:* $60 each; *dining tables:* $85 each; *ottoman:* $38; all furniture Hispana collection by Scroll, Inc., 800 N.W. 166th St., Miami, Fla.; *planters:* 26″ wide, 6″ deep, $65; 18″ wide, 23″ deep, $97.50 Architectural Pottery, 2020 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

FAMILY ROOM *—wall covering:* Picasso green Hushalon felt, $1.10 a sq. ft., Continental Felt Co., 22 W. 15th St., N.Y.C.; *flooring:* "Spring Green" vinyl asbestos tile, 9″ x 9″ tile, 20c each; "Swiss Blue" feature strip, 5c a lineal ft., Kentile Inc.; *curtains:* "Candy Stripe," $2.80 a yd., J.H. Thorp, 175 E. 56th St., N.Y.C.*; *sofas:* $371.50 each in muslin, Richardson Nemschoff, Sheboygan, Wis., covered in "Monet," olive, about $3 a yd., Charles Bloom, Inc., 15 E. 26th St., N.Y.C.; *rattan chair:* $105. Richardson Nemschoff; *table:* Simpatico Collection, $250, Heritage Furniture Co.; *chairs:* fretwork chairs from Monterey group, $39 each, Thomasville Furniture Industries; *hanging lamp:* custom order in any colors, $150, Lighting Associates, 351 E. 61st St., N.Y.C.*; *chest table:* emerald-green lacquer, $77, Founders Furniture Co.; *stools:* Raleigh Tavern stools, $8.95 each, mail order and shipped express collect, Jeff Elliot Craftsmen. Statesville, N.C.

GIRL'S BEDROOM *–flooring:* Amtico vinyl "Textura Mosaic," $1.49 a sq. ft., American Biltrite Rubber Co.; *bed:* poster 39″ size, about $82.50, Bassett Furniture Industries, Bassett, Va.; *mattress-box spring:* "Deep Sleep" twin size, each unit $39.95, The Simmons Co.; *bedspread:* "Saratoga Twin," daisy shower-blue, $59.95, Nettlecreek Industries, Richmond, Ind.; *hamper:* Balang wicker trunk, $60, unpainted, Walters Furniture Co., 893 2nd Ave., N.Y.C.; *night table:* about $37, Bassett Furniture Industries; *wall lamp:* white tole, $40, Georgian Lighting Studios, 22–28 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.; *curtains:* "Daisy Shower," about $1.98 a yd., Everfast Fabrics, 70 W. 40th St., N.Y.C.; *chair:* white wicker, $37.95, Anne Davis, 347 E. 55th St., N.Y.C.; *wall unit:* bachelor's chests, about $67.50, hutches, about $58.40, Bassett Furniture Industries; *desk chair:* Williams Furniture Corp.; *mannequin lamp:* about $73, Anne Allen Studio, 1323 So. Michigan, Chicago 5, Ill.*; *rug:* "Spring Green" Curltuft Caprolan, about $47.50 for 4′ x 6′, Carter Bros., Chattanooga, Tenn.; *closet:* "Daisy Shower" hatbox, $6, suit bags, 42″, $8.50, 57″, $8.75, Penthouse Products, Inc., 377 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

BOY'S BEDROOM—*burlap wall covering:* emerald-green Indo-Weave, $12 a roll, Allied Wallcoverings, Brooklyn, N.Y.; *rug:* "Trio" color combination 7, $12.95 a sq. yd., Cabin Crafts, Inc., Dalton, Ga.; *curtains:* "Trinkets," $7.45 a yd., Greeff Fabrics, Inc., 155 E. 56th St., N.Y.C.*; *bed:* Campaigner Group, about $72.50, Drexel Furniture Co.; *chest:* Campaigner Group, about $109, Drexel; *mirror:* Campaigner Group, about $29, Drexel; *chest table:* Emerald green, $77, Founders; *chair and ottoman:* "Mister" chair, $185, ottoman, $48.50, Directional, 41 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.; *brass wall light:* $60, Lange & Williams, 206 E. 51st St., N.Y.C.*; *bedspread and bolster fabric:* sailcloth, 98c a yd., Avondale Mills, 1430 Broadway, N.Y.C.

ALL PAINTINGS (except one on living-room fireplace wall) were loaned by the E. Lorenz Borenstein Gallery of Art, 519 Royal St., New Orleans 16, La.

KITCHEN—*freezer:* Free-O-Frost model FF-15, Amana Refrigeration Co.; *refrigerator:* Stor-Mor All-Refrigerator model R-15, Amana Refrigeration Co.; *range and range hood:* Tappan "400", 30″ electric range model ECKNR-436 and vent hood, The Tappan Co.; *dishwasher:* KitchenAid Imperial Superba Varicycle Undercounter model, Hobart Manufacturing Co.; *cabinet doors:* Fiberesin White No. FP 127, Fiberesin Plastic Sales Co.; *counters:* Azure Blue Heather No. 2066, Parkwood Laminates, Inc.; *sinks:* Carlton No. 2124 and No. 2116 in stainless steel, Carrollton Mfg. Co.; *wallpaper:* Pattern H-200 custom color with water-resistant finish, General McDonald, Inc.; *glass tumblers:* Homespun pattern No. 4183 line, Fostoria Glass Co.; *flatware:* stainless steel "Colonial Tipt," The Gorham Co.; *dinnerware coffeemaker and saucepan:* Centura Ware, Corning Glass Works; *blackboard over desk:* Designed For Living.

BATHROOMS—*plumbing fixtures:* all American-Standard; *washbasins:* children's bathroom, Regency Blue Dresslyn, powder room, White Companion; *water closets:* children's bathroom, Regency Blue Norwall wall hung, powder room, white Elongated Compact; *tub:* children's bathroom, Regency Blue Contour tub; *shower heads:* Vari-Height shower Model FM-1, Bickford Mfg. Co.; *walls:* powder room, blue-green wallpaper, Mayfair No. 712-6, Woodson Wallpapers, Inc., with waterproofing treatment by Resistane Coating Corp.; *shower curtains:* powder room, matches blue-green Mayfair wallpaper, Woodson Wallpapers, Inc., children's bath, Laird Plaid, Everfast Fabrics, Inc. *rug:* powder room, Langley Rug, style A1-86, Bright Green No. 597. Cabin Crafts.

LAUNDRY—*cabinet doors:* Fiberesin White No. FP 127, Fiberesin Plastic Sales Co.; Carlton No. 2116–10 stainless steel, Carrollton Mfg. Co.; *floor:* Amtico Carefree Vinyl, Pattern VF 81-H in Harvest White and Green, American Biltrite Rubber Co.; *wallcovering:* plasticized wallpaper, pattern No. B2433, Richard H. Thibaut, Inc.; *shades:* Citrus Green Regalia shades with Fiesta ball fringe, Joanna Western Mills Co.; *utility cart:* Cosco Utility Tabl Hamilton Cosco, Inc.; *hamper:* imported by Anne Davis' Baskets And . . ., 347 E. 55th St., N.Y.C.

*Available ONLY through decorators and decorating departments of store



## The Better the Half-and-Half, the more it tastes like Borden's

rawberries never had it so good! You can see why. You can e that smooth texture of Borden's Half-and-Half. You can e it in the pitcher, in the dish, in the spoon and in every op. In fact, it looks almost as good as it tastes—luscious but light. Creamy-good but lower in calories. Ideal for desserts, cereals, cooking, baking—gives everyday meals an extra lift. Remember, also, that this is Borden's Half-and-Half with the dairy-fresh flavor that makes it doubly delicious. Pour and enjoy.




BORDEN'S

VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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## YOU CAN TEACH YOUR BABY TO READ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

will be for him to learn. There are two *vital* factors:

1. *Your* attitude in teaching him.
2. The *materials* you use.

### Your Attitude Counts Heavily

In all history there has never been a more incorrect assumption than that children do not want to learn. Children want desperately to learn, and to learn about everything.

Children begin to learn at birth, and they learn intuitively. *Human* thought processes begin at the age of about nine months in an advanced child; at about 18 months in a slow child.

At birth the thought processes for a well child are instinctive and inevitable. After one year's growth, the thought processes are child-like but human—and still inevitable. In all normal children of *any* age, thinking and learning are inevitable. The two-year-old child believes that learning is necessary, inescapable, and the greatest adventure in his life.

Learning *is* the greatest adventure in all of life. Learning *is* desirable, vital, unavoidable and, above all, it is life's greatest and most exciting game

The child continues to believe this and will always believe this—unless older human beings persuade him that it isn't true.

*The cardinal rule is that both parent and child must approach learning to read joyously, as the superb game that it is.*

The parent must never forget that learning is life's greatest game—it is *not* work. Learning is a dessert—it is *not* a vegetable. Learning is a reward—it is *not* a punishment. Learning is a pleasure—it is *not* a chore. Learning is a privilege—it is *not* a denial.

The wise parent will constantly make this clear to the child. The opportunity to play the reading game should be given only to good children. Badly behaved children should be denied the opportunity to play. Never try to fool a child; you won't succeed. If he has misbehaved, the parent must not permit the child to play the reading game just because he wants to play it himself. If the child *has* been behaving badly, it will not do for the parent to tell him he has been a good boy and may play the game. The child won't be fooled for an instant. He knows when he has been bad and that you do not get rewarded for being bad and, therefore, reading must be a punishment, not a reward.

*The length of time you play the game each time must be very short.* At first it may be played as often as 10 times daily, but for only 10 or 15 seconds each time. The parent must stop each session *before* the child wants to stop.

### The Doman Reading Exposure Materials

The materials you need to teach your child to read are extremely simple, but they were developed as one result of many years of work by a team of specialists dealing with the treatment of brain-injured children. The materials were designed in complete recognition of the fact that reading is a brain function. They can be used successfully with nearly all children. The materials are adapted to the capabilities and limitations of the tiny child's visual apparatus as well as of his brain function. They are very carefully designed to meet all of his needs, from visual crudeness to visual sophistication, and from brain function to brain learning.

The Doman Materials (see order coupon on page 126) include:

1. The alphabet in red block letters 6 inches high on white cards 9 inches by 9 inches.
2. The basic body-image vocabulary in red block letters 3 inches high on white cards 5 inches by 20 inches. There are 20 body-image words.
3. The basic environmental vocabulary of the child's immediate world in red block letters 1½ inches high on white cards 3½ inches high by 20 inches (28 of these.)
4. Sentence-structure vocabulary in black lower-case letters 1 inch high on white cards 3 inches by 5 inches.
5. Structured sentences in black lower-case letters ½ inch high on white cards 2 inches by 12½ inches.
6. A short-vocabulary "make it yourself" book, titled *Nose Is Not Toes.*

You will notice the materials begin with very large red block letters and decrease in size to smaller, but still large, black lower-case letters. They are designed this way so that the child's visual pathways may mature and appreciate gradually the symbols they carry to his brain. Large block letters are used because they are large and clear. They are red simply because red is attractive to the small child.

### The First Step (Visual Differentiation)

Your first step in teaching your child to read begins with the use of just *two* letters of the alphabet. First, you take only the large red block letters "A" and "B" (initially do not let the child see any of the materials except the letter "A").

Begin at a time of the day when the child is receptive, rested and in a good mood. Use a part of the house that has as few distracting factors as possible—a quiet place where there is nothing else especially attractive for the child to look at. Do *not* have the radio playing, or any other noises which can be avoided. Use a corner of a room which does not have a great deal of furniture, pictures, and so on, which might absorb the child's visual atte tion.

Now, simply hold up the letter "A" ju beyond his reach and say to him clear "This is 'A.'"

Give the child no more description and not elaborate. Permit him to see it for no m than 15 seconds.

Now play with him, love him, for two mi utes; then present the letter for the seco time. Again allow him to see it for 15 secon again tell him just once in a clear voice, "Th is 'A.'"

Now play with him again for two minut Again show him the letter "A" for fifte seconds, again tell him just once that it is "A Do not ask him what it is.

The first session is now over, and you ha spent slightly less than five minutes. Repe this five times during the first day, in exact the same manner. Sessions should be at le one half hour apart.

The first day is now over, and you ha taken the first step in teaching your baby read. (You have thus far invested 25 minute

The second day you repeat the above pr cedure twice

When you are ready to begin the third se sion, you hold the letter up to the child a say very clearly, "What is this?" You cou to 10 silently and slowly.

If the child says "A," you must then be d lighted and make a great fuss. Tell the child is very good and very bright. Tell the chi that you are very proud of him. Tell him th you love him very much. It is wise to hug hi to caress him.

Do *not* bribe him or reward him wi cookies, candy or the like. At the rate he w be learning, you will not be able to affo enough cookies, and he will not be able to e them and keep his health. Besides, compar with love and respect, cookies are a meager r ward for great accomplishment.

In the event that he does not say "A" aft you have presented the letter and counted 10 slowly, you must not be disappointe Even more importantly, you must be caref not to show disappointment in your voic manner or facial expression Instead you s clearly and happily, "It's 'A,' isn't it?"

Thereafter, simply continue daily to tea him as you did the first day, repeating the que tion only once each day during the third se sion. It may take the child one day to lea "A" or it may take him a week. If he has n learned at the end of a week (which is mo unlikely), put the materials away for a we and then begin again.

The chances are good that he will learn identify the letter "A" very quickly. When h has learned "A," you simply show him th letter five times a day for two days, asking hi each time what it is, and making a large-sca fuss each time he succeeds. When you a confident he knows "A," you are ready proceed to the next letter.

Now each lesson begins with having hi orally identify "A." As soon as he tells yo the symbol is "A," you put it aside and intr duce "B." You teach "B" in exactly the sam manner and just as carefully as you taug "A." When you are sure he knows "B" yo ask him to say it, exactly as you did wit "A."

Now the tiny child knows the letter "A and the letter "B." *He has not seen them simu taneously*, although he has seen them sepa rately during the same session. *It is importa that the child not see the letters "A" and "B simultaneously until this time.*

The parent begins the next session as usua by presenting the letter "A" and asking th child to identify it. When the child has ident fied this letter, the parent then continues hold up before the child the letter "A," whil displaying "B" in the other hand. He asks th child to identify "B."

The game of reading now changes, althoug the sessions remain only five minutes, or les in duration. The parent now shows the chil both letters and asks him to point to "B" o to point to "A."

When the parent is positive the child n only knows "A" and "B," but, what is mor important, *can differentiate* "A" from "B, the first step in teaching reading is completed For the time being, the rest of the alphabe


# A GIRL WITHOUT A COUNTRY



Sepiers' six years of life have been cruelly tragic. Her family was deported from Turkey and would not be welcomed back, even if there were funds to get back. Her Armenian parents belong to the oldest Christian nation but it no longer exists. There is only a Russian Communist Satellite in the Caucasus. Her father was an invalid when the family was forced to leave Turkey and poor and insufficient food caused his death soon after arriving in Lebanon. For many years the family has existed in a one room hovel. The mother has tried to eke out a living working as a farm hand. Malnutrition has since incapacitated her for hard labor. Now in this one small room, bitter cold for lack of fuel in winter and blisteringly hot, standing in the dry sun-scorched plain in summer—evicted, unwanted, countryless, a sick mother and her four children have one constant companion—hunger.

There are hundreds of Sepiers in the Near East, born of refugee parents who, in many cases, have lived in the same temporary, makeshift shacks for over 30 years. Their parents are not worthless, good-for-nothing people. But it is hard to keep hoping for a real life for 30 years. The children themselves never asked to be born into such a miserable and hopeless existence.

Sepier is an appealing, sweet child. There is a haunting sadness about her but she is naturally affectionate and appreciative. Little girls like Sepier can be found in many other of the 55 countries listed below where CCF assists over 42,000 children in 469 orphanages and projects. Youngsters like her can be "adopted" and cared for. The cost to the contributor is the same in all countries—ten dollars a month. The child's name, address, story and picture and correspondence with the child are provided for the donor.

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uld be kept out of sight. *Do not attempt to ch the child the remaining letters of the habet at this time.*

Do not linger over "A" and "B" too long, he child will become bored. The only warn- one must adhere to in the entire process is *er bore the child. Going too slowly is more ly to bore him than going too quickly.* Re- mber that this bright baby can be learning rtuguese or any other language those und him speak, at this age; so don't bore n. When he knows "A" from "B," put the ers away and consider the splendid thing have accomplished.

f your child can tell "A" from "B," he has omplished the most difficult feat he will r have to perform in acquiring reading skill. th your help he has done two most ex- ordinary things:

. He has sophisticated his visual pathways and, more importantly, his brain suffi- ciently to differentiate one written sym- bol from another.

2. He has mastered one of the most stag- gering abstractions he will ever have to deal with in life; he can distinguish two letters of the alphabet.

Consider what adult teachers have done to ldren in the past. If babies weren't superb, igh creatures, they would never have sur- ed it! First, they have waited until they were years of age to teach reading—when chil- n's ability to take in information effort- sly is almost gone. Secondly, they have ed them to cope with the greatest abstrac- ns they will ever encounter—the wild, ab- act, contrived, artificial symbols of our habet.

t is a basic tenet of teaching that one should gin with the known and the concrete, pro- ss to the new and the unknown, and ap- ach last of all the abstract. Nothing could more abstract to the six-year-old than the er "A." It is a tribute to his genius that he r learns it.

Thank goodness, we are wise enough not to to start law, medical, or engineering stu- nts with any such wild abstractions! Being ng grownups, they would have the gravest ficulty learning it.

### The Second Step—Body-Image Words

Now that your youngster has managed the t step—visual differentiation—don't push ir luck with the rest of the alphabet. Teach n to read words; it is ever so much easier to Any child who can learn to read letters, n two, can learn to read words easier.

Reading letters is very difficult, as nobody r ate an "A," or caught an "A," or wore an ," or opened an "A." But one can eat a nana, catch a ball, wear a shirt, or open a ok. While the letters that make up the word all" are abstract, a ball is not. For this son, it is easier to learn the word ball than is to learn the letter "B." Also the word all" is much easier to distinguish from the rd "nose," for example, than the letter ." is from the letter "B."

We begin teaching the tiny child to read rds by using the body-image words in the man Reading Exposure Materials because tiny child learns first about his own body. s conception of the world begins inside him- f, and he gradually becomes interested in at is outside, a fact which wise educators ve known for a long time.

A number of years ago a very wise educator d some magic letters which did much to im- ove education. The magic letters were A.T., and they stood for *visual*, *auditory* and *tile*. Children learn through seeing (V), aring (A), and feeling (T). This was hailed a great and important discovery, as indeed was, and these principles are now applied some kinds of teaching. Yet—as long as yone can remember—mothers have been ying with their babies and saying, "This le piggy went to market, and this little piggy yed home . . .", holding the toes up so the ld could *see* them (visual), saying the words the child could *hear* them (auditory), and eezing the toes so the child could *feel* them ctile).

The body words in the Doman Reading posure Materials are half the size of the habet letters, but still big, still upper-case d still red. Like the letters, the words are introduced one at a time with the rest of the set concealed. Again the child's mood, the physical situation, the visual situation, and the sound situation should be good and as free from distractions as possible.

We begin with the body-image word "HAND."

Mother first takes the child's hand and says clearly, "This is hand." She lets the child see the hand; she says, "hand," clearly; and she squeezes the hand.

She then holds up the word "HAND," and again says, "This is hand." The parent then follows the same procedure she followed in teaching the two letters of the alphabet.

When mother is sure that the child knows the word "HAND," *and only then*, she may proceed to the next word. As with the letters, the child may see only the words he has learned and no others, as his exposure to all of them simultaneously will confuse him. When each new word is added, all of the previous words must be reviewed.

Note especially there are 10 *four-letter* body-image words. The parent should teach the four-letter body-image words *before* introducing the others. This will prevent the child's differentiating the words merely by their length, as otherwise he might do. Present all ten of the four-letter words to him first; next present the four three-letter body-image words. After that, the three-letter words, and then the five five-letter words. Finally, teach him the only six-letter word, which is *tongue*.

Avoid presenting consecutively two words that begin with the same letter. *Hair*, *hand* and *head* all begin with "H," and therefore should not be taught consecutively. Occasionally a child will leap to the conclusion that *hair* is *hand* because the words both begin with "H" and are similar in appearance. Children who have already been taught the entire alphabet are much more likely to commit this error than children who do not know the alphabet. The alphabet should not be taught in its





Any man who wonders what to get his wife for Mother's Day should don an apron and do a day's dishes. This will take, all told, an hour or so of standing still in one place with your hands in a sink full of greasy water. It also involves trying to get dishes dry with a soggy dish towel.

*She* does this every day.

But a KitchenAid Dishwasher would reduce the whole operation to pushing a button.

No, she wouldn't have to hand-rinse the dishes first. Not if your dishwasher is a KitchenAid. You put them in dirty, right from the table—pausing only to lightly scrape.

The reason for this is the KitchenAid big blue wash arm—the most effective wash arm on any dishwasher. You might expect it to be, because we make the dishwashing equipment for most fine hotels, restaurants, and hospitals. If anybody knows how to make a dishwasher that works, we do.

And it isn't at all uncommon to meet KitchenAid owners whose dishwashers have never had a service call in 7, 8 and 9 years.

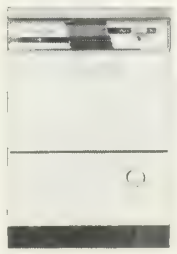
That's a very big reason why more than half the KitchenAid Dishwashers sold are bought on the recommendation of somebody who already has one. And why we honestly believe you, too, will want a KitchenAid—especially when you have compared it with others.

You'll find there's a KitchenAid Dishwasher exactly right for your kitchen and budget.

Once you do a day's worth of dishes for your wife, you will see why *you* should have a KitchenAid.

And if you *often* do dishes, why haven't you thought of this before? Buy a KitchenAid for Mother's Day. She'll think it's for *her!*

*Interested? Send for free booklet: "KitchenAid Dishwasher Comparison Chart". KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, Dept. KL-3, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio.*



KitchenAid
DISHWASHERS

entirety until after the child has read his first short-vocabulary book. The abstract forms of the alphabet letters—even "A" and "B"—once learned, may cause confusion to the child. In teaching the word *arm*, for example, mothers may experience the problem of a child's recognizing his old friend "A" and exclaiming over it, instead of reading the word *arm*.

One must always obey the supreme rule of never boring the child. Remember that if he is bored there is a strong likelihood that you are going too slowly.

He should be learning quickly and pushing you to play the game some more. If you have done it well, he should be learning to read a new word every two days.

When your child has learned the body-image words, you are ready to move to the next step. He now has behind him the two most difficult steps in learning to read. If he has succeeded up to now, you will find it difficult to prevent him from reading much longer.

### The Third Step—<br>The Environmental Vocabulary

By now both parent and child should be approaching this game of reading with pleasure and anticipation. Learning is fun, and it should remain so. Remember, you are building into your child a love of learning that will multiply throughout his life. More accurately, you are reinforcing a built-in rage to learn which will not be denied, but which can certainly be twisted into useless or even very negative channels. Play the game joyously. You are giving your child an unparalleled opportunity for knowledge by opening the "golden door" to all the books ever published in the English language.

The third step, teaching your child the environmental words, is the easiest step of all. You have to do almost nothing.

The environmental words are in smaller type than the body-image words. They are still red, still block letters, but half as large as the body-image words. The environmental vocabulary consists of those words which name the objects around him, such as "chair" and "wall."

These words are merely attached firmly with rubber cement (which comes off later), cellophane tape or thumb tacks to the objects they symbolize. They should be placed at a height which makes it easy for the child to see them. The word "chair" should be fastened to a chair, the word "wall" should be fastened to a wall, and so on.

In the set of environmental words supplied in the Doman Reading Exposure Materials, there are several of the same words. An example is the word "chair," of which there are three copies. These are intended to be used on three different types of chairs, so that the child not only learns to read the symbol "chair" and the specific chair which it labels, but also learns the *concept* of the word "chair," a piece of furniture upon which one sits. The environmental words are placed on the object they label and then repeatedly and clearly referred to as the symbol for that object.

Mother says clearly, "Sit on the chair," pointing to the chair and the word. He must learn, of course, that words are not objects. "Move the chair," "Push the chair to the table," and "Put the toy on the chair," are common commands that help in this. The environmental words are simply introduced into the child's environment in close relation to the objects they symbolize, where he will see the words constantly. He will learn them very quickly.

When the child has learned these words, he may be tested by taking the words down and having him put them back in the appropriate place. We recently saw a child a few days short of one year old who replaced accurately all of the environmental words, although the child could say only two words. (Children are learning every waking moment, and we are teaching them all of the time, but the problem is that we are not always aware that we are teaching them.)

When the child knows all of the environmental words in the Doman Reading Exposure Materials, he is ready for Step Four in learning to read.

### Step Four—Sentences

It is conceivable that a chimpanzee could be conditioned to sit every time the word "sit" was shown to him. While this would not be evidence that the chimpanzee could read the word "sit," it would indicate that he followed a specific command when presented with a specific visual configuration.

However, if this same chimpanzee were sent to Yale for 10 years, with intensive training in reading for that period, he would *not*, upon graduation, or ever after, be able to respond correctly to a sentence in which words were used in a combination he had never seen before—and *this* is the ultimate secret of reading.

If we could read only sentences that we had seen and known before, there would be no purpose in reading. All of the anticipation of opening a new book lies in finding what the book is going to show that we have never seen before. Words, and not letters, are the basic units of language.

To recognize individual words and to realize that they represent an object or an idea is a basic step in learning to read. To recognize that words, when used in a sentence, can represent a more complicated idea is an additional and vitally important step.

Of course, in learning to read, it is the "breakthrough" that is all-important—that moment when the child becomes aware he can get meaning (entertainment, pleasure, information) from symbols printed on a page. An increasing number of children are being noticed in kindergartens today who are said to be "spontaneous readers." They are capable of reading books as they stroll to school. Who taught them? Most often nobody taught them. They learned to read by watching television commercials (big words, big noise) and by observing billboards and other signs. It is impossible to *prevent* some small children from learning to read. If all preschool children were consciously *taught* to read, by a proper method, during those years when it is so easy for them to learn, nearly all would be reading before they entered first grade.

After your baby has learned to read the body-image words (English labels for the parts of his body) and a number of environmental words (labels for objects he sees around him), he is ready to approach the climax of reading his first book. The essential tools for teaching a baby to read a short-vocabulary book are (1) the words used in the book printed on 3x5 cards, (2) the short sentences composed of these words in the order they appear in the book, also printed on cards, and (3) the book itself. The cards can be made at home for any children's book, if one has the patience and skill to print largely and neatly, or obtains paste-on letters from an art-supply store. Making such cards is not an insuperably laborious task, as the *beginning* beginner's books with which you will deal should have vocabularies of under 100 words. In the Doman Reading Exposure Materials there is a prepared set of words for one little book. You may not need more, as many children—the so-called "spontaneous readers"—quickly progress to reading everything they see.

The Doman Materials provide 73 three-by-five-inch white cards, each having on it a sentence-structure word. There are 74 sentence cards in addition to several cards carrying illustrations. Each of the cards is numbered.

Beginning with Sentence Card No. 1, which says, "Everyone knows," the parent takes the individual-word card which says, "everyone," and teaches this word to the child in the same manner she has taught all previous words. She next teaches the word "knows." When the child can read both words, the parent is ready for a most exciting step, teaching the child to read phrases and sentences.

Mother now shows the child Sentence Card No. 1 and tells the child, "This says 'everyone knows.'" The child may tell the mother what it says first if she hesitates a moment.

When the child successfully reads this first sentence card, a truly great commotion is called for. The child has read the first phrase of his first book, for this card is part of a "make it yourself" book!

This card is now placed in the rings provided to hold the cards, and the child has begun to create and read a very *real* book. Mother explains to the child that this is *his* book, and as he reads each new card his book will get larger.

Mother now takes Sentence Card No. 2, which says, "That nose is not toes." The child recognizes his old friends, "nose" and "toes," from the body-image words, so mother need only teach him the new words, "that," "is" and "not."

When the child successfully reads, "That nose is not toes," this card may also be added to the growing book.

In this manner mother proceeds through all of the 74 sentences of the "make it yourself" book, inserting the illustrations as she goes along. When the child is able to read all of the sentences, he will have read, and also helped to create his very first book. The front and back covers, also provided in the Doman Materials, may then be added.

When your baby is reading sentences, you are both to be congratulated. Have a parade around the house in celebration of this important event—and make it a noisy one.

### Step Five—Reading a Book

Historically, we have not only dreadfully underestimated the tiny child's ability to learn to read, but we also have often given him material to read which is far below his level of enjoyment. It is a wonder that we have not bored him to death, instead of just boring him to the point where he doesn't want to read. We give six-year-olds material to read that would bore a two-year-old to tears. Can one imagine a four-year-old being interested in such burning prose as "See the boy. See the boy run. See the boy throw the ball"? He would find the yellow pages of the telephone book more interesting—literally. The notion that children are dehydrated adults who must deal with dehydrated words is most certainly a silly one. Little words are *not* easier to learn than big words; they are *harder* to learn.

Now the parent joyously introduces the child to his first book, which has both sentences and pictures. The type size of the words is smaller than he has yet seen; they are the size normally used in good children's books. Sit with your child and give him the pleasure of reading a book to you page-by-page. Share his enjoyment of the pictures, which will no now confuse him, but will, instead, reinforce and add a new dimension to his ability to read words and sentences. Your child should now be allowed to have the book, to play with the book and to read the book. It is *his* book. He has read it and will read it again. It is his forever.

A very small book it is, with a very small vocabulary, but it is a book. Your child will seldom reach such a height of accomplishment in all of his life.

Now it is time to teach your child the rest of that alphabet, and except for providing him with more books requiring more vocabulary you are finished teaching him to read. Guiding his *choice* of reading is about all you can hope to do now. Ask your bookstore proprietor or public librarian for a list of the newest and best short-vocabulary beginner's books. Unfortunately, there is not a long list of good ones. Use *your* best judgment in the light of your experience in picking the best ones. Your child will soon be choosing his own.

### The Final Step—the Alphabet

You are now an expert teacher—you have taught a tiny child to read, something very few people have done. Who are we to tell you how to teach a child to read? Using whatever system you think is wise, teach him the alphabet, both upper- and lower-case letters. All of the same general rules we have suggested still apply. Do not push him. Do not bore him. In all cases, stop *before* he wants to stop. Do not persist in your teaching for more than 10 minutes at any one time, but do it often.

Always remember this is a game. It is fun! It is playing with your baby. It really is. In our experience, those mothers who approached the teaching of reading with casual gaiety and imagination succeeded better than those who showed intellectual objectivity. It must *not* be a chore. It must *not* be a grind. If for you it is, forget it.

One mother kept the reading materials in an upstairs closet. Several times a day she would say to her two tots. "Now let's go *up* the magic stairs, *down* the magic hall, *open* the magic door and *find* the magic word!" Her children were soon learning three new words a day because she made such a big, gay, exciting deal of it—for a few minutes.

Once your child has read a few little books, you will have a reader on your hands and there will be no stopping him. It seems a little silly to say at this point that reading is basic to all education, to virtually all learning in the world we know. You will have opened the doors to the greatest treasury life has to offer, except perhaps love (that is, emotional response and responsibility), without which nothing is really worthwhile. In the process of teaching your baby to read, you may teach even love.

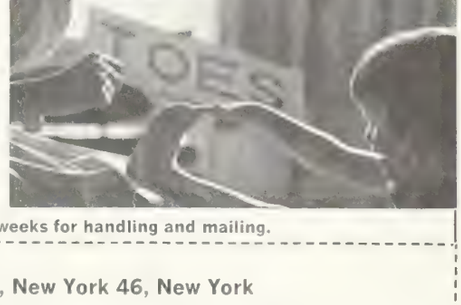
Now that the secret is out, with the letters being big and all that, it is no longer a question whether kids can read—it is only a question of *what* they are going to read. The new questions will be, we guess—when hundreds of thousands of preschool children can read and thus increase their knowledge beyond anybody's wildest dreams—what will they do with this old world, and how tolerant will they be with this bunch of old parents who, by their new standards, may be nice but perhaps not very bright? END

*This article was based on excerpts from a book in preparation to be published by Random House in the fall.—ED.*


## Order Form DOMAN "TEACH YOUR BABY TO READ" MATERIALS

The Doman Reading Exposure Materials are available exclusively through the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Materials include: alphabet cards, body-image word cards, environmental-vocabulary cards, sentence-structure vocabulary cards, structured-sentence cards, "make-it-yourself" vocabulary book and a learning book.

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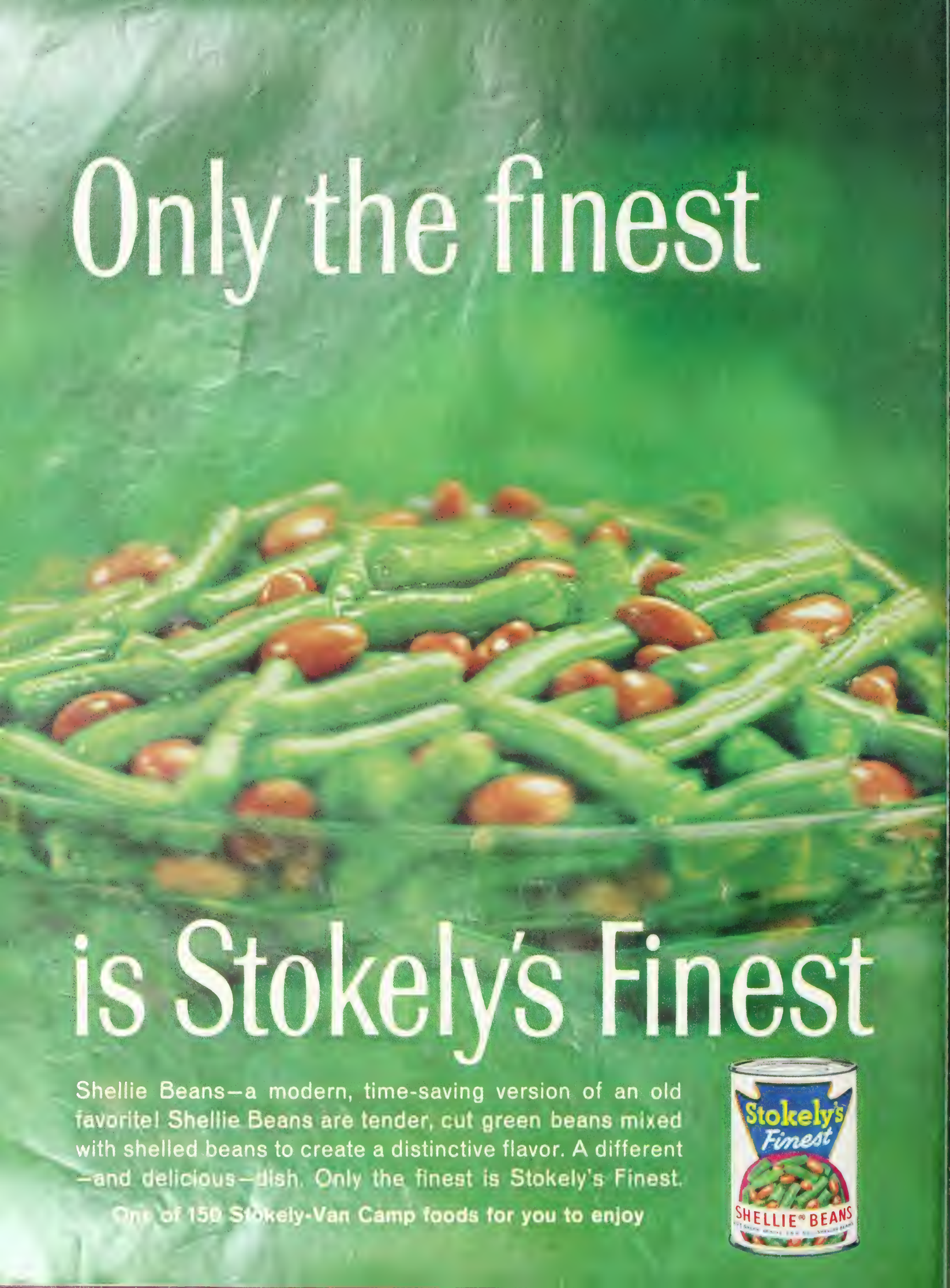



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# PATSY



By CAROL SLOTHOWER

n the back of my mind, when I was ry small, was always the picture of y daughter-to-be. She would be all e things that I was not—lovely, inty, feminine. She would be shy and mure, with golden curls and deep ue eyes, a picture child in an organdy nafore, with an enchanting smile and family of cherished dolls; the kind of tle girl who graces magazine covers, d who causes people on the street to rn and gaze.

I am now a mother, but I do not have actly that dream child. Instead I have itsy.

Patsy has straight brown hair, green es, one recently barbered doll, five others and a very penetrating voice. tsy is three, and will be four in Oc- ber, a fact well known by the neigh- rs, her Sunday-school teacher, the rbage man and several clerks at the al supermarket. They also know what e expects them to bring to her birth- y party.

A famed child psychologist recently ted that "shyness is a problem in the ree-year-old, and should be handled efully." Patsy is about as shy as agara Falls, and nearly as noisy. She gan to talk at an unusually early age, d she shows no sign of pausing. She ddens the first light of dawn with her erful and loud, "If you don't want to up yet, I'll just sing to myself in d," and does just that. And some four- n hours later, Patsy is still going ong.

o Patsy, oral communication is un- ubtedly the finest of human inven- ns, and she makes the most of it. eryone she meets immediately knows name, age, father's name, the history every article of her clothing her nion of *his* appearance, and I shudder think what other details of our private es. If she gets lost in a public place— d she usually does—I never ask if ople have seen a little girl with brown r and a blue dress; I just ask if they ve seen Patsy. If they have, they ow it.

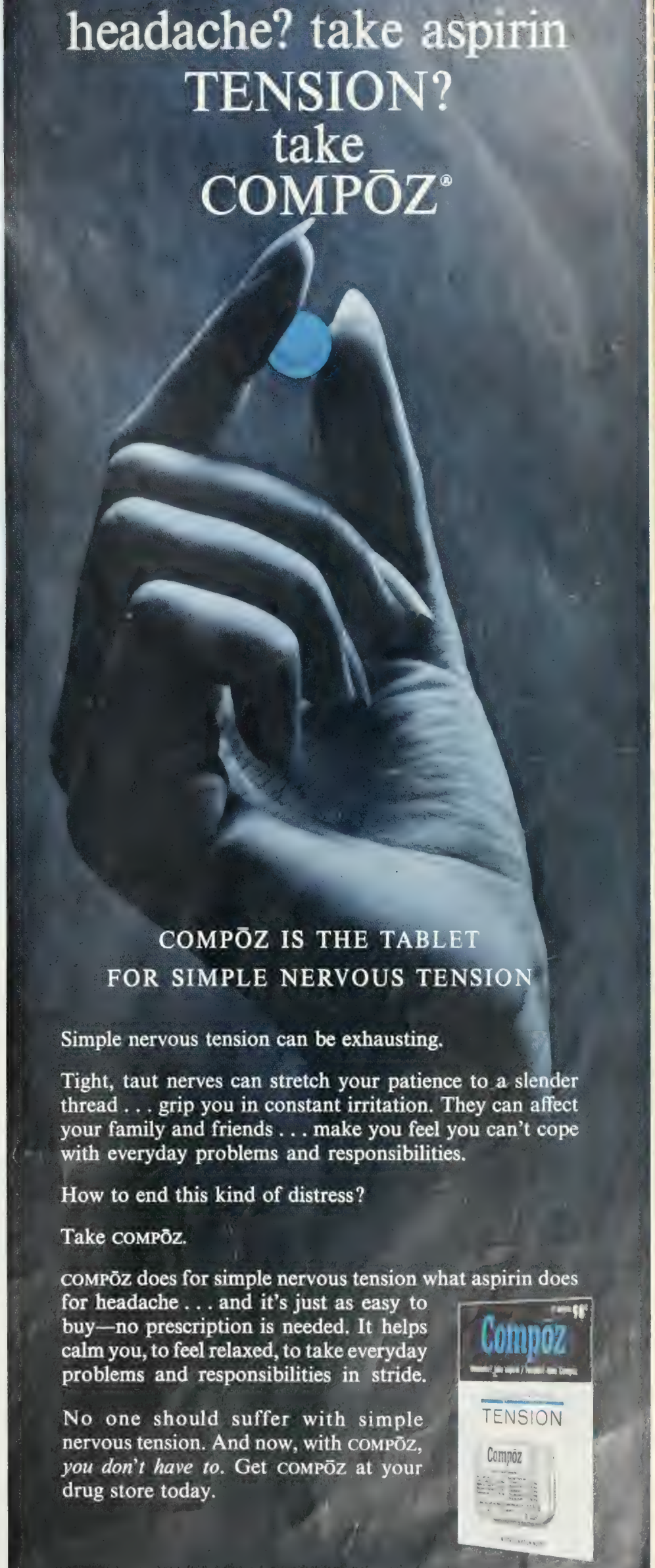
Sometimes I don't ask. Sometimes it seems better simply to pretend that I never saw that child before. That is the coward's way out, I know, but when she stands on the beach and says to a strange man emerging from the lake, "You're too fat. You hang over your bathing suit," what else is there to do?

Patsy does *everything* with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Her three-wheeler races up and down with all the speed and concentration of a hook-and-ladder on the way to a four-alarm fire; when she sings ("God" songs from Sunday school or "pretty songs no one has ever heard before"), she also dances; when she likes someone, she explains why very thoroughly; when she fights with her brothers, it is with fists, feet, teeth and that best-of-all weapon, voice. Patsy is the only little girl I have ever known who could tiptoe carefully and sound like a herd of stampeding longhorns.

Having five brothers must have some effect on a girl's personality, but I don't know for sure what it is. In the matter of clothes, Patsy is the eternal feminine. Overalls, even beruffled and lace-trimmed, are not for her. She wants only dresses, *pretty* dresses that "twirl out." (She also learned very early the power of a smile, and her first spoken phrase was "Hi, daddy.") But she also has violent storms because "Ricky has a dead mouse and won't let me hold it!"

Just as Patsy prances gaily through life, she doesn't look for a quiet corner to mull over her thoughts either. I am fortunate enough to be her favorite listener. "Mommy," she said not long ago, "you know how many friends I have? I have five friends. There's Libby, and Amy, and Beth, and Lynne, and Rosemary, and the water-softener man." She paused, thinking. "And the milkman, and oh—there's a pillion!" Then delightedly, "Everybody in the world's my friend!" If that can be true of anyone. I think she is right.

Somehow, I hope now that I never have that dream daughter. She would seem pretty dull, after Patsy. END



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# Making Your Money Count

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

*Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America*

## HOW TO GET COLLEGE LOANS.

*"Our daughter asked the university she will attend next fall for a National Defense loan. She was told that aid must consist of part work, part loan. I thought Defense Act loans were set up so students would not have to work. Can we apply directly to the Government?"*—MRS. E.A.S., FAYETTEVILLE, PA.

Recently, the *Journal* has had more requests for college-loan information than for any other financial information. Loans are becoming increasingly important in college financing, university financial-aid officers tell us. But there are many misconceptions. We offer here a guide to various loans.

**Defense Act loans** are financed jointly by the Federal Government and participating colleges, but are administered by the colleges.

These loans are the cheapest and should be the first port of call for students in need. You can borrow up to $1,000 a year. The interest, which is at the rate of only 3 percent a year, will not start accruing until a year after graduation, and you can take up to 10 years to repay. If you go into teaching, 10 percent of your loan will be canceled for each year you teach, up to a total of 50 percent. Thus, for students interested in teaching at least a few years, Defense Act loans also serve as a kind of partial scholarship.

These loans are available to freshmen. State-sponsored loans and colleges' own loans are often available only to students who have completed at least one semester.

Defense Act loans are rationed, as all college-loan funds now must be. The Government limits the amount available to each institution. The *Journal* survey finds that colleges below Ivy League level lean heavily on Defense Act loans to fill their students' borrowing needs.

Each college sets its own qualifications. You have to show need. Dean Walter Schoen of Hofstra College points out that when you borrow privately, you have to show the lender you are solvent. But for a college loan, you must show you are *in*solvent. College aid offices are aware that some parents encourage students to apply for Defense Act loans rather than use their own money, which can earn more nowadays in savings accounts and other investments than the low-interest cost on these loans. The college aid office assays your need, and may require that you accept a part-time job plus a partial loan if it needs to spread its funds.

The Defense Act gives preference to students of the sciences and engineering, teaching, foreign languages and English. However, if a college has enough funds, Defense Act loans may be granted to any student.

Contrary to many misconceptions, a student can't just walk in and get a Federal loan. But if you need money seriously, don't hesitate to make your plight known. Modern student-aid officers are an understanding and resourceful breed who usually can find loan money in another pocket if not in the Defense Act wallet.

**Colleges' own loans** are usually the next most reasonable. While most now use Defense Act loans for long-term financing—reserving other funds for shorter borrowings—some do have long-term loans available. Interest rates range from 1 to 8 percent (with 3 to 4 most typical) and interest usually does not start to accrue until after graduation.

**State-sponsored loans** often are more flexible in criteria of need than Defense Act or college loans. Among states that now have their own programs are Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and in development, Illinois and Michigan. Often these are guaranteed by the state, but made by home-town banks. Your state-education department, college student-aid office, or high-school counselors can tell you which banks participate. These loans usually cost more than Defense Act or colleges' own loans, although there are some exceptions.

**United Student Aid Fund** loans are now available through more than 300 colleges in 30 states that do not have their own programs. The interest rate is a reasonable 6 percent per year. Although no payments are required until after graduation, these loans do accrue interest while the student is still in school. They are made by co-operating home-town banks. You can get information from your college aid office or from Dr. W. W. Hill, Jr., Manager, United Student Aid Funds, Inc., College Square, Indianapolis, Indiana. At present, these loans are available only after the freshman year, but this policy is being reconsidered.

**Bank College loans** vary in cost from as little as $2.25 per $100 on a note repayable monthly (a true per-year rate of about 4½ percent) to as much as $6 per $100 (approximately 12 percent). A number of banks charge 6 percent simple annual interest on the amount actually turned over to you each semester—a reasonable fee for an installment-type loan. You start paying back immediately, although payments for a four-year plan can be spread over six years. However, if you do not need to postpone repayment, a bank college loan even at a higher interest rate may be cheaper in dollar cost than some state loans or the United Student Aid, since you avoid accruing interest charges over a longer period.

Highest in cost are finance-company "tuition" loans. In a so-called "$4,000 plan," the lender may advance as little as $500 each semester, but you repay each month, and true interest rates usually are 8 to 12 percent.

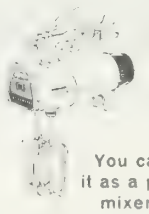
**Community loans,** sponsored by PTA's, school trustees, fraternal and civic organizations, are limited in amount, but are an expanding source that should be explored. High-school and college-aid counselors can advise on local availability. These loans often cost little or no interest. END




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# MARGIN OF PERIL

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

"They seemed a nice, normal lot of people."

"The comtesse is a bit of a character. I ouldn't like to get on the wrong side of her."

That afternoon Casalis, reporting to Man-on, said, "I'm worried about the way you've uck your neck out with these people. If they ot desperate, they might try anything."

Manston shook his head. "They're nowhere ear desperate yet. That's the object of culti-ating them. Somewhere among Amadeo's iends—maybe Amadeo—is the person who's nning the show. By the way, you and I are oing to have to look around his house at are tonight. He's not living there at the oment."

"I'm all for that."

"There was a scruffy-looking priest reading the dowager countess. Can you get a line on m?"

"Already did. He's an old friend of the mily. Doesn't have a *cure* anywhere now, t he's sort of unofficial chaplain to the old rl."

That afternoon Manston went down to St.-an on his own. When he came back, he went stairs to Irina's room. He found her resting her bed in a dressing gown.

He went across to her and sat down on the de of the bed. He leaned over her, put his ms round her and kissed her. For a while ey were silent, lost in their embrace.

When he finally released her, Irina smiled at him puzzled. "Richard, what is it? You ok very pleased with yourself."

"I am. Here—I thought this would make it ficial." He took her hand and slipped a ring to her engagement finger. She looked down it, and her eyes widened with pleasure.

"Oh, Richard—it's wonderful. Wonderful." e held up her hand to the light for a mo-ent. The ring had a large diamond in the nter, surrounded by small diamonds. Then e turned to him and flung her arms round s neck, kissing him and pulling him down to the bed with her. "I think you're very ver. It fits perfectly. How could you know?"

"Well," he teased her, "I'm always giving ls rings. I'm able to guess the size from a ok at their hands."

"For that," said Irina, "I take my revenge metime." She turned her face toward him d her lips came up to his.

Oleg's orders had been quite specific. The mbo organization as a clearing station was mirable; it had taken a long time to estab-h and would be far from easy to replace. must, therefore, be maintained.

The importance attached to it by his su-riors was confirmed by the fact that—most usually—he had been directed to come wn and handle this affair on the spot. It was t often that he was sent out to do any actual ld work, but he had seen quite clearly that e Limbo organization was not equipped to al ruthlessly with outside opposition. Nor s it safe for it to do so.

He had left Paris early that morning, and by and a devious route arrived, at seven clock that evening, to stay at the house of a n known as M. Edouard Cadillet.

Oleg sat now, a glass of brandy in his hand, Edouard Cadillet's study. The books which ed the walls glowed in the soft light from e table lamp. Monsieur Cadillet, velvet ket open, sat in another armchair, his slip-red feet up on a stool.

Oleg, his voice mellower than usual, said, While I agree with you that it is extremely likely that anyone could find the rock cham-, the fact remains that this man Manston is fool. He's a trained man, and there must be ngs he will have noted. Already he has ntified the steps."

"That means nothing. At least 50 people ve the open use of them."

"Pierre Salgazza?"

"That must have been during the fight in the e. His mask came off. I should imagine the I saw him briefly in the torchlight. Manston k a chance on him and further identified n by his back wounds. It was clever of him remember that. As a man he is quite like-e, I find."

Oleg stirred, his mouth tightening. Then he said, mellowness giving way to asperity, "It is dangerous to like that kind of man. It gives an advantage often without your knowing it. There can be other things he has noticed. Things we know nothing about. The obvious solution is to deal with both of them quickly."

"How?"

"We want the girl to go back to our country. We can still arrange that."

"And Manston?"

"He's caused enough trouble. We can eliminate him."

Edouard Cadillet stood up and moved across to a bookshelf. He put up a hand absently and touched one of the volumes, looking down at Oleg.

"Any violence toward Manston is your concern. Our business is quite different."

Oleg nodded. "That is understood. From you I just want information about them, everything they say, do, or are going to do." He paused for a moment and then said, "Is violence so distasteful to you?"

"Frankly, yes."

Oleg gave a dry laugh. "You surprise me. However, I suppose you are entitled to make the distinction between murder and the thing you do now."

"I think we are. These people become useful citizens again in your country."

"Useful, but unreliable. We are not concerned with them, but with the reaction of the people who see them back again. That is important to us. For that we pay money." Oleg drained his brandy and stood up. "I think now that I shall go to bed."

Down below Oleg's bedroom, in his study, the man known as Edouard Cadillet was preparing to go out. Although he hadn't mentioned it to Oleg—it was such a small detail—there was one thing worrying him. It might mean nothing, but with Oleg so insistent on their security, he felt that it would be unwise to disregard it.

Just after midnight Manston and Casalis made their way across a couple of fields to the back of Amadeo's house. Casalis had checked that Amadeo had taken his only permanent servant with him to the bungalow. Manston was reasonably certain that the house would now be empty, but he took no chances. He left Casalis to keep a watch outside the house and made his way round to the front. He had no difficulty in getting inside. Amadeo was not a careful householder. A French window at the end of the terrace had been left unlocked, and Manston went into a lounge which, picked out in the beam of his flashlight, was untidy with shabby furniture. Keeping the beam down, he moved out into the hall.

To the right was a small door. He eased this open gently and went, without a light, into a darkness that smelled of cigar smoke. He felt his way forward a few steps and then switched on his light, keeping it low. The beam of light came up above the chair onto the wall, and a moment of shock went over Manston like a cold draft. Pinpointed in the light a face glared down at him, grotesque, drunken and leering, and made sinister by empty eye sockets under thick brows. It was a carnival mask. Manston moved the light along and saw a row of masks hanging on the wall.

He turned away from the masks and, close to the drawn curtains of the window, saw a small desk. On it was a portable typewriter. Manston went to the typewriter and slipped a blank envelope into it. He tapped away quickly along the lines of keys, then jerked the envelope out and slipped it into his pocket.

After he did so, standing in the quiet of the room, he thought he heard a noise from the hallway. He snapped off his light and froze.

Distinctly he heard the movement of the study door handle. He swung round, slipped behind the desk, pulled the long curtains aside and hid behind them. He stood there in the darkness, waiting. Suddenly, not more than a yard from him, he heard the sudden rustle of papers. Whoever it was at the desk had come into the room with a quietness that would have done credit to a professional thief.

He waited, listening, but there was no other sound. He snapped his flashlight on and the beam shot across the room. There was no one in the room. At the far end the door was half open. But even as the light swept across the room he noticed that the typewriter was gone.

Manston raced for the door. As he turned into the hall, he heard a noise from the far end. He ran through the house and found himself in a large kitchen. Ahead of him was a thick door, and he was just in time to see it closing. He threw himself forward, grabbing at the handle, but as he did so, he heard a key turn in the lock outside. For a moment he tugged furiously at the handle of the stout door. Then he turned and ran back through the house and out on the terrace by way of the open French window.

He raced around the terrace, calling for Casalis, and found him eventually on the far side. They searched through the garden without any success.

Back at the villa, Manston handed the sample of typing to Guyon. Guyon had spent most of the day doing a check on the neighborhood of all the houses belonging to the people they had met who lived near Sare. Nowhere close to any of them was there a turn off the road that led to a barn with pine woods and a wooden-bridged stream. Guyon went off to check the typing, and Manston sat with a whiskey nightcap, brooding.

The Sare set, innocently or not, had been very friendly. Why? Limbo was in this for money. Who wanted money? Amadeo to playboy around, maybe even persuade Bernice to go off with him? Louis Saint-Amand? Devoted to his daughter. Enough money could make any man forget her plainness. The Longeau-du-Quercy family? Did they need money? It would hardly seem so—they owned half the country around their house. The Aspenders? They seemed well-heeled—but you never knew. Somewhere among them or on the fringes of their set was someone who needed money so badly that they had been able to swallow—probably after a preliminary gulp or two of nausea—the bait put out by AGRIP for carrying out this inhuman traffic. Who was it?

Guyon came to him half an hour later with two pieces of information. The typewriter in Amadeo's house was the one on which the instructions in the rock chamber had been typed. The only difference was that the ribbon had been changed. The other less-comforting crumb came from Barry Dymen in Paris. Oleg was no longer at AGRIP headquarters. It was not known whether he had been transferred to some other post or had gone down to direct the field work personally.

"What do we do about Amadeo?" asked Guyon. "Jump him? It might be a short cut."

Manston considered this, then said, "No. If we jump him and he's guilty, he will just deny it and we couldn't hold him. Anyone could have used his typewriter. I get a feeling that things are beginning to simmer up, but not quite enough for us to do anything. If we really get stuck we'll jump him, but not until then."

The next day, Irina told Manston, "We've been asked this afternoon to a tennis party at the Longeau-du-Quercy place. Bernice sent word, and I said we would go."

The château was about four kilometers from Sare, south of it in a long valley that ran up through beech and chestnut woods to the Spanish frontier. A driveway ran off the road through ornamental iron gates supported by stone pillars topped with griffons holding the family coat of arms, three scallop shells on a plain shield. The château was an 18th-century building, Gothic and rather grim-looking.

Irina did not play tennis, but Amadeo lent Manston a racket and with Claudine Saint-Amand and another girl they made up a mixed doubles in which Manston and Claudine just managed to win.

When they came back to the terrace, more people had arrived and were clustered round the shaded terrace tables. Manston wandered off by himself into the house. At the far end of the inner hallway he came across a row of grotesque carnival masks hanging on the wall.

As he stood there, a voice said pleasantly, "You are interested in masks, monsieur?"

He turned. Louis Saint-Amand was standing just behind him.

"Not really," Manston replied. "But I was attracted by the workmanship of these."

"There is a man at Ascain who makes them. This is a great country for carnivals and fetes, monsieur. Did you enjoy your tennis?"

"Very much. Your daughter plays a good game, monsieur."

"She does?" Saint-Amand's face lighted up. "How good of you to say so." He came over and stood under the masks, looking up at them. "I often wonder, you know, how much of a tragedy it is to a woman to be born ugly. Claudine is plain and appears not to mind. But underneath, a woman must mind, mustn't she? What do you do for a living, monsieur?"

Manston said easily, "I'm a partner in a firm of diamond merchants. Hatton Garden."

"Ah . . . interesting. I was noticing your fiancée's ring. The diamonds are beautiful."

They talked for a while about diamonds, and then Manston went back to the terrace.

Sometime later he was cornered by the dowager countess's private priest who, having heard he was a diamond merchant, began a long monologue about the precious stones in the headdress of a Madonna in one of the local churches. Manston was relieved when Amadeo joined them and rescued him by saying, "Claudine tells me that Mademoiselle Tovskaya says your real game is golf. It's mine too. Why don't we have a round at Chantaco tomorrow?"

Later, at the Villa Ixas-Atou, Manston could not shake off the feeling that somewhere something had gone wrong. Something should have happened by now. The fact that it hadn't made him edgy.

At nine o'clock that evening Oleg put through a call to the Hotel Saint Laurent at Cambo. Half an hour later a car drove up to the house of the man who called himself Edouard Cadillet. A man got out, and a few moments later was closeted with Cadillet and Oleg in the study. The study table was covered with a large-scale map of the district. Standing over this, using a silver pencil as a pointer, Oleg gave his instructions. The man listened, nodding occasionally and only once asking a question.

Oleg finished by saying, "Tomorrow morning I want you to go over the whole route. Make yourself and the others absolutely familiar with it. You understand—no mistake is going to be tolerated."

When he had gone, Oleg sat down and wrote a message to AGRIP. The message read:

LIMBO TO AGRIP.

ARRANGEMENTS HERE COMPLETED TOMORROW. SHALL LEAVE HERE TOMORROW EVENING. CHANGEOVER CAR TO MEET AT LIMOGES, SAME PROCEDURE AS OUTWARD JOURNEY.

At 12 o'clock the next day Manston drove into St.-Jean. He stopped and bought himself a pair of rubber-soled shoes and then drove on to the Chantaco golf course. Irina, with Casalis and Guyon, was going to join him at one o'clock for lunch. Manston had decided that Casalis and Guyon could no longer be kept in the background. Anxiety for Irina was strong in him, and he was determined to take no chances.

The clubhouse was a large stucco building. Manston rented a set of clubs from the professional and walked across the road to the practice ground. From a small kiosk he bought himself a bucketful of yellow practice balls and went to one of the practice tees. After a while he went back to the clubhouse and bought himself a beer. A little later Amadeo arrived, bringing Beatrice with him, and shortly afterward Casalis and Guyon appeared with Irina. Manston introduced the two men as friends of his from Paris. For a moment he thought Amadeo gave them an odd look, but he welcomed them amiably, and they all had lunch together.

By the time they had played four holes, Manston realized that Amadeo took his game seriously. As they walked to the fifth tee, their two girl caddies close behind them, Amadeo looked back for a moment. Bernice and Irina were together, and Casalis and Guyon stood a little apart from them, waiting for Manston and Amadeo to drive. It was a clear day, the

heat baking up from the ground. There was a warm smell of pine needles in the air. A perfect afternoon for golf.

Amadeo hit a crisp three-iron to the green, the ball rolling to rest a few yards from the pin and to the right. Manston waited for Irina and Bernice, and walked with them to the green. He took his nine-iron and walked across the green and down the slope. He played a pitch from a tricky lie and saw Amadeo nod down to him, approving a good shot. He began to clamber up the slope to the green. Amadeo, on the edge of the green, watched him climb up. Then, when he was only a few feet from Amadeo, Manston saw the man's eyes suddenly looking past him. In that moment Amadeo leaped for him, driving his shoulder against him, and both of them went to the ground. As he fell, Manston heard the sound of a rifle shot, and as he rolled, there came another shot and the ground a foot away from him burst into a plume of dust. Manston rolled away, got his hand into his back pocket and pulled out his automatic. In those few seconds his mind worked sharply and quickly. He flattened himself and pumped three shots into the edge of the wood. Over their noise he heard Casalis and Guyon shouting, and then some distance in the wood glimpsed briefly the figure of a man running. The next moment Casalis and Guyon were past him, running down the slope. Amadeo pulled himself to his feet, gave Manston a quick look to see that he was all right, and then followed the other two.

Manston got to his feet and instinctively began to run after them, but before he had gone 10 yards he heard a noise behind him, and the sound bit into his brain, waking his imagination. He checked himself and turned and began to go up the slope as fast as he could. As he came level with the green, he saw that he was too late.

On the far side of the green, Bernice was picking herself up from the rough track. A haze of dust rose from the roadway, and Manston saw a car moving away into the pine trees that bordered the track, its engine racing. There was no sign of Irina.

The next hour was something which Manston was never to forget. The man who had fired the rifle shots from the woods was not caught. Casalis and Guyon had soon given that up, their instinct working more tardily than Manston's, and had returned with Amadeo to the fifth green.

Bernice explained what had happened. As the shots had been fired, Casalis and Guyon had disappeared over the edge of the green. The car—which she could only describe as a sort of van, black she was sure—had come out of the pine trees along the track behind them. Two men, their lower faces masked, had jumped out. Irina had been taken by one of them, and the other had pushed Bernice brutally to the ground and then gone back to help the first. Irina had been forced into the back of the van with one man, and the other had driven it away.

The moment she had explained this, Manston had ordered Guyon to go as fast as he could back to the clubhouse and get out a police call and roadblocks to try and pick up the van. From the fifth green it would take Guyon 10 minutes at least to reach the club, and then maybe another half hour to have the police net operating. Forty minutes, Manston thought—it was a lifetime too long.

From Amadeo, who knew the course well, he learned that the track diverged beyond the pine trees. Manston ran down the track to the junction, but it was impossible to tell which way the van had gone. The track was used by the golf-course tractors and grass cutters frequently, and the ground was hard, marked in places with smooth layers of rock.

He rejoined the party, and they hurried back to the clubhouse. Here, Guyon had commandeered a room with a telephone. The police were already moving into position.

Manston took charge. Amadeo and Bernice were held, and Manston had Amadeo brought in alone. Amadeo was shaken and confused. "I saw the sun on a rifle barrel—what I did then was instinctive. I thought it was for me really. I've been in trouble with the OAS and had threatening letters. You see ——"

"Never mind that. You jumped to save my life."

"Yes."

"All right. Now—the typewriter in your house. Who uses it besides yourself?"

"The typewriter? But what has that ——"

"Just answer. Who uses it?"

"Well, I don't very often. Friends do. I mean, anyone can walk into my place. Saint-Amand types some articles on it occasionally and ——"

"Casalis." Manston turned to him. "Get the police to pick up Saint-Amand and Claudine. We're going to crash this dirty thing through. It's the only way." He turned back to Amadeo. "You know nothing about kidnapping, grabbing people who've left Russia for Europe and shipping them back from somewhere around here? Nothing about a secret rock chamber where they're held?" He flung it at Amadeo, watching him.

"Good God, no."

"You're a liar!"

Amadeo's face reddened, and he made a move toward Manston. Manston, who had watched him closely, suddenly shook his head. "I apologize. I don't think you are. Now then—how many people knew you were going to play golf with me today?"

"No one except Bernice. I asked her to come along."

"Get her in, Casalis."

Bernice was brought in. The question was put to her. Had she told anyone that she was coming to Chantaco?

"No—they were all going out on a pigeon shoot. Oh, wait a minute. Yes, as I was coming through Sare, I saw Lottie Aspender in the square, and said that I was going to watch Amadeo and you play golf."

"I want the Aspenders," Manston said to Casalis.

Within the hour the police brought in the Aspenders and the Saint-Amands. Saint-Amand admitted that he had used Amadeo's typewriter now and then. Lottie Aspender said she had not mentioned her meeting with Bernice to her husband, and her husband confirmed it.

Listening to them, watching their faces, Manston realized that they all looked confused, not seeming to understand what all this was about. But somebody had known that he was going to play golf with Amadeo, somebody had had time to organize this. Who had known that he was going to play golf?

Suddenly he stood up. There was somebody else.

He called to Casalis to follow him. Getting in the car, he said, "There's one other person who could have known I was going to play golf. The dowager countess's priest, who was talking to me when Amadeo came up. He could have heard."

There had been nothing Irina could do. There had not even been time for her to cry out. The van had almost knocked her over, pulled to a stop and a man had jumped from the cab and caught her, clamping his hand over her mouth, and then she was being bundled into the back of the van with the man pushing her flat and holding her down as the van drove off. Eventually she had felt the van strike smooth roadway, and then the man had released her. A scarf was wrapped around her eyes, and then her hands were jerked behind her and bound together.

She sat there, too concerned with what might have happened to Richard to be frightened for herself, the memory of those moments by the fifth green coming back clearly to her. The rifle shots must have been fired at Richard as he came up the slope. She had been unable to see him. There was an agony in her at the thought that he might have been killed. She shut her eyes against the thought. *Oh, God, no—please not that!*

The van halted. On either side of her a man held to her arms and she was hurried along between them. The wooden bridge . . . the stone steps . . . the path across bracken . . . the feeling of hard stones under her feet, and the sudden chill of losing the sunlight.

A few moments later her blindfold was taken off and her wrists freed, and she was facing the open door of the rock-chamber grille.



The men pushed her through, the door was slammed and locked, and the two men left her.

From the high roof the light blazed down. She went over to one of the camp beds and sat down, her face in her hands, a black misery possessing her, dispelling all thought, all feeling, except the anguish of not knowing what had happened to Richard.

Half an hour later, in the roof attic of the house owned by the man who called himself Edouard Cadillet, Oleg sat by the transmitter enciphering a message to send to AGRIP. The message read:

LIMBO TO AGRIP.

CONSIGNMENT FOR REDISPATCH RECOVERED. SECOND CONSIGNMENT STILL GIVING TROUBLE. CANCEL CHANGEOVER CAR ARRANGEMENTS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. GIVE SOONEST DATE FOR FIRST CONSIGNMENT PICKUP.

It was five o'clock as they went through Sare. Casalis turned the car off a side road. The road dipped through the woods, crossed a small river by a stone bridge and there, on the rising far bank, was the house of Father Dorat. Casalis pulled the car up by the garden gate, and a few moments later the two of them were with Father Dorat in his study. Father Dorat stood by the study window, a square, black figure in his soutane, a friendly, curious smile on his face.

"May I offer you a liqueur?"

"We've no time for that, thank you, father," said Manston. "Our business is urgent—more urgent than I have time to explain. All we want from you are the answers to some questions."

Casalis, seeing the blank look on Father Dorat's face, added, "I am working with the Sûreté, father, and Monsieur Manston is from the English police. Please be absolutely frank in your answers."

"But, of course—any help that I can give, messieurs."

Manston said, "Have you ever used the typewriter in Amadeo Grandier's house?"

Father Dorat nodded. "I have. Some years ago, though. I stayed with him for a while when alterations were being made to these cottages. Sometimes I used the typewriter for sermons and lectures. Why?"

"Never mind the why, father. Now tell me, the other evening when you were talking to me on the terrace of the château ——"

"Ah, yes—about diamonds." He smiled. "You are not a diamond merchant, then?"

"Listen," said Manston curtly, "while I was talking to you, Amadeo came up and spoke to me, and you went away. Did you hear what he said to me?"

Father Dorat frowned briefly. "Yes, yes," he said. "He asked you to play golf with him."

"Good. Now, did you mention that fact to anyone else?"

"No . . . no, I'm quite sure I didn't. The fact went right out of my head until you reminded me just now. May I ask why all this is so important?"

"I'm sorry," Manston said, "I can't explain that now. But thank you for your help."

Manston moved toward the door of the study, and Father Dorat slipped ahead of him courteously to open it. As he pulled the door open, a dog came into the room from the small hallway outside. It was a small white mongrel with an elegantly curled tail and a large black patch on its side shaped roughly like the map of Australia.

Manston, ahead of Casalis, stopped dead. Suddenly, coldly, he was emotionless, his brain ice clear. Slowly he put his hand over Father Dorat's and closed the door. With his other hand he pressed the priest back into the room. "Casalis," he said, "stand by the window."

Casalis did as he was told, and Father Dorat watched them, puzzled, and then said, "Monsieur Manston?"

"Stay exactly where you are, Father Dorat."

The dog sat at the priest's feet and looked up at him, whining gently.

Manston said, "That is your dog?"

Father Dorat nodded. "Ratoutou? Yes. I have had her for years. She goes everywhere with me. Is something wrong, monsieur?"

Manston nodded. "Something is very wrong, Father Dorat."

"I'm sorry to hear it, my son. Maybe I can help further?"

Manston said sharply, "Father Dorat, have you ever heard of AGRIP?"

"AGRIP? What is that, my son?"

"I think you know, father."

Father Dorat's face stiffened.

"You're lying, father," Manston said. "You know all about AGRIP, and the man called Oleg who runs it."

He was watching the priest's face, but now only confusion showed there. He went on, hammering at him. "An organization that kidnaps Russians abroad and takes them back to Russia. You know about that, don't you?"

"No, my son."

Father Dorat shook his head, but Manston fancied he caught the small gray shadow of anxiety in his eyes. He plugged on. "Yes, you do, father. I've seen your dog before. The night we were brought down here. We were taken into a rock chamber where you keep these people. You're the go-between here for Limbo and AGRIP."

"This is nonsense!" For the first time indignation marked the priest's voice.

"No, it's not." Manston moved closer to the priest, looking him hard in the eyes. "No protesting will help you. We're going to search this house. Somewhere we'll find your means of communication with AGRIP. In the roof? But before we even bother to do that, you're going to talk. Listen"—Manston gripped the priest's arm, his face taut, no pity in him—"you're mixed up in a filthy business, and we're under no obligation to be anymore particular in our methods than you. We're going to make you talk. It's easy, you know. The two of us—and just you. Now think! AGRIP, Oleg, the *S.S. Lupka*, Capa, Taru." Manston flung the words at him. "Think. Do you talk? Or do we make you talk?"

"I protest. This is ——"

Manston grabbed the front of the priest's soutane and forced him back against the book-lined wall. "Don't protest—talk! Talk fast—because you're one wearer of this cloth that I don't have to respect. Talk!"

He shook the man hard. His head thudded against the books behind him, and Manston saw the quick movement of panic darken the priest's eyes. As it did so, he felt the man's right arm move, the hand deep in the pocket of his soutane. Manston twisted him violently sideways, flinging him to the floor. Before Father Dorat could make any move, Manston was on him, jerking the right hand from the soutane pocket. He stood back, a small automatic in his hand.

Manston tossed it to Casalis and pulled out his own automatic, covering the priest. "A priest with an automatic instead of a prayer book. But you're going to need prayers now, Father Dorat. Unless you talk."

From the floor Father Dorat looked up at him, and suddenly the resistance went from him. His voice thick with dejection, he said, "You need have no qualms about striking me, monsieur. Though no one else knows this, I was rejected by the priesthood more years ago than I care to remember." He put his hand across his eyes, walked across the room and opened a pigeonhole in his desk. Before he could put his hand in, Manston was at his side, grasping his wrist.

Father Dorat said, "Take it yourself then. It is the main key to the rock chamber."

Manston reached into the pigeonhole and brought out the key. It was a heavy, antique-looking affair about eight inches long, the terminal decorated with a wrought-iron design.

Manston turned to Father Dorat. "How far is it from here?"

Father Dorat gave a shrug of his shoulders and said, "We can be there ——"

He never completed the sentence. Behind Casalis the open window was darkened suddenly by the bulk of a man's head and shoulders. The swift change in light in the room made Manston swing round. He saw the man's face for a moment, shadowed, vivid, striking into his memory—and then a hand came up. The room burst with the thunder of a shot.

Father Dorat jerked forward, cried out, and then dropped to the floor with a crash. Another shot followed as Manston whipped

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## NEXT MONTH

**HOW DO YOU MEET PRINCE PHILIP?**

If you're BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN, you greet his plane in San Francisco, tour the city with him, join him for dinner, then tell first-hand what QUEEN ELIZABETH's handsome husband is *really* like. Next month: her exciting report.

**WE'VE GONE WEST**

To bring you its wonderful worlds of food, fashion and furnishings. Fashion editor CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO shoots fun-in-the-sun clothes in Disneyland; food editor NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD retreats to a ranch where roasts are robust, the fish brook fresh; CYNTHIA KELLOGG, decorating editor, tours eight fabulous San Francisco homes; and JOHN BRENNEMAN, home building editor, takes you to a home in Seattle that combines the best of Occidental and Oriental.

**WHAT MAKES A FEMME FATALE?**

Every era has its CLEOPATRA, a woman whose name means beauty, passion and love. Today's is ELIZABETH TAYLOR. Are such women intentionally irresistible or in spite of themselves? Next month, noted author MAX LERNER analyzes the world's most famous (and infamous) femmes fatales.

**"DADDY'S GONE"**

What happens when a mother is left with seven children to rear? If she's Betty Hall, her colorful "Pappy" deserts prospecting in Alaska and takes over the house in June's *How America Lives*.

**TOO MANY PEOPLE BY 2000 A.D.?**

*The World We Want* examines the population explosion in terms of the people it affects—an Indian beggar today who could be anyone tomorrow.

**HAMMOCK READING**

FIVE—count 'em—FIVE exciting short stories for lazy-days reading. They're all yours and more too—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY delightfully answers her own question: "*Are Children People?*" Home management editor MARGARET DAVIDSON takes you on a cook's tour of kitchen tools. There's DR. SPOCK—*Have We Forgotten How To Be Parents?*, SHORTCUT COOKING. *Making Marriage Work* discusses *When a Man Outgrows His Wife*. The June *Journal* is "busting out all over!"

up his automatic and crashed into the books behind him. Casalis's body reeled across his line of fire, and Manston had to jump to one side to get a clear field. He fired as the man at the window ducked and disappeared.

Manston ran to the window, each detail of the room burned into his mind—Father Dorat lying face down on the carpet with half of the back of his head blown away and Casalis struggling to his feet, one hand clamped over his right arm.

Casalis shouted, "Get him! It's Oleg."

Manston wriggled through the window and dropped to the ground outside. As he did so, he saw Oleg pause, turn and then fire. Manston fired back, dived for the run of the garden hedge and saw Oleg disappear into the trees.

*Oleg—of course. Oleg.* This was why the face had been familiar to him. He remembered sitting with the Limbo file in front of him, studying that face. And Oleg, at the moment when Father Dorat would have shown them all, had killed him and blocked the path to the rock chamber. Only Oleg could now open the way. Manston went after him, cold with fury, determined now to stop for nothing, but to go in, risk shot for shot and get his hands on the man—to make him talk, to beat from him what he wanted to know.

Oleg disappeared over a crest, and a few moments later Manston topped it himself. Oleg was standing 15 yards from him, his body blocked by the slanting, misshapen trunk of a stunted oak tree. Behind him the scarp face of the bluff went down steeply through a fall of loose scree and stones. Another bullet thudded into the turf a yard behind him as he crawled along the rock slab to deeper cover.

Neither of them was going any farther. Manston knew that. And for the moment he was at a disadvantage. He did not want to kill Oleg. But Oleg had no such prohibitions.

Oleg had dropped to a crouch now behind the bole of a tree. Manston crawled farther along and found a break in the rock through which he could safely see the man. He lay for a moment getting his breath back.

This was no time for finesse. He was going to go in hard at Oleg, firing as he went, keeping Oleg down and—he had known it to work before—flustering him. Oleg fired twice more, and Manston nodded approvingly. *Go on*, he told him silently, *waste your fire.*

He counted 10 slowly to himself—it was good to feel the moment of *Go* coming up. Then he was on his feet and charging toward the tree, firing, not at Oleg, but pumping his rounds into the ground a foot in front of the tree bole, the dust and earth and small stones bursting up in a wild fan which he knew must put Oleg off. Oleg fired back. Something tugged at the looseness of Manston's jacket. A bullet whipped past his head, but he kept on, charging across the open space, the automatic barking as he went.

He saw Oleg stand, jump wide of the tree, stumble a little on the uneven ground, and then the man's firing hand come up. In that moment Manston dived for him. Suddenly they were falling, the movement of loose scree and stones roaring in Manston's ears. He fell free through air and thudded hard into the ground, his head jerking backward and cracking violently against rock. Darkness came clanging down like a steel shutter falling.

Then, he had no idea how much later, the world came reluctantly back to him. He sat up slowly, stiff and dazed, and looked stupidly around. Oleg was a few yards away, his body very still. He looked back and 150 feet above could just see the overhanging branches of the oak tree. The fall was steep and, for the last 20 feet, absolutely sheer. He moved slowly toward Oleg, feeling the aching protest of his battered body.

Oleg's face looked up at him, the eyes shut, and one arm was twisted back underneath him in an unnatural way. Manston dropped to the man's side. He turned the man's face, and the big head rolled over like a great weight, as though it were no part of the body. Behind his left ear the skull was smashed. Oleg was dead.

What now? Father Dorat was dead. Oleg was dead. And Irina was locked away in the rock chamber somewhere. Where? All he had was the key. He drew it out of his pocket.

Then, his eyes on the key, he saw that the wrought-iron-decorated terminal was of familiar design. His head was still not entirely clear, and he searched for the memory—and then, hard and sharp, it suddenly came to him. The ironwork was shaped into a winged griffon holding a shield before it, and on the shield were the three scallop shells of the Longeau-du-Quercy arms. He had seen similar designs on top of the pillars of the drive gates. Longeau-du-Quercy? Father Dorat was the dowager countess's priest. Dorat was her right-hand man. Dorat ran Limbo for her. It must be. The countess was the only one who could show him the rock chamber.

It was past six o'clock, and the sun was dipping rapidly behind the hills. A hundred yards ahead of him was the tall stone tower where the Dowager Countess Estelle Longeau-du-Quercy was shooting pigeons.

Nobody took any notice of him as he came to the foot of the run of wooden ladders that led to the top of the tower. He climbed up stiffly, his face set hard, no mercy in him, only one cold, imperious resolution. He had to take Irina from the rock chamber.

He came out onto the rear of the open wooden platform. The countess was there, and close behind her were two loaders. One of the loaders turned and saw him, but said nothing. The countess in her long-skirted suit, the pheasant tail in her hat touched by the late breeze, picked off a couple of birds that came drifting over. She handed her gun back and took a loaded one from her loader—and saw Manston. For a moment she looked at him without speaking. Then she stood up slowly and faced him, her old hands caressing the smooth wood of the gunstock.

"Monsieur?" Her voice was cold.

Manston, his voice harsh, hiding none of the loathing he felt for her, said, "Father Dorat is dead. Killed by Oleg from AGRIP. Oleg, too, is dead. Before Father Dorat died he confessed." He held up the key. "Limbo is finished. You must come with me."

She said nothing. Then, her voice hardly audible, she said, "Father Dorat is dead?"

"Yes, dead."

She raised a hand and crossed herself, her head dropping for a moment and then coming up quickly. She looked at him now, autocratic, fearless. "And I am to come with you?"

"It is the only thing you can do."

She shook her head. "No." She half-turned her head and looked down the valley. Then, more to herself than to Manston, she said, "These lands have been in my family for generations. Despite our growing impoverishment, I have always refused to sell even one hectare. Our land, our name—these I had to preserve, and for this I would have done anything."

Manston, moving impatiently, said, "You will have plenty of time to explain. Come."

She gave him an angry look then, and said quickly, "Do you imagine that I intend to involve myself in tedious explanations? What I have done, I have done. Father Dorat and I between us. Nobody else knows—not even that fool son of mine or his loose wife. God help them both now."

She looked at her two loaders and, ignoring Manston, said to them, "No matter what this man says later, remember you are my servants and you will speak the truth that I give you. I do not want any trouble with the Church, no vulgar talk of suicide." She swung her gun round on Manston. Looking at him, but still speaking to the men, she went on, "You will say that in standing up to make a difficult shot, I slipped and fell."

Before Manston could move, she turned swiftly, raised the gun blindly and fired it into the air, then stepped off the platform.

For the next half hour, as dusk fell, Manston lived in a cold fury of frustration. His mind held room only for Irina—Irina toward whom his every step was blocked. He cursed himself for giving the countess a chance to kill herself. He'd been a fool—a thousand times a fool. And while the turmoil beat within him, he went icily through the things that had to be done. He sent the two loaders down for the body of the countess, and he cut sharply, disregardingly, through the questions of the rest of the shooting party, who had been firing from positions on the ground.

One of the loaders drove the car with the countess's body, and Manston, silent, shrouded in his own black thoughts, sat alongside him as they made their way back to the château. And all the way down the two-mile stretch of road to the top drive entrance, Manston hammered at the problem: Where was Irina?

Surely if Dorat and the dowager countess had run Limbo between them, the rock chamber must be on her estate? So it might, but it was an old and large estate. It might be some hiding place that was a secret known only to her and the priest. Irina might remain locked up forever, lost—the days going by, hope withering. He shut his eyes at the thought.

At the bend in the road ahead the drive gates appeared, the stone pillars topped by their shield-bearing griffons. He looked up at them as they swung smoothly in off the main road. Sharply, piercing through his concern, a small bell began to ring in his mind. Why? Why? Then, dragged up by the fury of his desire to find Irina, it came. There had been no break in their progress . . . no break in their progress. The phrase hammered into his mind. He sat forward, alert, watching the sides of the drive as they moved toward the house. Of course—fool again, fool, fool, it could be that!

They'd searched everywhere for a rutted track off a main road. They'd never thought of a rutted track off a driveway, onto which they could have turned without being aware that they had left the main road. It could be . . . it could be. He watched the drive side, but it was fringed all the way up to the house with shrubs and trees, no break, no track leading from it.

Then, as they entered the broad courtyard and the driver began to slow down, Manston said fiercely, "Go on down the lower drive."

"But, monsieur ——"

"Do as I say, damn you! Straight on!"

The man swung the wheel, and the car swept on down the lower drive. A quarter of a mile down it Manston said sharply, "Stop here!"

As the man pulled up, he jumped out and there was a sudden lifting of hope in his heart. To the left, off the driveway, a track led away through a field. He began to run up it and, as he turned the corner of a coppice, he saw the barn ahead of him. He ran, now pelting along. Yes, there it was to the right of the barn, a rising path through pine trees. He tore along the path, and now, vivid for him to see, were all the things which he remembered from his blindfold walk this way. The small wooden bridge over the stream, then the stone steps and then a path over bracken and heather.

In front of him was the steep slope of a wooded hill and against the foot of the hill was a small chapel, built back into the rock. In the side of the building was a low, squat door with a great lock on it. He pulled the key from his pocket, and in a few seconds was inside a pillared and stone-vaulted crypt. At the far end stood a tall, old-fashioned cupboard, its open shelves untidy with dusty altar vases and ornaments. Manston grabbed at the side and, to his relief, it slowly slid along the wall revealing a dark passageway about six yards long. Just inside the passageway a bunch of keys hung on a wooden board. He grabbed them and rushed forward. The end of the passageway was blocked by a door. He unlocked it—a blaze of light from the rock chamber burst into his eyes.

"Irina!" he shouted.

He saw her sitting on one of the camp beds. She turned, and the next moment she was on her feet, running toward the grille, and he was reaching through to her, his hands on her face, her shoulders, her lips against his through the wide bars.

Then as he started to fumble with the keys, working at the grille lock, she sobbed and laughed and called to him. The grille door opened and she was in his arms.

Five days later a straight, uncoded message was sent from AGRIP to Moscow. It read:

BODY OF FORMER AGRIP MEMBER OLEG WILL BE DISPATCHED TOMORROW, LE BOURGET, TUPOLEV FLIGHT TEN. INFORM RELATIVES DEATH DUE TO HUNTING ACCIDENT. END



**PRESTO!** You've got shortcake! Just fill these golden cups of sponge cake with fruit...any fruit. Top them with cream. Presto! You've got shortcake. Light. Delicious. Tender. And ready so quickly. Dolly Madison shortcake cups are always fresh . . . at your grocer's.



Dolly Madison CAKES

Good Housekeeping

# What's for dinner?

A steaming pot of chicken stew, with sweet corn, tomatoes, peas and Limas . . . a Hungarian version of caraway beef stew, tender and fragrant with marjoram . . . melt-in-your-mouth chocolate pudding . . . crunchy blueberry-and-apple crisp. Here are nutritious, delicious dinner menus and recipes, all penny-wise, and perfect fare for hearty family appetites.

## Chicken-in-a-Pot

(1) In a large kettle or pot combine 3 pounds cleaned and cut-up stewing chicken with 1 can (1-lb.-3-oz.) whole tomatoes and juice, 1 cup minced onions, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon thyme and 1 bay leaf. Add just enough water to cover, about 1 quart. (2) Simmer, covered, about 2 hours or until tender. (3) Cool a little. Discard bay feaf. Remove chicken from bones and cut meat into generous bite-size pieces and return to the pot. (4) Add 1 can (1-lb.) whole-kernel corn, 1 can (1-lb.) Lima beans, drained, 1 can (1-lb.) potatoes, drained, and 1 can (8-oz.) mixed peas and carrots, drained. (5) Heat, covered. Makes 6 servings. This dish is thick and should be served in bowls, as you would soup, with crusty French bread or toasted muffins. To complete the meal, serve a crisp green salad and a compote of chilled orange sections and Lacy Oatmeal Wafers.

## Lacy Oatmeal Wafers

(1) Chop 12 blanched almonds fine (3–4 tablespoons). (2) Mix with ½ cup brown sugar and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. (3) Cream ½ cup butter or margarine until light and fluffy, then stir in 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons quick-cooking rolled oats. (4) Add the almond mixture and stir thoroughly. (5) Mix in 2 tablespoons cream. (6) Chill for about 1 hour. (7) Drop level half teaspoons of the batter in little balls 3″ apart on an ungreased cookie sheet. (8) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 7–8 minutes or until lightly browned on the edges. Watch closely as they brown quickly. (During the baking keep the unused batter chilled so it remains stiff.) (9) Cool a little before removing from sheet. Transfer wafers to a cake rack and cool thoroughly before storing. Store in airtight container. Makes 6–7 dozen cookies.

## Tuna-Stuffed Potatoes

(1) Bake 8 large potatoes in a hot oven, 400° F., until soft and tender. (2) Slice a piece lengthwise from each potato; scoop out and mash, taking care to leave neat shells for filling. (3) Add 1½ cups warm light cream, 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon salt, ¹/₁ teaspoon pepper, 2 (7-oz.) cans tuna, drained and flaked, and ½ cup finely chopped onion to the mashed potatoes. (4) Beat thoroughly. Stir in ¼ cup finely chopped parsley. (5) Fill the shells with the mixture and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., about 10 minutes to heat through. Makes 8 servings. To complete the meal, serve hot canned Cheddar-cheese soup to start, frozen peas with mushrooms with the tuna-stuffed potatoes, sliced-tomato salad, and Chocolate-Chip Pudding for dessert.

## Chocolate-Chip Pudding

(1) Cut enough day-old cake (any flavor) into ½″ cubes to make 5 cups. Put into a lightly greased 2½-quart casserole. (2) Beat 4 eggs slightly with ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. (3) Stir in 1 quart scalded milk and ½ cup broken pecans or walnuts. (4) Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. (5) Pour over the cake and mix well. (6) Place casserole in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes until just set. (7) Sprinkle 1 cup glazed chocolate bits over the top and bake 15 minutes more until firm. Serve warm with cream. Makes 8 servings.

## Hungarian Herb Stew

(1) Cut 3 pounds round steak into 2″ cubes. Dredge the meat with ⅓ cup flour. (2) Melt 3 tablespoons margarine or bacon drippings in a heavy kettle. (3) Add the meat a little at a time and brown quickly on all sides. Push the meat to one side and add 1 cup finely chopped onion, stir well and brown lightly. (4) Stir in 2 tablespoons apple cider and ¼ cup beef bouillon. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. (5) Cover and simmer until meat is tender, about 3 hours. Stir from time to time. During the last hour of cooking add 1 tablespoon each parsley, caraway seeds, paprika, 1 bay leaf, crumbled, and ¼ teaspoon marjoram. Makes 6 servings. To complete the meal: hot buttered noodles, broccoli spears; cottage-cheese-and-pimiento salad. Blueberry-Apple Crisp for dessert.

## Blueberry-Apple Crisp

(1) Grease a 6-cup baking dish or casserole. (2) Peel, core and slice enough tart apples to make 3 cups. Place apples in baking dish and add 2 cups thawed and drained frozen blueberries. (3) Mix 5 tablespoons brown sugar with 2 tablespoons flour and sprinkle over fruit. (4) Sift together 1 cup flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add 1 unbeaten egg and mix with a fork until crumbly. (5) Sprinkle mixture over fruit. Do not pat it down. (6) Pour ½ cup melted butter or margarine evenly over the top. (7) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour, until top is golden brown and apples are tender. Serve warm with cream. Makes 6–8 servings.

## Sausage-and-Bean Bake

(1) Cut 6 Italian sweet sausages into ¼″ lengths and sauté in a large skillet until browned. (Instead of sausage you can use 2 cups diced cooked ham, or 6 frankfurters cut into ¼″ lengths. If you use either of these, brown them in 1 tablespoon cooking oil.) (2) Add 1 peeled and coarsely chopped onion and ½ green pepper, seeded and slivered, and sauté until tender. (3) Stir in ½ teaspoon orégano, pinch marjoram and basil, 1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste, 2 (1-lb.-4-oz.) cans chick-peas, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 can (1-lb.-3-oz.) tomatoes. (4) Cover and simmer for about 10 minutes. (5) Transfer to a 2-quart casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour. Stir. Top with 3 partially cooked slices of bacon and continue cooking for another ½ hour or until mixture is bubbly and sausages cooked. Makes 6 servings. With this casserole, try raw spinach-and-celery salad, fresh or canned fruit compote over slices of poundcake.

## Cod-and-Haddock Soup Provençal

(1) Heat 3 tablespoons cooking oil in a large kettle. Add 2 leeks and 2 onions, thinly sliced (if you cannot obtain leeks, increase the onions to 4), and 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed. (2) Sauté until tender and pale golden, stirring frequently. (3) Add 1 can (1-lb.-3-oz.) tomatoes, ½ small bay leaf, crumbled, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon saffron, ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, and dash fennel. (4) Dissolve 3 envelopes vegetable-broth mix in 1 quart boiling water and add to the kettle. (5) Cover and simmer about 30 minutes until flavors are blended. (6) Cut 1 pound each fresh or frozen cod and haddock fillets into 1½″–2″ square pieces and add to the soup. (7) Cover and simmer gently about 10 minutes or until fish is cooked; take care not to overcook. Serve as a main meal in large soup-dishes with a spoonful or two of hot cooked rice in the center. Makes 6–8 servings. You might serve relishes and Italian-bread sticks with the soup, and a one-crust canned-red-plum pie for dessert.

# Eat well

# ...but wisely!

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# HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

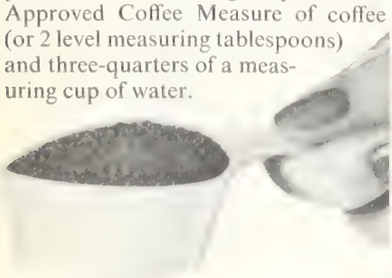
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

**When you buy coffee:**

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

**When you measure coffee:**

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



**When you brew coffee:**

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

**When you serve coffee:**

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

**When you judge coffee:**

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

*Pan-American Coffee Bureau*

## THE CHINESE HAVE A WONDERFUL WAY WITH FOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

### BEEF KWANGTUNG

- 3 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ½ teaspoon powdered ginger
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 1 small celery root, peeled, sliced and cut in strips
- ½ cup sliced scallions
- 1 lb. top round, cut in thin crosswise strips and sprinkled with ½ teaspoon instant meat tenderizer
- 1 package (8-oz.) frozen snow pea pods or 1 package (9-oz.) frozen Italian green beans
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 tomatoes cut in wedges
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 (3-oz.) cans Chow Mein noodles

(1) Heat the oil in a large skillet. Add the garlic and ginger and sauté until golden. (2) Add the mushrooms, celery root and scallions and sauté 1–2 minutes, stirring constantly. (3) Add the beef and the snow pea pods or green beans and cook about 3 minutes or until the meat browns. (4) Stir in the soy sauce and tomatoes. (5) Mix the cornstarch and chicken broth and pour into the mixture. Cook and stir until the sauce is clear and thickened. Serve over warmed noodles. Makes 4 servings.

### CHICKEN KEW WITH VEGETABLES

- 4 chicken breasts, boned and skinned
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup packaged bread crumbs
- About 2 cups cooking oil
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- 2 cups water
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 1 can (1-lb.) Chinese vegetables, drained
- 2 cups shredded Chinese celery cabbage or green cabbage
- 3 tablespoons chopped scallions, include green tops

(1) Sprinkle chicken with the soy sauce and let it stand 15 minutes. (2) Dip the chicken in the beaten egg, then the bread crumbs and deep fry in the oil at about 370° F., until golden brown. Cut into quarters and keep warm. (3) Mix the cornstarch and pineapple juice until smooth. Add the water, lemon juice, brown sugar and lemon rind and cook, stirring constantly, until clear and thickened. (4) Remove ½ cup sauce and save to pour over the chicken. (5) Add the vegetables to the remaining sauce and cook for 2–3 minutes. (6) Arrange the vegetables on a serving dish or platter. Top with the chicken pieces and pour reserved sauce over all. Makes 4–6 servings.

### ROAST DUCKLING MANDARIN

- 1 (4–5 lb.) duckling
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ⅓ cup soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon sherry
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ginger

GLAZE:

- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce

SAUCE:

- 1 can (10-oz.) mandarin oranges
- 1 can (14-oz.) pineapple chunks
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- 1 green pepper, cut into 1-inch squares
- 1 red pepper, cut into 1-inch squares

(1) Wash the duckling; drain and pat dry. Score the skin over the entire duckling at 1-inch intervals. (2) Sew or skewer the neck skin to the back. (3) Combine the next eight ingredients and pour into the duck cavity. Sew the cavity closed, bring the legs together and tie. (4) Place on a rack in a shallow roasting pan and roast in a slow oven, 325° F., for about 2½ hours or until the drumsticks are tender. (5) Remove from the oven and pour off the drippings. (6) Combine the honey and soy sauce and use to glaze the duckling. (7) Return to a hot oven, 400° F., for 15–20 minutes, basting frequently with the glaze. Remove from the oven and let it cool while preparing the sauce. (8) Drain the oranges and pineapple, reserving the liquid. Add enough water to make 3 cups of liquid. (9) Mix the liquid, cornstarch, soy sauce, sherry and ginger and cook, stirring constantly until thickened and clear. (10) Remove the duckling meat from the bones and cut into 2-inch pieces. (11) Add the pepper squares, oranges, pineapple and duck to the sauce and simmer for 5 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

### LOBSTER CANTONESE

- 3 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ½ lb. coarsely ground pork
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 (1-lb.) lobsters, cracked and cut into 2-inch pieces*
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup chopped scallions, include green tops
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

(1) Heat oil in a large skillet. Add the garlic and pork and sauté until the pork loses its pink color. (2) Stir in the soy sauce, chicken broth and sugar and bring to a boil. (3) Add the lobster, cover and cook for 10 minutes. (4) Mix the cornstarch and cold water in a small bowl until smooth. Add to the lobster and stir until the sauce is thickened and clear. (5) Stir in the scallions. (6) Pour the slightly beaten egg over the lobster and stir just until the egg is set. Makes 4 servings.

*Or, if you prefer, remove the meat from the shells.

### CHICKEN BREASTS WITH SWEET PEPPER

- 2 large chicken breasts, skinned and boned
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons dry sherry
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 green pepper, seeded and cut into 1-inch squares

(1) Cut chicken into 1-inch cubes. (2) Mix with cornstarch, monosodium glutamate, 1 teaspoon salt and the sherry. (3) Heat oil in a skillet. Add chicken and stir briskly for 2 minutes, or until the chicken is white and each piece is separate. (4) Stir in pepper squares and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook for about 1 minute; if mixture seems too dry add 1 tablespoon of water. Makes 4 servings.

### SHANGHAI PORK AND VEGETABLES

- ½ pound thin spaghetti or spaghettini
- 6 tablespoons cooking oil
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ½ pound boneless lean pork, shredded
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 pound Chinese celery cabbage or green cabbage, shredded
- 4–5 mushrooms, sliced
- 2 tablespoons water
- ½ teaspoon salt

(1) Cook the spaghetti or spaghettini in 2 quarts boiling, salted water for 8 minutes. (2) Drain and rinse with cold water. (3) Mix 2 tablespoons oil with the cold spaghetti. (4) Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a heavy skillet. Pour in beaten eggs to form a large "pancake." Do not stir; cook just until the eggs set. (5) Cool and cut into julienne strips. (6) Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a skillet. Add pork and stir for 1 minute, until all the pork shreds turn white. (7) Stir in soy sauce, sugar, cabbage, mushrooms and water. Cover and simmer for 8–10 minutes. (8) Heat 2 tablespoons oil in another skillet. Spread spaghetti evenly in pan and cook for 2 minutes. (9) Turn, mix and cook for another 2 minutes. (10) Sprinkle salt over spaghetti and mix lightly. (11) Pour in ⅔ of pork mixture; mix well and place on a platter. (12) Top with remaining pork mixture and the egg strips. Makes 4 servings.

### SOY-SAUCE RICE

- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 1¾ cups water
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons chopped scallions
- 2 tablespoons diced pimiento
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

(1) Place rice and water in a covered 2-quart saucepan and bring to a boil. (2) Simmer for 20 minutes. Turn off heat and let the rice stand for 20 minutes. (3) Break rice with fork to separate grains. (4) Stir in the remaining ingredients. Makes 4 servings.

### BROCCOLI, CHINESE STYLE

- 1 bunch broccoli, washed
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- ½ cup water

(1) Cut broccoli flowerets off stems. (2) Peel off stringy outside of stems and cut stems into 1-inch pieces. (3) Cook flowerets and stems 5 minutes in boiling water. Drain. (4) Heat oil in skillet. (5) Add broccoli and stir until oil covers all the pieces. (6) Stir in the salt, sugar, monosodium glutamate and water. Cover and cook 5 minutes. (7) Remove cover, stir and cook over high flame until liquid is almost all absorbed. Makes 4 servings.

### SHRIMP APPETIZER PUFFS

- 1 pound shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 6 water chestnuts, minced
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- 2 cups cooking oil
- Soy sauce

(1) Wash and drain shrimp; chop *very* fine. (2) Mix with water chestnuts, egg, salt, sugar and cornstarch. (3) Heat oil to 375° F. (4) Scoop teaspoons of shrimp mixture into balls and gently drop in the oil. Fry until the shrimps turn pink. Drain on a paper towel. Serve with soy sauce for dipping. Makes about 30 puffs, 6 servings.

### CHINESE BARBECUED SPARERIBS

- ½ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- 1 onion, peeled and chopped
- 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
- 3 tablespoons brown sugar
- 3 lbs. spareribs

(1) Combine the first seven ingredients and pour over the spareribs. Marinate several hours or overnight in the refrigerator, covered, turning two or three times. (2) Broil spareribs, about 6 inches from the heat, 20–30 minutes on each side or until tender and well browned. Baste frequently with the sauce. Serve with Chinese Plum and Hot-Mustard sauces. Makes 6–8 appetizer servings.

### CHINESE PLUM SAUCE

- 1 cup plum jelly
- ½ cup chutney, chopped
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons red-wine vinegar

Combine all ingredients in a bowl and let stand 1–2 hours to blend flavors. Serve with the spareribs. Makes about 1½ cups.

### HOT-MUSTARD SAUCE

- ½ cup dry mustard
- 3 tablespoons water (about)

Add enough water to mix the mustard to a paste. It should be about the consistency of mayonnaise. The more you stir the mustard, the hotter it becomes. Serve with the spareribs. Makes about ½ cup.

### BEEF-AND-WATERCRESS SOUP

3 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cooking oil
½ pound lean beef, finely shredded or thinly slivered
6 cups chicken broth
2 cups watercress leaves

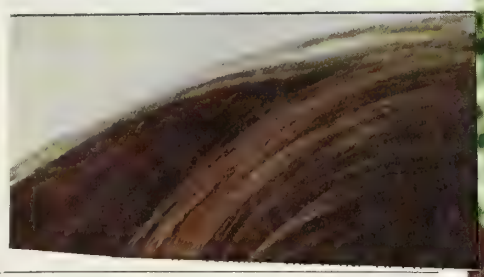
(1) Combine the soy sauce, sugar, salt and oil Marinate the beef in the soy-sauce mixture for 30 minutes. (2) Bring the chicken broth to a boil. Add the watercress and bring to a boil again. (3) Add the beef and sauce and cook for 1–2 minutes. Makes about 2 quarts, 6–8 servings.

### SIZZLING CHICKEN LIVERS WITH WALNUTS

1 cup walnut halves
Cooking oil for frying
Seasoned salt
1 lb. chicken livers
⅓ cup soy sauce
3 tablespoons dry sherry
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 cloves garlic, peeled and halved
½ cup canned condensed consommé
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons bottled steak sauce
Flour
½ cup finely chopped scallions

(1) Sauté walnuts in cooking oil for a few minutes, until golden. Drain on paper towels and salt lightly. (2) Parboil chicken livers in boiling salted water to cover for 2 minutes. Drain well. (3) Mix together the soy sauce, sherry, brown sugar and garlic. Pour over chicken livers. Marinate for 1 hour, turning the livers now and then in the sauce. (4) Drain marinade into a saucepan; remove and discard the garlic. Add consommé, cornstarch and steak sauce stirring to blend. Heat mixture a few minutes until it begins to thicken. (5) Dust chicken livers with a little flour. Heat a little oil in a skillet and sauté chicken livers for a few minutes. Do not overcook livers, as they should be moist in the center. Add livers to the hot sauce, mixing well. Turn into a small chafing dish. Pile walnut halves in the center and decorate the edge with the scallions. Makes 4 servings.

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**is Wife • DR. SPOCK: S**
**SION — How It Affects Y**
**ons in Disneyland ... Sa**



## THE LIFE, LOVE AND LAUGHTER OF CAROL BURNETT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

that it was such a very rough game to play in public, with real lives.

As this year opened, intensive work caught up with her. In January she made a flying trip out to Hollywood and came back with a walloping contract from Paramount to do a movie a year for three years. In quick succession she rehearsed and taped her first TV special, the February show with Robert Preston; did a guest spot with the *Garry Moore Show* at Lake Tahoe; and arrived in Hollywood ready for shooting in March and April. Her first movie, tentatively titled *Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?* is with Dean Martin and Elizabeth Montgomery, and her New York managers hold their heads in their hands that she could have been so innocent as not to demand a starring role. (She'll be billed as special guest star.) But the movie will be a grade-A production in color, a kookie detective yarn in which Carol plays the catalyst to the plot, and her part was expanded to use to the hilt the Carol the public expects to see.

All this helped her face the fact that Joe's wife may never divorce him, and, as of this writing, she is also accepting the fact that this makes their situation untenable. They now see each other only occasionally. She says dismally, "I'm a fatalist. Things have to happen the way they do, and maybe you don't know until years later they were for the best. But I won't have children before I'm thirty now."

As she says, she has everything else. While she was in Hollywood, the ratings for the February special came in. More than 38,000,000 people had been tuned in on her. Sixty-eight percent of all the people watching television that night had chosen to watch Carol.

These are impressive figures. The possibilities ahead of her are shifting from exciting to awesome. Other movie studios have opened negotiations. She still has the preparation and taping of *Calamity Jane* in June and July, and the Broadway show that means so much to her, *A Girl to Remember*, scheduled to open next November. If she accomplishes all this—and no one expects her not to—she will have done two hour-long TV specials, at least one movie, and a Broadway musical in one year. If they are successful—and no one expects them not to be—the best writing and directing talent will be at her disposal for years.

Carol once described herself as "a devout coward." She's an actress who dreads stage center, a self-doubter who knows her own mind, and a fun-loving girl who may yet kill herself with overwork. It is doubtful if any amount of objective successes will lay at rest the cowardice that flogs her on. She'll probably go on being scared and great for many years to come. She'll probably go on clowning for many years to come too. She once said, "I've entertained the notion *several* times of going to acting classes, but—I'm scared to. I would feel an *immature* obligation to be funny in class. If I can't do something well, I'll clown with it." Yet oddly enough, though the mug is her mask, and she's been accused and accused of hiding behind her screwball characters, the truest thing that can be said of Carol is that she bares herself onstage for all to see. When her face lights up at a swell of applause, when she throws her arms around Robert Preston's neck at the end of their duet, when she belts into a good song with a shine on her face—there she is, giving herself away.

Even her clown is totally transparent. If she wears a pretty dress, she confides, "And I *smell* divine!" thus ruining the perfumed guile. If she wears a wig, it is invariably snatched off, revealing her own flattened hair beneath. Every crafty thought, base motive, ache of hangover and trembling hope is so pitiably naked that it commands excruciating sympathy. "You are *never* going to forget tonight!" exclaims the handsome man as he lets her into his apartment. "I'm not?" she gasps hopefully, and in two words exposes the poor palpitating heart of the healthy, lonely female. Never, never will she get her man, for successful people have to practice guile.

It is an art to be both transparent and interesting, for then nobody needs to be scared of you except yourself; everybody can afford to love you. And once you've won this kind of public love, it's hard to give it up.

Everyone acknowledges that Carol may have to pay the artist's penalty. Mr. Willi, who speaks of her as "this child," says, "She's feminine—believe me, although in her work it's hard to find feminine material. She'd *love* to marry and have babies. How do you handle this with her talent? Who knows? I'd be a fool to make predictions."

And Garry Moore says thoughtfully, "She needs someone to love. I think she wants desperately to marry. But I don't think she realizes herself what a tremendous talent she has. The public will never let her go. A talent the size of Carol's is a terribly mixed blessing. She has a difficult life ahead." END


NEW RECIPE IDEA

MACARONI 'N' SAUSAGE ITALIENNE

MACARONI 'N' SAUSAGE ITALIENNE

Quick main dish with a new Italian touch

Here's a meal that captures the flavor of sunny Italy in minutes—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni, link sausage, and with just a touch of oregano to tempt every taste. Try this savory treat soon.

1 pound small link sausage
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ teaspoon leaf oregano, crushed
2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
1 cup cooked peas

In covered saucepan, cook sausage in small amount water for a few minutes. Uncover; brown slowly. Remove sausage; cut into thirds. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Add onion and oregano; cook until onion is tender. Add macaroni, peas, and cooked sausage. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.




FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY

## DOCTOR SPOCK: TOILET TRAINING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

let the child sit on it, play with it, become familiar with it for a few days before any pressure is put on him to have a BM there.

It's reasonable to start training during the first half of the second year if the baby is regular enough to be caught, or if he begins to make any sign that a movement is coming. (If a mother watches attentively for signs, she is likely to find them much earlier than if she doesn't bother.) But if there is no regularity and no sign, it is usually difficult to get training started at this age.

By the time a child is a year and a half, I think a mother should make it her business to watch *much* more carefully for the slightest evidence of readiness, and to help her child take advantage of it. A likely sign is mild discomfort after soiling the diaper. The mother can talk about the situation: "Charlie has a BM? It doesn't feel good, does it? Mommy will change you. Next time, tell mommy. Say, BM." If he becomes aware enough to notice, even though he has already soiled, and learns to say something or make a sign, then real progress is being made and his mother should show warm appreciation.

The next step, getting the child to defecate in the potty or on the toilet, is, of course, the crucial one. He may come to this without first having to go through the previously described stage of notifying when already soiled. Perhaps his mother is attentive enough to read a very slight sign in time. Perhaps he learns to notify deliberately before the act. Perhaps his mother picks a likely time of day to put him on the seat and is rewarded. When he and she succeed in catching the BM the first few dozen times, there should be real celebrations: "Charlie's a big boy! Charlie did BM in the toidy! Just like daddy and Peter. Now we don't need to change the diaper. Charlie is all clean," and so on.

But if a child seems to fail to understand the connection between his BM and the potty after his mother has been explaining for a couple of weeks, she can use a more realistic suggestion. She can shake or scrape his movement out of his diaper into the potty each day and then empty it into the toilet, saying that tomorrow he can sit on the chair and make the BM go right into it. (If a child shows so much possessiveness of his movement that he protests against its being discarded into the toilet, it helps to remind him casually that he will make another and another—every day another—so he doesn't need the old one.)

Another realistic method is to show the chi once or twice a slightly older brother, sister friend using a potty chair or toilet at BM ti (Incidentally, don't get a puppy to train al with the child. A puppy usually has to punished, and he may even have to be gi away if he's untrainable.)

If a child of a year and a half has always his movement in his diaper, he may not clearly aware that a definite object eme from his body and that this is what he is b asked to deposit in the potty. It is someti helpful to let him be diaperless and pant (in a part of the house which has no carpe the time when a BM is expected, so that he a real chance to see, on a couple of occasi what comes out and to watch his mother p this in the potty.

After a few demonstrations of such kin can be assumed that the child has learned w he can from them. The mother's best co from then on will probably be to sit him on the chair once or twice a day at the most likely times, even though he is not exactly predictable, and talk about his doing his BM there like a big boy or daddy. A restless or uneasy child may want to jump up right away; but a mother can gradually persuade him to wait longer—up to 10 minutes, let's say—by sitting with him, talking about interesting things, including success on the toilet, teaching him to squeeze and grunt. There's no point trying to hold a struggling, anxious child on the seat. But if a mother never makes an effort to persuade a child to stay, she shows him a lack of conviction about the importance of training. (If she does sit with him for a few minutes daily during the phase when she is teaching him to use the seat, she should stop this as soon as he learns to perform. Going to the toilet should be a businesslike occasion rather than a social one.)

Until the child begins to perform on the potty chair, the mother will, of course, have to be coping with a soiled diaper later in the day.

she shouldn't try to hurry him onto the potty chair or toilet, or to persuade him with loud, insistent talk. (A child this age will try all kinds of daring things by himself, but will become very cautious if pushed.) Parental irritation or anger will get his back up. It's the quiet, encouraging tone used consistently—day after day and week after week—that evokes cooperation.

As soon as a child is successful with BM's and urine part of the time, it's wise to graduate to training pants during the day—with congratulations, of course. As soon as he ha any control at all, it will be increased by hi going without the diaper. The lack of diape reminds him of the importance of control To continue to put diapers on a child who i gaining control is an expression of lack o confidence. A diaper invites wetting an soiling.

After a child has been notifying for a fe weeks, especially if he is 18 months or older his mother should dress him in clothes h can take down himself and suggest that he g to the chair all by himself like a big man. I he has been using the adult toilet all along his father should, at this point, build him step on which to climb up. By the time he i two and a half years old his mother shoul suggest that he begin wiping himself, even i he doesn't do this efficiently.

I make these points about encouraging pro gressive independence because it's quite com mon for mothers to have some reluctance—o which they may not be aware—to having the babies grow up and grow away from them at such stages as weaning and toilet training and this may block progress. The sooner child takes over full responsibility for toiletin the more stable the habit will become.

One of the mothers in the study whos child became trained by two years testifie spontaneously about the need for perse verance.

She said in effect to her counselor, "I'm glad now that you kept after me. Othe wise I would certainly have dropped th training—at several different stages. I had strong inclination to shy away from an conflict. But now that my child is traine I can see how grown-up he feels abou this accomplishment. And I'm surprise how much satisfaction I take in it too. I fact, it seems to have brought us close together—it's as if we'd found a new trust i each other."

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answ letters personally. However, he is delighted to recei suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

### LOBSTER CANTONESE

3 tablespoons cooking oil
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
½ lb. coarsely ground pork
¼ cup soy sauce
2 cups chicken broth
1 teaspoon sugar
2 (1-lb.) lobsters, cracked and cut into 2-inch pieces*
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup water
¼ cup chopped scallions, include green tops
1 egg, slightly beaten

(1) Heat oil in a large skillet. Add the garlic and pork and sauté until the pork loses its pink color. (2) Stir in the soy sauce, chicken broth and sugar and bring to a boil. (3) A[illegible]

love the duckling meat from the bones, and cut into 2-inch pieces. (11) Add the pepper squares, oranges, pineapple and duck to the sauce and simmer for 5 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.


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## TELL ME, DOCTOR: "WILL MY BABY COST ME MY FIGURE?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

"Any snacks between lunch and dinner?"

"Nothing to eat." Phyllis was firm this time. "Just a soft drink. It was hot and I was thirsty"—her eyes widened as she watched the doctor pencil still another note.

"Did you trim all the visible fat from your lamb chop at dinner? Limit the amount of butter with your baked potato and vegetable?"

"Bob likes vegetables with lots of butter," Phyllis said defensively. "And he likes a dressing made with sour cream and chives on his baked potato." She stopped and stared across the desk at the doctor. "I see," she said slowly. "It didn't help to skip the whipped cream with my dessert when I ate sour cream with my baked potato, did it? And I can take out my servings of the vegetables before I put extra butter on, can't I? I guess I've got a lot to learn."

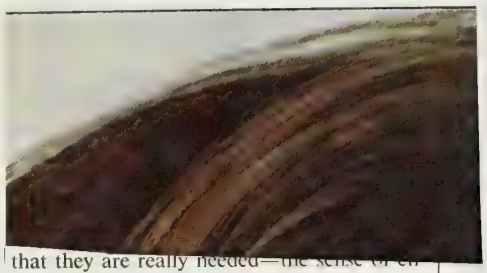
The doctor smiled. "I think you've just taken a long step toward learning it, Phyllis." He turned the paper so that she could see his penciled notes. "Now, let me show you where some of those extra calories—and pounds—are creeping in. At breakfast, for example: the calorie chart Mary Ann gave you lists one egg at 80 calories. That means an egg boiled or poached. If you scramble or fry it, you add as much as 100 calories. Buttering your toast lavishly can add 100 more. Black coffee has no calories, but if you add cream and a teaspoon of sugar, you add 50 calories. Here's a tip: If you can't drink your coffee black, try sweetening it with an artificial sweetener and using a teaspoonful or two of dry skimmed milk."

"So you see," he summed up, "instead of the approximately 300 calories the diet chart recommends, your breakfast really added up to 405 calories. Midmorning coffee, creamed and sugared, with even a modest one-inch slice of coffee cake brought your total to about 650 calories.

"Now lunch. Soup is fine to help fill your daily quota of milk. A baked custard is another good way. However, when weight is a problem, you can use skimmed milk (or the dry skimmed milk mixed with water) for cooking and still keep the chief values of whole milk. You subtract 75 calories per eight-ounce cup.

"Your salad shows us more hidden calories. Fruit fresh or water-packed has only half the calories of fruit canned or frozen with heavy sugar syrup. So check the labels when you buy canned fruit. Mayonnaise—delicious as it is—costs you 110 calories a tablespoon, too many just now. One patient of mine told me that she found a tasty low-calorie mayonnaise substitute which has only 15 calories per tablespoon. She also mentioned a number of packaged desserts and low-calorie items that she calls her 'sweet-tooth foolers.' So you might investigate the low-calorie-food shelf at your market for a few temporary 'foolers.' Be sure to read the labels, though, so you know exactly what you're getting. Label reading is a wise habit for a weight watcher to acquire in any case. Many manuf[illegible] fat content

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that they are really needed—the sense of energy they give you is false energy, you can overdo physically without realizing you are doing it. It seems to me that these pills are being a bit too widely used these days by people who take them more for their 'pep-up' aspects than because they really need them. I've known people actually to become addicted to them. Let's wait and see if you can't manage without them."

"Would it be a good idea if I wrote down everything I ate or drank during the day, like keeping a diary?" Phyllis asked. "Then I'll be sure what I'm really eating."

"Excellent," the doctor approved. "I was going to suggest that you do just that, at least until you learn to recognize and avoid your hidden calorie areas. You'll find that you do learn to recognize them very quickly, by the way."

Mrs. Porter rose. "You'll see an improvement next time I come in," she said determinedly.

The doctor got to his feet too. "Unfortunately, most of the job of controlling your weight is up to you, Phyllis. Staying with a diet takes three things—a genuine desire to do it, which I think you have, an understanding of calories and the ability to add them up accurately and honestly."

Mrs. Porter was triumphant when she came in for her next visit.

"I feel fine; I've gained only two pounds!" she announced. "And I've eaten everything you listed as necessary."

The office scales confirmed her proud statement, and the doctor congratulated her heartily.

"I used all the calorie-cutting tips you gave me, plus some from Mary Ann—she suggested things like having a cup of hot consommé or bouillon, or celery and carrot sticks half an hour before dinner, or even eating my salad first so I'd be satisfied with smaller servings of heavy, high-calorie foods later. A neighbor taught me some wonderful tricks, like using a dressing of whipped cottage cheese thinned with skim milk in place of whipped cream or sour cream. You can sweeten it with an artificial sweetener if you want to use it with fruit, or season it with pepper and chives and a little lemon juice if you want to use it in place of sour cream. And she told me how she broke her habit of 'tasting' extra calories when she was cooking meals—she kept sugarless mints or chewing gum handy. You *can't* do a lot of tasting if you've got a mint or a piece of gum in your mouth.

"I've even learned how to go on serving eggs Bob's favorite way—scrambled—without adding calories. Somebody had given us one of those specially coated nonstick skillets for a wedding present two years ago. I'd never used it until I really started thinking about saving calories. Now I use it a lot. You can use a double boiler this way, too, if you keep the heat low ——"

The doctor laughed and held up a hand to stem the tide of information. "Hold on!" he said. "I'm an obstetrician, remember, not a dietitian. But I've enjoyed all this. Maybe you and Mary Ann and your neighbor should get together and collaborate on a book of tips for dieters."

Phyllis Porter's baby, a girl, was born on schedule, and with no complications.

The glowing young mother held up her healthy, rosy daughter for the doctor to admire when he stopped in for a brief visit on home-going day. "Isn't she beautiful?" Phyllis asked with pride in her voice.

"She is indeed," said the doctor heartily. (In years of practice he'd never got over the conviction that all babies are beautiful.) "And I think you'll find she's brought you a bonus."

Phyllis looked up curiously. "A bonus?"

"New and better eating habits," the doctor smiled. "And because of them you'll probably have no future worries about keeping a trim figure—*without* erratic starvation diets."

END

## SONG AND ITS FOUNTAINS

*"Beauty needs not to live forever to be eternal—one instant is enough for her . . ."*

By JOHN IRVINE

Oh, question not the wherefore,
or the why
Of lyric ecstasy, nor seek to
bring
A studied circumspection to the
mind
From whence the bright and
living fountains spring.

From what old deeps of longing
and desire
Younger than sunrise, older than
the rose;
A sudden rapture flooding heart
and brain
May wake eternal beauty ere it
goes.


WHEN THE OCCASION CALLS FOR MOVING






A gentle reminder for your husband never hurts — especially when your treasured furnishings are about to be moved.

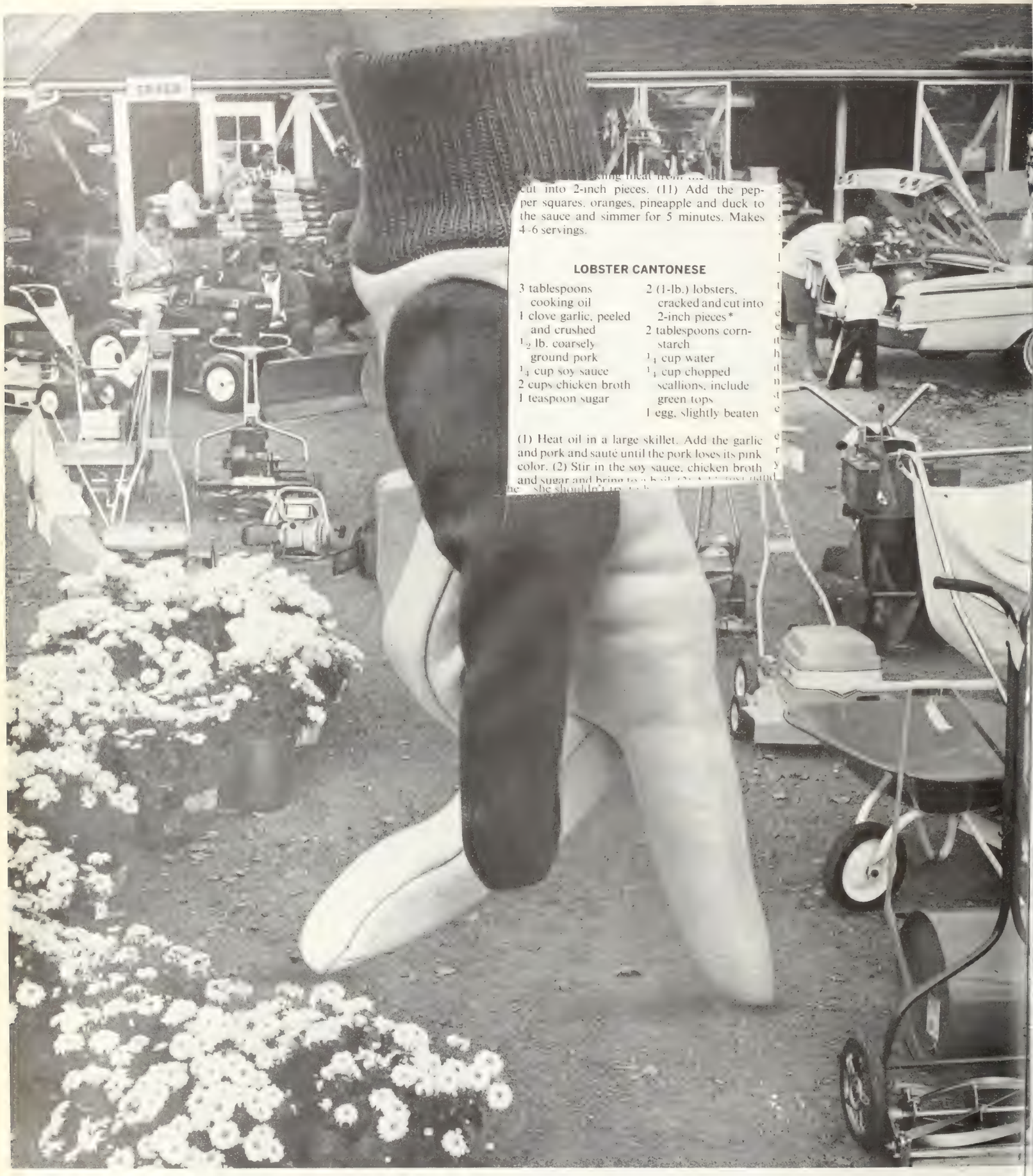
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cut into 2-inch pieces. (11) Add the pepper squares, oranges, pineapple and duck to the sauce and simmer for 5 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

**LOBSTER CANTONESE**

- 3 tablespoons cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ½ lb. coarsely ground pork
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 (1-lb.) lobsters, cracked and cut into 2-inch pieces*
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ cup chopped scallions, include green tops
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

(1) Heat oil in a large skillet. Add the garlic and pork and sauté until the pork loses its pink color. (2) Stir in the soy sauce, chicken broth and sugar and bring to a boil. (3)

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**CLAM CHOWDER CAPRI** (an intriguing taste for lover of Manhattan clam chowder). Empty 1 foil pak *Knorr Garden Vegetable Soup Mix* into saucepan. Stir in 2 cups water, 1 cup tomato juice. Bring to boil. Reduce heat, partially cover, and cook gently for 15 mins. Add one 7 or 10 oz. can minced clams. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Heat. Serves 4.



**CASSEROLE ROMANO.** Heat 2 Tbsp. oil in large skillet. Brown 1 lb. cubed pork on all sides. Add 2 cups water. Stir in contents 1 pak *Knorr Garden Vegetable Soup Mix*. Cover. Simmer till meat is tender, about 1 hr. Cut ½ small cabbage into wedges. Push meat to center. Arrange wedges around meat, cut side down. Cover. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Cook cabbage till tender, 15 to 20 mins. Serves 4.




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**2.** Entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1963, and received by July 8, 1963. Enter as many times as you like but each entry must be mailed separately.

**3.** Entry must be accompanied by the words BEST FOODS from any size jar of Skippy. Or you can send us a 3 x 5 piece of paper on which you have printed the words "BEST FOODS" in block letters.

**4.** Entrants must be at least 18 years of age and must be residents of the United States or Puerto Rico. Employees and their families of Corn Products Company, its advertising agencies or D. L. Blair Corp., are not eligible.

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CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

NAME OF PERSON I WHISPERED TO_____

DID HE/SHE LISTEN? YES_____ NO_____

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If you were brought up in a home with a family Frigidaire refrigerator, you undoubtedly want the same for your children. So many memories center around it. Happy mealtime bustle, the after-school snacks that say, "welcome home," companionable midnight talks.

Every child really does deserve a home with a family Frigidaire refrigerator. And every child can have one. There's a Frigidaire refrigerator for every size family and budget. Every one with the quality that makes so many people say, "there's just no substitute for the real thing, the original Frigidaire refrigerator."

11 of the 25 Frigidaire refrigerators you can choose from are shown right here. But see them all. At your Frigidaire dealer's, discover which Frigidaire refrigerator is the just-right one for you. Products of General Motors.

**1** Bring on the Gang! Huge 100-lb. capacity freezer holds plenty! Advanced Frost-Proof system means no defrosting ever. Flowing Cold meat tender stores fresh meats up to 7 days—at ideal fresh meat temperature! 13.86 cu. ft. Choice of 4 colors & white. **Model FPI-14T-63**

**2** This thrifty model's a "honey"! Has "big" refrigerator convenience packed into space-saving 30" width! 63-lb. freezer chest! Adjustable Cold Control—easy to see and set. 11.60 cu. ft. **Model DA-12-63**

**3** Great from any angle! 10 cu. ft. "compact" 24" width fits in anywhere! How you'll fancy the 56-lb. freezer chest, the Porcelain enamel Hydrator! **Model D-10-63**

**4** Hits the Bull's Eye! This slim-budget "compact" fits snugly under cabinets. Stores eggs snugly too, in re-












# ...with a family Frigidaire refrigerator

frigerator door! Has 71-lb. zero zone freezer! Big, handy Porcelain enamel Hydrator! 10.51 cu. ft. **Model FD-11-63**

**5** Momma's helpers love this model! Mom, too! Reasons? Big 150-lb. freezer with two "roll-to-you freezer baskets," space-saving juice can racks, plus fabulous Frigidaire Flip-Quick Ice Ejector. Two marvelous "roll-to-you shelves." Advanced Frost-Proof system, too! 13.78 cu. ft. In your choice of 4 colors & white. **Model FPI-14B-63**

**6** He's sitting pretty with this 13.26 cu. ft. feature-packed model! Big 100-lb. separate freezer, separate ice tray cover shelf, two 20-cube Quickube trays, twin glide-out Hydrators. A sheer joy in 4 colors & white! **Model FD-13T-63**

**7** Junior bows low to this giant refrigerator-freezer and its parade of values! 1 5.53 cu. ft. Exclusive Advanced Frost-Proof system. Three ingenious "roll-to-you shelves." Big 150-lb. freezer! Famous Flip-Quick Ice Ejector for easiest ice service ever! 4 colors & white. **Model FPI-16B-63**

Advanced Frost-Proof model at budget price! Eliminates freezer frost forever! Two famous double-easy Quickube trays. Big 100-lb. freezer with Frigi-Foam insulation that "locks in" cold! 13.81 cu. ft. **Model FPD-14T-63**

**9** Even moppets appreciate Imperial styling PLUS choice of 4 colors & white! 13.31 cu. ft. Oh the space! Freezer holds 100 lbs. with Flip-Quick Ice Ejector. Door has 3 full-width shelves, stores ½ gal. milk cartons! **Model FI-13T-63**

**10** Fling it wide! Inside there's the Advanced Frost-Proof system, 150-lb. bottom freezer with huge "roll-to-you" freezer basket (lifts out for jiffy cleaning). Flip-Quick Ice Ejector! 13.78 cu. ft. **Model FPD-14B-63**

**11** "Hey, Ma! The refrigerator grew!" Certainly! It's the new Frigidaire Mini-Freezer refrigerator! Specially designed for people who want more refrigerator space. It's all refrigerator except for the convenient compact 20-lb. freezer equipped with a Flip-Quick Ice Ejector and 2 ice trays. 13.73 cu. ft. **Model FCDM-14-63**

Every Frigidaire refrigerator has these quality features: Choice of right or left-hand door; concealed magnetic door seals on all 4 sides; extra rigid cabinet construction; Porcelain enamel cabinet liner; fast ice freezing; famous economical, dependable Meter Miser; non-clog condenser that never needs cleaning.





7


10


9



11

FRIGIDAIRE

FACTORY-TRAINED SERVICEMEN EVERYWHERE

See why more dishwasher owners use Cascade than any other product...

# Cascade eliminates drops that dry into spots!



**WATER DROPS** See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on glassware, silver. This test shows how drops form. These dry into ugly spots.



**CASCADE** But *with Cascade* drops don't form! Just as in your dishwasher, water slides off in clear-rinsing "sheets." Dishes, silver dry as spotless and sparkling as possible.

**o other dishwasher detergent cleans better...**

ascade is absolutely unsurpassed at stopping spots (your toughest problem in auto-atic dishwashing). That's because Cascade has Chlorosheen . . . an exclusive formula at eliminates the drops that cause spots. Drops aren't left to hold grease and food articles or dry into cloudy streaks or messy spots. You've never seen dishes cleaner, lver brighter! No other dishwasher detergent does a better job. Better get Cascade r *your* dishwasher!

**. or is safer for china patterns!**

ascade is rated safe for today's loveliest china patterns y the American Fine China Guild, whose members ake Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syra-se china. Their recommendation was given Cascade ter testing every leading dishwasher detergent. Look for is important seal of approval on every Cascade package.




PROCTER & GAMBLE'S CASCADE IS ENDORSED BY EVERY LEADING DISHWASHER MAKER






PHYLLIS CAIRNS

• *Letters from our readers have always been special to* Journal *editors. Many of you begin them with "Dear Friends," "Dear Journal"; seldom do we see a polite but impersonal "Gentlemen" (or "Ladies") or "Dear Sir." When you are happy with our selection of stories and articles—or recipes, fashions or art work—your words of approval come quickly, spontaneously, warmly, as they might to a member of your own families. And when you disapprove, you are equally expressive.*

*Hundreds of you communicate with us every day—and although we answer each of you individually, we'd like to tell you all together, this one time, that we welcome and value and treasure every word. We can't always solve your problems (any more than you can solve ours), but we do consider this exchange of opinion one of the most pleasant, most stimulating, and most inspiring things that happens to us.—ED.*

## TELL US MORE

*Dear Friends:* When I was 10, I drove my mother crazy cutting up her *Journal* before she could read her favorite stories. Five years later, your Sub-Deb editors kept *me* from going crazy over boys. More recently, you helped me stay married with your beef Stroganoff recipe. I have used you for everything from colors for my kitchen to the best-looking dress at a neighborhood party.

NOW, thanks to darling Dr. Spock, I know that there are children just as messy as mine. That April *Journal* was no fool!

HELEN G. BARNETT, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

## WE TOOK A DARE

*Dear Editors:* Personally, I am thoroughly disgusted with the *Journal*. For the past few years, there has been nothing but: why parents drink, why husbands stray, why men don't talk to their wives. Is your marriage on the rocks? No wonder wives are bored and the divorce rate is so high. It's magazines that are filling our minds with worries that we would never have thought of ourselves. (I dare you to print this.)

NAME WITHHELD, *Chicago Heights, Ill.*

• *As much as we dislike them, such problems exist. Pretending they don't will never make them go away. Though articles aren't cure-alls, many readers have told us that they do provide new perspective and the incentive to seek professional help.—ED.*

## OLD FOLKS CAN BE AT HOME

*Dear Journal:* My husband and I (in our 70's) have cared for my husband's mother (over 100) for five years. We have learned a few solutions for the problem when there is no money for outside help or care:

1. Look over the situation impersonally. What would you suggest if it were your neighbor's problem? Would you let a 90-year-old woman, sick and senile, run the family?

2. Make up a list of rules for *everyone* in the family to follow. This includes the mother.

3. Feel no guilt, ever. Your mother has had a long life; and now it is the turn for you and your family. A smoldering resentment helps no one. Your parent will respond to a relaxed and self-forgiving attitude in you.

4. Silently answer all annoyances with "So what." That will help you keep from taking things personally.

5. Be firm but kind. Before you take a trip, tell her that she must not distract you in the car. If she can't follow rules, leave her at home.

6. Give her a room of her own, and a TV set, and even her own bathroom facilities. She needs privacy and so do you.

7. Insist upon leading your life as it was before she came. Entertain your friends, and go out as often as you can. This will make you happier to stay at home when you must.

8. Remember, always, that your husband and children are the important ones. Pray and meditate daily—both for the right answers and for the strength to carry on.

A FRIEND IN NEED, *Michigan*

*Dear Mr. Anderson:* To those who are concerned about the effect on a teenage child of caring for aged parents, I recommend this old Russian story:

Once upon a time, an old man had passed his prime and was living with his son. Now, his son's wife was irritated by the old man and his doddering ways, not to mention the added expense, which they could ill afford. So, one winter night, the wife said, "Your father must leave this house tonight." The husband pleaded, but finally he said to his young son, "Go up to the loft and get the horse blanket, that it may warm your grandfather on his journey." The son did as he was bidden, but returned with only half. "Why," said the father, "did you divide the blanket?" The boy replied, "Because I wish to save the other half for you."

ARDEN M. BLUNT, *Boalsburg, Pa.*



# beauty you can see...

# comfort you can feel...

# quality you can rely on

**The beauty of a custom-designed sofa, plus heavenly Beautyrest sleeping comfort! Only Hide-A-Bed® is your assurance of both . . . backed by the quality of the Simmons name. Style shown, from the Golden Value Group of famous Hide-A-Bed sofas—"Newton" with Beautyrest® mattress and exciting new textured upholstery, $379.50. Others from $199.**




only by SIMMONS

**See Hide-A-Bed sofa values at your favorite store tomorrow**

# I dreamed I had a swinging time in my *maidenform* bra

Fur skirt by Georges Kaplan

## World's best-selling bra–Chansonette*–now in Dacron!**

Never needs ironing! Wash and wear it just like that! World-famous circular-and-spoke stitch styling (see inset) shapes up, wash after wash, to the sculptured contours that flatter your figure to its fullest perfection. Choose from white, champagne, black... in A, B and C cups.

2.50
(D cups, 3.50)



OTHER CHANSONETTE STYLES: CONTOUR IN AA, A, B, C CUPS, 3.00; COTTON, 2.00; LACE AND FULL LENGTH, 3.50

*REG U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1963 BY MAIDENFORM, INC., MAKERS OF BRAS, GIRDLES, SWIMSUITS

**WHITE BROADCLOTH: COTTON, "DACRON" POLYESTER.

JILL ST. JOHN and TONY BILL say...

# "Get the fastest suntan with MAXIMUM PROTECTION!"

The best looking tan under the sun. That's what you get with Coppertone. And that's why it's preferred by Hollywood's leading stars and America's sun-loving millions. There's just *no* tan like a Coppertone *sun*tan!

*Florida tests proved why.* Conducted by eminent skin specialists, these tests showed that with Coppertone's "sun-balanced" formula you get the fastest tan possible with maximum sunburn protection. And Coppertone *conditions* your skin as you tan. Its rich lanolin and other fine emollients help prevent ugly dryness and peeling, keep skin supple and soft.

So—enjoy the sun! And get the best looking tan—deep, rich, long lasting—marvelously even and smooth—with Coppertone. Outsells other suntan products by far! Save, buy largest size.

Jill and Tony co-star
with Frank Sinatra in
"COME BLOW YOUR HORN"
*a Paramount release*

*Coppertone is a Reg. T.M. of Plough, Inc.*
*Also available in Canada*



TAN, DON'T BURN
USE COPPERTONE

*America's No. 1 line of suntan products*

*Don't be a paleface*

LOTION: favorite for "balanced" tanning and sunburn protection.
OIL: for those who want deepest tan and require less protection.
CREAM: for maximum "stay-on" during swimming and exercise.
SPRAY: in handy aerosol can—for convenience, speedy application.
NOSKOTE: gives special protection to nose, extra exposed spots.
LIPKOTE: wonderfully soothing to dry, sore, flaky lips.
SHADE: for extra protection to children and all with sensitive skin.

# COPPERTONE®




*NEW!*
*Royal Blend*



. . . world's most luxurious suntan body lotion with 7 beauty benefits in every precious drop. Want a tan worthy of a sun goddess . . . skin incredibly smooth? Get fabulous Royal Blend.

# INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS

GALITZINE—Crisp white cotton ottoman (Sheldon Mills) is tailored masterfully into the prettiest summer suit. The polka-dot silk blouse ties at the neckline and cuffs. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1248. Hat designed by Emme.

CAVANAGH—Fluid white silk crepe (below) was used to make this slim line-for-line copy. The bodice creates the illusion of an overblouse by its intricate drape. The tie is white polka-dot organza. Vogue Couturier Design No. 1246.

OTHER VIEWS, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 98.









# ENTER THE RICHARD HUDNUT $100,000 "DIAMONDS-FROM-TIFFANY'S" SWEEPSTAKES

## 1,127 PRIZES
## Easy to win!

**Here's all you do to enter:**

1. On an official entry blank, or plain piece of paper, print or write clearly your name and address. Mail entry to: Richard Hudnut Sweepstakes, Box #469, New York 46, New York. Entries must be postmarked by July 31, 1963 and received by August 7, 1963.

2. Enter as often as you wish—each entry must be mailed separately and must be accompanied by a box top from either Fashion Quick or Light and Bright or a plain piece of paper 3 x 5" on which you have hand drawn the words "Fashion Quick" or "Light and Bright" in block letters.

3. Winners will be selected in drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Only one prize to a family.

4. Sweepstakes open to all women in the United States except employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Tiffany & Company, D. L. Blair Corporation and their advertising agencies. Offer void in Wisconsin, Missouri, Florida and where prohibited by law.

5. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered and tax liability on prizes is the sole responsibility of prize winners.

6. For a list of prize winners, send a separate self-addressed stamped envelope to Richard Hudnut Winners List, Box #500, New York 46, New York.




Fashion Quick for a soft, natural-looking wave that lasts for month after month, through trim after trim for four months.



Light and Bright—the wonderful one-step hair lightener that takes you from nearly blonde to clearly blonde without artificial coloring.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW YORK • PARIS

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# It's Perfectly Simple, Bub So Am I

Now, do you have it straight? Pick up five hamburgers. One with everything except onions; one with onions but no mayonnaise; one with relish, tomatoes and onions but no lettuce; one absolutely plain with no trimmings; and one cheeseburger. Get three orders of French fries unless they give you potato chips with the hamburgers. If they do, get one order of French fries and two of onion rings. OK?"

"Oh, don't you know how to play? Well, it's very easy. Just remember that deuces, fives, red queens and one-eyed jacks are wild. Whoever gets the seven of clubs has to open, and the queen of spades counts double against you."

'Mother, I'm going over to Karen's to study for the algebra exam. If any boys call while I'm gone, be sure to ask who it is. If Tim calls, tell him where I am and give him my phone number. If it's Mike, say I'm out for the evening and try to make it sound like I've got a date. If it's Eric or Wayne, say I'm not home and you don't know where I am or when I'll be back. If anybody else phones, call me at Karen's and tell me who. Thanks, mom!"

'A camera? Yes, indeed, madam. Now this one has an integral coupled range finder and an enclosed parallax-correcting viewfinder. It's calibrated in EV numbers in addition to *f* stops and shutter speeds. . . ."

"Jack McIver? Sure, I know him. Matter of fact, we're related by marriage. My husband's mother's brother—that is to say, my husband's Uncle Henry—married Jack's mother's first cousin, Beatrice Laidlow. You see, Jack's grandmother on his mother's side and Beatrice's father were brother and sister, so. . . ."

Anthony Quig leaned gracefully against the walnut-paneled bookcase, sipping a brandy as the doctor dressed the shoulder wound where the bullet had grazed him.

"It's perfectly simple, inspector," he said, lifting an insouciant eyebrow. "I knew we had our murderer when Carson's key wouldn't open the door of Lady Cynthia's guesthouse. It explained why Burns was so eager to get rid of a key that didn't seem to have any connection with the case. You see, he thought it was a duplicate of the key which Mrs. Bixby, the housekeeper, had left in the purse she checked at the bus station. What actually happened was that Carson got that key mixed up with the key to his own apartment, and he knew that as soon as Burns realized his mistake, he'd figure that Carson was double-crossing him. But Burns, who wasn't aware that Carson knew of the existence of Mrs. Bixby's key. . . ."

"Gee, mommy, you missed the neatest program on TV. It was really cool! There were these two men on a train and they were handcuffed together because one of them was a policeman, and he was taking the other guy to prison. Only this guy, the first one I mean, wasn't really a policeman at all. He was a bad guy, too, and then the train caught on fire—oh, I forgot to tell you he had a girl friend. There was this scene at the beginning where. . . ."

It takes a beam of light, traveling at a speed of 11,160,000 miles per minute, four years to reach the nearest star, 140,000 years to cross the Milky Way and 2,000,000,000 years to travel to the most distant nebula. Thus it becomes clear that. . . .

"I'm calling about our car pool for dancing class. Sue Carter, who's supposed to bring the children home on Thursdays, has a new cleaning lady who comes Thursdays, and Sue has to drive her to the bus. So Harriet Ormsby, who brings home on Tuesdays, said she'd switch with Sue if she can take instead of bringing home on Thursdays, but I can't trade with her unless I can find somebody to switch second Thursdays with me because that's the day my bridge club meets. So if you could switch with me, I could trade with Harriet and. . . ."

"Lady, I've got your washing machine all fixed. The winch sockets were plugged with oil, and there was a crack in the granulator, which caused a short in the sprocket. I put in a new adjucator, and it comes to $74.93 exactly."

"Old Orchard Lane? Sure, I can tell you how to get there. You drive north about two miles until you come to a viaduct. You cut across the underpass and bear east—no, wait a minute! Do I mean east? Yep, east is right! Just keep on going east until you come to the freeway—say, wait a minute! There's a shorter way than that. Instead of using the underpass, you take the viaduct and make a sharp turn to the right and. . . ."

"Now, just remember to keep your eye on the ball, your right elbow in, your wrists supple, your feet apart, your head down—and relax!"

"Honey, before we go to the association banquet, maybe I ought to brief you on a couple of things. Don't mention bridge to Al Jenkins, because he feels pretty punk about losing that tournament. And don't ask the Matthews about their children, because their oldest son just flunked out of college. Bob Lucas has taken off 15 pounds, so you might mention how trim he looks, and Greg Hartley caught a 20-pound salmon last Saturday. Tell him I told you about it. And for the luvva Pete, stay off politics with the Bensons. They're rabid!"

"It's terribly nice of you to take care of our house plants while we're away. I'm sure you won't find them much trouble. Just remember to water the African violets from underneath, and don't forget to snip off brown leaves and faded flowers. Keep the Jerusalem cherry in a sunny spot, at about 70 degrees, but don't put the cyclamen in direct sunlight, and remember to water it every day, but don't get the leaves wet. The cactus just needs an occasional sprinkling, don't overwater the philodendron. . . ."




Cut strips G3 and H4 along dotted lines, inserting projecting tabs HH and JJ through slots MM and NN in anchor base to form right angles (see fig. 3). Staple tabs X and Y to points B and D opposite slots C and F, folding sides XY and XZ to center (see fig. 4). Pull point E toward you. . . .

© 1963 by Jane Goodsell

# Banana Mallow Pie

*made with the world's only "instant" meringue!*




You make it good and easy
with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows—
the good kind that stay soft

**Here is how:** Slice 2 or 3 bananas into baked and cooled 8 or 9-inch pastry shell or baked graham cracker crust.

**Prepare** 1 package instant vanilla pudding and pie filling according to pie directions on package. Pour over bananas and let stand for 5 minutes.

**For "instant" meringue,** sprinkle 2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows over top and broil for few minutes until marshmallows are lightly browned—crusty on top, creamy on the inside.

**Chill** for 30 minutes and serve.



Each can of Dinty Moore Beef Stew is its own pressure cooker. Everything—lean beef, fresh garden vegetables and fresh-made beef gravy—is cooked *fresh* inside the sealed can to save all the goodness and flavor for you.

**A fresh idea in meat from Hormel.**




FRESH



# THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE



## 50 Hints for 1963 Grads

BY HARLAN MILLER

Wrapped in a $100 bill, these 50 semi-secret globs and gems of wisdom make a tidy graduation gift. They *might* bring a grad success. This can't be guaranteed! But they'll improve his popularity, make her a better marriage risk, win invitations to dinner and good salaries.

**1.** Under our "system," you're the equal of any man or woman alive. **2.** To make people listen, speak softly, clearly, with precise enunciation. **3.** Master a musical instrument, if only a portable phonograph; for the limelight it beats lighting a Roman candle in your teeth. **4.** Nobody has mystical secrets for success hidden from you. **5.** Why overindulge in liquor? It's sloppy.

**6.** If the primitive Ugly Monster inside nudges when you're driving, choke him with extra *politesse* to other drivers. **7.** In ANY career the sky's your limit if your work's more fun than dawdling. **8.** Others have uncertainties and problems too; never forget it. **9.** To sharpen your wits and weapons, prowl every bookshelf, read a book a week minimum. **10.** If in doubt about a lifetime career, try early several different jobs.

**11.** Proudly remember who you are; don't humble yourself to second-raters. **12.** Live within your means; a car is only a vehicle. **13.** Be compassionate, even to the unenviable rich. **14.** Plant and watch things grow, a loving liaison with nature. **15.** In the other sex: diligence, loyalty and intelligence (with humor) excel clever good looks.

**16.** Study big dictionaries and encyclopedias, rich in gems and ideas. **17.** With $1,000 you're freer; save a little! **18.** Pursue outdoor sports to cherish all your life; and indoor ones too. **19.** Act poised and self-confident to cover inner uncertainties. **20.** Bring your friends home; be proud of your family, it's as good as any; be yourself.

**21.** To guide your actions and attitudes, read biography and history, a few pages daily. **22.** Your brothers and sisters needn't irk you, nor your relatives; you irk them a bit too. **23.** It's civilized to write often to family and friends; miles needn't be a barrier to intimacy. **24.** Good posture distinguishes you more than expensive clothes, chin up, chest high, shoulders back, tummy in. **25.** Keep a diary to watch yourself mature; last week's riddles seem trifles.

**26.** Read newspapers and magazines fully; be well informed; readjust your ideas. **27.** Indoor and outdoor hobbies are important; they stabilize you in a chaotic world. **28.** Even if it hurts, be polite to everybody, especially to the rude. **29.** Be unorthodox only with composure. **30.** List clearly and concisely your own rules, plans and projects, hang 'em in bedroom, kitchen, front hall.

**31.** Don't fear an hour alone, welcome it; a magic moment to plan and ponder. **32.** On one or two lively topics be an expert, even if it's only left-handed violinists. **33.** Love those chores and duties; work is a blissful asylum from confusion. **34.** Smile at each new fake "crisis," and dodge the daily hysteria; strain never ends; cold wars last forever. **35.** Disdain to act tough or cocky like girls and boys empty inside, and afraid.

**36.** Most of us are happier where we grew up than far away. **37.** Drop in on people, they enjoy it; you might phone first. **38.** Reveal your affection and love. **39.** Even if your religious opinions are in flux, go to church and meditate, as to secret music. **40.** Talk less than your companions, and be a good listener; concentrate.

**41.** Confide in a trusted confidant, as in confessional or psychoanalysis, to ease your strain. **42.** A facial expression with humor, intelligence and gentle amiability makes a plain face beautiful. **43.** Try to be reliable, trustworthy and dependable, and honors will seek you out. **44.** Coddle and console the aged and the very young; they need your strength. **45.** Remember, courage is the dominant, indispensable and supreme virtue.

**46.** Fears and anxieties are often hallucinations; subdue them. **47.** Compassion is the loveliest word in our language; it is civilization's true essence. **48.** If restless or disturbed, don't raid the icebox; take a long walk. **49.** Be carefully well dressed and well groomed; onlookers exaggerate a careless appearance. **50.** There is no solution; seek it lovingly.

**You may be one of 1500 lucky prize winners during the annual**

SPECIAL PRICES

VALUES OF A LIFETIME

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

# ADMIRAL® APPLIANCE FAIR

BIG PRIZES

Worth $250,000

NOW FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY! Your Admiral Dealer is offering you the appliance values of a lifetime. The annual Admiral Appliance Fair is your Admiral Dealer's way of introducing all the exciting new 1963 Admiral quality appliances. All are packed with new, exciting features. All are quality built to be trouble free... to give your kitchen a new look of luxury. Don't miss out on this one-in-a-year event! And don't forget to take your Lucky Number card with you. Simply check it with the winning numbers your Admiral Dealer now has on display. Nothing to buy—no slogans to write. It may have already won you any one of 1,500 free prizes worth over $250,000.

COME IN AND SAVE

*net N.E.M.A. Certified Capacities

## 1500 CHANCES TO WIN

NOTHING TO BUY. NO SLOGANS TO WRITE
JUST TAKE THE ATTACHED LUCKY NUMBER CARD TO YOUR ADMIRAL APPLIANCE DEALER



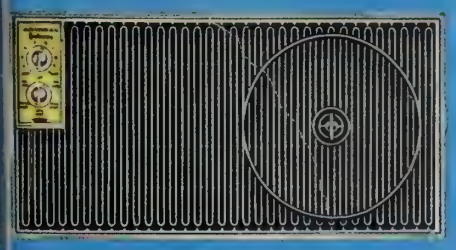
MORE FREEZER CAPACITY without increasing floor space. Double grid shelves for quicker freezing. 7 models. 9.6 to 21.7 cu. ft.*
NEW ADMIRAL SLIMLINE UPRIGHT FREEZER



ONE COMPACT CABINET combines no defrosting, full-size freezer and no-defrosting, full-size refrigerator from 18.9 to 25.5 cu. ft.* capacity. Choice of 41", 48" and 52" widths 5 fashion colors.
ADMIRAL DUPLEX REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



KEEPS FOODS FRESH LONGER with Admiral engineered moist cold refrigeration. No defrosting in both refrigerator and big sub-zero freezer. 8 models from 12.5 to 19.3 cu. ft.*
FAMOUS ADMIRAL DUAL-TEMP REFRIGERATOR



NEVER BEFORE so much cooling power, so quiet. 17 models. Install in minutes with easy Flex-O-Mount. NEMA Certified capacities.
ADMIRAL SLIMLINE AIR CONDITIONERS



LESS FLOOR SPACE—LARGER CAPACITY. New chest freezer keeps up to 859 lbs. Balanced sub-zero freezing with newly designed Admiral coiling system. Eliminates "hot" spots.
NEW ADMIRAL SLIMLINE CHEST FREEZER



TWO OVEN RANGE opens a whole world of cooking joy. Just 30" wide. The luxury look of a built-in without the expense.
ALL-NEW ADMIRAL DUPLEX RANGE

Announcing the Journal Teen-age Panel

# Teen-agers Speak Up!

Hundreds of teen-agers were interviewed to produce our March article, *Teen-Age Marriage Craze*. And we heard from scores more in response to it. Many were angry ("You only show one side of the picture"), many agreed ("If teen-agers would read an article like this, there wouldn't be a teen-age marriage story to tell").

Their comments demonstrate what many adults miss, that teen-agers are not all alike. They cannot be massed into a category: Teen-agers with a capital T. They are individuals with varying personalities and points of view, and their letters prove it.

Blaming parents for the rise in early marriages is a 16-year-old girl from Southern California. "Even in grammar school," she begins, "kids are conscious of keeping up with the Joneses. Their parents plan dances and parties when the kids should be playing cowboys and Indians. When kids are allowed to date in the sixth grade, parents are asking for trouble. With sex talked about so much in our society, the next step is experimentation and by the time kids are 15 or 16 the only thing left is marriage."

From a New York girl came a similar reaction. "Polls, tests, questionnaires, interviews can only touch the surfaces of the reasons for going steady. Probably the greatest help in reducing teen-age marriage is for each parent to understand and talk to his own child about dating, marriage and premarital sex. Many don't know how, but it's simple when you go in not as an interrogator but as a kind, understanding, interested FRIEND. The teen-age period is the time you first sense what love is about. Sure, it's not the kind of love which should result in marriage, and I think most of us understand that. It's something new and beautiful, and it's great to share it with one person. The majority of teen-agers have great sense, and with a little stabilizing from parents—watching what kids drink, chaperoning parties, being alert to all situations and being a guiding friend—we won't take up 'the marriage craze.'"

Disagreeing about the number of teen marriages are two 15-year-old Ohio girls. "We realize that many teen-agers get in trouble. But the number is nowhere near the height your article suggests. One of us has been going steady seven months and has never tried anything beyond the bounds of good taste. The other kids around here have the same high morals. We can't think of anyone in the last five years who's had to get married."

A Connecticut boy, just turned 19, writes to defend going steady. "I plan to become engaged to a wonderful girl (18) in a few months, although I will be going on to school for two years and we won't get married until I can support her. Until I met Kathy last year, I had never gone steady.

"Does going steady affect schoolwork? I don't know about others, but having Kathy gave me a real reason to work hard. Before I started going with her, my marks were either barely passing or flunking. Now I am close to being on the Honor Roll for the first time in my life, and I feel a deep sense of pride and accomplishment.

"Now, what about morals? Petting and all that? Finding a girl who has never been to bed with a guy and won't until she's married is hard. But I have found one, and I would not hurt or change her for the world. If she became pregnant now, I'd lose her parents' trust and respect, I couldn't go on to school and I'd louse up our plans for the future.

"Is going steady right or wrong, good or bad? It depends on the two people involved. My girl and I have thought things over and talked things out and made our choice. We love and want each other. Period. I'm glad I'm going steady."

Also strongly defending going steady is this 16-year-old New Yorker who complains, "Honestly, I believe your article left many a worried mother wondering what her child does *after* the movie. Don't you feel that it is the *minority* of teen-agers who get themselves into trouble? I've been going steady since August and everybody knows it. Are we terribly serious? Do we have a hard time restraining our emotions? Do we sleep together? NO! Do we confide in each other, do we share wonderful experiences? YES! Is this such a crime?"

Going steady is not a crime, certainly. As the Connecticut boy said, whether it's right or wrong, good or bad, depends upon the two people involved. However, the two people sometimes *become involved* to the extent of marriage. Nearly half of the letters received were from teen-age brides. Here are two, both from Illinois.

"I would like to tell you about a teen-age marriage that is *working*—ours! I met John when I was 16. Before long he gave me his class ring and we were going steady. In my junior year we got engaged. I went home to show mother the ring, thinking she'd be pleased. But she flew into a rage and insisted I give it back. I didn't, and one night when mother caught me talking to John, she grabbed the phone out of my hand and told him to get over and pick up his ring. I thought I would never see him again. I didn't for two months. Finally, a girl friend arranged a secret meeting. And from then on we began sneaking. I felt like a criminal.

"One night we just melted in each other's arms and there was no stopping. I was ashamed afterward, knowing what we did was wrong, hating myself inside. Finally, my parents caught us sneaking, but it was too late. I was pregnant.

"We were married at city hall, then in my church. My parents didn't come to the wedding. We lived with John's parents until John Jr. was born. Six months later my father got us a house. How can I ever thank them?

"We've been married three years and haven't had three fights. I'm not saying our marriage is a record, but it's got a beautiful start."

The second teen-age-bride letter comes "after 13 years of marriage and four children. My conclusion," writes the young woman, "*neither* of us would do it again at that age. I doubt if my reasons would make sense to today's teen-agers. But that's the whole point. If it doesn't make sense, you're not ready for marriage.

"We went together two and a half years, waited until I was 19 and he had graduated from college and landed a job. We were madly in love, but that isn't always adequate. We sank everything into a new car that was necessary for his job. We didn't plan for a family for at least two years. No. 1 child arrived nine and a half months after we were married. No hospitalization, $1,500 due on the car, no furniture, no nothing and hundreds of miles from home and help.

"We survived on our own two feet. It has been a terrific struggle, and we're tired. We didn't have our youth long enough. I wanted a college education, which I miss desperately. He wanted a good start, freedom to earn more, and he misses that desperately.

"Now, despite our love, the breach grows wider every day. Men are too busy earning a living to discuss what they want out of life. Discuss this *before* you take the leap. *It's important.*

"Marriage can be wonderful, but don't expect it to be unless you are prepared. Not everyone is cut out to be a doctor, and it's no disgrace if you decide marriage isn't the career for you. If you do choose it, remember, when you get angry you can't *quit this job* and go somewhere else where they are more sympathetic."

These comments, echoing many others, demonstrate that today's teen-agers have the spirit to speak up and the sense to speak well. We are grateful for their comments and want to hear from more of them. You?

**HELP WANTED: BOYS AND GIRLS FOR THE JOURNAL TEEN-AGE PANEL**

How would you decorate a living room? What's your idea of a dream dress or a dream date? Do you have problems with makeup, money, grades? If you'd like to be considered for the JOURNAL TEEN-AGE PANEL, fill out the questionnaire below, write a short paragraph about yourself and send* to: Teen-age Panel, Ladies' Home Journal, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
DATE OF BIRTH _____ GRADE IN SCHOOL ____ COLLEGE _____
JOB (part-time) ____ (full-time) _____ (looking) ____ TYPE OF WORK _____
DO YOU LIKE SPORTS? _____ DANCING? _____ READING? _____ STUDYING? _____ MUSIC? _____ If yes, CLASSICAL? ____ POP? _____
WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE HOBBY?

*Do not send photographs or anything else you want returned. We cannot reply to all entries. Finalists will be notified.

NOW! BRIGHT NEW WAY TO WELCOME SPRING...

Bouquet Salads

Sweet fresh fruits and tender your vegetables fairly beg to be displaye in this easy, but oh-so-glamorous ne way!

Start with one of the basic salads be low, cottage cheese or your own favorit Waldorf or potato salad.

For "bouquet": Place plastic doily o flat plate. Mound salad in center. Ga

nish with greens and rings of fres fruits or vegetables. Refrigerate. Serv with additional Best Foods... the del cate, subtly flavored mayonnaise tha never hides the flavor of other food

BASIC FRUIT SALAD

2 bananas, chopped
1 cup sliced strawberries
2 cups chopped pineapple
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/2 cup Best Foods® Real Mayonnais
1 cup cottage cheese

Combine Best Foods and cheese. Tos with fruit. Garnish. Serves 4.

PEAR VARIATION: Follow above re cipe, substituting 2 pears, choppe 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/3 cup flake coconut for strawberries, pineapple an pecans.

BASIC VEGETABLE SALAD

2 cups diced carrots
2 cups sliced celery
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 cup sliced radishes
1 cup diced cucumber
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup Best Foods Real Mayonnais
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1-1/2 cups cottage cheese

Combine Best Foods, salt and cheese toss with vegetables. Garnish. Serves 6

NOTE: These recipes were develope with Best Foods and no other bran can insure the same delicious results

This is no place for "second best"! It takes real mayonnaise—Best Foods—to bring out the best in special salads like these. Extra delicate and light, Best Foods highlights but never hides the natura goodness of other foods.

this is no place for "second best"..

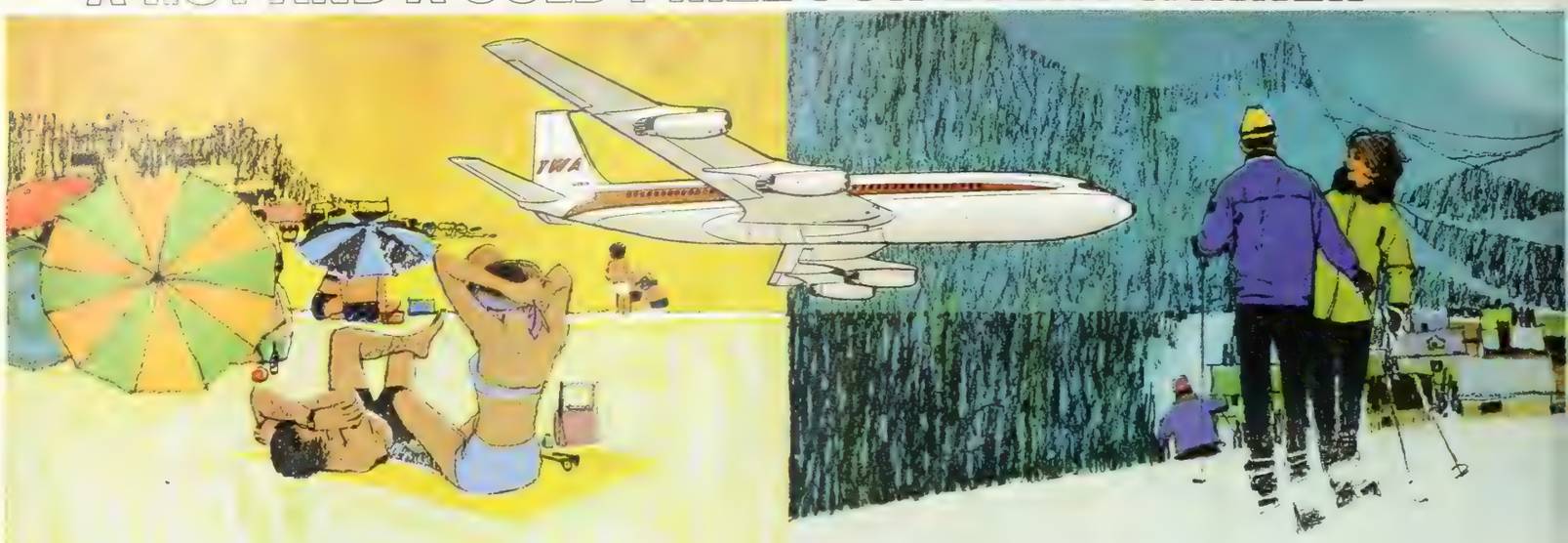



bring out the BEST FOODS...and bring out the best

NEW! EASY-SCOOP QUART

# ENTER ARMOUR'S HOT and COLD CONTEST

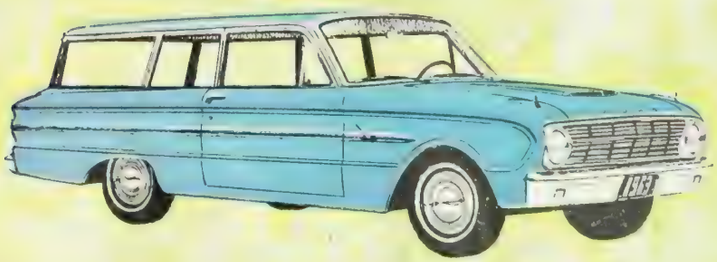
## A HOT AND A COLD PRIZE FOR EVERY WINNER

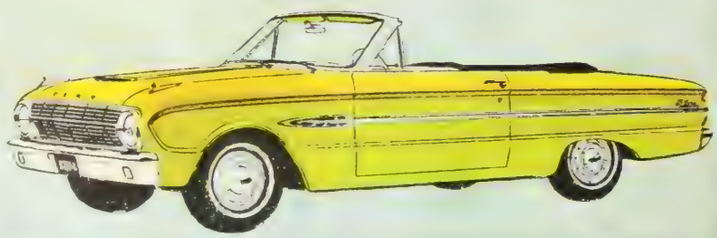



## WIN A *TWA* WINTER VACATION
FOR TWO ON THE SUNNY RIVIERA. AND A
**1963 FALCON STATION WAGON**

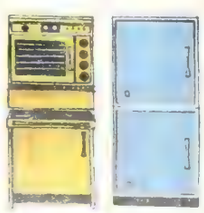
OR

## WIN A *TWA* SUMMER VACATION
FOR TWO IN THE SNOWY ALPS. AND A FULLY-EQUIPPED
**1963 FALCON CONVERTIBLE**





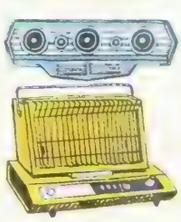
**10 Second Prizes**
Win a pair of hot and cold appliances. A Tappan range and a Tappan refrigerator.



**10 Third Prizes**
Win a Sunbeam electric power mower and a Sunbeam electric snow thrower.



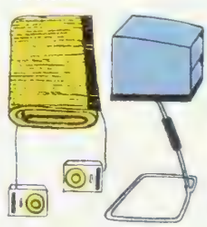
**15 Fourth Prizes**
Win a Frigiking automobile air conditioner and a pair of Westinghouse portable room heaters.



**25 Fifth Prizes**
Win a La-Z Boy Reclina-Rocker® and a Sunray outdoor chaise lounge.



**100 Sixth Prizes**
Win a Northern Electric Heating blanket and a Northern Electric Automatic bed cooler.



**150 Seventh Prizes**
Win a Corningware home-maker set and a Swing-away ice crusher.



**250 Eighth Prizes**
Win a Zebco fishing outfit and a Manning Bowman electric corn popper.



Just complete the last line of the Armour jingle:

You can serve Armour canned hams hot,
You can serve Armour canned hams cold,
And either way you serve them,

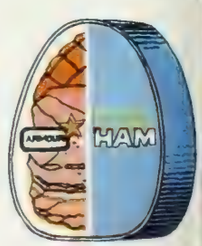
(LAST LINE TO RHYME WITH "COLD")

Serve Armour canned hams hot or cold.

Buy a canned Armour Star Ham (America's most popular canned ham) or a canned "Ham What Am," by Armour (America's de luxe canned ham). Serve either ham hot for dinner . . . serve either ham cold in sandwiches or salads.

**Armour "Hot and Cold" Contest Rules — 1.** Complete last line of the Armour jingle shown in this ad. **2.** Mail entry to Armour's "Hot and Cold" Ham Contest, Box 6565, Chicago 77, Illinois. Each entry must include either a copy of the raised numbers from the front of the canned Armour Star Ham or "Ham What Am" by Armour or the Star Token to be found inside the can. **3.** Enter as often as you like. Use the entry form available where you buy canned Armour Star Ham or "Ham What Am," or a plain sheet of paper. No contestant shall be entitled to receive more than one prize. Armour and Company reserves the right to disqualify any entry which was not composed by contestant or members of his household. **4.** Entries will be judged by R. L. Polk & Co., on the basis of originality, freshness, clarity and aptness of thought, all weighed equally. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. **5.** Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, July 31, 1963 and received no later than August 6, 1963. All entries become the property of Armour and Company, and none will be acknowledged or returned. **6.** Any resident of the Continental United States (excluding Alaska and Hawaii) may enter the contest, except employees of Armour and Company, its subsidiary companies, its advertising agencies, R. L. Polk & Co., and their families. **7.** Contest is subject to all Federal, State and local regulations.






By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

*Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America*

**; IT CHEAPER TO OWN TWO CARS— R LEASE ONE?**

*My husband needs a car for work. The :pense of two cars is a huge item in our udget. We wonder whether a car-leasing lan would help us."*

—Mrs. J. W., Parma Heights, Ohio.

Many readers living in suburban areas, ependent on cars, have written that run- ng two cars has become an unexpected rain. When your total transportation bill, cluding depreciation (annual loss in arket value), rises much above 12 percent your after-tax income, other needs suf- r. Yet, a number of family budgets sent the *Journal* for analysis reveal car ex- enses of 15 to 20 percent. One family who oved to the country even reports car ex- enses of $120 a month on an after-tax in- me of $450, or almost 27 percent.

Our surveys indicate that, for frequent e, owning still is cheaper than renting. r example, Runzheimer & Company, icago accountants, estimated for the merican Automobile Association that ed ownership costs, including depreciation, license and insurance, but not gas or aintenance, now run about $806 a year r a low-priced standard eight-cylinder r; $668 for a domestic compact, and $455 r a foreign compact. This estimate assumes you trade in the car every two years. or a standard eight-cylinder car, the ecific costs are: insurance, $138; registration, $23, and depreciation, $645.)

In comparison, rental plans for even the west-price compacts charge $90 to $100 a nth on long-term leases, not including s. Only if a car is driven close to 20,000 iles a year is long-term leasing as economal as owning.

But for a family that may need a second r only one or two days a week, rental does en an avenue of escape from the costs of uble ownership. For example, if you rent "compact" one day a week at $5 plus 5 nts a mile, and usually cover about 30 les that day, your yearly cost would be 38, not including gas, and for two days, 76. By comparison, if you own a car curntly worth $1,200, realistically you must ure your depreciation at about $348 (a r loses, typically, 29 percent of its value ch year), plus $18 for registration (varies), 10 for insurance (also varies), and $60 a ar for each $1,000 of debt for financing, you buy on time. These fixed costs total 48. Maintenance and tires add approxitely 1.2 cents a mile.

Occasional leasing has another advantage the kind of driving most women do. equent short trips in crowded traffic rave the engine and other components far re than longer over-the-road trips.

If a car is needed more than two days a ek, ownership costs can be sliced by lowing these policies:

Use a compact for at least one of the two 's. In addition to the lower fixed costs, Runzheimer found (in the Chicago area) that gas, maintenance and tires for a domestic compact averaged 2.7 cents a mile, and for a foreign compact, 1.95, compared with 3.8 for a standard-size car.

- Depreciation is your chief foe. After two years, depreciation begins to get cheap. Nor do repair costs rise as sharply on middle-aged cars as many families believe. The AAA advises that most modern cars, treated with care, do not enter the so-called "maintenance period" of expensive repairs until 40,000–50,000 miles. Cars driven mostly on long-distance trips often hold up well for 100,000 miles.
- Use your car conservatively, consolidate trips. Gas and maintenance are your second biggest cost. Frequent short trips pyramid this expense.

**MUST FOOD COSTS GET OUT OF LINE WHEN A WIFE WORKS?**

*"You allowed $22 a week for food for a family of four. I don't see how this can be done! I work, so I have to include easily prepared foods. Our food bills for parents and four children, ages 1 to 7, average $53 a week. Can this be reduced?"*—Dr. R. J., Cincinnati.

That $22 a week was a very low-cost "crash budget" for a family with two babies. For a medium-cost food budget, use these approximate weekly allowances as a target:

| | |
|---|---|
| Child under 1 | $4 |
| Child of 1 to 3 | $5 |
| Child of 4 to 6 | $6 |
| Child of 7 to 9 | $7 |
| Wife | $8 |
| Husband | $10 |

But large families enjoy economies in buying and preparation. The U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that, for a family of five, costs can be reduced 5 percent from these figures; for a family of six, 10 percent. On the other hand, working wives are pressed for time. Agriculture Department surveys found that working women feed their families as well as full-time homemakers, but usually spend about 75 cents more per person per week.

Thus, a food allowance of about $42–$45 a week would be reasonable for your family right now. That's for food only—not including soaps, paper goods and other non-foods bought in supermarkets. How to do it?

- Plan a week's meals ahead on the basis of weekend supermarket ads. Thus you take advantage of the weekend specials and save shopping time too. A recent Stanford University survey found these specials can reduce family food bills up to 10 percent.
- Food preparation takes about one fourth of all homemaking time, a Cornell survey found. To save time and cut costs, serve fewer and larger courses.
- Buy and prepare in bulk. The large box of cereal, costs about half the price per ounce of the small. In general, I find savings on larger sizes average 17 percent. END



**Why does this Rubbermaid Dish Drainer weigh 2 lbs., 13½ ozs.?**

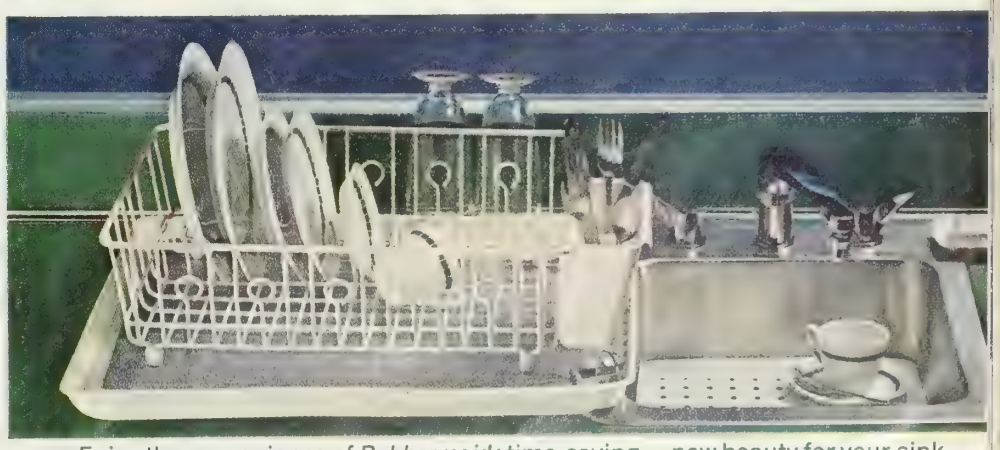
Because it has a rugged welded steel frame that simply won't buckle, bend or break under heaviest loads of dishes, day after day . . . unlike many look-alike products.

Rubbermaid coddles your best china with a special, thick cushion-coating over the sturdy frame. This Rubbermaid coating shrugs off the constant wash of hottest water, detergents. And Rubbermaid stays the color you chose.

Only Rubbermaid gives you the right number of properly angled plateholders to separate and hold your dishes . . . patented reinforced glassholder loops to protect your prized glassware.

Like other Rubbermaid cushion-coated items, it's made to serve you for years.

You get *all* these quality features *only* from Rubbermaid . . . don't settle for less.



Enjoy the convenience of *Rubbermaid:* time-saving . . . new beauty for your sink.

You get the best only if *Rubbermaid* is on the product.

Rubbermaid
MEANS BETTER MADE

RUBBERMAID INC., WOOSTER, OHIO • COOKSVILLE, ONTARIO




# Try slimming, trimming salads made extra flavorful with Heinz Vinegars

There's taste excitement galore in crisp, low-calorie summer salads when you make them with sparkling-clear Heinz Vinegars. That's because famous Heinz Vinegars give you such a *big difference in flavor* for such a *little difference in price.*

• **Heinz Vinegars bring out** all the hidden flavors of your salad ingredients, and add their own very special crowning touch of goodness, too. So be sure to use only *Heinz* Vinegars in your salads.

**Basic French Dressing**

Always fresh-tasting because you make it as you need it. Combine ⅓ cup Heinz Vinegar, ⅔ cup salad oil, ¼ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar. Chill. Shake before serving. You can adjust to control calories by varying amount of oil. Example: try ½ cup vinegar to ½ cup oil.

P. S. *For vegetable* salads like the one shown, try Basil French. To 1 cup Basic Dressing, made with Heinz Wine Vinegar, add 1 Tbsp. crushed basil leaves and 1 clove garlic, split.




**Heinz Vinegars** are mellowed in wood, just as wine is mellowed. This is one reason why their quality, flavor and aroma are so superior.





*New products this month are designed to beat the heat*

**SUMMER'S COMING!** And with it the long hot spells. Humidity, however, is more to blame for discomfort than heat. Complaining about it is becoming a thing of the past, controlling it a thing of the present. With an electric dehumidifier you not only add immeasurably to your personal comfort but also help end mildew problems. The newest Westinghouse dehumidifier has an added bonus: It filters and collects soft water that can be used for steam irons, car batteries, hair washing (good news if you live in a hard-water district). One model will remove up to four gallons of moisture a day. All models are straight of line, slim of silhouette—22½" high, 12½" wide and 13" deep (19" with moisture-collecting container). For more information about various models (including price) write: Dehumidifier Department, Westinghouse Electric Corp., 300 Phillippi Road, Columbus 16, Ohio.

**SHOWER CAPS THAT SAVE THE COIFFURE:** Nothing does a hairdo in faster than a shower—or a close-fitting shower cap that crushes a brand-new bouffant. Kind to any coiffure is the Jackie Cap, a waterproof, plastic shower cap with built-in stays to keep it standing up and away from the hair. A little like a larger-than-life pillbox hat, it's even roomy enough for rollers. About $1 at drug and department stores, beauty shops.

**COOL COOKING?** It's the best kind when temperatures soar and energies drop. From Campbell's Bounty line come three new meals in a can. Simply open, heat and eat. We've tried them all and liked them. The trio? Chicken Stew with large chunks of white meat (19-oz., about 53c), a rich and ruddy Chili con Carne (15½-oz., about 39c) and Beef Stew (19-oz., about 53c).

**ALSO FOR KEEPING COOL:** Frozen food has long been a favorite because it cooks fast, looks and tastes garden fresh. But there was always the pan problem—most were either too big or too small. Now there's a new aluminum one just right for the job. It's a 1⅜-quart size, has a flat bottom just under 7" in diameter, which means you can lay the frozen block down, fit the cover closely and use range heat more efficiently. Another advantage: The lid has a side handle that really keeps cool. Both it and its pan have hang-up holes. For convenience, give them a home within arm's reach of the range. Cost about $2, from Mirro Aluminum Co., Manitowoc, Wis.

**WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT.** *Square* spaghetti, so help us. But there's a good reason for it—it holds more sauce, twirls beautifully on a fork, doesn't slither through the tines and is neater to eat. Furthermore, according to our food department, square spaghetti has a built-in *al dente* quality which reduces the risk of overcooking and means less split-second timing. Cost: two 15-oz. packages about 49c. From the same company comes a new Italian Cook book. For a copy, send 25c to Prince Macaroni Mfg. Co., Lowell, Mass.

**WHERE THERE'S FIRE, THERE'S SMOKE,** and smoke, with its noxious fumes, is the greater threat to life. Few people are burned to death in home fires, but many, unfortunately, are asphyxiated. Available now is a compact new home early-warning system that is activated by both *smoke* and *heat*. The unit, UL approved, hangs on the wall just below the ceiling, plugs into any outlet. A 135° F. ceiling heat will sound an alarm, also a smoke concentration almost imperceptible to the eye. Life Saver Dual Action Smoke Detector costs about $50. For information about it, write Fire Alarm Thermostat Corp., 119 W. 23rd St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

**PLAGUED BY PLACE MATS**—that slip, slide, spot and curl up at the corners? In local department stores is a new series that *won't*. The mats, ovals and rectangles of brightly colored burlap, are vinyl-treated on the serving side to make them spill- and stain-proof, quickly spongeable. Backed with a flexible nonskid Du Pont Urethane foam, they stay flat, insulate and deaden sound. The foam backing won't peel off or curl, is heat resistant, unaffected by liquids, doesn't become sticky or tacky and can be used on finest woods. The mats are made in 17 colors, cost about $1 each, and are perfect for both picnics and parties. By Ohio Table Pad Co., 1915 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

# For busy families...the washer so reliable it carries a 5-YEAR PARTS GUARANTEE!




# KELVINATOR

And it has 2-Speeds multi-cycles washes 1 to 12 lbs.

Here's the new washer that saves work, saves worry, and saves your clothes. It's the only washer that prescrubs for you automatically . . . gives you all the most-wanted conveniences . . . and washes your whole laundry cleaner without tugging clothes back and forth as ordinary agitator washers do.

It means far less worry because Kelvinator engineered a unique drive mechanism that has no gears to break down or wear out, ever! Want proof of Kelvinator's dependability? Look at the remarkable *Five-Year* Parts Guarantee! Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part for five years, and any other defective part for one year. Labor costs will be paid by the dealer for the first year and by the customer thereafter.

This reliable new Kelvinator carries an enticing low price tag. It's a product of Kelvinator's Constant Basic Improvement Program that brings you better appliances. You get the same high quality American Motors also builds into Rambler automobiles. See the proof at your dealer's today!

KELVINATOR DIVISION OF AMERICAN MOTORS, DETROIT 32, MICH.
*Dedicated to Excellence in Rambler Automobiles and Kelvinator Appliances*

# When A Man Outgrows His Wife

On a blustery day in Kansas City, Missouri, not long ago, I climbed a wind-swept hill to see Dr. J. R. Majors, local head of the Family and Children's Services. Dr. Majors is suntanned, Oklahoma-born, tolerant in his judgments. He speaks in a pleasant, slow, Southwestern drawl.

We spent hours talking about a strictly modern crop of unhappy wives—few of their mothers had similar problems—who seek marital counseling in increasing numbers. They are wives of successful men who believe, sometimes with good reason, they aren't keeping up with their husbands.

### They Feel Shut Out by Their Husbands

"These wives feel they've been outgrown," said Dr. Majors. "They are, in the main, healthy, comparatively young women married to veterans of World War II or Korea, who woefully confess they are bogged down by the tedium of housework and the demands of child rearing. They are baffled, defeated. Often they blame themselves. Nevertheless, quite naturally, they long to share in the stimulating activities and associations of busy husbands—and they feel shut out."

In the fairly recent past, many of these same unhappy women were vital parts of their husbands' lives and triumphantly coped with far more rugged assignments than they face today. As brides, they went all out to help GI husbands make the scholastic starts that led to success. They were the queens of the Quonset huts and barren dormitories that sprang up like mushrooms on college campuses everywhere to house married students, and were as ambitious for their menfolk as were the men themselves. They stood shoulder to shoulder with their husbands and worked just as hard (or harder) so the future doctors, lawyers, scientists could acquire the professional education necessary to obtain a foothold in their chosen fields.

Frequently they held full-time, nine-to-five jobs, brought home the bacon, and cooked it too. They washed and mended on weekends. They kissed away a husband's weariness and frustrations and ignored their own. They laughed at inconvenience and hardship, and proudly told the world they were working for a PHT degree—"Putting Hubby Through." Many managed to produce and care for a baby and still cling to jobs with paychecks.

"I sometimes describe such wives—wives like Lisa Wood—as the victims of masculine success," Dr. Majors said to me.

When 32-year-old Lisa, mother of three daughters, called on the Family Service for advice, she was in the early months of her fourth pregnancy. Lisa was the wife of Nick Wood (the names are fictional), a highly successful architect, politician, city planner, and zoning expert. She didn't look the part. Her costume, as casually thrown together as a tossed salad, consisted of an elderly, out-of-style hat and a rayon suit, poorly cut and not too clean. She wore no gloves, and her red, chapped hands were gripped tightly in her lap.

Lisa was desperate. She was convinced that her 12-year marriage was falling apart. Business and political affairs occupied 35-year-old Nick to such an extent that she and the children seldom saw him. Indeed, he left his suburban home so early in the morning and returned so late that many of the neighbors knew him only by reputation and his newspaper prominence.

Nick now proposed to loosen his family ties still further. He had decided to lease a bachelor apartment near his office to spare himself the hazards of night driving after evening conferences and meetings. During the business week he would stay in town, spending only weekends at home.

Said Lisa in pain and bewilderment: "Back East in college, where Nick and I met and married, he couldn't get enough of my company or conversation. Once when he walked to the corner to mail a letter, the big nut telephoned back 'just to hear my voice.' I quit college my junior year to help Nick get his degree in architecture. Because I worked, he had the chance to concentrate on his studies and graduate among the top ten in his class. Oh, was I thrilled when that happened!

"Twice a day, morning and afternoon, he used to call me at my office. Finally I had to suggest he save his pay-phone dimes and remind him we could talk for free in the evening. In those days, our nickels and dimes had to work like dollars. His people were as poor as mine and couldn't help us, but we skinned by on my stenographic salary and Nick's GI check. To tell you the truth, I enjoyed the scrounging, the bargain hunting, the making do and the doing without. It still makes me proud to remember how we once worked side by side, but if I mention it, Nick looks bored.

"Nick has had a great deal of publicity ever since his appointment to the City Planning Board. He has always liked to be in the spotlight and show off and throw money around. There is no doubt he earns a big income for somebody his age. Many people think we're rich. We live in this huge house—I wanted a modest place with smaller payments—which is mortgaged to the hilt. Our swimming pool is spectacular, but it isn't paid for. Debt worries me sick. I sent back the mink stole Nick gave me for Christmas as soon as I heard the appalling price. I've done my utmost to keep down expenses, despite the fact I get no thanks.

"Somehow I just can't please Nick anymore. He complains that I've spoiled our daughters, that they're noisy and ill-mannered, untidy like me. He criticizes my appearance, my clothes and calls me stupid, and I guess he's right. About the only adults I see are actors on television or supermarket clerks.

"Every day in the city, Nick goes to lunches and dinners in exciting restaurants, but I'm not included. The neighbors gossip about his being gone so much and treat me as if I were a widow. Since I can't count on having an escort, they leave me out of everything except kid parties. I'm sure Nick's furious about my pregnancy. I'm not eager to have another child, but his attitude is awfully hard to take. He used to be crazy for a son.

"If Nick rents a bachelor apartment, I know it means the end of our marriage. He meets a lot of women—younger women, pretty women, smart women. I halfway believe he has already found somebody else. Nick is extremely attractive; everybody says so. You can hardly blame him, can you, for wanting to get away from a mess like me?"

### His Career Became All-Important

At first Nick Wood was reluctant to discuss his private life, but eventually his innate sense of fairness prevailed; he consented to counseling and spoke frankly. Lisa's fears that there might be another woman were groundless. Nor was Nick furious about her ill-timed pregnancy; he felt responsible—and guilty about it.

What interested Nick above all else was his own career. The son of a clergyman, raised in genteel poverty, he grew to manhood determined to make his mark and shine financially. In college days, he and Lisa had worked in tight, close partnership toward his advancement, and their interests had been firmly joined. He had admired her artistic talents—"she used to be a darn good painter"—just as he admired her enthusiasm and grit. He saw her as an ideal wife for a prospective architect.

Unfortunately Lisa did not meet his expectations. With the birth of children, her interests veered sharply away from his. As he rose professionally, she sank into a mire of domesticity. Babies and housekeeping routines became her life. If he reported on a business triumph, she listened with an ear tuned in on the nearest crib. She rarely read a newspaper or cracked a book. She neglected her appearance, forgot her feminine vanity and her husband's vanity too. Nick's reaction was normal enough; he began to stay away from home more and more and confide in Lisa less and less.

### She Works at Being a Partner Again

Her reaction was normal too. She felt abused, rejected, increasingly unsure of herself. The counselor's reassurance boosted her sagging self-confidence. She determined to climb out of her slump. First of all, she conquered her yearning for the past, which Nick had interpreted as an unflattering comment on his present success. Next, she gave up her attempts to balance his "extravagance" with economies that were quite probably unnecessary and certainly were unappreciated. If Nick wanted her to look nice, she *would* look nice. She bought a becoming maternity wardrobe at a smart shop instead of wearing out old clothes. She splurged on a good permanent wave and a course of beauty treatments. She engaged a twice-a-week afternoon sitter for her daughters, dragged her paints and easel down from the dust of the attic, and enrolled at the university for art classes. She joined the women's branch of the political club which occupied so much of Nick's attention.

Startled but pleased by the improvement in Lisa's appearance and in her spirits, Nick made concessions too. He admitted that suburban living was not only inconvenient for him but was a mistake for his family. He put the big house on the market and signed up for a large co-operative apartment in the downtown building where he had planned a bachelor existence. Shortly before the Woods' fourth child was born, they moved. To their mutual delight, the baby was a son. But Lisa didn't go overboard with maternal joy or allow herself to sink into another slump. The Woods are now a popular couple in Kansas City, with a solid marriage.

"Lisa's realistic program was tailored specifically to Nick's needs," said Dr. Majors. "Every distressed marriage differs, of course. But all wives who feel outgrown or left behind would be wise to take stock of their particular situation and an objective look at themselves. Above all, they should fight inertia and self-pity—destroyers of morale and married happiness.

"Wives like Lisa were heroines when they struggled and sacrificed to assure their husbands an education and an entrée to success. Their adventure required qualities that not every young woman of their generation possessed—warmth, generosity, intelligence, a willingness to work, and the long view. If domesticity anesthetized some of these qualities, the qualities are still there sleeping. And, happily, they can be waked up." END

**By Dorothy Cameron Disney**

# Don't ask your detergent to do these Clorox® jobs:



**Ring-around the collar!** Don't play the scrubbing game to get out oily body dirt. Just add a cup of Clorox to your suds. Suds-proof dirt comes right out. And your *washer* does the work.



**Kids' socks scream for Clorox!** Jumping, running, twisting! And oily body dirt gets ground in deeper and deeper. Clorox needed here—to get out dirt your detergent leaves in!



**"My pink pillow cases!!!"** Somebody's lovely neck rubbed in oily body dirt (the kind your detergent alone can't clean out). Making it color-true again calls for Clorox bleach in your wash suds.



**Pockets (Ugh!)** Where a grimy hand keeps rubbing it in—but good! That's *oily body dirt*—too tough for any detergent alone. Add Clorox!

## Clorox gets out dirt that detergents leave in




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# BARBECUE SALADS THAT GO WITH WHAT'S COOKING!



Each one of these outdoorsy salads is a perfect mate for a favorite meat. And each one gets its sparkle and flair from the very special flavors of

## KRAFT DRESSINGS



Choice with chicken!

***Roka brand Blue atop Melony Salad***

Here's the big scoop in melon salad—a delight to see and eat. Cut rind from top of a watermelon. Scoop out pink balls with a small ice cream scoop. Make cantaloupe balls with a melon baller; then toss together, garnish with mint. Serve with Roka brand Blue Cheese Dressing. There's an abundance of blue cheese in this rich, creamy dressing. Aged blue, too—for that special, tangy flavor. Wait till you taste it on melon balls. Terrific on tossed salads, too!

Wonderful with wieners!

***Kraft Mayonnaise makes Kidney Bean Coleslaw***

You'll like the way Kraft Mayonnaise with its magic lilt of lemon adds a sparkling flavor to this unique coleslaw. Combine 4 c. shredded cabbage, 1 c. canned kidney beans, ⅓ c. sliced dill gherkins and ¼ c. sliced green onions. Add enough mayonnaise to moisten and toss lightly. Top with rings of green pepper. Any coleslaw is perfect with the velvety texture of Kraft Mayonnaise. This one is frankly superb!

Heavenly with hamburgers!

***Miracle Whip's perky Hot Pickled Potato Salad***

Hot potato salad made with Miracle Whip? Well, why not? Dice 6 slices of bacon and sauté until crisp. Add 6 c. sliced hot cooked potatoes; ¾ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing; ¼ c. Kraft Italian Dressing; ¼ c. each of minced onion and chopped green pepper; 2 tbsps. chopped pimiento; salt and pepper to taste. Then heat and garnish with pimiento strips. See how Miracle Whip's creamy texture clings and clings. Taste its famous, savory flavor that comes from more than 20 fresh-ground spices!

Great mate for steak!

***Kraft French's flavorful Cherry Tomato Toss-Up***

It's easy to make a delicious splash with Kraft French Dressing. That bright yet mellow flavor is liked by everyone—even the youngest barbecuers. Just toss cherry tomatoes, red onion rings, sliced cauliflowerets, hard-cooked egg slices and greens with the bright, never too sharp taste of Kraft French. Top with croutons and serve. Smooth Kraft French never separates—blends its goodness around every tender and delicious bite. Try it, and see why it's America's favorite French!

The Art of Seasoning Salads

Mix ¼ teaspoon Tabasco with either ½ cup mayonnaise or French dressing.

Does this sound *too* simple?
Not when you realize that Tabasco is a *seasoning*, like salt, onion, parsley or herbs. Its tempting aroma and flavor give unique character.

Forget, then, the idea of Tabasco as just a hot sauce. True, it starts with the famed, pungent peppers grown by the McIlhenny family. Then it is blended, watched over, mellowed for three years in oaken casks . . . to become the world-wide seasoning favorite. So have the bright red bottle ever ready—to add Tabasco by measure, while cooking.

Other salad ideas:

• In 1 c. mayonnaise, add ½ avocado pureed, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

• Combine 1 c. basic French dressing with 2 tablespoons chili sauce, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, 2 minced green onions, 1 diced pimento and several sprigs watercress, finely chopped.

Want more seasoning ideas?

Write for [illegible] booklet. Send flap from [illegible] carton or 10 cents to TABASCO, [illegible], Avery Island, Louisiana

Tabasco*

The original liquid pepper seasoning

"'Is she perfect?' (Nurse: 'Yes, *perfect.*') 'Beautiful?' (Nurse: 'Yes, beautiful.') 'Does she have much hair? Is it light or dark?' (Nurse: '*Lots* of hair—*dark* hair.') Then she brought her in! As the precious bundle was placed in my arms, my heart stood still. There inside the cashmere shawl was the *funniest*-looking little baby I have ever seen!"—so **Sara Sothern Taylor** described her newborn daughter, Elizabeth, in this magazine (*Elizabeth, My Daughter*, February, 1954). In this issue, **Max Lerner,** the noted journalist, scholar, and author of the two-volume *America as a Civilization*, considers **Elizabeth Taylor** from another point of view (*Return of the Femme Fatale*, page 80). The photograph on this page shows her as a lovely child of ten. The photo of her as Cleopatra (page 80) was taken by her childhood friend and fellow movie actor, **Roddy McDowall.**



*Liz Taylor at age 10.*

At least a dozen babies were born in the time it took you to read this sentence. On the day you receive this magazine, 288,000 babies will come squalling into this world; in the United States alone, 12,000 will be born. More than 200 babies are born in the world *each minute!* Everyone who is born must die. But more than twice as many people are born as die every year in the United States, according to the Population Reference Bureau, Washington, D.C.

What does this mean for the future in terms of food, clothing and housing, as well as the less tangible aspects of morals and politics? **Philip Appleman,** a professor and student of population trends, discusses the magnitude of the problem in *What the Population Explosion Means to You* (page 59).

Five short stories fill the fiction festival section of this issue—one is funny **(Will Stanton's** *The Imperfect Listener*, page 106); one is a love story **(Barbara Robinson's** *All the Summer's Promise*, page 104); one is suspenseful **(Monet Green's** *Who's There?*, page 108); one is heartwarming **(Ethel Gordon's** *Small Cause for Alarm*, page 101); and one is "powerful and original" **(Leland Webb's** *The Dissenting Opinions of Quentin Whiteside IV*, page 102). *Journal* editors feel all of them are excellent. Now, how do they *know?* They don't! Enjoying fiction is a highly personal art. Fiction Editor **Jean Freeman** puts it this way: "Reading stories is something like testing Christmas-tree lights—some light up, others don't. The ones that light may be different in color, shape, or intensity, but they are all alight. You throw the dead bulbs out. Right? If a story *doesn't* light up for me, no matter what it says, it isn't right. If it *does* have that undefinable but unmistakable spark, it hardly matters how it got it." So now you, too, are an expert judge of fiction—only you know what you like anyway.

## JOURNAL NOW

Each year the Sidney Hillman Foundation gives a prize of $500 for a magazine article dealing with a theme related to the ideals which Sidney Hillman held throughout his life. His words: "We want a better America, an America that will give its citizens, first of all, a higher and higher standard of living so that no child will cry for food in the midst of plenty . . . an America that will have no sense of insecurity and which will make it possible for all groups, regardless of race, creed or color to live in friendship. . . ." The prize this year went to Contributing Editor **Margaret Parton** for her article, *Sometimes Life Just Happens*, which appeared in the October, 1962, *Journal*.

For some time **John Brenneman** and his wife, **Evelyn,** have housed a boa constrictor, the pet of their snake-mad son, **Jon.** The young boa is five and a half feet long, and will grow to 12 feet. "I'll trade her in for a small model before then," Jon says. His parents hope he keeps his word—and that his interest will soon shift to girls.

Because of the demand for subscriptions, the production of the Braille edition of the *Journal* has been more than doubled this year, at a cost of $12,000 to the Volunteers Service for the Blind, Inc. Those who wish to inquire about subscriptions, or to contribute, may write to 332 South 13th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Attending the premiere of MGM-Cinerama's *How the West Was Won*, our senior writer, **Glenn White,** suddenly felt ancient. Seventeen-year-old **Brigid Bazlen,** whom he knew as a much smaller baby, plays the role of a river pirate's temptress daughter. Seductively, she lures trapper **James Stewart** into a cave, then viciously topples him into a bottomless pit. Brigid is the daughter of **Maggie Daly Bazlen,** who with the three other famous **Daly** sisters, **Maureen, Sheila** and **Kay,** used to write a monthly page for the *Journal*. (For six years, Maureen was Sub-Deb Editor.) Glenn and his wife, **Irene,** have two teen-age sons. They have kept the accumulating baby daughters of the lovely Daly sisters in mind for them—but hardly in sight. Glenn phoned Maureen. "*What* has happened to your little niece?" he asked. "That *child!* Did you *see* what she did to Jimmy Stewart?" "Don't worry—she thinks he's magnificent," Maureen assured him. "How are your boys?" "Still growing," Glenn said. "**Jay**—the one Brigid's age—recently was Oedipus in a Penn Charter School play." "But that's impossible!" Maureen exclaimed. "Completely, horribly impossible!" (In *Oedipus Rex*, the Greek tragedy by Sophocles, Oedipus murders his father and marries his own mother.)



*Brigid and her victim.*

**Monet Green** (*Who's There?*, page 108) is a *Journal* "first." This is her first appearance in any magazine. "Even my black poodle jumped ecstatically when he heard the news," she reports. **Saul Lambert** did the illustration, his wife, **Emily,** serving as his model. Exactly three hours after the painting was completed, Emily gave birth to their first child—a son, **Jonathan.** This may be a *Journal* "first" too.

## THEN AND THEN

**50 YEARS AGO** June, 1913, was a time of furious construction—Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations in New York, the excavation of the Yale Bowl (with horse and wagon) and the completion of the Panama Canal locks. **Booth Tarkington** was writing *Penrod*, **Mack Sennett** first put bathing beauties on the screen, and elegant **Vernon** and **Irene Castle,** husband-and-wife dance team, were teaching the Hesitation Waltz.

In the June, 1913, *Journal*, editor **Edward Bok** urged cooler clothes for men in summer. "We have accepted soft shirts and soft collars and sleeveless, knee-length underwear. Now let us cast aside the wool suit!"

"Almost every young girl I meet insists upon being 'a good fellow,'" a male reader complains to the *Journal*. "I don't want her to be; I can find a fine assortment of good fellows at the club."

"A self-respecting girl refuses to permit herself to be kissed or embraced by anyone until she is married," **Mrs. Stickney Parks** defines proper betrothal behavior.

"We jam our children through our public school system and turn out young men and women who cannot spell correctly, speak grammatically, or write a good letter," complains Mr. Bok.

"The big, new improved one-room schoolhouses in Wisconsin with one big floor-to-ceiling window cost $2,000 and provide in every way for the health and comfort of the children."

"Dark purple velvet slippers with stockings and a sash to match are pretty worn with light summer dresses."



"Bet I finish before you!"

Kind of great the way kids hurry through a bowl of Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup. That's 'cause Lipton is the soup that tastes like mother just cooked it. Why does it? Lipton's sure touch with fine, tiny egg noodles and hearty chicken stock. Result: empty bowls. Serve Lipton Chicken Noodle today... one of 12 tempting Lipton Soups.




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AL FRANCEKEVICH

# AMERICA'S SPOILED PARENTS

**Many parents act like rebellious children, with a careless attitude toward dress, behavior, morals, and plain good manners.**

I've written often in the past few years of the uncertainty of some American parents about what behavior to require from their children, blaming this on such factors as the influx of new concepts of psychology, the revolt against the repressions of the Victorians. Children who are insufficiently guided may get out of hand or fall behind in certain aspects of their emotional development. If they are allowed to treat their parents and others disrespectfully, if they are not held up to standards, they will not respect themselves. As they grow up they will miss a lot of the graciousness and inspiration of life.

These preoccupations of mine about children have made me more aware of certain fairly common attitudes among youths and adults today which I think are mixed up too. Three months that I recently spent in Europe reinforced these opinions and gave me fresh examples.

If we can figure out how these grown-ups are off the beam, it should help us to set better ideals for our young children who are still in the formative stages. My examples are quite assorted, ranging from manners to marriage, but they have a common theme.

### More Aggressive Than Amiable

I'm thinking first of the tendency of some people to try to show cordiality in social gatherings by being boisterous. In these efforts they are apt to reveal more aggressiveness than amiability. They easily get to shouting. They laugh often, but rather harshly. They slap backs, poke ribs and get into horseplay. They kid and insult each other instead of making conversation. Though what I'm describing sounds masculine, there are some women who make almost as much racket and as little sense as such men.

I have the distinct impression that this kind of forced joviality was not nearly as common a couple of generations ago. It startles visitors from other parts of the world, and makes them ask discreetly why some Americans act like silly children. A French psychiatrist, in an interesting article on differences in child rearing in America and France, speculates that Americans, having been indulged in most aspects in childhood, are always yearning to get back to it; the French are disapproved of constantly throughout childhood and would rather die than be children again.)

Though forced joviality is of no importance in itself, I think it is part of a trend in the wrong direction. It coarsens manners. It lowers dignity. It encourages too free an exchange of hostilities. And by focusing so much on the personal, it distracts conversation from interesting topics.

The implications of this in the rearing of children are of greater importance, I think. Though we shouldn't go back to restricting children's actions and feelings the way our grandparents sometimes did, we shouldn't allow them to spend their days imitating The Three Stooges either. I'm convinced that when they are expected to be co-operative with each other, really courteous and helpful to their parents, and respectful of property, they are not only much pleasanter to live with and easier to love but turn out happier and more mature.

### Informal or Just Sloppy?

Next I'd like to mention the continuing trend toward extreme informality and even sloppiness in clothing. One can spot many of our college men on vacation in Europe by their rumpled tan cotton trousers and their dirty white sneakers. In London an occasional American man of mature years will come into a formal hotel dining room in zippered sports jacket and open-collared shirt looking startlingly out of place among all the men in business suits. A couple of years ago when I went to Puerto Rico I read in the convention literature that travelers from the States have to be asked specifically not to wear shorts or beach clothes on the streets and in the restaurants of the city of San Juan. The local citizens find such clothes irritating, as we would if visitors in droves wore them in the formal parts of our large cities.

You may feel that what Americans wear during summer travels means little. But why do so many women go shopping in slacks that look as if they had just been slept in, and in curlers? They must care how they look some of the time or they wouldn't be bothering with the curlers. In medical schools nowadays we have to remind some students not to attend clinics in work trousers and tattered shoes. Occasionally one even tries to come in shorts. Twenty years ago this kind of informality was unknown. The medical-school class photographs of 50 years ago show the students appearing so respectable—in clothing and facial expression—that they look middle-aged to us now.

Throughout the history of civilization people have designed clothes to make themselves attractive. They are always changing styles for the same purpose. When we go to meet someone we admire or wish to please, we show our respect for him and for ourself by looking our best. So I think that the present sloppiness is an unconscious expression of discourteousness toward people in general, and also a certain lack of pride in self.

I'm suggesting not that people have more animosity now than they used to, 20 or 40 years ago, but that in the continuing revolt against the artificiality of the past we have moved to the opposite extreme. We have come to tolerate too patiently the free expression of various kinds of impoliteness. It's overpermissiveness among grown-ups.

It's good for children to grow up thinking of clothes as an expression of a desire to please. There are ways to look well in work clothes, play clothes, school clothes, as well as in party clothes. It's the parents' job to set an attractive example, to remind their children regularly what is appropriate for different occasions, and particularly to show their pleasure when their children are appealingly dressed.

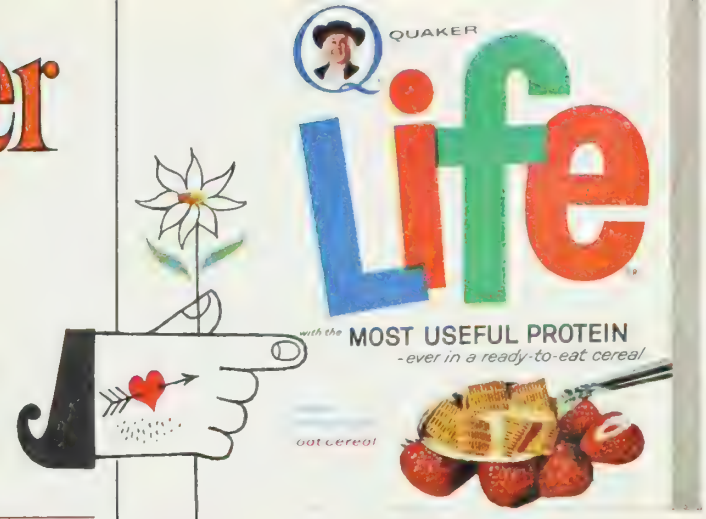
### People Aren't Rabbits

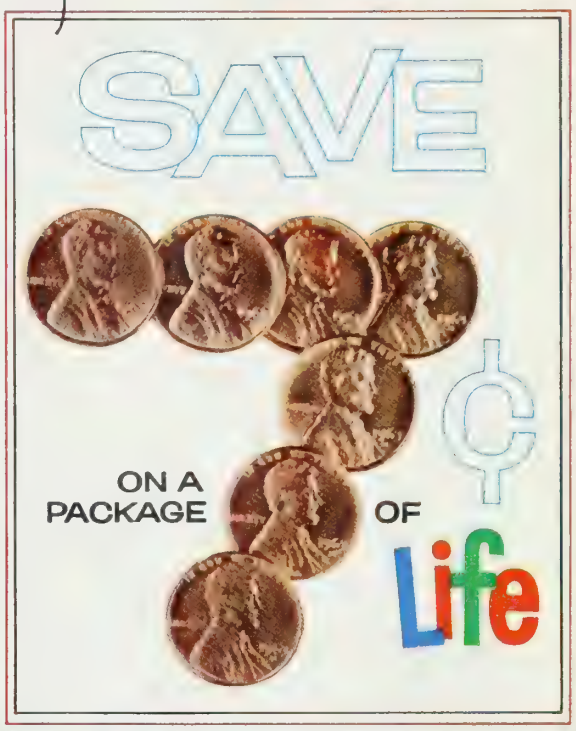
A year ago when I was working on a manuscript on dating I asked for comments from a teen-age girl. One of the observations she made has echoed in my mind ever since: Some adolescents, she said, have decided that sex is just a matter of glands. I realized how well this attitude fits with the greatly increased frequency of illegitimate pregnancies, venereal disease, and divorce today. It is sad that human beings can be so confused that they don't see the CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

**BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.**

# Special introductory offer so more new people will learn to love Life!



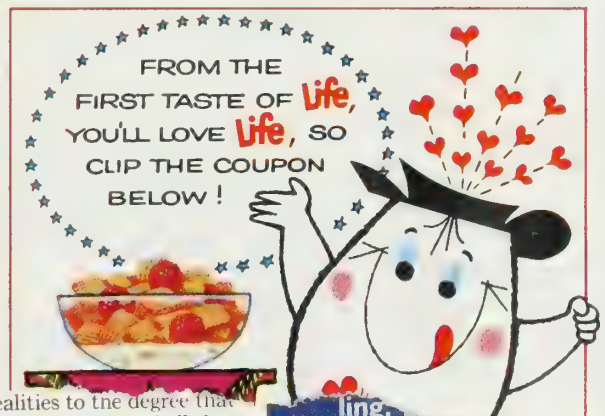




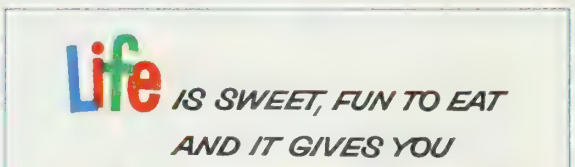

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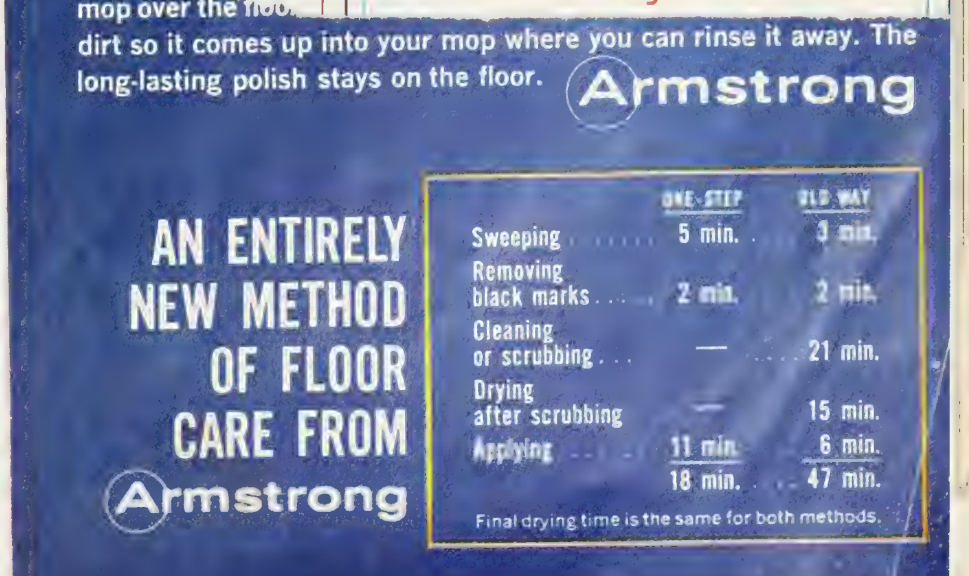
Keep youngsters happy (and out of your hair!) a trip! Get this 25 piece travel fun kit! 2 big bo of playful projects, ride-along games, cartoo sing-along songs! Balloons! Comic books! Color books! Checkerboard game . . . lots more! J send a Life boxtop, with $1.00 and your name a address, to Pastime, Box L, Chicago 77, Illinois.




em into realities to the degree that This is how he has created all that vilization. This is how he keeps ide of his nature under control ace of mind. When a person who rought up with standards is etend, in a phase of disillusion- t, that he has no standards, he ed in making himself miserable. beings we need convictions, as- pride in ourselves at least as of our parents. When we be- urselves, we should teach our ildren with great assurance. their way through adolescence ave to forge their own, though be influenced by ours. But even should expect them to be gracious orld and to conform to our conven- ong as they live with us.

egrets that it is impossible for him to answer mally. However, he is delighted to receive of topics of truly general interest.—ED.






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# This big Gen

to try to show cordiality in social gatherings by being boisterous. In these efforts they are apt to reveal more aggressiveness than amiability. They easily get to shouting. They laugh often, but rather harshly. They slap backs, poke ribs and get into horseplay. They kid and insult each other instead of making conversation. Though what I'm describing sounds masculine, there are some women who make almost as much racket and as little sense as such men.

I have the distinct impression that this kind of forced joviality was not nearly as common a couple of generations ago. It startles visitors from other parts of the world, and makes them as discreetly why some Americans act like silly children. (A French psychiatrist, in an interesting article on differences in child rearing in America and France, speculates that Americans, having

can spot many of our college men on vacation in Europe by their rumpled tan cotton trousers and their dirty white sneakers. In London an occasional American man of mature years will come into a formal hotel dining room in zippered sports jacket and open-collared shirt looking startlingly out of place among all the men in business suits. A couple of years ago when I went to Puerto Rico I read in the convention literature that travelers from the States have to be asked specifically not to wear shorts or beach clothes on the streets and in the restaurants of the city of San Juan. The local citizens find such clothes irritating, as we would if visitors in droves wore them in the formal parts of our large cities.

You may feel that what Americans wear during summer travels means little. But why do so many women go shopping in slacks that look as if they had just been slept in, and in curlers? They must care how they look some of the time or they wouldn't be bothering with the curlers. In medical

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

## Dr. Spock: America's Spoiled Parents

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

difference between their nature and that of rabbits.

To be sure, the sexuality of human beings is provided with part of its drive by glands. But it is shaped primarily by the intense devotion that exists between the young child and his parent, which imbues it with tenderness, generosity, spirituality. In sublimated forms it is the main source of man's creativity.

So the parents' job in one sense is simply to avoid breaking down the idealistic attitude toward romantic and sexual love which the child has already formed. I'd list a number of negatives to start with. Don't push a child into early dating or dancing; discourage school and neighborhood plans to start these activities too soon. Don't tease children about possible sweethearts. Don't propose kissing games at children's parties. In these respects it's wise, I believe, to let children's sexuality stay partially repressed and sublimated. When they begin to mention

## THE STRENGTH OF INNOCENCE

By SIG ARNO

They taught me once the
childhood prayer
Which has the childish voice
declare:
"—If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And while I said it dutifully
(The elders thought quite
beautifully),
I marveled that they didn't know
That come what may, I wouldn't
go.

names and have dates, the family should accept these revelations with respect and allow the teen-agers to retain their dignity.

When the family discusses movies, TV programs, school and neighborhood news, the parents can make evident their idealistic convictions about romantic and sexual love. They can show their disagreement or regret when love is cheapened and distorted.

Now to be more specific about marriage. There is a fairly common assumption today that it's of small importance if one marriage doesn't work. A freshly divorced individual will occasionally say, "Well, that was only the first one." Such a remark shows a drastic misunderstanding of marriage and predicts a considerable chance of failure in any future ones, for the statistics show that a high proportion of second and third marriages go wrong too.

It is easy today for children to get the impression that marriage is cheap. The style of marrying soon after graduation carries the implication that it's better to hurry than to be too late. The popular belief that the only real requirement is to feel very much in love wasn't as dangerous a notion back in the days when most people could not consider marriage until after 25; but now adolescents may be convinced they are ready with each new infatuation. Divorce is socially acceptable.

If we are to give our children an inspired concept of marriage, we have to be convinced ourselves of its spiritual aspects. It seems clear to me that those marriages which are most solid and joyful depend not just on a good sexual adjustment and an implied partnership agreement. They are based on a man's and woman's unshakable dedication to pleasing and supporting each other and to rearing their children, without counting the return. In a similar way, in nonromantic pursuits, the lives of outstanding people—scientists, artists, musicians, creative industrialists—show that they have succeeded and received their gratification through devotion to their work rather than through material rewards. Children need to hear such truths from their parents, to counteract some of the foolishness that's in the air.

As parents we need to set the best example we can. No matter how often from day to day we bungle our domestic relations, we can come back as soon as possible to an attitude of respect for each other and for ourselves. When we refer to our marriage, we can do so in a manner that reveals our mutual loyalty and pride. We can avoid cheap jokes and cynicism.

### Are We Disenchanted?

In a variety of ways the 20th century has been characterized by what I'd call the spirit of disenchantment in human and aesthetic affairs—particularly in America. Heroes of history have been debunked. In literature there has been a violent swing from prissiness to a realism and a cynicism that are intended to shock. Artists have turned from appealing scenes and people to distortions and abstractions, composers from consonance to dissonance. It seems to me that the coarsening of manners and dress, the disillusioned attitude toward sexuality and marriage are expressions of the same spirit.

Part of the explanation of this disenchantment may be that our absorption in our scientific and material progress has undermined our faith in our spiritual beliefs and in our souls, which are much less visible.

Another cause, I think, is the unique lack of respect among Americans for the older generation and their standards. In most parts of the world the rebelliousness of the adolescent and the young adult are kept largely under control by the authority of the older relatives, with whom they live and work closely and toward whom they feel a certain awe. In our country young people are encouraged to think, work, live independently. They are allowed to be as impatient as they wish with their parents. (This gives them some feeling of guilt, but they try to overcome it by looking for more to be critical about.) When an adolescent rebels blindly, he may take the path of the beatnik. Instead of settling down eventually to some positive belief or career, he gets stuck in a totally negative phase. All he can think of to stand for is the opposite of what his parents stand for. So he must be unconventional, unorganized, unconstructive, unwashed. In a much milder way, I think, many American adults as well as youths are caught up in an unthinking, adolescent kind of rebellion against the conventionality of the past. They act as if dignity, politeness and idealism had been invented by their parents or grandparents out of pure stuffiness, and as if they must show that they are above such shams by being uncouth.

Actually these old-fashioned-sounding qualities are inherent tendencies in man. It is his nature to be inspired by ideals and then to turn them into realities to the degree that he is able. This is how he has created all that is good in civilization. This is how he keeps the hostile side of his nature under control and gains peace of mind. When a person who has been brought up with standards is allowed to pretend, in a phase of disillusionment or revolt, that he has no standards, he will only succeed in making himself miserable.

As human beings we need convictions, aspirations, and pride in ourselves at least as high as those of our parents. When we become parents ourselves, we should teach our ideals to our children with great assurance. As they work their way through adolescence they will have to forge their own, though these will be influenced by ours. But even then we should expect them to be gracious to the world and to conform to our conventions as long as they live with us.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.




# Summer Parties in Seconds with Kraft cheese






*Start* *Get out jars* *...4...* *...6...* *...8...* *...10...* ***12 seconds tota***





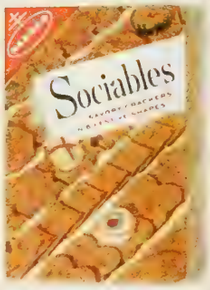











***Get out packages*** *...8...* *...12...* *...16...* *...20...* ***...24 seconds tota***



Time this one! Top toasty-wheaty Triscuit Wafers with the hale and hearty sharpness of Kraft Old English Brand Spread. Now taste. Terrific!

*Dip and spread* *...5...*



Different and delicious! Golden-fruited Kraft Pineapple Spread atop crisp, nippy-tasting Swiss n' Ham flavored crackers. So good!

*dip and spread* *...10...*



Oo-la-la! Kraft Olive Pimento Spread...so zestily continental with French Onion Thins for a savory-crisp base!

*dip and spread* *...25...*



Six party shapes in a package — that's snappy, nutlike Sociables! Fun and flavorful with colorful, tangy Kraft Pimento Spread!

***dip and spread the 6 shapes of Sociables...30...***



***The fixing takes only seconds...***



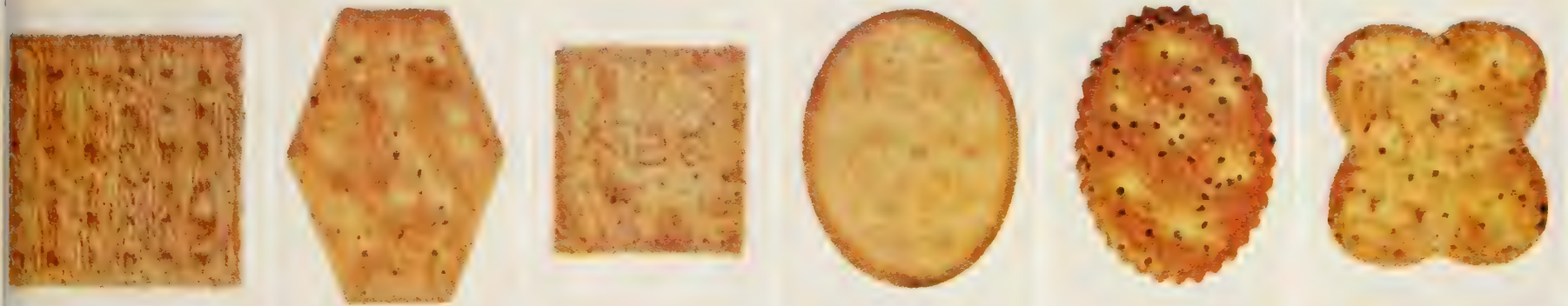
***...add your favorite beverage***

# ...spreads & Nabisco snacks

©NABISCO 1963




*Open up* | *f-s-s-t* | *f-s-s-t* | *f-s-s-t* | *f-s-s-t* | *f-s-s-t* | *24 seconds total*

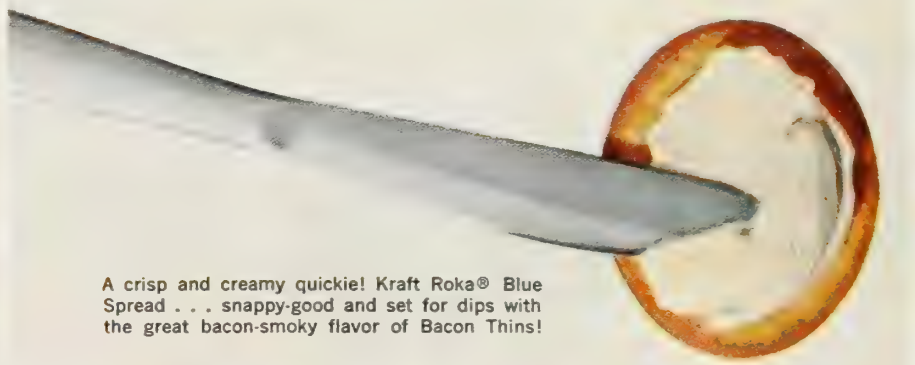


*Take out: Triscuit* | *...Swiss n' Ham...* | *...Wheat Thins...* | *...Bacon Thins...* | *...Onion Thins...* | *Sociables, 10 sec. total*



Just taste what happens when whole-wheaty-good Wheat Thins hitch up with the "hickory" tang of Kraft Bacon Spread. Mmmm!

*dip and spread* | *...15...*



A crisp and creamy quickie! Kraft Roka® Blue Spread . . . snappy-good and set for dips with the great bacon-smoky flavor of Bacon Thins!

*dip and spread* | *...20...*



*...35...* | *...40...* | *...45...* | *...50...* | *...55 seconds total*



*...the fun lasts for hours*

# JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO.3

The charm of crewel embroidery steps brightly into the fashion picture in this JOURNAL ORIGINAL No. 3. You can make a skirt or a "tote bag." Both have the same design, each is packaged separately. The skirt kit contains a six-gore skirt of quilted ticking stamped for embroidery (yarn and easy directions for embroidery included) for only $8.98. It is completely sewn, with only the hem and waistband to finish (sizes 10–18). The "tote bag" kit includes everything you need for making, including the lining, and it costs only $4.98. Each fits into its own carryall box for your convenience while making. There is also a pillow version on page 126, where you will find your order blank.



DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERN DEPARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW







# MISS DEB

## *new Kotex napkins made especially for young ladies*

Only Miss Deb napkins are proportioned precisely for her. To give her the protection and security she needs so much during these early years. Yet there's no excess bulk to discomfort her. And a gentle covering of soft pink makes her feel dainty and feminine . . . just as a young lady wants to feel.

Get her Miss Deb napkins soon, for her very own. They make growing up so much easier.

**Coupon Inside:** *Each box of Miss Deb napkins has a special coupon for ordering free copies of "Very Personally Yours" and "You're a Young Lady Now"—two illustrated booklets that answer all her questions about maturing.*

KOTEX is a registered trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corporation

# Makes your skin look lovely *even without make-up...*



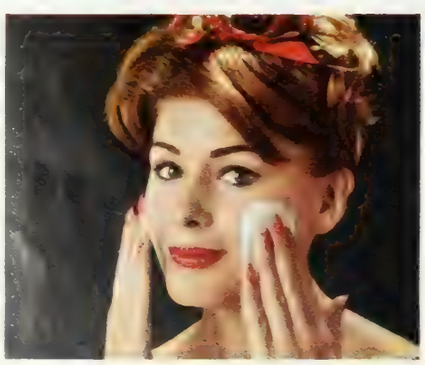
Medicated Noxzema does more for your skin than any single-purpose beauty cream... it's 3 ways better!




noxzema
SKIN CREAM



**1 Cleans up dirt**
Noxzema cleans like soap, but doesn't dry your skin. And it's greaseless, washes off with water. Leaves your skin "soap-clean," but not dried out or drawn—helps you get the fresh, clear, radiant complexion you've always wanted.



**2 Cleans up dry skin**
Softens like cream but, unlike greasy creams, Noxzema doesn't clog pores. Helps skin stay moist, as only a moisturizer does . . . leaves your skin so fresh and smooth you'll use make-up only to enhance its *new natural beauty*.



**3 Cleans up blemishes***
Helps you to lovely, fresh, *blemish-free beauty* because 5 medicinal ingredients help heal blemishes fast. So start *your* regular 3-way Noxzema care—and see how this complete complexion clean-up can make a beautiful difference in days!

*surface blemishes

THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

# We're catching up with our major killers

BY BETTY COE SPICER

Government licensing of the long-hoped-for **MEASLES VACCINES** (the *Journal* predicted last summer that they would be available soon) can mean that we are very close to triumph over another plague of childhood. We can eliminate measles in the United States in two years if parents take advantage of these vaccines. How many hours of feverish childhood misery, how much sleeplessness, work and worry for mothers, how many notes, "Please excuse Johnnie's absence from school . . ." this newest of vaccines may spare us, is a question so vast that it might well baffle a roomful of space-age computers. But the answer could be a richly joyous one.

Measles never was the simple, "get it and get it over with" ailment we thought it was. Often it brought serious complications—deafness, pneumonia, encephalitis (brain inflammation), sometimes even permanent brain damage. It could also kill. In 1961 there were 510 officially reported deaths from measles in the United States, far more than the 120 deaths caused in the same period by another once-epidemic childhood enemy—polio. (The true death toll from measles is probably far higher. Of a probable 4,000,000 cases of measles each year in this country, only 400,000 to 500,000 are actually reported to health authorities. In some African countries, measles accounts for one half of the total infant mortality.)

Even on a peak of triumph, medical research seldom stands still. Next target in this area is rubella (German or "three-day" measles). Considered even less dangerous than "regular" measles until a mere generation ago, rubella was revealed as a nightmarish killer and crippler of the most defenseless of all living human things—the unborn.

A woman who contracted rubella early in pregnancy faced a one-in-five chance of bearing a physically or mentally blemished child. Rubella was a major enemy. Last July, scientists isolated the virus which causes rubella. Today, a preventive vaccine cannot be far in the future.

Work toward eliminating all forms of measles may be spurred by recent findings. There *may* be a link between measles and multiple sclerosis. Mysterious, destructive, so far irreversible, MS and its related ills afflict 500,000 Americans, most of them in the productive, vital 20-to-35 age group. The researchers' theory is that in fighting off an attack of measles, some human bodies may suffer a kind of lingering damage that may leave them susceptible to the later onslaughts of MS. Should the findings of this particular research group be confirmed, the new measles vaccines may prove a double blessing, one of man's greatest to date.

### IS THERE A HEART-ATTACK TYPE?

The more we learn about the workings of the human heart, the better our chances of saving 928,000 American lives a year. Heart disease is our number-one killer. Famed heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, believes that coronary heart diseases are preventable in youth and middle age.

Is there a "coronary prone" type of man? (Heart disease strikes five times as many men as women under the age of 50.) Can we find that man *before* he has a heart attack? Studies are providing valuable and surprising clues to the sort of man he is. Have you thought of the possible "heart-attack type" as lean, hard-driving, ambitious, a lover of strenuous outdoor sports? Quite a different sort of man emerges from the studies. A composite sketch might picture him this way: he is likely to be overweight—possibly because long-standing family eating habits have taught him to favor a diet rich in fats. He may drink, though he is seldom an alcoholic. He is a heavy smoker. He probably works at a sedentary job and may feel a certain amount of emotional stress about it. He much prefers television, reading, or visiting friends to engaging in strenuous sports. There may be a history of heart disease in his family. He is a man we want to know better. He is the one who may give us the answer to the question, "Can we *prevent* heart disease?"

Other gains against the various forms of the disease: new drugs and surgery to help control high blood pressure; improved methods of open-heart surgery; external heart massage, a revolutionary new process to revive a stopped heart without surgery. Most heart-damaging rheumatic fever in children can now be prevented through early recognition and treatment of strep throat. Newborn infants should be specially guarded against the virus called Coxsackie B. Relatively benign in adults and older children, Coxsackie B causes serious, often fatal heart damage to the newborn.

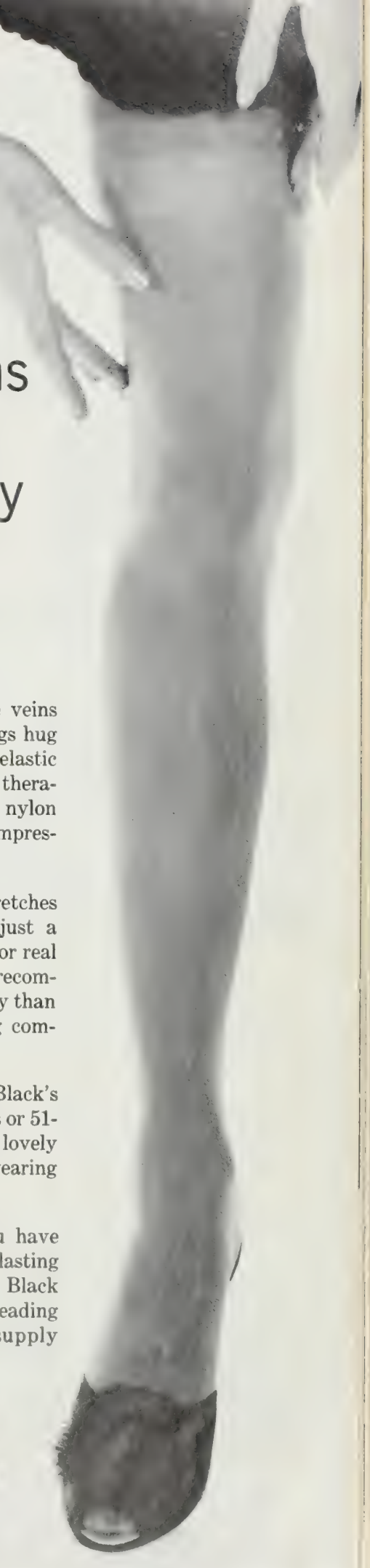
And some day soon—"only a step away," says one expert—it is quite likely that a damaged heart can be exchanged for a new one.

### WOMEN MORE SUSCEPTIBLE TO ARTHRITIS

"With arthritis it's women three to one," says the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. Tragically, *rheumatoid arthritis*, most painful, crippling form of the disease, generally strikes women in what should be the best and busiest years of their lives—between 20 and 35. It may appear in a young mother after the birth of her first baby. It may strike a working woman during a period of particular stress. Exhaustion, worry, or grief may trigger its appearance.

While there is as yet no specific cure, serious crippling can be prevented in 70 percent of cases *if* the symptoms are recognized early and proper treatment begun promptly. Here are the warning signs of rheumatoid arthritis. Should they occur, consult your doctor (or an arthritis clinic) at once. Pain and swelling of the joints, persistent or recurring

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Real relief from Varicose Veins needs real elastic hosiery

*"Support" nylons don't give you lasting comfort from aching veins*

The relief you get from varicose veins depends upon how firmly stockings hug your legs. And Bauer & Black elastic hosiery gives you six times the therapeutic compression you get with nylon support hosiery. Comforting compression that lasts all day long.

You see, nylon support hosiery stretches with wearing, leaves you with just a fraction of the support you need for real relief. That's why more doctors recommend Bauer & Black elastic hosiery than any other kind . . . more lasting compression, more lasting comfort.

How about appearance? Bauer & Black's leg-flattering sheerness in seamless or 51-gauge, full-fashioned styles tells a lovely lie. No one could guess you're wearing elastic hosiery.

Check with your doctor. If you have varicose veins, get *real* relief, lasting relief. Get fashionable Bauer & Black elastic hosiery. Expert fitting at leading drug, department or surgical supply stores. Priced from $3.75 each.

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Please send me the facts on varicose veins and how Bauer & Black elastic hosiery can bring new beauty and comfort to legs.

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# TELL ME, DOCTOR

**How long has birth control been practiced? How many methods are there? How safe and effective are present methods? Have religious convictions prevented their use? Are newer and more effective ones being worked out? How soon will they be available?**

## By Dr. Gregory Pincus

*Creator of the first effective oral contraceptive*

Although the pressure of expanding populations in this era of lifesaving medicines has given new emphasis to the subject of birth control, individual efforts to limit the birth rate have a long history. One method is mentioned in the Old Testament, and others range from temporary abstinence and late marriages to surgical sterilization and modern hormone pills. Their effectiveness has varied widely, and so has their acceptability among different religious and cultural groups.

In recent years, however, research in the chemistry and physiology of reproduction has led us to believe that an entirely new choice of antifertility techniques may become available in the future. We may have not only pills but vaccines. It is even possible that the reliability of the rhythm method can be improved.

The aim of all traditional methods of contraception has been simply to prevent the meeting of the male sperm and the female egg or ovum. The rhythm method attempts to do this by calling for abstinence at the time the egg is in a fertilizable state. On the average the egg is released in each menstrual cycle on or about the fourteenth day of the cycle. If sperm are not present in the tubes into which the egg is released fertilization will not occur.

Unfortunately, the timing of ovulation, or the release of the egg from the ovary, is not the same in all women. We do not really know why differences and variations occur, but they make abstinence a matter governed by often unknowable probabilities. If the exact time of ovulation could be determined, for each woman, by some simple test, the rhythm method would provide greater assurance of success.

Many of the contraceptives used for centuries can be classified as barriers, in that they impose a mechanical or chemical barrier to the passage of the sperm. Most familiar of these and most commonly used, at least in developed countries, is the male sheath, of rubber or film. The female counterpart is the diaphragm, which fits over the cervix or entrance to the womb. There are many varieties of spermicidal jellies or creams, used with or without the diaphragm. And some prominence has been given recently to foam tablets or aerosols, which appear to trap the sperm rather effectively.

One of the oldest methods is douching, which is intended to remove the spermatozoa before they enter the uterus. But in a comparative study this proved to be one of the least effective of all methods. Such a finding is hardly surprising, in view of the speed with which the sperm travel into the cervical canal.

**The population explosion affects all of us. On page 59 The World We Want presents views of a man who has observed this world problem.**

A barrier to the movement of the sperm or the egg may also be imposed by surgical means, the sterilization operation. The procedure for the man is called vasectomy and involves a cutting and tying off of the vas deferens, the duct that carries the sperm out from the testes. Until recently this was considered a permanently sterilizing operation, and no surgeon even yet will guarantee that it can be reversed. However, research in recent years has demonstrated that in about 40 percent of men so sterilized the tubes may later be rejoined to permit effective passage of sperm.

In the woman, the sterilizing operation consists of cutting and tying the Fallopian tubes, which conduct the egg into the uterus. Although it takes only about thirty minutes it is considered a major operation, requiring hospitalization, a general anesthetic and good surgical care. It is sometimes carried out as a lifesaving procedure with women whose physical condition is such that pregnancy would be dangerous or even fatal. Since the chances for successful reversal or "undoing" of the operation are still quite remote, it is reserved, as a contraceptive procedure, for women whose families are complete.

Another method, long in disfavor but recently revived (at least in experimental study), involves the placing of a ring or coil of metal or plastic in the uterus. This must be done by a physician, under sterile conditions, to avoid infection. The device, left in place for many months, somehow prevents the developing egg from becoming attached to the uterine wall. Earlier forms of ring were rejected by most physicians principally because of the inflammatory reaction to the metal.

Of all the methods of contraception none has gained as much attention as the new pill. Oral contraception itself, however, has an ancient history. Among practically all folk medicines are preparations which allegedly prevent conception. They are prescribed as soups, tisanes, powders, pills. They involve extracts of leaves, roots, stems, flowers, various animal organs. Thus far, none has proved truly effective when put to scientific test. But the folklore is strong, and the hunt for potent extractives continues.

Significant and meaningful oral contraception in women was initiated in 1954 when Dr. John Rock and I demonstrated that progesterone, a natural hormone produced by the ovaries, could be given by mouth as an inhibitor of ovulation.

It had been known for some years that progesterone was chiefly responsible for the prevention of ovulation during pregnancy. We merely showed that it could be given orally as a medication and exert the same effect in normal women. Progesterone had certain disadvantages, so we looked for chemical relatives that could be taken in safe doses month in and month out. We found several such substances, called progestins. After some experimentation we decided that a combination of a progestin with a second female sex hormone, an estrogen, gave us the best results.

By taking a pill a day beginning on the fifth day of the menstrual cycle and continuing for 20 days, a woman could achieve two effects: (1) prevention of ovulation and (2) the occurrence of a menstruation in one to five days following the taking of the last pill. Thus she attained both contraception and quite regular succession of menstrual cycles.

Our studies have continued over the past nine years. Among thousands of women volunteers we have observed no pathology that could be attributed to the medication. (We expected none, since use involves naturally occurring hormonal effects.)

There have been some complaints voiced by users of this oral contraceptive. Some women have complained of certain undesired "reactions" such as occasional headache, dizziness, nausea and breast tenderness. With continued regular use of the medication these complaints usually disappear. Since such "reactions" also occur in women not taking these pills, their incidence, particularly after the first month or two, is probably not significant. In any event, they are not serious.

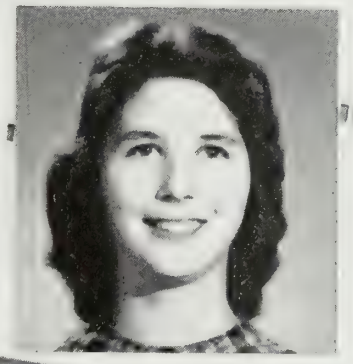
The second complaint is that voiced by certain women who find themselves menstruating prematurely. Again with regular practice this occurrence becomes rare. It is most often due to forgetfulness, for if pill-taking is omitted, the result may be the precipitation of a menstruation. This is known as "withdrawal bleeding." It appears probable here, too, that there occurs in the first month or two of use an accommodation of the reproductive organs to the contraceptive's particular hormonal influence.

This is the most effective method of contraception yet devised. Dr. G. Venning has assembled the available statistics on carefully controlled studies of various methods, expressing the conception rate in terms of the average number of pregnancies observed per 100 woman-years. By "woman-years" is meant years of exposure to the chance of pregnancy. On this scoring basis, with no contraception, 115 pregnancies could be expected per 100 woman-years, 31 pregnancies when using the douche method, 24 for the rhythm method, 20 with spermicidal jelly alone, 18 with the withdrawal method, 14 with the sheath, 12 with the diaphragm (with or without jelly), one with the norethynodrel-estrogen pill.

The chances of becoming pregnant while using the oral pills are thus less than a hundredth of what they would be without any contraceptive, and this rate for the pills includes women who forgot to take some of them. If we exclude those women the rate falls to nearly zero.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

*ANALYZED BY THIS SCIENTIFIC COMPUTER*



# Diana's dental records become vitally important to you

Read what happened when hundreds of children like Diana clinically tested Colgate's Gardol formula against the most widely accepted fluoride dentifrice, confirming:

# Colgate a leader in reducing new cavities

### ▶ COLGATE'S ROLE IN NEW TEST FOR CAVITY REDUCTION

In October, 1960, a group of independent dental investigators set out to determine the value of Colgate's Gardol formula in reducing new cavities in the 7 to 17 year age group, when teeth are most vulnerable to decay. These researchers chose to measure Colgate with its ingredient, *Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate* (Gardol), against the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste, which had previously shown effectiveness in cavity reduction.

Hundreds of dental patients were selected from the student body at a large Southeastern school, divided into groups and instructed to use the same dentist-recommended brushing method. For the next two years, one group was to brush only with Colgate's Gardol formula. Another group only with the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste.

© 1963, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

### ▶ COLGATE'S CLINICAL ACHIEVEMENT IN CAVITY REDUCTION

Over half a million brushings later—supervising dentists checked results, group-for-group. So there'd be no chance of human error, dental records were analyzed and compared by electronic computing machines. Statistically, it was discovered that Colgate with Gardol achieved the same low incidence of new cavities as the stannous fluoride formula. Since this study* was conducted among the most cavity-prone age groups, results achieved by the Colgate group are even more significant.

This study—one of many planned to acquaint you and your dentist with Colgate-Palmolive Company's continuing interest in dental hygiene—shows what today's Colgate Dental Cream can do in reducing tooth decay. Its results are wonderful assurance that even the youngest family member can brush with Colgate . . . in the complete program of oral hygiene dentists recommend.

### ▶ YOUR DENTIST'S ROLE IN CAVITY REDUCTION

In announcing these results, the makers of Colgate emphasize agreement with dental authorities that no toothpaste—fluoride or non-fluoride—can substitute for care of teeth by your family dentist. Seeing him regularly is the most important part of any dental-health program. Important, too, is his advice on diet, *how* to brush, *when* to brush, and *how often* to brush.

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963




GARDOL IS [illegible]

Now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" again with best-tasting Colgate

First truly disposable soap pad

Paddy®



Smooth
on the hand side
Pretty backing
protects your fingers

Scrubs
on the pan side
Lots of soap to
shine pans bright!

Cleans a meal's worth of pans...




**Thrifty disposable size! No mess! No rust! No half-used pads!** Sturdy metal fiber packed with grease-cutting soap zips off crusty scorch—then out Paddy goes!




**Comes in a tidy sink-top tray!** Keep Paddy on your sink... neat and handy! Thrifty, too... with 20 soap pads in every box! Another fine product of Brillo.



# Tell Me, Doctor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

Looking at it another way, these studies on various methods of contraception indicate that on the average with no precautions the chances are that a woman will conceive in an 11-month period. If she uses only douching, it will take her about three years to conceive, with the diaphragm it will take her eight years and with norethynodrel-estrogen 96 years.

Another advantage of the oral contraceptive method is psychological. It dissociates the contraceptive act from the sex act. Most of the common methods of contraception involve manipulations at about the time of intercourse. The oral contraceptives are taken daily at a time not associated with intercourse, so that inhibitory associations are negligible. Also, a contribution to more satisfactory marital relations is the certainty of contraceptive efficiency. There is no need for anxiety about a "slip-up."

A third advantage of the oral contraceptive method is that it assures quite regular and controllable menstrual cycles. Women with previous histories of irregularity now settle into a regular succession. Furthermore, in many cases painful menstruation is abolished. Excessive menstruation is almost invariably prevented. Many women who have suffered with premenstrual tension now find that this is gone.

Are there any uncertainties connected with the use of ovulation inhibition as a means of contraception? Any newly developed method requires searching examination and continual study. We must inquire if many years of ovulation inhibition have a sterilizing effect. Thus far the answer is no. A number of volunteer subjects have stopped using the pill in order to have another child. Thus far conception appears to occur with greater promptness even after a number of years of regular use.

Other possible effects of long-term use must be checked. Our studies have involved a number of tests varying from blood pressure to liver function, from blood-cell counts to cancer-detection smears. Thus far we have no indication of abnormality, but we continue regular examinations. When we finish in a few years, these studies will probably constitute one of the most thorough long-term observations of female physiology yet performed. The use of oral contraceptives by millions of women in recent years has led to wide publicity, and many ills occurring in users have been attributed to the "pills." Among them may be mentioned excessive hair growth and excessive loss of hair, insomnia and sleepiness, excessive bleeding and a tendency to blood clotting. When subjected to careful scrutiny, all of these conditions have been found to be unrelated to the use of the contraceptives.

Now there are numerous experimental studies of ovulation-inhibiting progestin-estrogen contraceptives. Trials with five such preparations have been reported in recent years. An intensive review of them was given recently by the world's leading investigators at the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF) conference in Singapore. Most striking is the remarkable similarity of result: extremely efficient antifertility effect, rapid recovery of fertility following discontinuance. Practically all of the newer preparations are well tolerated. The only discernible improvement over the original norethynodrel-estrogen is the possibility of the use of lower dosages, and perhaps a lower incidence of "reactions." In our own studies with a new progestin, ethynodiol diacetate, we find excellent effectiveness at one fifth the usual dose of norethynodrel.

In considering all of the information available, the Committee on Oral Contraceptives of the IPPF found them entirely acceptable with no medical contraindications to their use. This means they appear to be safely usable by women with various medical conditions such as diabetes, arthritis, high blood pressure and so on.

In addition to unusual effectiveness, oral contraceptives have generally found unusual acceptance. In studies conducted in various parts of the world, the rejection rate of oral contraceptives by users has been extremely low. In our studies, we found during the first year 12 percent of the women rejected the method as such, and in later years this rate of rejection fell to from 3 to 5 percent. In contrast, other methods studied in the same area had much higher rejection rates. The highest first-year rejection rate has been reported from a study in India where more than 40 percent of a group of women gave up using pills; but in that same country a vaginal foam tablet was rejected by 85 percent of the users in the first year. Not only do we find a low rejection rate in most places, but the demand at distributing clinics is such that requests for other types of contraceptives are now in the minority. At the IPPF meeting in Singapore, certain clinics reported 70 to 90 percent of their patients requesting "pills."

In most parts of the world there are no religious or cultural barriers to the use of oral contraception. In our studies, even where religious doctrine opposed the use of artificial contraceptive methods, religious scruples have led less than one half of one percent of our volunteers to give up oral contraception, even in the face of scare propaganda against such "artificial birth control."

Research efforts are quite diverse. The realization of the dangers of the population explosion has spurred efforts in many countries.

**Twice in my lifetime, responsible people thought that physics had reached the end of its development. The first time was around 1890, when most top physicists were convinced that there was nothing new to come to this science. Yet, in 1895, the X ray was discovered; a year later came radioactivity, and it was followed in 1897 by the electron. These discoveries sent physics off in entirely new directions. Then in 1940, one of the world's outstanding physicists made a statement in an address to the effect that he saw nothing new ahead in physics. Quite a few people agreed with him. But at the very moment he was speaking, nuclear fission was being developed and we were on our way to the atom bomb and the atomic age.**

**KARL T. COMPTON**

Studies in the male have been chiefly concerned with drugs that might prevent the formation of spermatozoa in the testes. Several such substances have been found that are quite potent when given to experimental animals. Most of them have been abandoned because they have other effects which are undesirable. One group of substances is quite well tolerated as long as alcohol is not imbibed; but a cocktail taken by the user sets his pulses to pounding; induces profuse sweating and other rather alarming phenomena. A few still under investigation appear to be nontoxic, highly effective and not permanently sterilizing.

Most of the current research efforts are directed at finding harmless and effective methods that may be used by women. Among them may be listed: (1) attempts to immunize females against conception by a vaccination procedure, (2) further efforts to find effective and newer types of ovulation inhibitors, (3) attempts to find drugs that will prevent fertilization or the early development of the fertilized egg, (4) searches for drugs that will prevent the developing egg from implanting in the uterus.

The vaccines being sought by researchers are of two types—one which will immunize the female against sperm, the other which will immunize against the hormones that cause the ovaries to ovulate.

The practical development of sperm immunity is still problematical. Great variability has been encountered in even the best of animal experiments, and a truly reliable, usable method is still very much in the offing.

Studies are continuing with the second type of vaccination—against the hormones which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

A step ahead



# It's almost like having a second car

**This new refrigerator can save you three shopping trips a week...** The new Westinghouse Center Drawer Refrigerator eliminates all those extra trips to the market. Its roomy interior will hold all the fresh food you can cram into your car—and then some.

And note the center drawer . . . a Westinghouse first . . . with its own specially-controlled temperature, it holds enough fresh meats and vegetables for a family of five *for a week*, without freezing!

From top to bottom, the new Center Drawer Refrigerator is completely Frost-Free. Frost never forms in the big fresh food compartment at top, the center drawer, the 152-pound capacity freezer down below. So there's no defrosting ever.

One trip to your Westinghouse Dealer can save you many trips to the supermarket . . . ask to see the Center Drawer Refrigerator.

**We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse**




**My mother wasn't like other mothers in the neighborhood. She didn't chase us outside to play—she invited us in to play.**

When I was little, we lived in three different sections of the city, and in each neighborhood there was always one lady who was known as "the lady who calls the police." In one neighborhood the lady called the police for dogs running loose and kids cutting across her property; the second, for boys playing ball outside her house; the other called the police for everything. In all of these neighborhoods, however, there was also one lady who was known as "the lady who likes kids." It was always the same lady. It was my mother.

Obviously the other mothers *loved* children; it was *liking* them that presented the problem. Mostly they liked us absent. As a matter fact, this was the prescribed code of conduct for children in our neighborhood where the common form of address was: "All right, everybody outside. And play down the street—away from the house."

On the days when we followed this advice, we found ourselves quite well thought of. On the days when we all stayed for lunch at one child's house and played in his yard and didn't get home till suppertime, the mothers were crazy about us. Except the host's.

This arrangement of keeping a healthy distance between grown-ups and kids seemed a very sensible one to us, and sometimes my friends went days without meeting their mothers socially. Which is exactly the way we wanted it, because whenever grown-ups *did* pay attention to us, it was always for something like "go back and shut the screen door" or "tie that shoe" or "here, take your little brother with you."

This was not true of my mother. She paid attention to us, but it was the good kind. It was fun. The simplest act—just passing her in the hall—could start her off on some 10-second game, made up on the spot, that called for a wink, a hug or a pinch, before she picked up the sweeper and went on her way. Just peeling us out of our wet snowsuits might end with our taking turns standing on my mother's instep as she counted 1-2-3, 1-2-3, and whirled us around to show us how people waltzed at stylish balls. Instead of a regular greeting, she would often sing a nonsense song. Franny Casey's went: "Dear Franny Casey, please don't be nasty. You are so tasty. Dear Franny Casey."

Even such a routine gesture as rolling out cookies came in for some embellishment. As she would stand, cookie box under her arm, children swirling and eddying around her, their hands outstretched and clamoring, my mother, in her best grande-dame voice, would say, "Ah, autograph hunters, I see," then taking the nearest hand, and using her finger as a pencil, she would spell her supposed autograph aloud: "T-o-m M-i-x and," reaching for another hand, "T-o-n-y, The Wonder Horse; there you are, my boy"; she'd finish with a Spencerian flourish.

Our house, the only one on the street so bedeviled, had a Kissing Bug. It came up behind you, put its hands over your eyes and gave you a quick kiss. Most of my friends suspected it was my mother, but my mother claimed she was a hapless victim herself, and, indeed, there *were* times when we would be playing in one room and my mother working in another, and we'd hear a loud kissing sound. A second later, my mother would poke her head in, warning us to be on the alert, The Bug had struck again! Since the kissing occurred only when the children were there, it was my mother's theory that The Bug lived on our porch and slipped in when it saw the kids coming in. Often the children would look around quickly before closing the door—just in case.

Our basement, which was the bad-weather playground for the neighborhood, also served as a depot for many Special Delivery letters. Sometimes when we'd be playing there and my mother was waiting for the iron to heat, she'd walk toward us calling out, "Special Delivery for Clifford Goldner. Clifford Goldner, Special Delivery. Is that you, sir?" she'd ask Cliffie. He'd nod, then my mother would portentously clear her throat and proceed to read the palm of her hand: "Special Delivery for Clifford Goldner: 'Dear Cliffie: This is a warning. Be on the lookout for The Phantom Swinger. We have traced him to your street. Good luck. Your friend, President Franklin D. Roosevelt.'"

"Hear that, Cliffie?" my mother would ask; then before Cliffie could even answer, she would grasp him by the hands and swing him. Round and around they'd go, my mother pleading, "Cliffie, put me down. Stop this instant. Let go of my hands." Soon they would slow down and stop. My mother would look at Cliffie in sadness and disbelief. "Who would have believed it," she'd ask herself, "Cliffie Goldner, The Phantom Swinger? The President will have to be told." And, shaking her head, a sadder but wiser mother, she'd go back to her ironing.

Not only did my mother enjoy having us around, she actually sought us out. On cold days it was my mother who opened the door and called out, "Hey, kids. Hot chocolate!" My mother taught us to jump double Dutch. She also taught our whole block to play jacks. It was too damp to sit on the basement cement, so we learned jacks on our kitchen floor. Day after day, my mother gave lessons. By the time everybody had learned and the craze had simmered down, our linoleum was so scratched we had to move the table to try to hide it. Next spring, a new girl introduced jacks with a golf ball instead of a rubber ball. Now, there was *real* sport. Back went the table, and the jacks started all over again. My mother always played a game or two. Just to keep her hand in, so to speak.

Those jacks games were many years ago. Now *I'm* the mother. And, naturally, I *love* children. And mostly I think I *like* them. But some days when I go to clean the messy television room and it's obvious that congealed food is the only thing holding the furniture together in there; and I start counting the rings of the doorbell—the record is 27 between the time school let out and we sat down to dinner; and I'm refereeing the fourth fight of the afternoon where the issues at stake are: "He said the Brownies are just a pack of babies" and "Well, she said she keeps her comic books neater than mine"—then what small grasp of sanity I still preserve takes voice and whispers, "*Don't* be sentimental and leave a note; *don't* be practical and pack a bag; just pick up your purse and FLEE!"

On days like that I am ashamed of how much absence I can put up with from my children and their friends. It sets me brooding on my own childhood and how my mother really and truly *liked* us. And I start wondering what kind of a home atmosphere I'm creating for my children and what kind of a mother I am. And the answers are not at all reassuring.

But then sometimes something happens that casts a new light on my perspective. Like just last week, when my third grader came home from school with something she must just have realized. "Mother," she said, "do you know that there are children in my class who"—ticking them off on her fingers—"have never heard of a Phantom Swinger; have never gotten a Special Delivery from the President. *Don't even have a Kissing Bug!*" She shook her head in wonder. "Isn't that a queer way to live?" END

By Jeanmarie Coogan

For cool summer cooking,
new deluxe Macaroni and
Cheese–nothing finer!

## Plenty of creamy sauce* rich with cheddar flavor – the way you'd expect Kraft to make it.

Here's macaroni and cheese the good old-fashioned way—loaded with rich cheddar flavor all through. Kraft makes it "Deluxe" with fine wholesome ingredients. Thick, delicious sauce—and plenty of it; fine elbow macaroni that stays firm, doesn't stick together.

A complete dinner, without adding a thing. *You do the cooking fresh, yourself*—and you're out of the kitchen in 10 minutes. So on hot summer days, serve your family this home cooked macaroni and cheese. It's delicious because it's Kraft "Deluxe."

*Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread




# KRAFT HOME COOKED DINNERS

The quick kind you cook up fresh



# THE WORLD WE WANT



Margaret Hickey

**Who will be the recipient of the Journal's first award? These distinguished judges will decide.**

*The editors of the* Journal *know women everywhere are deeply interested in* every *human concern and eager to participate in creating a better world for themselves, their families, and families everywhere. In the Winter issue of the* Journal, *we announced a new series of articles to appear under the general title,* The World We Want, *and also that the* Journal *would give an award each year "to a woman who has contributed significantly to making the world a better place . . . who has brought us a measurable step closer to the world we want."*

*With pleasure and pride, we now announce the members of the committee who will select the first recipient of the award. The committee will serve under the chairmanship of our Public Affairs Editor, Margaret Hickey.* *CURTISS ANDERSON, Editor.*



Phyllis McGinley



Marian Anderson



Dr. Howard A. Rusk



Mrs. Oswald B. Lord



Howard K. Smith



Anna Rosenberg Hoffman



Elisha Gray II



David Ogilvy



John W. Gardner



Mrs. Dexter Arnold

**PHYLLIS McGINLEY, Pulitzer Prize poet and housewife.** *Journal* readers know Phyllis McGinley heart and soul for her continuing series of essays in this magazine, *Profession: Housewife*. She is the mother of two daughters, Julia and Phyllis. She loves cooking almost as much as she does searching for just the right words to express her illuminating thoughts on a wide variety of topics. She has published a half dozen adult books and several children's books, and has been hailed by some critics as "the best writer of light verse in the United States."

**MARIAN ANDERSON, singer, world ambassador.** When Arturo Toscanini first heard Marian Anderson sing, he said, "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years." All over the world she has been heralded as an ambassador of goodwill, a great artist, and a great human being. Winner of the $10,000 Bok Award, the Spingarn Medal, 24 honorary doctorates, and countless other honors, she has sung three times in the White House and is represented in a mural in the Department of the Interior in Washington. In August, 1958, President Eisenhower appointed her U. S. Delegate to the United Nations.

**HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D., professor and physician.** Dr. Rusk is a man who has never been satisfied to do a single job well, but has always devoted himself, with unmatched success, to several. Currently, among other duties, he is a professor and chairman of the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at New York University–Bellevue Medical Center, and an associate editor of *The New York Times*.

**MRS. OSWALD B. LORD, human rights, international affairs.** For eight years [illegible] from 1953 to 1961—Mary Pillsbury Lord was the United States Representative on the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, and she continues to work for the improvement of international relations personally and in a half dozen official capacities. She is a director of the World's Fair Corporation and the National Council of Women. In 1952, she was co-chairman of the National Committee, Citizens for Eisenhower.

**HOWARD K. SMITH, radio and television commentator.** Howard K. Smith has won the acclaim of both his audience and his colleagues as one of the most knowledgeable and astute reporter-commentators on the air. He was honored by four consecutive Overseas Press Club Annual Awards for "best radio reporting from abroad" (1952–55), and he won an O.P.C. Award again in 1961 for "best radio interpretation of foreign affairs." Recently, he was given the Alfred I. duPont Foundation Award for the "year's outstanding radio or television commentator."

**ELISHA GRAY II, corporation executive.** Elisha Gray II is a businessman with a highly developed "social conscience," although he winces when the term is applied to him. "I work at what must be done," he says, "wherever I find it." Chairman of the board, Whirlpool Corporation, a director of General Foods Corporation and of Sears Bank and Trust Company, Chicago, he is also a member of the board of governors of the American Red Cross and chairman of the board of trustees of Mercy Hospital, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

**DAVID OGILVY, president, Ogilvy, Benson and Mather.** President and principal stockholder of one of the most successful advertising agencies in the nation, Mr. Ogilvy has been credited with "doing more to change the look in American advertising than anyone in the last 20 years." Born in West Horsely, England, he was educated at Fettes, a public school in Edinburgh, and Christ Church College, Oxford. He came to the United States in 1937, found it "the most wonderful, delightful, marvelous country on earth," and so he has stayed on, trying to make it even better.

**MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, national and civic leader.** Ruth Pruyn Field is president and director of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York and a trustee of Sarah Lawrence College, Hofstra College, and the Carnegie Hall Corporation; she is a director of the Foreign Policy Association, the Fund for the Republic, and the United States Committee for the United Nations. She is also trustee of a committee named for a lady of similar grace, vision, and energy—the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation Committee.

**MRS. DEXTER ARNOLD, president, General Federation of Women's Clubs.** Described by her colleagues as "diligent, dynamic and dedicated," Margaret Long Arnold of Concord, New Hampshire, and Washington, D.C., is the youngest president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. A graduate of Syracuse University, she holds the Arents Medal, Syracuse's highest alumni award, and she is the second woman ever to receive the University of New Hampshire's Pettee Medal for distinguished national service. She is the wife of Dr. Dexter Otis Arnold, superintendent of schools in Concord.

**JOHN W. GARDNER, president, Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.** Before World War II, Dr. Gardner taught psychology at Connecticut College for Women, and Mount Holyoke College. During the war, he was a marine attached to O.S.S. in Washington, D.C., Italy, and Austria. He has at various times been consultant to the U.S. Delegation to the United Nations, the Air Force and the Department of Defense, and he served on the Special Task Force on Education which President Kennedy brought together shortly after his election. He is the author of the book, *Excellence: Can We Be Equal and Excellent Too?*, and editor of President John F. Kennedy's book, *To Turn the Tide*.

**ANNA ROSENBERG HOFFMAN, senior partner, Anna M. Rosenberg Associates; former Assistant Secretary of Defense.** Anna Rosenberg Hoffman's interest in public service began while she was still in high school. She volunteered as a student nurse during World War I. During World War II, she served as personal representative of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman in the European Theater. She received the Medal of Freedom in 1945 at the recommendation of General Eisenhower. She was the first civilian to hold both the Medal of Freedom and the Medal of Merit. In 1950, she became the first woman Assistant Secretary of Defense in history. She is married to Paul G. Hoffman, managing director, United Nations Special Fund.

**HOW TO NOMINATE:** You may [illegible] an official form for nominating a candidate for the award by writing to World We Want, P.O. Box 71, New York 19, N.Y. Nominations close September 1, 1963. Please do not write directly to committee members. Only nominations on the official form will be considered.




# Lie to your friends

Just a little... let your friends think that you created this superb Italian dressing. That you were the master chef who blended the tiny buds of garlic, oregano, peperone rosso so expertly. Let them try to figure out how you got all the lively herbs and spices to float so appetizingly between the pure golden oil and the vintage vinegar.

Wish-Bone

WISH-BONE ITALIAN · DE LUXE FRENCH · MONACO FRENCH · RUSSIAN · CHEESE · LOW CALORIE ITALIAN & FRENCH STYLE

# Why your dentist may recommend Crest at your next checkup




Your dentist would much rather *prevent* cavities than fill them. So he makes a point of advising those preventive measures he believes can help your family.

Besides the care he gives you at 6-month checkups, he may give advice for daily care at home. He may show you how to brush. He may say what you should —or shouldn't—eat for fewer cavities.

And he may recommend Crest. If he does, it's because of the evidence he's seen that Crest can help reduce cavities.

**Tests reported in dental journals.** In his own professional journals, your dentist may have read scientific reports of the Crest toothpaste tests. These tests, extending over ten years, showed Crest could help prevent cavities for grade-school, teen-age, and young adult groups.

Your dentist has weighed this evidence carefully in relationship to your family. So if he recommends Crest, consider it a tribute to your good sense. It means your dentist realizes that you will use Crest not as a substitute for, but as a part of, a good dental program.

**Ask your dentist.** As an expert in the field of oral health—and a good friend besides—your dentist stands ready to help you. For your family's sake, seek and follow his recommendations for making your dental health program even better.

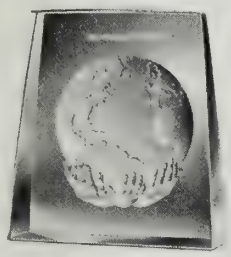
One recommendation may be Crest. Why not ask your dentist about Crest's role at your family's next regular dental checkup.

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# What the Population Explosion Means to You

**It may mean an Indian beggar today—but tomorrow? To your family? To their future? A group of young Americans glimpsed it—to their horror. Is surplus food the best we can offer ragged masses? Is there another answer for their multiplying despair?**



THE WORLD WE WANT

**Dr. Vannevar Bush,** former president, Carnegie Institution of Washington: "The world's population is increasing at a rate which renders distress, famine and disintegration inevitable unless we learn to hold our numbers within reason. Man is headed for catastrophe unless he mends his ways and takes thought for the morrow."

**Pope Pius XII,** addressing World Population Conference in Rome, September 8, 1954: "The science of population is young, but it is basic, since it touches immediately on human life and it can clarify some of the most serious individual and social problems. . . . That is why we can only rejoice at the light that your labors and those of all sincere population experts bring to the knowledge of the laws and the values which condition the development of populations. That is why we are also urging Catholics to take an active part . . . in the efforts which are being made in this field."

**Adlai Stevenson,** U.S. Ambassador to the UN: "The United States should not impose birth-control programs on foreign countries. But the United States should not hesitate to consider requests for aid to birth-control programs in countries where population growth is inimical to well-being."

**Habib Bourguiba,** President of Tunisia: "It [Tunisian development] can only succeed if the women of Tunisia stop producing children faster than we can provide for them."

**M. C. Chagla,** former ambassador of India to the United States: "If the United States is interested in seeing India an industrialized and prosperous country, its interest should extend to seeing that the problem of population is effectively tackled. . . ."

**On page 50, Dr. Gregory Pincus, creator of oral contraceptive, discusses birth-control methods. World We Want award announcement, page 56.**

We were at lunch in Geneva, but we could not help thinking back to our experience in Asia. One of the boys was talking: "I thought I was prepared for poverty. But to see men, women and children sleeping on the sidewalks, looking like bundles of rags, to see thousands of people living in little scrap-wood shacks, like animals ——" One of the girls finished his thought: "Once when I was stopped by a woman begging, I gathered all my courage and looked straight into her eyes, and it struck me then—these are *people*, like ourselves, and they have a right to live better than this."

The speakers were nineteen-year-old American students in the International School of America. Each year the I.S.A. picks twenty-four college students from across the United States and sends them to sixteen countries around the world. The object is to study various cultures and world conditions at first hand and, unlike the case in most other schools, some of the most impressive parts of its program are expected to occur outside the various classrooms.

"About Asia," one of my students said, "what I remember best is not its history but its misery."

Misery. We had seen it in Bangkok and Delhi and Cairo. We found it in Hong Kong in the thousands of squatters' shacks, without water and without sanitation, and in the miles of tenements where as many as forty people exist in one room. We remembered it in the acres of sampans and junks crowded together to make the strange floating cities of the Orient, dark, dense aquatic jungles of bamboo and fluttering rags and masses of miserable people.

We knew that the massive numbers were partly responsible for the misery, that population was growing faster than ever before and that the fastest rates of growth were those in the less-developed areas of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Large numbers of people do not necessarily mean poverty, but in nations that are already poor, rapid increases in population do tend to keep per-capita incomes low. It takes only simple arithmetic to show that when a country's population grows faster than its production, there are less and less goods per consumer.

In 1961 the population of the earth reached three billion. It took tens of thousands of years for mankind to produce this number; yet in less than forty more years—while most of the children born in 1961 are still alive—there will almost certainly be an additional three billion people on the earth. This incredible acceleration is unmanageable and self-defeating. It firmly manacles the masses to their misery, for nations that cannot even now feed, clothe, house and educate their people surely will not be able, in less than forty years, to satisfy double their numbers.

Ironically enough, this threatening bulge of population has come about because man has been so successful in his age-old battle with Nature. In the past, "natural" deaths have always approximately equaled births. Famines and devastating epidemics have often claimed hundreds of thousands of lives at a stroke.

Progress, however, has been made. Vast campaigns have scored spectacular gains against malaria, smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, typhus—all the mass killers. Man has seemed to be conquering Nature.

But "Nature" is a tricky opponent. It had been keeping a kind of tragic balance between births and deaths. The potential of human reproduction is tremendous. Under good health conditions it is possible for the human race to multiply itself CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

**by PHILIP APPLEMAN**

*Dr. Appleman is associate professor of English at Indiana University and a member of the faculty of the International School of America*



*Once a Greek prince, he now has duties which are ceremonial.*

PICTORIAL PARADE



*Interested in science, he lectures, attends many meetings.*

REGINALD DAVIS PIX



*Usually gracious, he is easily exasperated by the press.*

# WHAT IS PRINCE PHILIP REALLY LIKE?

**A JOURNAL writer met the Duke of Edinburgh and joined his party as he toured San Francisco. She found him to be everything a prince should be—and many more things than you'd ever expect.**

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN One bright, cool night early this winter I watched H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, step off a London jet at the San Francisco airport. He had the well-scrubbed look of an athlete fresh from the shower, a tall, slim aristocrat with a long stride, a cool, quizzical smile and penetrating deep-set blue eyes. It was his first visit to San Francisco and everyone, it seemed, wanted to be on hand to welcome the dashing Prince.

I was there for the *Journal* to meet the Prince, see him in action, and discover, if possible, 'what he's really like." I hung on the edges of a crowd of Commonwealth students, toga-robed from Ghana, sari-wrapped from India, hoping that in my black coat and mink hat I resembled a graduate student from New Zealand. In my handbag was an invitation to a formal banquet and cocktail party where I hoped to talk with the Prince, who has never given a personal interview in his life. If he did, his press equerry, Richard Colville, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.C., R.N., wrote me from Buckingham Palace, he would be forevermore "overwhelmed by demands."

A crowd of several hundred spectators watched as Mayor George Christopher led Prince Philip to a speakers' stand and welcomed him to the city as "a great patriot, a great soldier, and a great gentleman in every way."

At the word "soldier" the Prince winced visibly. "Oh," gasped a woman next to me, "but his family have always been Royal Navy!" The Prince was much better briefed. "He knew all about me," the mayor said later. "He knew I was born in Greece, and he told me that he was too. You know, his grandfather was king of Greece. On the ride from the airport we tried talking in Greek for a time, but we soon gave up. Then he asked me, 'What about those Giants? Who got them to leave New York?' He didn't know about the Giants' winning the National League pennant and then losing the World Series. I tried to explain it to him, but he didn't see how champions could lose, so I gave up."

The Prince's motorcade sped directly to the Pacific Union Club, an ultraconservative men's club where women are rigorously excluded. An ugly mausoleum of brownstone, built by one of the Comstock Lode kings, it commands the highest crest of Nob Hill. "The Prince's face fell when he looked around inside," revealed one of his entourage. "Some of his staff got to stay with the John Hay Whitneys in the beautiful royal suite at the Mark Hopkins, where the water

PICTORIAL PARADE



*A war hero in the Navy, he can no longer be on active duty.*

JACK ESTEN-PIX



*A dashing polo player, he is criticized for playing on Sunday.*

PIX



*An all-around athlete Britons adored him when he married.*

faucets are plated in 24-karat gold, but the Prince got stuck with a brass bed and 19th-century plumbing. I think it has something to do with money," he added. "The royal suite occupies two floors and costs something like $1,000 a day, and the Prince is always being criticized back home for spending too much."

British tabloids, which cater to the vicarious pleasure the masses find in the antics of the peerage, have recently been jumping on popular Prince Philip for his churlishness to the press, his prolonged absences from home, his expensive hobbies, and even his receding hairline. The Church of England criticizes him for playing polo on Sunday. Animal lovers howled when he shot a tiger with one clean shot in India two years ago. The London *Daily Mail* twitted him:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
Tell me, was it just a fluke
You got potted by a duke?"

Last June, in a speech to wildlife lovers in New York City, the Prince took pains to explain that he was for "controlled conservation" or judicious shooting. He disapproved, he said, of big-game hunters who are "status seekers" who "kill to enhance their prestige."

But when a few months afterward his son, Prince Charles, shot his first stag on the Scottish moors, the British League Against Cruel Sports protested, "What else is the Prince seeking to do here except achieve a status symbol for his son?"

Recently a member of the House of Commons wanted to know the constitutional duties of the Duke of Edinburgh before giving him a spending allowance of $112,000 a year. It was pointed out that Prince Bernhard of Holland gets along on considerably less. "The Queen calls Prince Philip the limit," claims the London *Daily Express*, a sensation tabloid which refers to His Royal Highness as "the nonstop Duke." Reminding its readers that Philip had only his Navy pay before his marriage and not even a decent set of hairbrushes, the *Daily Express* points out that today "he has all the playthings of a wealthy man—a yacht, a string of polo ponies, fast cars, airplanes, an immense wardrobe of clothes, and a steady supply of jeweled cuff links from grateful townships. . . . His manner is a blend of the two most respected British institutions, the Navy and the Peerage. . . . He has the clipped speech of a sailor and the deliberately democratic manner of a duke. He constantly reveals that he is human, has a sense of humor, can think for himself and even swear . . . but if he is just like everyone else, why should 50,000,000 people treat him as royal?"

In the United States the Prince commands a good press and deferential treatment. Anglophiles fawn upon him, and even Anglophobes will admit that this 41-year-old sporting prince in the vigorous prime of life is "highly impressive."

"You Americans should start a Royalist Party," humorously observed a New Zealand diplomat to me during Prince Philip's visit. "You could easily find some impoverished European prince, marry him to some rich Texas beauty, and then install them in the White House."

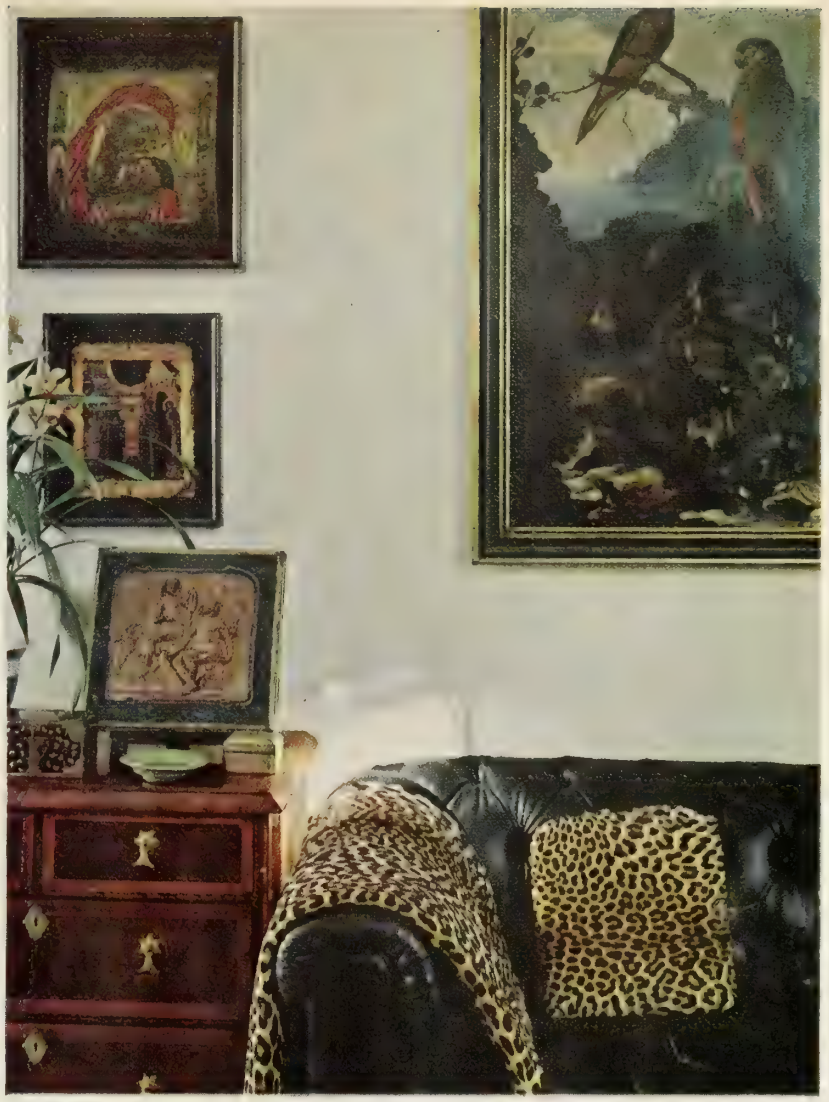
"Oh, we'll let the Americans enjoy our royal family as long as they like," graciously observed a Londoner.

The Prince came to San Francisco to address the English-Speaking Union CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



Sparkling nighttime views are enjoyed in this room, since the lighting scheme does not dim the firefly lights outside. Instead of table lamps, pinpoint fixtures were used over bookcases and pictures (below), tiny gooseneck ones (right) on wall brackets or stands were used beside sofa and chairs. Their localized glow is supplemented with candles and firelight. Note at right the small chest used for an extra-large end table, the warm texture contrasts of leather, fur and, on picture frames, velvet. Below, see how the placement of the piano along the important bookshelf-window wall minimizes its weighty shape. Piano is an 18th century one. By designer Anthony Hail in his home.





Space-making ideas for tiny rooms involve the return of old-fashioned portieres, used instead of doors to visually expand the room. Portieres are lined with ticking to match the draperies on the living-room side. The short, broken wall problem (below) was solved by flanking the window with identical love-seat-chair-table arrangements. Other ideas here: dramatizing an Oriental rug with a modern, no-color background, playing up the old moldings with paint instead of trying to disguise them. The French windows are half covered with sheer sash curtains for privacy by day, have shades, painted with a pretty pattern, to pull down at night. Designed by Everett Brown Associates.





# On the Beach at Honaunau

**Would you like to live in a house that shakes? Or drive 111 miles to a laundry? Or pay a penny per gallon for water? The Apples don't mind—they're living in a Hawaiian paradise!** **By RUSSELL A. APPLE**

From our living room, we are able to watch a mother whale and her offspring, framed by coconut fronds, swimming along the shore. Sometimes porpoises cavort by. Through a wide crack in the black lava on our beach we look down into the surging ocean. Blue-and-orange fish play hide-and-seek around coral heads. Near our home there are caves to explore, old trails to walk. We fish from outrigger canoes. A friend catches lobsters with his bare hands in front of our house. When he gives us some, as he often does, my wife, Peg, and I quickly plan a cookout. I light the charcoal! At the insistence of my two young sons, I usually take a swim while waiting for the coals to glow.

Our sun rises from behind a green mountain and sets in a blue sea. Some nights the moon lowers itself majestically into the ocean. On full-moon nights I may set our alarm clock for four A. M. so that Peg and I can get up to see the moon's reflection on the water. If the moon poised just above the horizon seems especially awe-inspiring, we wake the boys, for we know it's a view they'll remember all their lives.

Our stars are not filtered by smoke or smog. Honaunau, Kona, Hawaii, is our home. This part of Hawaii is not Honolulu or Waikiki, where electricity and water flow through wires or pipes to apartments, houses and hotels. Nor is it Hilo, 111 miles away, or Kailua-Kona, 20 miles away, both major tourist destinations served with essential utilities. Our home is 200 flight miles from Waikiki, in the middle of the district of Kona, on the "Big Island" of Hawaii.

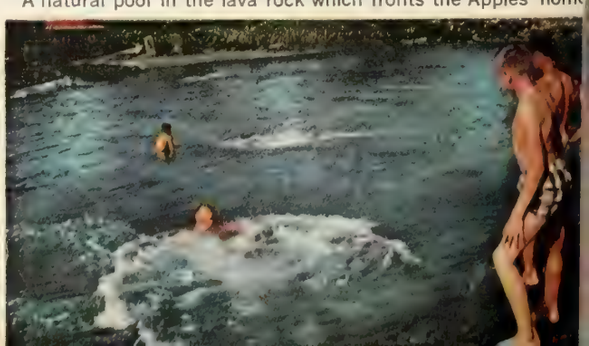
Andy made his outrigger from an old gas tank.



Archaeologist Ladd shows Russ Apple local primitive art.



A natural pool in the lava rock which fronts the Apples' home



From the hillside above their home, the Apples admire their mile of coastline and a daily sunset over the Pacific.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WERNER STOY

I am the first superintendent of the U.S.A.'s newest National Historical Park, the City of Refuge. It's my job to plan, develop, preserve and protect the park. I have at present three division heads—Terumasa Igeta, maintenance; Mrs. Herbert Mark, administration, and Edmund J. Ladd, park archaeologist. They supervise foremen, stone masons, carpenters, clerks, truck drivers and laborers. Right now, under the Administration's Accelerated Public Works Program, we have 74 employees, but normally my staff is 12.

Our nearest neighbors, a half mile away, are Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Kahili. He is a park construction worker and always turns in a full day's work and more. Then, some distance farther, there's Mrs. Rosabel Kaikaka, a schoolteacher, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hua. Henry also works in the park. There's also the Kelepolo family; they live on the beach when the fishing is good, inland when it's time to pick coffee. All of these people are Hawaiian, and fine people. Nearby, also, is Stan Shimizu, a commercial fisherman of Japanese ancestry who has a Hawaiian wife, and Anum Kealamakia, a school principal. We are not lonely here, but there is plenty of space between neighbors.

When we had just been transferred to Hawaii from South Dakota and were exploring the practical aspects of living in a paradise, I mentioned to Peg that we would probably have to drive 111 miles to Hilo to do our laundry.

"Drive 111 miles just to wash clothes!" she gasped.

"Sure," I said, "and it's a good thing. Otherwise we might never leave the City of Refuge."

I explained to Peg the limitations imposed by our private, local utility situation. Peg then toured the beach cottage and its environs. She inspected the small water tank, looked and listened to the small electrical generator, and turned on the water in the kitchen sink.

"Don't waste the water," I said.

"Why not?"

"It costs a penny a gallon, delivered."

"Oh," Peg said, quickly turning off the tap.

The State of Hawaii plans to pipe fresh water to this new National Park, but it's not here yet. Shortly after our transfer to the City of Refuge, one laundry day went like this: The car trunk was loaded with soiled laundry, with the overflow stuffed in and around our two sons—Andy, eleven, and Kuahivi,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Fresh fish are eaten raw, baked, fried, sautéed or in chowder.



The Apples love cookouts—here, teriyaki (marinated steak).



Kuahivi is a choirboy, and Andy an acolyte.



# THE BAREFOOT SEASON

**Photographed in Disneyland by Jeanloup Sieff**

There is a place in the West said to be the happiest land on earth. It is divided into many kingdoms with names like ADVENTURELAND, FRONTIERLAND, TOMORROWLAND, STORYBOOKLAND, and FANTASYLAND. You arrive on a monorail from which you can see a skyline of sights such as Matterhorn Mountain and Sleeping Beauty's Castle. When its founder, Walt Disney, dedicated his 65 magic acres eight years ago, he said: "DISNEYLAND will continue to grow, to add new things, as long as there is imagination left in the world." DISNEYLAND is now an American classic, as are the summer clothes on these pages.

**by Catherine di Montezemolo** **Fashion Editor**



At Mark Twain's steamboat dock in FRONTIERLAND, she is dozing in a pair of Levis—an enduring American fashion since Levi Strauss had them made some 100 years ago. Checked cotton shirt about $6, jeans about $5.

*Opposite:* On MAINSTREET, U.S.A., the view is from a vintage 1903 horseless carriage with a put-put motor. Her dress, for any morning's Main Street shopping, is cotton piqué—with a scissor-pleat skirt. About $15 by Sue Brett.

ABOVE: AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; MAY D & F, DENVER; JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON; MACY'S, SAN FRANCISCO
OPPOSITE: AT ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK; FILENE'S, BOSTON; FAMOUS BARR, ST LOUIS; THE HIGBEE CO CLEVELAND





Fowler's Cove is where she waits for the *Mark Twain* paddle-wheel showboat. She will dance on board in this navy candy stripe on white cotton Recamier dress. She can cook dinner in it every night, too, if she wishes, as it will launder any number of times. About $25 by Anne Fogarty.



The Swiss Family Tree House in ADVENTURELAND is the scene of her descent. An enchanting, complete house, it's built in the branches of a towering tree. She is wearing cotton knit. The top, pale-blue-and-white stripe, the shorts solid blue. About $5 each by Julie Isles for Jantzen Jr.



Drifting on a Mississippi Mudwumper called the *Bertha Mae*, she's dressed for the river in a bright blue-and-white striped cotton-knit pullover and chalk cotton-twill pencil-straight sailing pants. By White Stag. Top about $5, pants about $8. Sunglasses by Renauld of France.



*Above:* On the shore of Tom Sawyer's Island, she's in white cotton pique banded in front with blue embroidery and gingham. By R & K, about $22. *Right:* At Fowler's Harbor she is wearing cotton-piqué—a dancing dress that wraps, by the masters of the wrap-and-tie trick, Swirl. About $15.

TOP, LEFT: AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, THE HIGBEE CO., CLEVELAND; RICH'S ATLANTA, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C. TOP, RIGHT: AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; RICH'S, ATLANTA BOTTOM, LEFT: AT B. ALTMAN AND CO., NEW YORK, JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON, MACY'S, SAN FRANCISCO; C. A. STEVENS, CHICAGO BOTTOM, RIGHT: AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK, DAVISON'S OF DIXIE, ATLANTA; DEWEES, PHILADELPHIA; F. & R. LAZARUS, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

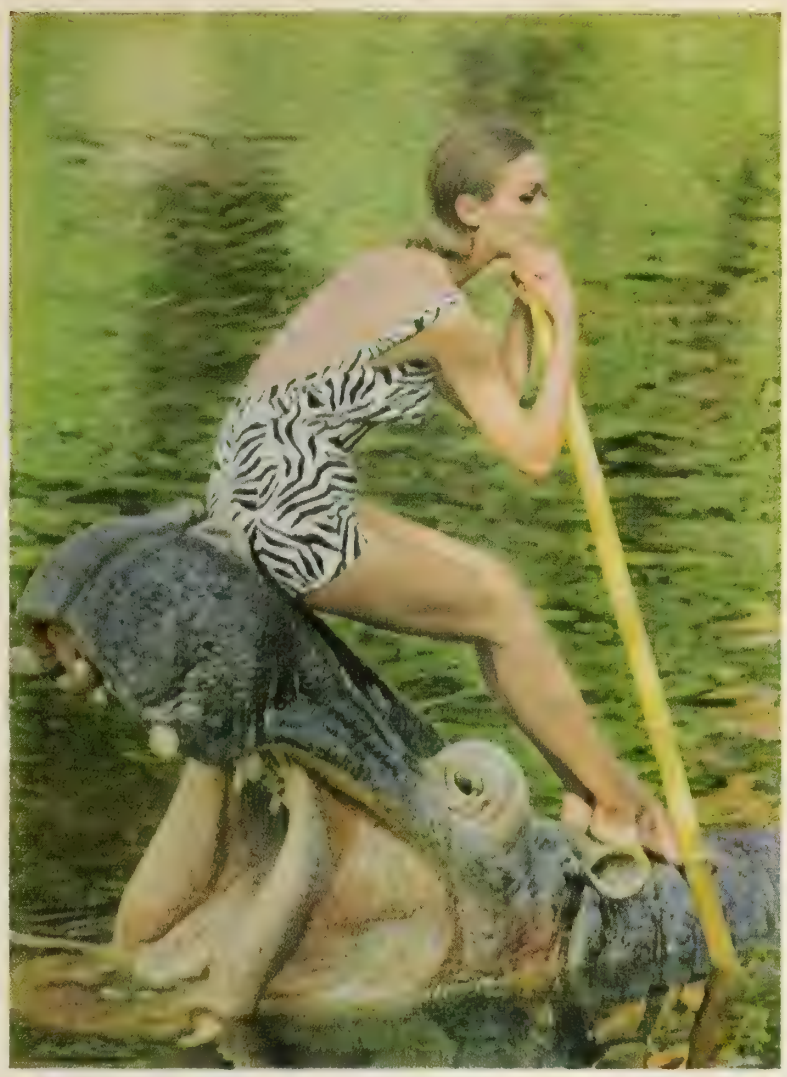


ABOVE · AVAILABLE AT B ALTMAN AND CO , NEW YORK; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON, C A STEVENS, CHICAGO, WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D C



**Photographed in the delightfully haunting jungle at Disneyland**

One-piece lastex (below) is in a classic cut—flashing black-and-white zebra pattern on acetate with cotton and rubber. Designed for those who cannot give up the maillot. About $20 by Roxanne.



Shaped like a jump suit and borrowed from a certain famous black jacket, it is alluring, comfortable. A bold zipper front in nylon jersey simulated to look like leather, about $26 by Cole of California.





*Above:* Dress-look suit has hip pockets and a low tear-drop back. In opaque acetate and Orlon acrylic knit, about $18 by Jantzen Jr. *Left:* For animal lovers—the jungle kind—maillot of DuPont's printed 100 percent nylon Helanca, about $24 by Cole of California.



*Above:* This suit is taken from a dress look in two shades of water blues. It was designed for serious swimmers with an up-and-down stripe that is a boon to any sort of figure. In elasticized cotton double knit, it is by a top name in figure making, Maidenform. About $20.



**NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD**
FOOD EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN SOMOROFF

WESTERN ACCESSORIES BY MILLER'S

COOKING

# HOME ON THE RANGE

**HOW THE WEST WON**—Everyone loves a success story, and here's one of the *Journal's* favorites. It's all about the wonderful, mouth-watering food being served in this country from the Rocky Mountains on westward to the blue Pacific. Luscious roasts of beef are grilled over a bed of charcoal, basted with a superb sauce till crusty brown without, rare and juicy within (see our Eagle Ranch Barbecue Sauce). Broilers are spitted and brushed with a pungent mixture of pineapple



juice and honey, roasted till glazed and golden. Corn O'Brien (from the Alisal Ranch in Solvang, California) is tossed with sweet red and green peppers, served with chicken or beef.

Turn the page for barbecued Spareribs Alisal, tender and spicy (Oriental influence here). You'll see plump rainbow trout stuffed with a savory mixture of bacon, rosy crabmeat, and white wine; herb cornbread, baked and served in a skillet, Western style—and more. On page 84 there's news about the latest in barbecuing gear. And on page 90 you'll find *More About Barbecuing*—a tip sheet for fire makers and outdoor chefs. It'll be useful all summer long.

**EAGLE RANCH BARBECUE SAUCE** (1) In a saucepan mix 2 cups tomato juice, ¼ cup dry sherry or Madeira, 1 teaspoon gravy browning, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. (2) Cover, simmer for 10 minutes. Use as a basting sauce for beef (rib roast, sirloin, rump, top or bottom round, Choice or Good quality) or broiling chickens, spit barbecued or charcoal grilled. Makes 2 cups sauce.

**SPIT BARBECUED CHICKEN** (1) Truss 3 broiling chickens so that wings and legs are secured to the body. (2) In a saucepan mix 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup catsup, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ¼ cup honey, 1 tablespoon cooking oil and 2 teaspoons salt. Simmer uncovered



for 30–40 minutes until slightly thickened. (3) Arrange broilers on the electric barbecue spit and broil indoors or outdoors for 40–50 minutes. Baste the broilers frequently with sauce. If you prefer, have the broilers split and broil them on each side for about 15 minutes, basting frequently with sauce. Makes 6 servings.

**SPARERIBS ALISAL** (1) In a 2-quart saucepan combine 1 can (1-lb.) tomato puree, 1 cup condensed beef consommé, ⅓ cup each soy sauce and sherry, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 small green pepper, seeded and chopped, 1 small onion, peeled and chopped, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 cloves garlic peeled and crushed, 1 teaspoon each rosemary, oregano, sweet basil, crumbled bay leaves and ½ teaspoon bottled liquid smoke or charcoal seasoning salt. (2) Cover and simmer for 2 hours, stir occasionally. (3) Strain the mixture through a medium-fine sieve. Arrange 6 lbs. lean pork spareribs in roasting pans or large casseroles. Pour the strained liquid over the ribs. (4) Cover and marinate for at least 2 hours or overnight if possible; turn the ribs in the marinade from time to time. (5) Broil *outdoors* between a long-handled hinged wire broiler, or on the broiling rack over a slow fire about 5–6 inches from the heat for 45 minutes to 1 hour or until well done. Baste the ribs frequently with the marinade and turn them often so that they brown evenly. Or broil *indoors* on broiling rack, 5–6 inches from the heat for



about the same length of time, basting and turning them as previously directed. Makes 8–10 servings.

**CRAB-STUFFED TROUT** (from the Alisal Ranch) (1) Cut the fins from 12 medium-size, cleaned, fresh or frozen (thawed) trout. Wash them well in salted water and pat dry with paper towels. (2) Dice 6 slices bacon and fry in a skillet until pale golden. (3) Add 1 small onion, peeled and chopped and sauté until tender. Remove from the heat. (4) Drain, bone and flake 1 can (7½-oz.) crabmeat. (5) Toss the crabmeat, onion-bacon mixture and 2 cups soft white bread crumbs together; add ¼ cup dry white wine and mix well. (6) Divide the mixture equally among the trout and stuff the cavity of each. (7) Cut 12 slices bacon in half and lay half a strip on each side of a trout. (8) Wrap the trout in aluminum foil, either individually or in packages of four to six. (9) Cook packages *outdoors* on top of the grill over slow heat for about 10–15 minutes on each side, or place packages on baking trays or in roasting pan and bake *indoors* in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25–30 minutes or until the fish flakes when touched with a fork. (The bacon will not get crisp; you may wish to discard it.) (10) Peel, pit and slice 2 or 3 avocados; sprinkle them with a little lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Unwrap the trout and serve garnished with avocado slices and a few lemon wedges. Makes 12 servings. MORE RECIPES ON PAGE 130

# ARE CHILDREN PEOPLE?

**If they are, they belong to another world. People don't jump in puddles or stand on their heads or eat banana sandwiches in closets! Can people hear brownies baking, talk to puppies or listen to the daisies grow? What kind of people hang by their knees?**

The problem of how to live with children isn't as new as you might think. Centuries before the advent of Dr. Spock or the PTA, philosophers debated the juvenile question, not always with com-



passion. There's a quotation from one of the antique sages floating around in what passes for my mind which, for pure cynicism, could set a Montaigne or a Mort Sahl back on his heels.

"Why," asks a disciple, "are we so devoted to our grandchildren?"

And the graybeard answers, "Because it is easy to love the enemies of one's enemies."

Philosopher he may have been, but I doubt his parental certification. Any parent with a spark of natural feeling knows that children aren't our enemies. On the other hand, if we're sensible we are aware that they aren't really our friends either. How can they be when they belong to a totally different race?

Children admittedly are human beings, equipped with such human paraphernalia as appetites, whims, intelligence and even hearts, but any resemblance between them and people is purely coincidental. The two nations, child and grown-up, don't behave alike or think alike or even see with the same eyes.

Take that matter of seeing, for example. An adult looks in the mirror and notices what? A familiar face, a figure currently overweight, maybe, but well known and resignedly accepted; two arms, two legs, a whole. A child can stare into the looking glass for minutes at a time and see only the bone buttons on a snowsuit or a pair of red shoes.

Shoes, in fact, are the first personal belongings a child really looks at in any objective sense. There they are to adore—visible, shiny, round-toed; ornamental extensions of himself. He can observe them in that mirror or he can look down from his small height to admire them. They are real to him, unlike his eyes or his elbows. That is why, for a child, getting a pair of shoes is like having a birthday. When my daughters were little, they invariably took just-acquired slippers to bed with them for a few nights, the way they'd take a cuddle toy or smuggle in a puppy.

Do people sleep with their shoes? Of course not. Nor do they lift them up reverently to be fondled, a gesture children offer even to perfect strangers in department stores. I used to think that a child's life was lived from new shoe to new shoe, as an adult lives for love or payday or a vacation.

Children, though, aren't consistent about their fetish. By the time they have learned to tie their own laces, they have lapsed into an opposite phase. They start to discard shoes entirely. Boys, being natural reactionaries, cling longer than girls to their first loves, but girls begin the discalced stage at 12 or 13 and it goes on interminably. Their closets may bulge with footwear, with everything from dubious sneakers to wisps of silver kid, while most of the time the girls themselves go unshod. I am in error, too, when I speak of shoes as reposing in closets. They don't. They lie abandoned under sofas, upside down beside the television set, rain-drenched on verandas. Guests in formal drawing rooms are confronted by them and climbers on stairways imperiled. When the phase ends I can't tell you, but I think only with premature senescence.

My younger daughter, then a withering crone of almost 20, once held the odd distinction of being



the only girl on record to get her foot stabbed by a rusty nail at a Princeton prom. She was, of course, doing the twist barefoot, but even so the accident seems unlikely. You can't convince me it could happen to an adult.

No, children don't look at things in the same light as people. Nor do they hear with our ears either. Ask a child a question, and he has an in-





variable answer—"What?" (Though now and then he alters it to "Why?")

Or send one on a household errand and you will know that he—or she—is incapable of taking in a simple adult remark. I once asked an otherwise normal little girl to bring me the scissors from the kitchen drawer and she returned after a mysterious absence of 15 minutes, lugging the extension hose out of the garage. Yet the young can hear



brownies baking in the oven two blocks away from home or the faintest whisper of parents attempting to tell each other secrets behind closed doors.

They can also understand the language of babies, the most esoteric on earth. Our younger child babbled steadily from the age of nine months on, although not for a long while in an in-



telligible tongue. Yet her sister, two years older, could translate for us every time. "That lady's bracelet—Patsy wishes she could have it," the interpreter would tell me; and I had wit to lift my visitor's arm hastily out of danger. Or I would be instructed, "She'd like to pat the kitten now."

We occasionally used to regret their sibling fluency of communication. Once we entertained at Sunday dinner a portrait painter known rather widely for his frequent and publicized love affairs. He quite looked the part, too, being so tall and lean and rakish, with such a predatory moustache and so formidable a smile, that my husband suggested it was a case of art imitating nature. The two small girls had never met him, and when the baby saw him for the first time, she turned tail and fled upstairs.

The older, a gracious four, came back into the living room after a short consultation, to apologize

## PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

for her sister's behavior. "You see," she told him winningly, "Patsy thinks you're a wolf."

It was impossible to explain that they had somehow confused the moustache and the smile with a description of Little Red Riding Hood's arch foe and were not referring to his private life. We let it pass. I often thought, however, that it was a pity the older girl's pentecostal gifts did not outlast kindergarten. She would have been a great help to the UN.

Young mothers have to study such talents and revise their methods of child rearing accordingly. To attempt to treat the young like grown-ups is always a mistake.

Do people, at least those outside of institutions, drop lighted matches into waste-paper baskets just to see what will happen?

Do they tramp through puddles on purpose? Or prefer hot dogs or jelly-and-mashed-banana sandwiches to lobster Thermidor? Or, far from gagging on the abysmal inanities of Raggedy Ann, beg to have it read to them every evening for three months?

Indeed, the reading habits alone of the younger generation mark them off from their betters. What does an adult do when he feels like having a go at a detective story or the evening paper? Why, he picks out a convenient chair or props himself up on his pillows, arranges the light correctly for good vision, turns down the radio and reaches for a cigarette or a piece of chocolate fudge.

Children, however, when the literary urge seizes



them, take their comic books to the darkest corner of the room or else put their heads under the bedcovers. Nor do they sit *down* to read. They wander. They lie on the floor with their legs



draped over the coffee table, or, alternatively, they sit on the cofee table and put the book on the floor. Or else they lean against the refrigerator, usually with the refrigerator door wide open. Sometimes I have seen them retire to closets.

Children in comfortable positions are uncomfortable—just as they are miserable if they can't also have the phonograph, the radio, the television and sometimes the telephone awake and



lively while they pore over *The Monster of Kalliwan* or *Little Women*. But then children don't walk like people either—sensibly, staidly, in a definite direction. I am not sure they ever acquire our grown-up gaits. They canter, they bounce, they slither, slide, crawl, leap into the air, saunter, stand on their heads, swing from branch to branch, limp like cripples or trot like ostriches. But seldom have I seen a child just plain walk.



They can, however, dawdle. The longest period of recorded time is that interval between the moment one tells children to undress for bed until they have actually brushed their teeth, said their prayers, eaten a piece of bread and catsup, brushed their teeth all over again, asked four times for another glass of milk, checked the safety of their water pistols or their tropical fish, remembered there was something vital they had to confide to you which they have forgotten by the time you reach their sides, switched from a panda to a giraffe and back to the panda for the night's sleeping companion, begged to have the light



left on in the hall, and finally, being satisfied that your screaming voice is in working order, fallen angelically into slumber.

Apprentice parents are warned to disregard at least nine tenths of all such requests as pure subterfuge, but to remember that maybe one of the ten is right and reasonable, like the night light or the value of a panda when one is in a panda mood.

Not that reason weighs much with children. It is the great mistake we make with a child to think progeny operate by our logic. The reasoning of children, although it is often subtle, differs from an adult's. At base there is usually a core of



sanity, but one must disentangle what the lispers mean from what they say.

"I believe in Santa Claus," a daughter told me years ago, when she was five or six. "And I believe in the Easter Rabbit too. But I just can't believe in Shirley Temple."

Until I worked out a solution for this enigmatic statement, I feared for the girl's mind. Then I realized that she had been watching television. After all, if you are six years old and see a grown-up Shirley Temple acting as mistress of ceremonies for a spectacular one evening and the next day observe her, dimpled and brief-skirted, in an old movie, you are apt to find the transformation hard to credit.



I managed to unravel that utterance, but I never did pierce through to the heart of a gnomic pronouncement made by a young friend of hers. He meandered into the backyard one summer day when the whole family was preparing for a funeral. Our garden is thickly clustered with memorials to defunct wildlife, and on this particular afternoon we were intent on burying another robin. John looked at the hole. "What are you doing?" he asked, as if it weren't perfectly apparent to the most uninformed.

"Why, John," said my husband, "I'm digging a grave."

John considered the matter a while. Then he inquired again, with all CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

© 1963 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress, Profession: Housewife. Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.



# RETURN OF THE FEMME FATALE

**It's love against the world for history's beautiful, fatal women who refuse to be ruled by conventional morality. They say, "I cannot help myself," and rush toward a fate beyond their control. But how many of them find fulfillment?**

There isn't anything in the Elizabeth Taylor story itself which hasn't been warmed over by the principals with wearisome repetition. What the world has been watching, with attitudes ranging from compassionate sympathy to shocked outrage and from absorption to bored indifference, is the urgencies of a tortured triangle hot on and off the marital grid. But amidst the daily spate of headlines, something has been lost, and I think it is something important.

It is perspective that has been lost. Except in some of its outward aspects, it is not the new things in the Elizabeth Taylor story that are most worth attention, but the old elements of it that link it with other women and other men and other times, with people in the past who walked the same perilous path of the grand passion, and stumbled and often got bloodied in the process.

For there is a long history of love in the Western world. I don't mean the love of men and women, humble or distinguished, who kept their private lives private, but the love of the famous and infamous, whose private passions were blazoned all over the public world. All through the history of Eros, from the Greek hetaerae to the latest publicized front-page affairs, are examples of the *femme fatale* who seeks release from feeling caught within the body of herself and the narrow world of her womanly pursuits, into something she feels is larger than herself and her world. In all her friendships and marriages, Miss Taylor has sought this sense of being transported out of herself into a grand passion. She has never achieved it. Will she ever? How many women do you know who have achieved it, or are likely to?

I cannot pretend to any special knowledge of the interior of Miss Taylor's mind and heart. But as it happens I spent some time with her, over a period of several months, working with her on what was to have been a chapter of her autobiography. It is my own unverifiable hunch that she sees herself as a *femme fatale,* one of those beautiful, historic, fateful ladies who draw men irresistibly toward them, and who are therefore to be judged not by standards of conventional morality, but by more spacious standards applied over centuries to the grand passion. I don't mean she is articulate about this, or even particularly conscious of it. But for me CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

"It is my own unverifiable hunch that Elizabeth Taylor sees herself as a *femme fatale*, one of those beautiful, historic, fateful ladies who draw men irresistibly toward them."

**BY MAX LERNER**

*Author of*

**America as a Civilization**

PHOTOGRAPH BY RODDY McDOWALL



DAHL-WOLFE, COURTESY OF HARPER'S BAZAAR

# what ever happened to

By **BRUCE CLERKE**, Beauty Editor

Mary Jane Russell was one of the most glamorous models of the 1950–1960 decade. Her face was photographed thousands of times for beauty and fashion pictures of that era. Small wonder that even now editors and photographers think of her and ask the inevitable question, "I wonder what ever happened to Mary Jane?"

The *Ladies' Home Journal* beauty-department staffers, having done their share of wondering, decided to call on Mary Jane and see for themselves. Statistically, Mary Jane (Mrs. Edward Russell) is a typical *Journal* reader, living in the suburbs with her husband, who commutes to his job, and three sons, ranging in age from high-school freshman down to first grade.

We reasoned that by now Mary Jane had met up with all of the housewives' beauty and grooming problems our readers write us about. What we were particularly interested in was how she had coped with them.

Our first look at Mary Jane proved that she was still beautifully groomed and, if anything, without photographic makeup, more attractive than we had remembered. But, back to the traps our readers write us about; Mary Jane admitted to having fallen into every one of them. What pulled her out and saved her looks and individuality was a "time and emotion study I conducted right





here at my kitchen table." Here are some of the things we talked about, and some of her and our thoughts: "Homemaking—and that includes housecleaning, chauffeuring, gardening and even being a part-time handyman—is a job, in fact, it's the full-time job of most women. So that's how I think of nine hours of my day—working hours. And when I'm on the job I wear work clothes, suitable to the tasks I perform, that are comfortable and attractive, and I don't have to run and hide when the doorbell rings."

Psychologically it's good for you, when you take off your work clothes, to feel you're actually putting that part of the day behind you. Mary Jane's working formula: pants and tops, or, as at left, what she feels is a jobworthy uniform. *(Editor's note:* It's a stretch fabric which eliminates baggy knees, needs no ironing, has no waist or armhole seams to bind or separate.)

"All jobs have a regular quitting time, and I try to make no exception for mine—I shower, put on a new face and a dress. It makes a different person of me." Mary Jane loves long, at-home clothes and favors what she calls "slinks" (at left)—one-piece, very simple dresses that are practical as well as becoming. *(Editor's note:* This one is washable and will run right through an ironer in one swoop.)

"I was a whiz at hairdos when I was modeling—but then I went to the hairdresser at least once a week. Up here in the country I always seemed to be between hairdos. I became determined to figure out one I could manage to perfection myself. Enrico Caruso did the cutting—and he trims it now once a month when I get to town. Between times I wash it twice a week, dry it to damp with my home hairdryer, and then brush it all over on one side—the wrong side. When it's completely dry I brush it again, straight up this time, and then to the other side, where I arrange the sweep and the bangs with the tail of my comb. When I want it curlier or in a higher, more rounded shape, I use a setting lotion and pin curls." *(Editor's note:* Set them standing straight up.) Your hairdresser can



copy this cut for you. Ask for an English, a Prince Charles or an Oliver haircut. If your own hair is inclined to be limp, you can add the necessary gumption by giving

# Mary Jane?

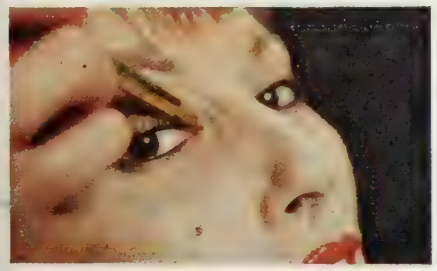


yourself a home permanent. In any case, a lick with a brush keeps it in order during the day.

Admit it or not, every woman looks better with a bit of makeup.



"I count on the magic wands for makeup in a hurry. Their long length makes them easy to use, and they help you do a better job

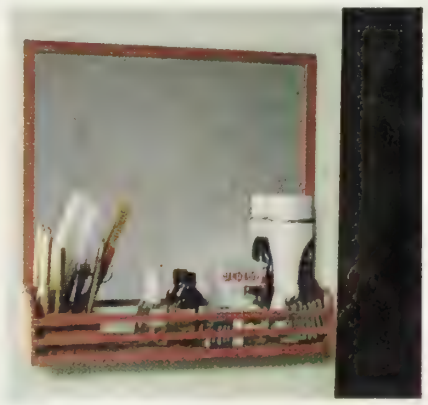


too. In the morning, for instance, before breakfast, I splash cold water on my face, pat it dry, and then with these new pencil-length tools I quickly apply just enough makeup to pull my face together, and give it some definition. Brown eyebrow pencil strengthens the line of my eyebrows, a mascara wand rolls on enough color so that my eyelashes show, and an eyeliner outlines the shapes of my eyes.

"These thin, long lipstick wands (above, right) make outlining your lips a snap and the results as lasting as when I do it with a brush. For my skin I find I need only a midday dusting with a



pressed powder to tone down the natural shine on my face, and lipstick after eating. The rest of my makeup stays intact until my official quitting time at five o'clock, when I put on fresh makeup." Still talking about makeup, Mary Jane showed us her kitchen grooming cabinet. "Why," she wonders, "hasn't a kitchen-cabinet manufacturer thought of building one in? Women spend a good deal of time in the kitchen, and it's generally the place you leave from to go to the car, the garden, or to answer the doorbell." Mary Jane's cabinet is painted to match the inside of her broom closet. When she swings open the door, there's an eye-height mirror, makeup wands, a comb and brush, hair



spray and pin-curl clips for an emergency repair job. Plus all the medicine-chest necessities for the kitchen-nursing of skinned knees and pinched fingers.

"I'm sure that most women who are at home all day don't eat properly—you feel honorbound to eat up the leftovers, and for what they lack in quality or quantity you make up with sweets and endless cups of coffee. Once I realized what I was doing, I went back to my standard, on-the-job lunch. Soup or salad, fruit, milk or coffee. But instead of eating it in odd bites between photographs in the studio, I carefully arrange my food on a tray in pretty, bright dishes that I use just for my own lunch. Then I take it, a magazine, newspaper or book and go to the part of my house that at that moment I like best—a sunny spot in front of a window, a shady spot in the garden or even back to bed. I take a 30-minute lunch break, and, for me, it's as good as an extra hour's sleep." (*Editor's note:* Many women find lunchtime the perfect time to diet. If your children have lunch at home, eat before you feed them so that the opportunity to "clean plates" is less tempting. Look to the dietetic-foods shelves in your supermarket for new low-calorie food products. And for inspiration, see the April, 1963, *Journal's* section on low-calorie foods.)



Mark Shaw's comment on his photograph of Mary Jane, below: "Obviously all those diamond bracelets and mink coats were unnecessary picture props for Mary Jane. A feather duster brings out something even more special in her—herself." (*Editor's note:* And what has happened to you in the last 10 years? Let us know.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW



# For the barbecue chef

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Home Management Editor



**HANG IT ALL:** You broil at eye level in a hibachi that swings from tree, trellis or wide eave. High-hat design is functional, funnels smoke and fumes through top; charcoal pan is removable for easier cleaning, grill rack has two cooking positions. The grill can stand on the ground or on table top (Bar-B-Q-bachi).



**GOOD TRAVELERS:** Refrigerator to go is filled, chilled on 115-volt house line then kept cool with car or boat battery or, in some models, with bottled gas (Monitor); for hot or cold victuals, wide-mouth vacuum is sturdy glass-lined (Thermos); stacked enamel containers, covered cups carry, cook, serve food.



**A GRILL TO GO** is the lightweight, collapsible Safari. Five double newspaper pages, wadded tight, do hamburgers in 10 minutes—melting meat fat is consumed by flame, acts as fuel (Safari grill). Many-tined fork aids in turning burgers on grill (Androck); checked cups, plates of coated paper add gaiety.



**ROLL-ABOUT ROTISSERIE** with take-off hood and motorized spit folds down to 24″ diameter, 4″ depth for storing; cooking grid height adjusts (Crestline). Stainless tools have stay-cool handles (Turner & Seymour), bread basket keeps warm (plug-in model available too). For chefs: peppermill, mitt and salt dish.



**COOKING WITH GAS:** Twin-unit stove uses bottled propane gas, folds up suitcase style. Lid and folding side wings shield both flame and food on a windy day (Bernz-O-Matic). Elegant enameled skillet heats evenly, cleans easily (Prizer-Ware). Enamel coffee maker, plates, cups travel well and make a picnic a party.



**COOL-WEATHER COOKING:** All-season grill invites foot warming on its 42″-diameter rest. Grill, 28″ across, burns wood or charcoal, can be made into a table when fire dies by topping with wood, slate or marble. Grill, steady in use, can be wheeled about. Copper coffee server holds 5 quarts, sauce dishes add color.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD NONES

Cooking over open coals is as old as the cave man, its refinements as new as today. Here's news of modern equipment for outdoor meals. For more information about barbecuing, turn to page 90, and for classic outdoor recipes, see page 74.

# Great idea:
# *Campbelled* eggs



**CHEESE SCRAMBLE** (Pictured)

**It's got the zip, the tangy goodness of Cheddar Cheese.** Stir 1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs and dash pepper. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in eggs. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 servings.




**MUSHROOM SCRAMBLE**

**Cream of Mushroom Soup makes them M'm! M'm! Good!** Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs, dash pepper. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in eggs. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 servings.



## WHAT IS PRINCE PHILIP REALLY LIKE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

and at a downtown office of that worldwide organization four telephones were ringing at once. San Franciscans wanted to know how one addressed the Prince ("Your Royal Highness first, then sir afterwards"); should one curtsy? ("Not in America"); should a lady remove her right glove before shaking hands? ("Optional"); should men wear their service decorations to the banquet? ("No decorations would be worn, not even by the Prince"). A tweedy spinster appropriately named Miss Olive English warbled happily into each phone. "Chaos reigns!"

The Mark Hopkins Hotel, headquarters for English Speaking Union delegates from Auckland to New Delhi to Edinburgh, as well as a good many from Texas and Connecticut, diplomatically flew both the Union Jack and the flag of the United States at the front entrance. In the lobby, ladies wearing hats cheerily directed Commonwealth delegates to "take the lift" to the Golden Empire Room for a heavy luncheon of breaded veal and crumb pudding.

At ten that morning the Prince had emerged from the gloomy recesses of the Pacific Union Club and crossed the street to the Mark in the brilliant sunshine. He walked at the head of a cordon of security officers and his royal staff, wearing small gold crowns in the lapels of their conservative dark suits. The Prince looked impeccable in oxford gray, a pale-yellow shirt and brown tie. I saw a woman fluttering out of her hotel window in a nightgown to watch his arrival, unaware that a telescopic lens was flashing her image on all the local TV screens. Another woman on the sidewalk leaned forward for a closer look and fell out of her shoes. "That's bad luck," the Prince observed to her with a charming smile.

"He moves like a jackrabbit and he misses nothing," an American security officer said admiringly. "Ah, you again!" the Prince was saying to a convention delegate whom he had met in Ottawa four years previously.

The Prince's first full day in San Francisco was a trying one, for he was paraded for hours in a tightly paced schedule. When he found that he was 20 minutes ahead of a luncheon appearance, he suddenly left the royal suite of the Mark Hopkins and headed for some stairs at the end of the hall. "Don't panic," he told his security officers. "I promise to be right back. You stay here." A royal order is a command, so they waited nervously while he climbed to the 17th floor to enjoy by himself a dazzling view of blue harbor, buildings white as sugar lumps, and the soaring Golden Gate Bridge. Exactly 20 minutes later he reappeared looking refreshed.

"He thinks San Francisco is great," said one of his group. "But we'll know if he really likes it if he later brings the Queen to visit."

When the Prince went to Mayor Christopher's office late that afternoon to exchange the inevitable pair of cuff links, the mayor said, "You must be tired, sir." "No," replied the Prince. "We're right on schedule. I'm used to 18-hour days." As he left City Hall a small boy of eight or nine who had been waiting for a long time to see the royal visitor called out excitedly, "Hi, Prince!" Philip turned his face away and walked past without speaking.

It reminded me of the time I first met Prince Bernhard while in Holland gathering material for my *Journal* story about the Dutch Royal family. I had been primed to greet him with "Good afternoon, Your Royal Highness," but the words were sticking in my throat in true American fashion when the Prince shot his hand out with a friendly "Hi!" and ushered me into his firelit study at Soestdyjk Palace. We then talked and laughed for a good two hours. However, the next time I saw him, he was obviously in a touchy, regal mood. He neither looked nor spoke to me until I had addressed him properly. Then he relaxed into his usual charming self. He was dictating a letter to his brother, a German prince who lives in New York City, and his secretary asked if she should put the royal title on the envelope. "Certainly not," replied cosmopolitan Bernhard. "Only dogs are called Prince in America."

The point is that European princes can be highly informal, but only at times and places of their own choosing. Prince Philip's first day in San Francisco included a visit to an exhibit of British Art Today, "the kind of thing he avoids like poison at home," observed one member of his staff. The Prince commented cheerfully on an abstract oil, "He made a botch of that, didn't he?"

That evening the British Consul-General, Randle Reid-Adam, entertained the Prince with a small cocktail party in his home. The Prince chatted easily with San Francisco society, cradling a gin and tonic which he had precious little time to sip in the face of the ladies' fast and furious conversation. He discussed the wisdom of sending young boys away to boarding school. "Well, you can't buck custom; when other boys their age are going away they want to go too," observed the Prince, adding that Charles had selected Gordonstoun himself. Would Princess Anne go to boarding school? "Oh, probably later, but she's only twelve!" (Prince Charles was sent at nine.) Asked if his son liked Gordonstoun, the Prince threw back his head and laughed, "Well, he hasn't run away yet."

At seven o'clock he returned to the club to change into formal clothes for a small dinner party given by the Randolph Hearsts. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Beaudette, who live near Santa Barbara. Mrs. Beaudette, a handsome blonde of 41, is the former Cobina Wright Jr., whom the Prince used to date in his adolescent days in London. Although Mrs. Beaudette had not seen the Prince in 24 years, they had "kept in touch," she said. The Prince had changed remarkably little, she thought; as for herself, the mother of four children, she had just managed to lose 30 pounds. The Prince "relaxed thoroughly" and "had a very good time," it was reported, and did not leave for his quarters until well after midnight.

The Prince is highly interested in science and had personally requested a visit to the world-famous radiation laboratory at the University of California at Berkeley (which he kept pronouncing Barclay). The next day he rode over to the campus in an open Lincoln convertible, wearing a double-breasted trench coat and no hat. Some 5,000 students cut classes to line the path he was expected to follow. Genial, silver-haired Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz was on hand to welcome him, wearing a small white rose in his navy-blue lapel.

The Prince stood in his habitual stance, head bent forward and arms crossed against his collegiate-looking tattersall shirt as the Admiral explained very thoroughly a small bronze plaque in the library. The Prince listened with a polite, frozen expression while a swarm of photographers, delighted to see the nonstop Duke pinned down at last, exploded endless flashbulbs. (The Prince's eyes are sensitive to bright lights and all the photographers had been warned to only take pictures from an angle, never head on.) When the Admiral finished his lengthy speech, he led the Prince over to see the first gold nugget discovered in California, and again the flashbulbs popped. The Prince finally glared at one particularly insistent photographer and demanded of everyone, "What's the matter with him, does he have a nervous tic or something?" The photographer retreated.

The Prince then toured the green campus. I strolled next to the British Ambassador's wife, Lady Ormbsy-Gore, who looked young and radiantly beautiful in sapphire blue. Everyone walks behind the Prince, and for a good part of the campus stroll, I matched strides with Admiral Nimitz. At one point I inadvertently advanced one foot ahead of the royal visitor, who had stopped to chat with a coed. A burly policeman's arm shot out across my black coat and I was jolted back faster than I could say tallyho.

The Prince asked each student his or her name and what he or she planned to do. He asked the football captain his team's standing in the league. "Last," said the captain, with a pained smile.

"Oh, that was an unfortunate question," said the Prince, moving on. When the editor of the campus paper told him he planned to be a journalist, the Prince turned to a university official and remarked, "So he wants to be a professional eavesdropper, eh?"

A radio technician pushed a microphone to within six inches of the royal nose and the Prince's equerry, Royal Air Force Squadron Leader D. J. Checketts said worriedly to Superintendent Kelley of Scotland Yard, who accompanies the Prince everywhere, even on his helicopter flights, "Would it be diplomatic, do you think, to tell that chap not to hold the mike so close?"

The burly Scotland Yard officer ordered bluntly, "Just tell him!"

"I'm afraid in another minute *he'll* ram it right down his throat," murmured Checketts, moving in to whisper in the offender's ear.

More than once the Prince has resorted to direct action in expressing his dislike for the press. One of the most talked-about occasions was the Chelsea Flower Show debacle. Three years ago, the Prince was inspecting a mechanical garden at this annual affair. At the touch of a button, sprinklers would go on, lawn mowers would move up and down, and so forth. The Prince dotes on gadgets and once accompanied the Queen to the horse races at Ascot with a transistor radio under his top hat tuned into a cricket match. "If I push this button here, will the sprinkler go on over there?" the Prince inquired, pointing. When informed that it would, he pressed the button. What happened then is not exactly clear. The British press claimed that he deliberately "drenched" two photographers and ruined their cameras. Superintendent Kelley told me that the Prince really aimed at his own security force "as a joke" and that "only a drop or two" fell on the photographers, who nevertheless "yelled bloody murder."

The Prince once tried to explain his occasional outbursts of rudeness toward the press, especially the British tabloids which rag him incessantly to bolster circulation. Members of the royal family, he explained, are "public figures for life" whereas "presidents, film stars and politicians have periods of obscurity." In 1959, when President Eisenhower was visiting at Balmoral and the usual crowd of photographers hung around, the Prince told Ike, "They want a picture of the pimple," pointing to a small red spot on the princely nose. Ike smiled, but the Prince glowered. "Other members of the royal family take the popping of flashbulbs in their stride," observes the London *Daily Express*.

Diplomats who talked with me agree that the Prince is more impatient than ever with protocol, humbug and security, and shows it more openly all the time. Nor have his relations with the British press improved. Last spring in Rio de Janeiro, the Prince suddenly collared a reporter for a London tabloid and said, "Your paper is a bloody awful newspaper. It is full of lies, scandal, and imagination. It is a vicious sheet."

"The Prince neither gossips nor listens to gossip," revealed his ex-valet. However, the Prince is not known for his discretion. He makes up his mind about issues and people instantly and often says the first thing that pops into his head. He expects clear, knowledgeable answers from people in a position to know and does not easily tolerate prosy bores. He once interrupted a long-winded scientist on the podium to say, "That's all very well, but you still haven't found out what makes my bath water gurgle." Another time he snapped at a high-ranking Navy officer who had enjoyed a good many martinis at lunch, "Well, Admiral, what do you think—that is, if you are still capable of thinking?"

An Oxford don once quoted a Latin proverb in Philip's presence, "The pleasure of the prince is unto others a law." Philip rose instantly to his feet and remarked, "That must have been written a very, very long time ago. In my humble experience, the pleasures of others is the law for princes."

Still another time he remarked, "I have had very little experience with self-government. In fact, I am one of the most governed people in the world."

What makes his position sometimes galling is that he led a highly solitary and independent life before he chose the discipline of the Royal Navy. His four sisters were eight to sixteen years older than he; they were full-grown before he reached ten. His family, exiled from Greece, lived in relative poverty in France, where his mother ran a handicraft shop. Although a royal prince of Greece, Philip had only an English nanny to take care of him. He developed early the capacity for enduring solitude without loneliness. When he was nine, his middle-aged parents separated. His father went off to Monte Carlo and his mother into a nunnery; Philip was packed off to an English boarding school.

His character was formed and hardened at Gordonstoun, where he often tramped the Scottish moors alone or captained an open sailboat in the fierce Moray Firth. He grew to love the sea passionately. When he entered the Royal Navy school at Dartmouth, his headmaster at Gordonstoun told the naval authorities, "He is a born leader, but he will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding. His second best is not good enough." He also described the young prince as "often naughty, never nasty."

Philip had five years of "salt-water war" during World War II in the Mediterranean and the Pacific and was present at Tokyo Bay at the Japanese surrender. Three years after his marriage to Elizabeth he returned to the service to command an ack-ack frigate in the Mediterranean. "He worked us like dogs, but treated us like gentlemen," said his naval




"Don't be ridiculous—if I were trying to poison you it would taste delicious!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

# A shampoo so rich you only need to "lather once"!









**NATALIE WOOD** starring in "Love With The Proper Stranger," A Paramount Pictures' release, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme shampoo and her hair behaves beautifully! Yours will, too, because—instead of over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage—you only need to lather once with rich, instant-foaming Lustre-Creme shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

## NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo

ratings. The failing health of King George VI recalled him to the dismal, dark halls of Buckingham Palace in the summer of 1951. Within a few months the King was dead, and with him all Philip's hopes for continuing a naval career so admirably suited to his capabilities.

Since then Philip has restlessly sought greater thrills and farther horizons. He took his first flying lesson in 1952 and has now logged over 1,000 solo hours. He has piloted four-engine jets, gliders, Hovercrafts, and now has a new enthusiasm, the helicopter, which he calls his "flying carpet." A fast driver, he has had at least four car accidents, two involving the Queen. He ranks among the top ten English polo players, "not a stylist, but fast and tough," says a polo umpire.

Uffa Fox, one of the best yachtsmen in England, says, "He's the best man at sailing across the tide I've ever sailed with." When cruising in the royal yacht *Britannia*, which carries a crew of 257, he sometimes takes the helm when docking, once scraping her hull at Montreal. And when not exploring the Antarctic or flying to Ghana, he may be shooting with his good friend Prince Bernhard or visiting his sisters in Germany. This past year, for instance, the Prince was home in England with the Queen only four months out of twelve.

Why hasn't the Queen made her husband the Prince Consort? This is one of the most intriguing questions involving the royal couple.

Some say that Philip has never been fully accepted by the English because of his German ancestry, which is rather ridiculous, considering the amount of German blood in Queen Elizabeth's veins. She and Philip are distant cousins, both being related to Queen Victoria, who was as German in ancestry as her German-born husband Prince Albert.

It does not help Prince Philip's popularity with the English when he flies over to Germany to drink beer and ski with his sisters, all of whom married German princes. English Tories also remember that Philip is a Mountbatten, a family known as Battenberg before World War I. Philip's uncle, Lord Mountbatten, the brilliant naval commander, was a well-known playboy in his salad days and often kicked up his heels with the young Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor). And Philip's first cousin and close friend, the Marquess of Milford-Haven, has been involved in several imbroglios. But one English clubman was unjustifiably critical of Philip's associates when he sniffed, "Really, there isn't a gentleman among them."

At least Prince Philip is far more popular with the British people than his predecessor, Prince Albert, whom they found insufferably stiff, long-winded and serious-minded.

Philip and Elizabeth are said to be sick and tired of being compared to Albert and Victoria, yet there are no other comparisons possible in English history. Among the reigning queens, Anne was married to a nonentity, Elizabeth I had no husband, and Mary wed the ruler of a foreign country who seldom visited her. Queen Victoria at first excluded her husband Albert from all affairs of state and only permitted him to blot her signature. Gradually, however, they became in effect joint sovereigns, with adjoining desks, poring over dispatch boxes from morning until night. Lord Clarendon finally declared that the royal couple "labored under the curious mistake that the Foreign Office was their peculiar department and that they had the right to control, if not to direct, the foreign policy of England."

Today, the Queen opens her dispatch boxes alone, and Philip is not present when she receives ministers or ambassadors. But when he is alone with the Queen, it is highly unlikely that he keeps his extensive knowledge of current events and world affairs to himself. In domestic matters, he is openly the boss. The Queen was opposed to his learning to fly and to sending young Charles away to school, friends say, but the Prince won on both counts. He has been known to be quite sharp with her in public. "You're not going to wear *that*, are you?" he once commented upon her gown at a small palace party. "No, dear," the Queen replied meekly, returning to her room to change.

On royal tours, the democratically reared Prince is ever on the alert to ease the Queen through any stiff, shy moments. He is there to lean on, too, in times of crises; the British loved him for the strong, supportive role he played when the Queen was grieving over the death of her beloved father. The Prince is a superb athlete who keeps in trim; the Queen shows in her face the strain and fatigue of Commonwealth tours. Recently, in New Zealand, a crowd of several thousand waited past midnight beneath the Queen's hotel window. She went out on a balcony to smile and wave, although she looked exhausted. "Well, you people," spoke up Philip from behind, "it's late. I don't know about you, but *we're* going to bed." Which they did, to laughter and applause.

Elizabeth has dispensed royal favors to Philip with a cautious hand. They had been married six years before she made him Regent for their children in place of Princess Margaret. There were insistent rumors of a marital rift in 1957, when the Prince was gone for four months. As soon as he returned, she gave him the official title of Prince Philip. When their third child, Andrew, was born in 1960, he was named after Prince Philip's father.

When will she make Philip the Prince Consort? There are many different opinions. Queen Victoria waited until her 21st wedding anniversary before giving this title to her adored husband. Some say that the present Queen reveres the memory of her ancestor Prince Albert so much that she wants him to go down in history as the one and only Prince Consort. Some say that the Queen's mother feels that Philip has not "settled down sufficiently." (As matters stand today, Prince Philip would lose many of his royal privileges if Elizabeth should die; if he were Prince Consort, they would continue.) Believes Richard Wald, former London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "I think the Queen is waiting until they're both very old."

Lord Kinross, a blue-blood British journalist who is fond of roving the Sahara in a fleet of Rolls-Royces, says the Queen once asked a friend, "What do you do when your husband wants something very badly and you don't want him to have it?"

"Well, ma'am," replied the friend, "I try to reason with him and dissuade him and sometimes we reach a compromise."

"Oh," said the Queen. "That's not my method. I tell Philip he shall have it, and then make sure he doesn't get it."

Although the story is probably apocryphal, few would deny that if it came to a test between Philip's good and the good of her millions of subjects, the Queen would act in the interests of the crown. And although Prince Philip is highly popular with the masses, who turn out in large numbers to see him on all occasions, he is still not entirely acceptable to many of the Queen's ultraconservative advisers, who distrust his German background and his liberal views.

Excluded as he is from many of the Queen's activities, the Prince has worked hard to promote several causes he considers worthwhile, including a boys' fitness program, streamlining British industry, and strengthening the ties of the Commonwealth. Over the years he has developed into a first-rate after-dinner speaker, poised, witty and concise. He writes his speeches himself and they are remarkably free of the usual pink clouds of *après-les-petits-fours* rhetoric.

While the Prince was touring the Berkeley campus, the tables were being set for the banquet in his honor at a hotel in San Francisco, and a quarter way around the world a birthday cake was being delivered to Prince Charles at Gordonstoun. He was 14 that day.

When the Prince emerged from a three-hour visit with nuclear physicists at the radiation laboratory, his customary rather masked expression had given way to one of amazement and admiration. Nobel prizewinner Dr. Edwin McMillan later told a reporter, "Prince Philip is obviously a quick, intelligent man. He does not know a great deal about science, but he




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nows enough to ask sensible questions and be interested in the answers."

While the Prince was inspecting the world's rgest atom smasher, I hurried over to Eliza-eth Arden's. The male operator asked lan-uidly, "Something casual?" When I told him was going to the Prince's cocktail party, he ime to life and flipped my top in a ravishing anner. To meet the Prince I wore a Vogue-attern brocade dinner suit in a luscious shade pink chosen for me by *Journal* pattern edi-r Nora O'Leary. As I drew on my long white d gloves, I pondered what to say.

If the Prince recognized me as the lady in ack who had been tagging him doggedly for ays, he gave no sign, but gave me a warm ndshake and smile. I found myself saying I d enjoyed his recently published book, *eabirds in Southern Waters*, which he wrote d illustrated with his own photographs. His ce, which looked rather drawn and tired, ghted up like any author's. Then a matron ehind me pressed him. "Did Your Royal ighness see any birds today?"

"Today?" echoed the Prince, rather des-erately, for once at a loss. (The only birds I oticed on our campus stroll were Colum-dae, or pigeons.)

When dinner was announced, 1,200 guests ed eagerly into the banquet hall. The head ble was set for 60, and the diplomats' wives esented a splendid display of bared shoul-ers, jewels and furs. Mrs. John Hay Whitney, ne of the beautiful Cushing sisters of Boston, ore deep-pink brocade and ropes of dia-onds. She chatted without a pause with the rince on her left throughout the fruit cup; uring the fish course of Dover sole, he rned to lovely Lady Ormsby-Gore in yellow n his right.

When the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding peared on the golden service plates, the rince's footman, who had made the trip from ondon, whispered, "Immediately! English ustard for His Royal Highness!"

There was an excited hub-bub as the order as passed down from various flunkies to the tchen, much in the manner of A. A. Milne's mous poem, "We must have some butter r the royal slice of bread!" Finally a silver ustard pot appeared on a gold tray and was rne triumphantly to the Prince, who in the eantime had finished his roast beef.

The nervous waiters kept dropping things nd finally, as the Prince rose to give his ddress, a horrendous crash was heard be-nd him. "Is there anything left to break?" e inquired humorously.

Facing a battery of TV cameras, his thin-ng blond hair brushed sleekly against his ell-shaped head, he seemed utterly relaxed, nd spoke concisely and to the point. He ressed that in international relations "ideal-m is not enough" and "the prospect of one orld is probably too much for human nature achieve." The word "practical" occurred dozen times in his 15-minute speech.

The following day he handled the gavel for well-directed morning and afternoon debate n the problems of the free nations. Although e is careful not to express any political pinions, it was clear that he feels the North tlantic Pact represents a much too narrow oncept of the free world which now embraces any colors and races.

The Prince, who once called his World War generation "the worst educated in the orld, the war took away any chance for igher education," shows a certain tenderness oward his lack of a degree. When a delegate entioned that the University of Edinburgh as studying the problems of the Common Market, the Prince remarked, "It's encourag-ng to hear that a university is doing some-hing sensible." When another delegate sug-ested holding a World Youth Parliament to ackle the problems of the free world, he com-ented, "They couldn't possibly cause more onfusion than our present Parliament. How-ver, I think youth learns most by example."

One of the Prince's current interests is help-ng to raise half a million dollars for a 115-oot British sailing yacht to take a group of oung boys around the world. Ships from 15 r 20 nations plan to rendezvous in New ork harbor in 1963.

Remarked the Prince, "For a young man, in size and strength an adult, no longer willing to be taught, the urge to put the strength and skill of body and mind to the test is over-whelming. Pious lectures are useless. . . . Active leadership and help in finding ways and means of reaching the edges of endurance and of finding trials of toughness and skill which are both reasonably safe, as well as legal, are the things that matter."

The round-the-world voyage, he said, would "give young men a taste of fright, discomfort and adventure in an age when it is possible to live comfortably, securely and boringly."

It must have given him a pang to realize that his own sons, first and second in line for the British throne, would hardly be allowed such a junket.

As the Prince left the brownstone walls of the Pacific Union Club on the final morning of his stay and stepped into his motorcade, his eyes lighted on a small boy waiting on the sidewalk. The Prince raised his hand and said in a kindly way, "Hi!"

A week later, on his 15th wedding anniversary, he was 12,000 miles from his wife and family, opening the Commonwealth Games in Australia. If he is barred from active participation in Britain's political affairs, at least he can be the Queen's eyes and ears, reporting back to her from all corners of the globe. He can be the gadfly to conservative businessmen, too, who sometimes feel that their fathers' way is the only way of doing things.

"This country has no God-given superiority in any industrial field," he said to a group of British business leaders recently. "Foreign competition is real and it is going to get tougher. . . . Technical training must be streamlined, design and methods of manufacture brought up to date." Most of all, he added, Britain needs "energetic salesmanship abroad."

Most men agree that no one promotes the British Commonwealth as competently and as engagingly as Prince Philip. As for how the women feel about him—wow! END






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• Save leftover coals for the next barbecue. Sift out unburned charcoal after fire is completely out.

• Protect paper towels, plates, cups from flying sparks by wrapping them in aluminum foil.

• Reduce the risk of fat-fed fire flare-ups by trimming meat of excess fat.

• Tenderize less expensive cuts of meat by using tenderizers or by marinating.

• Control cooking heat with adjustable grid heights. Low positions are best for rare steaks, high for well done.

• Grill solidly frozen steaks, chops and fish. Allow 5–7 minutes longer cooking time for each side. THAW all poultry and roasts before cooking.

• Skewer and grill tiny link sausages (be sure to cook them thoroughly), shrimp, oysters, clams, scallops and chicken livers wrapped in bacon as quick, savory appetizers.

• Foil-wrap whole potatoes, tomatoes, peppers, zucchini, eggplant, onions, corn on the cob, any block of frozen vegetables (seasoned with butter, salt and pepper) and roast on the grill. Potatoes and yams may be placed in the coals. To speed their cooking, insert aluminum "potato" nails.

• Soak corn in the husk in salt water, shake out excess moisture, then roast on top of the grill.

• Grill halves of tomatoes, sliced zucchini and eggplant. Dot them with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper and basil.

• Cook vegetables in their can. Simply open, remove label, cover loosely with foil, set on grill and heat.

• Keep barbecue sauces hot in a small covered saucepan or double-thickness foil cups. Place them on the grill at the edge of the fire.

• Roast foil-wrapped cored whole apples, peaches, pears, bananas in the skin on the grill. Turn them often, test for doneness with a fork. For apple variety, try stuffing with mixed chopped dried fruits and nuts or dotting the cored area with butter, sugar and cinnamon.

• Twine rolled bread dough around a long, peeled green twig and "bake" until brown over the coals. Leave about an 8" handle for turning bread over the fire à la spit.

• Toast sliced bread on a long-handled fork or in a flat rack. Try spreading lightly with garlic or herbed butter first.

• Warm foil-wrapped garlic bread or rolls on the grill.

• Make delicious boiled coffee. Boil 1 quart of water, add ½ cup coffee grounds mixed with ½ cup cold water. Stir, cover and bring to a boil. Push pot to side of the grill, let stand 5 minutes. Add ½ cup cold water, let stand 3–4 minutes more to settle the grounds. Makes 6–8 cups.

END




# Kraft Barbecue Sauce simmers real cook-out flavor all through the meat!

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Ladies' Home Journal "Add-On" House, Baton Rouge, La. Designed by John Brenneman, A.I.A.

## ON THE BEACH AT HONAUNAU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

seven—in the back seat. On our way to Hilo, we stopped at the Captain Cook post office. A friend approached, fist full of mail.

Sherwood Greenwell runs the Kealakekua cattle ranch and was wearing tight jeans, cowboy boots and a broad-brim Stetson. He is six feet two inches tall, without his hat. At his ranch home he has commercial electricity and his ranch rainsheds supply abundant water. Like millions of Americans, including tens of thousands of people in Hawaii, Sherwood takes the automatic washing machine in his home for granted.

Sherwood tipped back his hat and said in his deep, vibrant bass, "Aloha. Where are the Apples going today?"

In South Dakota a man dressed like that would say, "Howdy," but this is Hawaii's cow country.

"Into Hilo to do the laundry," I replied.

"Laundry!" Sherwood boomed. "Don't you folks have a washing machine?"

We have a washing machine. A dandy new one. A combination job that both washes and dries in one loading. We brought it with us from Mount Rushmore National Memorial when we were transferred. The machine is in storage in Hilo with most of our furniture, which can't be squeezed into the 650 square feet of living space in the cottage. We'll take things out of storage when the new Government quarters are built. But at present we don't have enough water at Honaunau Beach to run a washing machine.

If it rained enough at the City of Refuge Park, the roof of the beach cottage would collect sufficient water to keep the tanks full, but we are only 12 feet above sea level and little rain falls. A half mile inland, at an upslope elevation of 1,000 or so feet, it rains hard most afternoons. We can stand in bright sunlight and watch it, the surf sounding behind us. A banana and coffee farmer, who hauls fresh water to supplement his farm income, delivers water to our tanks.

I explained this to Sherwood and a few others before we reached Hilo. We used to drive to Hilo weekly because it had the only coin-operated automatic washers and dryers on the island. But progress is catching up with us. First a coin-operated laundry opened 60 miles away, then one opened at Kailua-Kona, 20 miles away, so now the laundry round trip is only 40 miles. But Hilo, the biggest town on the island, still requires occasional visits for shopping.

Usually we split the shopping list. I do some errands, and Peg does some. Andy usually goes with me, and Kuahivi with Peg. The Apple family window-shops, walks on paved sidewalks, obeys traffic lights, and enjoys the city for a few hours. Then, on our way home, we often stop at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park to talk shop with other park rangers and their wives.

For an hour or so we sample a totally different climate from the hot, sunny beach at the City of Refuge. Volcanoes National Park has two of the world's most active volcanoes, but it is at a cool 4,000 feet elevation, and Park Service family quarters are in a Hawaiian rain forest of giant fern trees. Peg and I enjoy the contrast.

"May we take showers?" I ask a park ranger at Hawaii Volcanoes during our stops. The question no longer causes any surprise. The Apples, taking turns, luxuriate under long, full-force showers. In our outdoor stall shower back of the beach cottage at Honaunau, we bathe under a trickle, with water conservation in mind.

When we reach home with clean laundry, Peg faces the ironing problem. Since we manufacture our own electricity, there is a limited amount of the stuff available.

"I iron in the living room," Peg says, "and I put the board so I can watch the ocean. While I press aloha shirts, I can watch fishermen in outrigger canoes catch *opelu*. I also count porpoises. Sometimes I get so interested that somebody slips into the bathroom without my noticing. Then I don't remind them not to touch the handle."

Ironing and flushing are not simultaneous activities at Honaunau Beach. Flushing empties the water tank on the toilet. The tank starts to fill with new water. This lowers the pressure in the system. The electric water pump starts running to build back the pressure. There are suddenly two major simultaneous demands on the small gasoline-operated generator. It labors and wheezes and may blow its overload relays. Peg has to unplug the iron until the pump stops.

Our generator is subject to the ills which befall machinery. This remote part of Hawaii is at the end of a long supply line when special parts are needed. Last winter the generator broke down, and we had to wait two weeks for parts to repair it. When we discovered the last volt had been generated, there was only one flush left. It was quickly and thoughtlessly used. For two weeks Andy and Kuahivi filled buckets outside and hauled them, dripping, upstairs to fill toilet tanks and sinks, bathtubs and goblets.

Peg and I like to read in bed. I frequently read aloud a book we think we'll both enjoy, while Peg puts up her hair. When our generator is operating properly, which is most of the time, we have all the conveniences city bed readers have. When we turn off the bed light, the generator stops. We hear it die.

Silence descends, except for the waves. We go to sleep with only the night sounds, surf crashing on the rocks, the rustle of palm fronds, and the occasional high, shrill call of a shore bird. We sleep under blankets, cooled by the night breeze with an upland bite—in winter the breeze is crisp from the snows on the 13,000-foot summit behind us.

Our quarters are temporary and will be razed. Soon this choice beachfront area will be restored to blend with the rest of the park. New quarters for the staff will be built in another, less conspicuous place. Then we shall have all the electricity and water we need. At present, bottled gas powers our refrigerator, the kitchen range and the water heater.

In spite of our limited facilities and a high-center gravel and coral road over the beach and lava to our home, we averaged 28 meal guests each week last August, our peak month. This does not count others who stopped in without eating. We were glad to see every one of them, and pleased they took the trouble to find us, but without a large freezer to cache emergency guest rations, we are often short of food for those who drop in unexpectedly. The nearest restaurant is six miles away. There is a modern supermarket seven miles distant, but a round trip to either requires about an hour's driving on narrow, twisting roads.

Hawaii's polyglot population requires a wide selection of food. Ingredients are readily available for a Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Korean or mainland U.S. type meal. We may serve teriyaki steaks cooked over a hibachi, exotic East Indian curries, roast New Zealand lamb, local pen-fed steaks, Tasmanian lobster tails, or a local lobster; we also can prepare Hawaiian, Mexican or Italian food, or plain, old-fashioned hamburgers on homemade buns.

**I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what sort of person So-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless, and toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of a man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out their unique individual qualities calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train oneself to do it.** JAMES T. ADAMS







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**2 large green peppers**
**1 (15½-oz.) can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Beef Ravioli**
**¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese**

Start oven 375°F. Cut peppers in half lengthwise. Remove membrane and seeds. Cook in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Drain. Fill with Beef Ravioli, top with cheese. Put in shallow baking dish. Cover. Bake 30 min.

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# FIVE POEMS

By MARK VAN DOREN

### NO COMMUNICATION

The wren that rages when I sit
Too close to this crab-apple tree
Cannot be told, for all her wit,
I hung the gourd she guards
from me.

### HARVEST BEAUTY

The new-mown field has a face of
its own.
No lady is lovelier just then.
Even tomorrow will lessen a little
This queen made here by sickles
and men.

### SERIOUS PLAY

To leave this child alone,
Even a little while,
Is to make earth his own.
Look, he does not smile.

### JUDGMENT

And the truth came tumbling
down.
Not raindrops, no,
Nor noiseless snow.
It was rocks and stones, and
they thundered.

•

And the heavens declared the
glory of God.
Not anthems, no,
Nor trumpet blow.
It was crack! and the whole sky
opened.

•

And peace was with us from that
day.
Not dreaming, no,
Nor walking slow.
It was wilderness, and voiceless.

### BEREAVEMENT

The grief of neighbors, like a
cloud,
Hangs over all our heads as well.
We go there, but are half afraid
Of those on whom the thunder fell.

Fresh fish, lobsters, crabs and shellfish caught by neighbors are often on our table—raw, baked, sautéed, or in chowder. Breadfruit, papayas, taro, in addition to the fruits and vegetables familiar to mainland housewives, are grown locally. Of course, we use the famous Kona coffee, which grows on the mountain slopes above the park.

Our evening meal is frequently timed to coincide with the sunset, a spectacular sight. Our porch overlooks a broad sweep of the friendly Pacific with coconut palms in the foreground. I built a counter along the outside edge of our porch, and we sit behind it and face the ocean to dine. It is a setting which induces good digestion. Family discussion may center on the shapes of cottony cumulus clouds.

"I see an alligator."

"That's no alligator. It's a thin elephant."

"Look at my alligator's teeth. His jaws are open."

"Oh! There. Yes, that's an alligator. My elephant is to the left of it."

After dinner, Peg and the kids comb the rocks and shallow tidal pools for shells and bits of colored glass. Peg knows a number of tiny, colorful fish by their Hawaiian names. Andy has an old airplane wing gas tank fixed up with an outrigger, and he paddles it around near shore in the protected waters of Honaunau Bay.

Andy and Kuahivi are friends of the commercial fishermen who use the bay for a base. They help them unload fish and gear and carry outrigger canoes up on the beach for storage. Andy assisted some archaeologists last summer, but he has not yet narrowed his wide interests to any one subject or career. Right now he doesn't want to be an archaeologist—too much hard work in the hot sun without shade, with black lava rocks radiating heat.

Both Andy—his Hawaiian name is Kamele (means "great rejoicing")—and Kuahivi (means "to the summit of the mountain") are surrounded by adults of various backgrounds, interests and professions, and they enjoy listening and watching. Andy is in the seventh grade at Hawaii Preparatory Academy, a nonsense college-prep school for boys at Kamuela, about 60 miles away. Classes meet six days a week; the boys get off in the late afternoon on Saturday and must be back Sunday evening. Andy gets home every other weekend—if he hasn't goofed up and been assigned a Saturday-night study hall. Kuahivi is studying by the Calvert correspondence system at home and is starting on the third grade. We asked and received permission to teach him at home chiefly because of difficulties in transportation, and also because Kona's school schedule is based upon the coffee harvest, school starting late in November and continuing into August. This does not fit the Apples' summer travel plans. Of course, if we stay home, the world will come to us.

While not a typical two-day period, recently on a Friday we had with us Paul Breeze, director of the Honolulu Zoo, and Alan Phifer, who had just sailed a small boat around the world. And, on Saturday, we had a chief engineer from a Matson freighter, an anthropologist from the Bishop Museum, and a volcanologist. The engineer told the boys about maritime academies; the anthropologist demonstrated and taught the boys how to make fishhooks from fish bones and coconut fiber; and the volcanologist helped Andy with his rock and mineral collection. The day before, Paul Breeze had shown Andy how to identify eels, and the small-boat sailer had shown pictures of his trip through the Polynesian Islands to the south of Hawaii.

Occasionally, a physician friend takes us sailing in his 18-foot catamaran. Another friend may ask the Apples to join him in his outrigger for offshore fishing. Together we scout out trails built by the ancient Hawaiians—some built by prison labor in the 1870's when Hawaii was a kingdom. Hiking in this remote coastal area is a family hobby.

As regularly as possible, we attend Christ Church in Kealakekua, a mission station of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The vicar is the Rev. Norman R. Alter. He and his wife, Margery, are our good friends. When at home and in the summer, Andy is an acolyte, assisting at the altar. Kuahivi also wears vestments and is a choirboy. I serve as a vestryman, appointed by the bishop. Peg is secretary of the Altar Guild. The church building is an old one, built in the 1880's and the parish will soon celebrate its centennial anniversary.

When we entertain more than four guests, we do it outside. Last summer we teamed up with a soil conservationist and his wife to give a party for 120 adults. We held it in a grove of coconut trees near the water, a place where once the ancient kings of Hawaii lived and played.

We make our own earthquakes. Our cottage was built more than 20 years ago from used lumber hammered together with bent nails. The floor is elevated eight feet above the sand and rocks, on thin and inadequately braced stilts. When Kuahivi walks between his bed and his bureau, it shakes the entire building. One person up and about keeps the house swaying. In a volcanic land such as Hawaii, earthquakes are quite common, but only at our cottage on Honaunau are quakes almost continuous.

Peg and I soon accustomed ourselves to swaying floors. They never did bother the boys. They think it's fun to shake the house. Callers, however—many of them longtime residents who have weathered many earthquakes—sometimes sit on the edge of their chairs. One of them, a local dairyman, started to leave, glass in hand, when I slammed the refrigerator door after replacing an ice-cube tray.

What happens when a real earthquake comes? Nothing. Our cottage, long before it was designated Government quarters, stood through the big quake of 1951, which knocked down a nearby school building. Perhaps the secret lies in its loose joints and flexible stilts. Centipedes, scorpions and beach cockroaches have never become hardened to the constant movement of the house. A shake will often trigger them into action, and you see them darting about.

### HOW THE APPLE FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY

Since Mr. Apple is a Federal career employee, he comes under the Postal Service and Federal Employee Salary Act of 1962 (Public Law 87–793). He is paid every two weeks. Peg and Russ Apple call the in-between Thursday on which no paycheck comes, "Black Thursday." Mr. Apple attained his present grade of GS-11 in October, 1959, and has reached the third pay step of that grade. His annual salary is $8,575, and, like all classified Federal employees in Hawaii, he receives a cost-of-living allowance of 15 percent of his annual salary, or an additional $1,286.25. Every two weeks the Apples gross $379.96, and they expend it this way:

| | |
|---|---|
| Retirement contribution | $21.48 |
| Federal withholding tax (3 deductions*) | 45.60 |
| State withholding tax (3 deductions*) | 11.60 |
| Federal group life insurance premium | 2.25 |
| Federal health insurance premium | 7.36 |
| $25 savings bond | 18.75 |
| Rent of quarters | 15.00 |
| Christmas Club | 4.00 |
| Entertainment of guests | 15.00 |
| Savings account | 37.00 |
| Donations | 5.00 |
| Donation to church | 5.00 |
| Car operating expense | 25.00 |
| Andy's school tuition | 45.00 |
| Presents to friends, relatives | 1.00 |
| Life insurance premiums | 10.50 |
| Payments on revolving charge accounts | 11.00 |
| Storage of household goods | 5.78 |
| New clothes, dry cleaning, laundry | 30.00 |
| Food, incidentals | 63.64 |
| | $379.96 |

*Mr. Apple takes three deductions, rather than the four to which he is entitled, so that he will not have to pay much, if any, additional tax at the end of the year.

Peg and I were married on September 7, 1940, in a five-place Stinson airplane, 3,000 feet above New Castle, Pennsylvania. I know this makes us sound like irresponsible spur-of-the-moment kids, and I suppose at that time we were. But our decision to marry was not spur-of-the-moment; we were determined to do it that day because otherwise we faced a long period of separation which grew increasingly intolerable as the day approached. I had just finished passing a private-pilot's-license examination and the instructor, who owned the air service, suggested our marrying in flight. It sounded like a good idea (after 22 years we still think it was).

Peg, a science major at the University of Alabama, was due to leave that evening by train, so we faced a deadline crisis. I was a dramatics-journalism major at Westminster, a church college at New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, the town where Peg lived. We had met during summer holidays and fallen in love. Peg's trunkful of clothes had already been shipped. But we wanted to be married; we didn't want to be states apart for months or years. We decided to take the offer of an aerial marriage. (We never did have enough money to send for the trunk, and Peg was without a winter coat our first year.)

Students at Westminster in those days didn't do such things as get married; a married student attending this college then was usually middle-aged and taking just a course or two. It was, of course, before World War II and the postwar influx of married veterans to the colleges. We were about six years ahead of the times.

We talked into officiating a justice of the peace who lived across the road from the hangar. He had never flown, but he was game. One witness was Bill Ice, the examiner, and he would fly the plane. The second witness was Bonsey Gamble, a fellow student pilot.

While the Stinson was being rolled out of the hanger and serviced, we rushed into New Castle to buy the wedding ring. It cost $4.65 at a jewelry store. Peg still wears it proudly.

Money to live and money for tuition were immediate problems. The pattern is now accepted—wives work and defer their own education to keep husbands in college. Peg did everything in her power to see me through two college degrees and to make our home life happy. My income needed supplementing frequently until 1956. Peg worked most of the time during the first 16 years of our married life.

Peg was a WAVE, and I a naval aviation photographer in World War II. On demobilization, we got jobs in New York City. I eagerly accepted a transfer to become the first Boy Scout executive in Alaska. During the five years we lived in Fairbanks—both of us were born and raised Easterners—we discovered such things as National Parks, and we learned to love the Western way of life.

In Fairbanks, Peg worked in medical laboratories for a hospital and a clinic, sometimes simultaneously. While I was absent on an extended field trip, Peg learned to fly. She won her pilot's license for light planes with wheels, skis or floats. She also learned Alaskan flying techniques, such as how to start an aircraft engine single-handed in subzero weather. Occasionally she would fly a trapper to his trap lines in the wilderness.

At Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska we learned from Superintendent Grant Pearson and Chief Ranger John Rhumor of the mission and work of the National Park Service. We decided we wanted to be a part of it, in order to live close to the nature we loved. I took my Civil Service examination for U.S. Park Ranger in 1949 in the post-office building in Fairbanks. But before a job offer came, I accepted a transfer to a Boy Scout job in Honolulu. When we left Fairbanks, it was 30 degrees below zero; when we arrived in Honolulu it was 70 degrees above—a welcome 100-degree change. Before we stepped ashore, we knew we had found our home—Hawaii. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

National Park Service job offer came in February, 1951, and I became a Park Ranger at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park.

A happy solution to problems arising from an injury I received to my right knee in naval service was arranged between understanding officials of the Veterans Administration and the National Park Service. Historians were needed—the Park Service administers a number of historic areas in addition to natural ones—and a park historian's job was not physically arduous. I was granted a leave of absence to earn a master's degree in history at the University of Hawaii under the GI Bill of Rights. I studied Pacific history as well as United States history.

Peg also went back to school under the GI Bill and arranged her classes around mine so that one of us would be at home to take care of Andy, then three years old.

Andy watched his father get an M.A. and his mother her B.S. in the same ceremony, in June, 1954. Within a short time I was promoted and transferred to Hopewell Village National Historic Site, near Reading, Pennsylvania, as park historian (park rangers come in various grades and payroll titles, such as historians, naturalists, archaeologists and superintendents). Son number two, Kuahivi, was three months old when we left our beloved Hawaii.

Things were rough financially for us at Hopewell Village. While I researched and made plans for the restoration of a colonial iron-making village, Peg was the night laboratory technician at a hospital in Reading. After 15 months at Hopewell Village, I was transferred and promoted to the park historian's job at Mount Rushmore National Memorial in South Dakota.

We drove out, keeping to the speed limit, but no less. When we crossed the Mississippi going west, it was as if a weight rolled off our hearts.

The west is our spiritual home. We arrived in the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota in time for October's fall colors. We lived in the shadow of the giant sculptural group of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. The setting for the mountain sculpture is a Ponderosa pine forest with a blue Western sky above.

We loved living at Mount Rushmore. Peg and I took graduate courses at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology. We made close friends. I became a Mason. I made speeches for the National Park Service in the towns of the Black Hills. As an escape from the meticulous and documented reports, I wrote a short story, *Astronaut Aweigh*, which appeared in the January, 1961, issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE GREEN YEAR

By HANNAH KAHN

The laughing boys, the dancing girls
Went weaving through the woods
at night.
They carved their names upon a
tree
And sang until the moon grew tired
And sent the sun to hear their song.

When morning came the laughing
boys
Fell asleep against the trees.
The dancing girls took off their
shoes,
Clasped their hands around their
knees
And knew the night had been too
long.

The laughing boys are stolid men,
The dancing girls no longer slim,
And who is now to tilt the sun
And keep the stars from growing
dim?

The Black Hills of South Dakota are a wonderful place to live, second, in our estimation, only to Hawaii. We took long drives just to view the scenery, boated on lakes, picnicked in Ponderosa pine forests, and climbed granite peaks.

We often visited—busman's vacations—the nearby areas administered by the National Park Service—Devils Tower, Badlands, Jewel Cave and Wind Cave. We watched buffalo herds, prairie dogs and mountain goats. In the summer we swam, and in the winter, sledded. Andy and Kuahivi learned to ride horses. Our two favorite trips were to Grand Teton National Park and Yellowstone.

But we never gave up our love for nor hope of returning to Hawaii. I was one of the few specialists in the Pacific field in the National Park Service. We knew the establishment of the City of Refuge National Historical Park in Hawaii was coming close to reality. Congress had authorized the park in 1955, and the legal aspects of land acquisition were being completed. The process was speeded by the gift of a major portion of the land by the trustees of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Estate. We held our breaths.

One day I came into our quarters at Mount Rushmore and said, "Peg, I always planned to sing 'Aloha Oi' or dance a hula or conduct a ceremony or make a speech. But now that it's come, I can't think of a thing to do. So here it is. You read it!"

I thrust at Peg the official letter asking if I would accept the job as first superintendent of the City of Refuge, a promotion into management. Peg cried. The boys set up a stampede around the house, and we wound up in the living room hugging each other—all four of us in a tight clinch.

We drove to the West Coast and put our car on a freighter. We ourselves flew to get back to our beloved Hawaii as fast as possible.

We plan to retire in Hawaii when my Park Service career is over. We know the Park Service will say someday, "O.K., Apple, the restoration of the City of Refuge is almost complete. We have a job for you at another park." It will be easier for us to leave Hawaii a second time if we know there's a place of our own waiting for us here.

At a sale of property for delinquent taxes, we bought an acre and a half of land. It's part of an abandoned coffee farm, and besides coffee trees, now overgrown with vines, there are banana, papaya, monkeypod and ornamental trees. It's a rather steep lot, but the view is spectacular. It overlooks about 30 miles of coast, from Kealakekua Bay, where Captain Cook was killed in 1779, to Milolii Point. The view includes the mile of coast which is in the City of Refuge Park, and the daily sunset over the blue Pacific.

As I write this, I can look up to see the panorama of Hawaii's native, unspoiled shoreline. In the foreground are coconut trees, with green fronds bowing and swaying in the offshore breeze. But the color blue predominates—dark and deep in the ocean, paler for the sky above the horizon, deepening again at the zenith. Fluffy, white clouds float in the sky, and twin rainbows over the mountain foretell an evening shower inland.

On the sand near our cottage, under stately palms, a *luau* of the Fuentevilla family is beginning for members and friends. The aroma of roast pig mingles with the fragrance of pakalana and ginger and plumeria from the hillside.

A ukulele strums, gentle voices sing old Hawaiian melodies. Frequently, there is an impromptu hula. It is a lazy afternoon. Small children nap on mats while older ones play on the beach or dabble their feet in the tide pools. Conversation is desultory. There is little need for talk when everyone is *na ana* (contented).

Suddenly the sun plunges into the ocean and dusk comes. Lights from outrigger canoes twinkle offshore. The evening star appears. Who cares about troubles, real or imagined? We would set up housekeeping in a grass shack for the privilege of living on the beach at Honaunau. END





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## WHAT THE POPULATION EXPLOSION MEANS TO YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

sixty-four times in less than a century. Nature has never yet let this happen; but Nature, as we have seen, has recently been deprived of some of its power to destroy, and population is therefore increasing "explosively." The world now has one million more mouths to feed every week.

Population, as my students were constantly and forcefully reminded, means people. Human beings who will be hungry if they are not fed, cold if they are not clothed, wretched if they are not educated. The world offers them many more disappointments than satisfactions, more pains than pleasures.

First and always there is the problem of finding enough food. Few Americans know what it means to be constantly hungry. In New Delhi, as an experiment, I went without food for thirty-six hours. It was an uncomfortable episode, but I soon realized that it was not a fair test. I knew that whenever I wanted to eat a good meal again, I could—and that made an essential difference between me and the people around me.

We in the I.S.A. could never really experience the kind of pain and lassitude that many of the world's people know. Yet, though we were outsiders, we observed closely, and we sometimes thought that by empathy we grasped the meaning of Gandhi's remark: to a hungry people, the only form God dare appear in is the form of food.

The problem of food supply is of course closely linked to the problem of health. The devastating famines of a few decades ago are (except, at the moment, in Red China) currently being thwarted; but although fewer people are actually starving to death, their health is nevertheless being impaired. When food is in chronically short supply, as it is in the less-developed countries, the quality of the diet is first to deteriorate. Foods rich in vitamins are often expensive foods, beyond the reach of the great masses of people. The standard Asian diet of polished rice is deficient in fat, protein and minerals; most Asians get far too little meat, fish and eggs, too little milk, and too few fruits and vegetables to maintain good health.

It is not only that the people cannot afford better foods; in most of the less-developed countries these foods simply do not exist in anything like sufficient quantities to supply the suddenly expanded populations. Thus, ironically, the eradication of some diseases has been helping to increase others. We saw symptoms of the diseases of malnutrition all around us—eyes inflamed with trachoma, bones bent with rickets, thin bodies exhausted from anemia, beriberi and pellagra. Sickly, tired people do not work well, so the production of food suffers—and a vicious circle is created.

A third problem posed by explosively growing populations is the shortage of proper housing. When we arrived in Hong Kong, we found a city whose population had jumped from about half a million to more than three million since World War II. Part of the growth was caused by an influx of refugees from the mainland, but a million babies have also been born in the city in the last fifteen years. We saw whole families living in little sampans, in makeshift shacks, or on "shelf" or "stack" beds where they slept for eight hours, abandoning them to other sleepers when their time was up. Some of the lucky ones finally got to move into the comparative luxury of government resettlement buildings—but even there we saw families of seven living in cubicles about ten feet square.

The situation is no better in many other cities and villages. Under such conditions, the problem of ill health takes a new form. Cities trying to supply more and more water to exploding populations cannot always manage to assure its purity. And over these crowded masses hovers the destroyer, tuberculosis, which thrives on congestion.

Everywhere we went, we noticed that the hope of rising from this misery was linked with the magic of education. From the peasant in the village to the executive in the central government, we found an optimism about the effects of education even more intense than our own. Yet this simply presented another problem, for less than half of the children of these countries were in school.

In Hong Kong it is only one fourth of the children. C. C. Lao, the executive secretary of the Hong Kong Teachers' Association, was deeply concerned. "We cannot keep up with them," he told me. "We have the teachers working in shifts, and the government is constantly building classrooms—but there is another baby born here every four minutes." The schoolwork of the lucky ones who get into the classrooms often suffers, he said, because the children are undernourished. But at least they are better off than the majority of children, who wander about the streets with still smaller children strapped to their backs, and whose minds are cramped by illiteracy. The story is the same in all the less-developed countries; only the percentages vary.

Perhaps the most sinister of the problems connected with exploding populations is a crisis in morals. There is an ancient Chinese saying: "It is difficult to tell the difference between right and wrong when the stomach is empty." People driven by constant hunger, by joblessness, by insecurity; huddled together in overcrowded cities and villages; unaided by education; and with nowhere to turn in their misery: can such people honestly be expected to develop a genuine respect for the ethical niceties which admonish them not to steal, not to covet, not even to envy?

This suggests another, subtler moral problem, one that concerns us all directly: the present growth of population may seem to us so overwhelming, so inevitable as to cause us, the comparatively well-to-do peoples of the world, simply to throw up our hands—to disclaim responsibility for helping those less well off than we.

Our students, repelled as they were by the first sight of Asian misery, could not help remarking on the psychological defense mechanism that gradually dulled our shock at the sight of old women carrying heavy loads on bamboo poles through the streets of Hong Kong—or that permitted us to lie comfortable in the overstaffed luxury of the Grand Hotel of Calcutta while outside hundreds of thousands of half-starved human beings were sleeping in the streets. Everyone who has visited Asia knows what this "defense mechanism" is: a way to keep sanity in an insane situation. Personal compassion notwithstanding, the basic, unhappy situation remains, and it is now a familiar story: overpopulation reinforces poverty, poverty generates desperation, and desperation leads to immorality.

If there are people who are not moved by the moral question, they may be impressed by a more tangible danger in all this misery: the political danger. In Asia, in Africa, in Latin America the underprivileged peoples have traditionally been more or less quiescent—apparently on the assumption that their misery was in the natural scheme of things. Now, however, knowledge is spreading fast: they are finding out that hunger and poverty are simply social circumstances, not God-given necessities. As this knowledge spreads, it will become much easier for revolutionaries to arouse hostility toward existing governments—and the most energetic of the potential revolutionaries are of course the Communists.

Too often our programs of anti-Communism see this problem only on the surface: we propose to "fight Communism" by exporting machine guns or surplus wheat. But such measures shoot at the edge of the target. Meeting only the military threat of Communism is treating only a symptom; the real disease is poverty and discontent. And our "enormous" food surpluses are not enough. Even if we exported all our surplus food in a given year to the malnourished peoples, it would only be the equivalent of about a teacupful of rice per person per week.




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"What is to be done?" We already knew some parts of the answer. Direct loans and gifts from the wealthier countries are of course helpful, but they are at best only a stopgap. A proper solution must begin by actually creating more food. Some ambitious moves are being made in this direction. In India, in Egypt, in Turkey, and elsewhere, irrigation is being extended, production of fertilizer is being stepped up, acreage is being increased, and better crop plants are being produced. But in many of the less-developed countries, food supplies are nevertheless still falling behind population growth.

In industry it is the same story. Development of the less-developed countries is imperative. It depends of course on the growth of native industries, and attempts are being made to stimulate these. But industrial growth depends on capital investment, and capital is scarce in these needy areas. Thus, in industrial production as well as in food production, the future looks dim indeed: instead of relieving the misery of the masses, the world may make enormous and well-intentioned agricultural and industrial efforts—simply to keep greater masses in greater misery.

"Then what *is* to be done?" I had asked the same question myself throughout Asia. There were no easy answers, but everywhere I had heard the same fervent wish: "If only the population were not growing so fast!" And again and again the same hope: "Medical science has lowered our death rate; if only it would help to lower our birth rate!" This was not the easy temptation to reduce all problems to a matter of birth control, but a realization that without regulation of births, the other problems are literally insoluble.

Some effort is already being made in the less-developed countries to encourage limitation of births. The governments of such important nations as India and Pakistan are officially sponsoring family-planning programs, but these have not yet reached far enough into the villages to have had a significant effect on national growth rates.

One drawback to such programs is that peasant peoples are generally motivated to want more, not fewer, children, both because of a traditional approval of fertility as such, and as a kind of substitute for social security. In the cities these ideas are slowly passing. Everywhere we went urban families are limiting their size. But the great bulk of the people in the less-developed countries live in the villages, and there, said Sadun Katipoglu, director of the Turkish-American University Association, many people do not even know that family size is controllable. What is needed is a large staff of sympathetic and imaginative people who will go into the villages and persuade the people there to undertake family planning.

Motivation, then, is an important part of the whole problem of population limitation, and it is a complex one. The expense, the relative inconvenience and the unreliability of presently available contraceptives make a high degree of motivation necessary. But considerably less motivation would be required if a simpler, cheaper contraceptive were available. "What we need in India today," says M. C. Chagla, formerly India's ambassador to the United States, "is a cheap oral contraceptive."

The "contraceptive pill" is of course a reality; but it is still rather expensive and too complicated to be of much use to illiterate peasants. Furthermore, the fact that it requires medical supervision makes it impracticable for areas where the inhabitants have rarely or never seen a doctor. More research is needed to develop an ideal oral or immunological contraceptive, and experts in the field are confident that this problem could be solved in less than ten years if funds were available.

One of the reasons funds have not been available is that in the United States, where the best facilities exist for such research, birth control is a controversial matter. Protestants and other non-Catholics generally favor birth control; but the use of public funds for contraceptive research is prevented by consideration for the minority of Roman Catholics, who do not accept what they call "artificial" birth control, on theological grounds.

Since this is a matter of principle with Catholics, it would not be realistic to expect them suddenly to change their minds. And yet, in view of the serious and urgent nature of the problem, it should be increasingly difficult for anyone to adopt an unyielding attitude and stand aside while the world situation steadily deteriorates. Catholics and non-Catholics must now resolutely face up to this challenge and earnestly compare notes to see how much they have in common and to what extent they can work together to slow population growth and thus reduce the world's misery.

They do, I believe, have a great deal in common. In the first place, men of good will, regardless of religion, are increasingly concerned with the degrading misery of the majority of mankind. Furthermore, Catholics, like non-Catholics, are speaking out more and more firmly (witness the papal encyclical, *Mater et magistra*) on the devastating personal and political effects of irresponsible parenthood and overpopulation. And Catholics, like non-Catholics, have begun to search for acceptable ways of regulating population growth.

With this much in common, it should be possible to make forward steps. Although Catholics oppose "artificial" birth control, they do approve of some forms of birth regulation, and it is here that the work can begin. The "rhythm" method of limiting births (approved by the Catholic Church) itself needs extensive study to make it more effective.

Research in reproductive physiology should not be controversial, and it is the proper province of public-health research. Indeed, such would be the expense that only the Federal Government could adequately support a full-scale research program. With extensive work going ahead in this area, there would be the possibility of discovering some new method of birth limitation acceptable to everyone. Work in this field is not adequately supported; against some thirty billion dollars a year being spent around the world to lower death rates, only a few million go to programs which would eventually reduce birth rates.

Our leaders in the present and in the recent past have recognized the challenge of the less-developed nations. Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, Vice Presidents Nixon and Johnson, Secretary of State Rusk, Ambassador Stevenson and others have directed our attention to the problems of these countries. Since World War II the United States has invested more than ninety billion dollars in foreign aid. Yet, paradoxically, all this leaves the basic problem of explosive population growth untouched.

To assist these countries in programs to curb the population explosion would be, ultimately, one of the most useful, and least expensive, kinds of foreign aid. I am not suggesting, of course, that the United States "tell" other nations what they "ought" to do about their population problems. But surely we should hold ourselves responsible for answering their sincere and insistent pleas for help.

What needs now to be done, in a minimum and practical way, was outlined by Gen. William H. Draper Jr., who analyzed our foreign-aid program for President Eisenhower in 1959. The United States, he reported, ought to "assist those countries with which it is cooperating in economic-aid programs, *on request*, in the formulation of their plans designed to deal with the problem of rapid population growth" and "strongly support studies and appropriate research as part of its own Mutual Security Program." (My italics.)

Recently General Draper called on President Kennedy to "follow the recommendations made publicly by various Catholic leaders that he call a White House conference of prominent Catholics, Protestants, Jews and specialists in public health, population and research. This group should 'work out universally acceptable principles which can serve as a basis for settling the question of public policy—from the level of the local hospital and health department on up to the U.S. position on family planning in the United Nations.'"

Government action is needed, but our Government is likely to act on this politically sensitive subject only when two prior conditions have been established: when the general public shows some active concern about it, and when the Catholic Church modifies its opposition. That is why the White House conference, as a first necessary step, is so urgent.

The population explosion is not a pleasant subject. Misery is not a pleasant subject. In America we are generally concerned not simply with keeping alive, but with making life worth living, decent and dignified. But what few Americans realize is that for most of the world's people life remains literally a valley of tears. END

## INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS

Other views of Vogue Patterns on pages 16, 18 and 20.




**Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1247.** One-piece Dress and Jacket. Designed by Nina Ricci. 10–18 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada $3.30. Dress shown requires 2¾ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14. Jacket shown requires 3⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1253.** One-Piece Dress and Cape-Coat. Designed by Pedro Rodriquez. 10–18 (31–38) $3.00, in Canada, $3.30. Dress shown requires 1¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Coat shown requires 5⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1249.** One-Piece Dress and Coat. Designed by Christian Dior. 10–18 (31–38) $3.50, in Canada $3.85. Dress shown requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14. Coat shown requires 2⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1246.** One-Piece Dress and Jacket. Designed by John Cavanagh. 10–18 (31–38) $2.50, in Canada $2.75. Dress shown with contrasting tie (no jacket) requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

**Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1248.** Suit and Blouse. Designed by Irene Galitzine. 10–18 (31–38) $2.50, in Canada $2.75. Suit shown requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires 2⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *California and Pennsylvania residents add sales tax.

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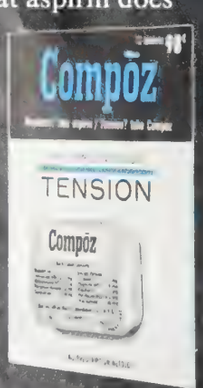
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# Help Yourself to Decorating

*Dear Editor:*

*Help! We just moved into a big, old house and all the walls are green—dark, dirty green. In the living room, I have a brown sofa, a rose armchair, a green-and-yellow slipcover on another chair. I just bought draperies before I moved (they're blue) so I must keep them. I have a gray rug. Is that all right? Or should it be a dark color? And what do I paint THOSE walls? Can you help me? Also, how should I arrange the furniture in the living room? There are two tiny windows high up on either side of the fireplace (right where I drew in the chair). I want to do something, but I don't think the draperies look so well, since they come all the way down to the floor. Of course, after paying for the house, we don't have any money to buy furnishings. What do you suggest? Won't you please help me? Sincerely*

We receive hundreds of letters like this every year. In addition to swatches and floor plans, they include a brief history of the family, the fact that the writer and her mother have read the *Journal* all their lives and that they "love your wonderful pages."

Well, we enjoy reading about the family, and the *Journal's* part in their lives. But the rest of the letter breaks our editorial hearts—because there is little we can do to help each woman personally.

Women must help themselves when it comes to decorating (even decorating editors have to help themselves). There are two reasons why women have trouble furnishing a home: They don't know what they want and they have no practical experience in decorating. But if you can cook, if you can buy your own clothes, if you can keep a man and assorted children happy and reasonably in order, you can learn to decorate.

The first step is the hardest. You have to psychoanalyze yourself to find out what you want and your family's needs. But you must be absolutely truthful with yourself or you won't get anywhere in solving your decorating problems.

*Why does decorating mean so much to you?* Compared with the children's struggles at school and your husband's worries at work, decorating is a trivial matter. Yet many women worry themselves—and their families—into near nervous breakdowns over a choice of slipcover fabrics.

The reason for this intense concern with decorating, psychologists say, is that you feel that a room is an extension of your inner self. The color scheme, the pictures, the shape of the sofa, even the ashtrays, reveal the kind of person you are to any stranger who walks into your living room. What bothers you is—does your room tell the truth about you?

*What is the truth that your room should tell?* This takes courage, but it's worth it. Should your decorating scheme suggest that you probably wear blue jeans around the house, would rather read than polish silver, like to have the kids around? Then give up, for the present, the dream of being a brittle Park Avenue hostess and settle down to denim slipcovers, an easy-to-clean carpet, and philodendrons instead of orchids.

Should it say that you like to do needlepoint even if it takes a year to make a seat cover, that you are in love with such ideas as serving dinner on a highly polished mahogany table with highly polished silver candelabra, that you think there is a place for everyone—children, for instance—and it isn't always in the living room? Then abandon the thought, for now, that you can be happy with streamlined, "functional" furniture and poster-bright colors and start boning up on Williamsburg furniture—and the polish to care for it.

In the process of discovering the real "you" in decorating, consider the house you grew up in. Was it "you"? Or was it your mother's and hers alone? Often, without knowing it, a woman has a decorating conflict between what she wants for herself and what "mother always had." Resolving the conflict doesn't mean you hate your mother's furnishings, but that you have to assert your own tastes. After all, you are one-of-a-kind—no other woman is exactly like you—and if you don't cater to your own likes, who will?

Whatever you decide you are—chintzes and afternoon tea, modern glass coffee tables and cocktail parties, pine cupboards and barbecue suppers—everyone is going to be a lot happier. Every person who walks into your home (including your family) will immediately relax, because the decorating is completely in character with you, not something that surprises them and makes them feel uncomfortable. You, too, will be happier, because the background that is really your own will make you expansive and easy, instead of apologetic and nervous.

*What does your family need in the home?* Decorating takes lots of love. You must love yourself, as we were just saying, to respect your own true tastes. You must love your husband to see how important it is for him to have a broken-down chair. The reasons he wants this chair (or footstool, desk or whatever) are, we think, two. Men instinctively have the right idea about what is the most important goal in decorating—comfort. Men also want something of their very own so they won't feel like a guest in the house.

You must love your children enough either to put away all your pretty breakables till they grow up or—now we are being very daring—to discipline them to respect the living room as grown-up territory. We know the idea of teaching youngsters to take care of a room is practically heresy today. But we have noticed that youngsters react in an interesting way to a "nice room." They feel proud, they watch their manners (and yours, too) and, in one case we know of, have even volunteered to polish "the antique." How else are they going to learn about furnishing a home if you don't set an example?

Anyway, decide what you want most—a quiet life with child-proof furnishing or a vigilant one with a pretty living room. Once you have decided, you'll stop feeling martyred either about the mess children make or the decorating finery you've had to give up. One apartment mother we know resolved this choice fairly painlessly—her "pretty room" is the master bedroom, luckily large enough to accommodate her porcelain bird collection *and* her husband's desk.

Now, your husband and children are, like you, unique—there are no other husbands or children quite like them. So why should they have to live exactly like everyone else? We loved the woman who wrote us a letter about her color-scheme troubles, but warned us sternly that "we have an ugly old piano and it must stay in the living room." We bet her family adores her, too, because she didn't banish this highly important possession to the basement or family room. It is such things as ugly old pianos, Ping-Pong tables, aquariums, messy hi-fi equipment and other unsightly necessaries that make a man and a child know when they walk through the front door that they haven't made a mistake—it's *their* home

If your husband's idea of a wonderful evening is to dig out all his records and tot up the expenses, he needs a nice big desk, not a little French writing table like the one your friend Sylvia has in her living room. If your daughter likes to drag home birds' nests and seashells, she needs a room more like a laboratory than the flounced, French Provincial one that you wanted when you were a girl. If your son likes to exercise with barbells and spend all his time on athletics, there is no point in doing up his room like a men's-club library. Put hooks in the wall right now for all his gym equipment.

When you have thought out what you want and what your family deserves (this can be done in sessions with the dishes or vacuum cleaner), you have accomplished what we think is the toughest part of the whole decorating project. Just remember to keep these points in mind during the rest of

# My Husband And My Best Friend!



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR CALIFORNIANS:




A Curtis Magazine

A BIG, NEW HOME SERVICE MAGAZINE

Beginning this July, Californians will have a big, new magazine completely devoted to their own needs, interests and taste...edited by Californians who have a comprehensive grasp of the distinctive state of mind and way of life that make California unique.

Aimed at an audience of young, home-minded families, the California edition of the American Home will concentrate on the subjects of food, building, remodeling, decorating, home management and gardening...all deliberately underscoring California's living.

The first California edition of the American Home starts with the Summer issue, and will be sold at newsstands, supermarkets, and wherever magazines are sold, at a special introductory price.



## Help Yourself to Decorating

the project: be yourself; comfort first; people are more important than furniture. You'll be surprised how many decisions these three points will make for you.

The rest of your decorating problem is just getting practice. Think of how you buy clothes. You study the pictures in magazines and papers, you window-shop, you dissect other women's ensembles, you visit several stores before you purchase. And you have been doing this twice a year for many years. But with decorating, you shop about once every 20 years for major things. So you can't just sail into a store and expect to furnish a room. This is how you do it:

LOOK, LOOK, LOOK. At rooms in museums and department stores, in publications and your friends' homes. What's wrong with them? Right with them? How is the color scheme figured out? Spend a few dollars on a good decorating book, take a course if one is available. Spend at least six months looking and analyzing. And don't feel put upon—decorating is woman's business, just like cooking, and if you haven't had a chance to learn, now's the time.

CHOOSE A FURNITURE STYLE. Which one would you steal from the museum? If it isn't Egyptian, chances are the local stores will have copies or adaptations of the one you like.

Does it suit your life? If you adore formal styles, but your family enjoys a relaxed way of living, all is not lost. You can find counterparts of formal furniture in more casual forms, for example, Louis XV and Louis XVI designs come in countrified versions that we call French Provincial.

Don't worry about mixing furniture with woods of different colors. This terror women have of using light and dark furniture woods in one room probably stems from museum rooms in which all the furniture is matched to illustrate a design period. But in real life, past as well as present, families have never lived with matched furniture. They start out with hand-me-downs, add new pieces and then, when a different style comes in ten years later, add some more pieces.

FORMULATE A COLOR SCHEME. First, what looks good on you? This could be your starting color, an appropriate choice, since the room is supposed to reflect "you." Would you wear your color with navy and gray and rose and brown and yellow-and-green, all at once, like our writer's color scheme in the letter at the beginning? No—you'd wear, for instance, a suit in one color (the major room color), a blouse in another (the secondary room color) and jewelry in a third (the accent room color).

For the beginner, the easiest way to key a color scheme are those old tried-but-still-true aids—a painting, a rug, a fabric. At the most, use only three colors, with the major one so quiet in tone that it is almost neutral. Use this dominant color on the walls and the carpet, possibly the draperies. Use the second color more boldly, in the sofa and a chair, perhaps the draperies. Match another chair to the first color, but darker, or use the third, accent color, on this chair.

There are "safer" ways of executing color schemes, of course. The two most popular today are the monochromatic one, involving tones and shades of just one color, and the no-color formula of white walls and curtains with beige rug and upholstery.

Should the floor be dark? This is a question that bothers a lot of our correspondents. The floor can be white or black—there is absolutely no rule on this. But, from a practical standpoint, you will find that a medium-color rug or carpet will be a better choice since it will not show spots and lint so easily.

DECIDE ON THE USES OF THE ROOMS. There is, of course, the basic use—living room, dining room, bedroom, and so on. But most rooms have a second important use which varies according to families. For example, is the living room to be a party room? If so, don't invest in fragile antique tables that will give you heart failure every time a guest puts a glass down—buy tables with nonmar tops. Will the bedroom double as a study? Then think of the bed in terms of a sofa, not a four-poster that will eat up the room the desk should have.

MAKE A PLAN. And we mean right down to the wastebaskets. A plan is absolutely essential to a happy color scheme. You can't buy something blue because you decided on blue and then next week buy something rose because it's on sale, and expect your color scheme to look like a work of art. A plan is also necessary to a happy budget. Find out how much things cost. Face the fact that furnishings, like automobiles, cost money. But you'll have the furnishings a lot longer. Add it all up and work out a budget. Could you manage the purchases over a period of one year? Two years? What should you buy first? Where can you cut down?

BUY. Purchase slowly. This not only helps out the budget but also, as you live with a few new things, you may find that you don't really need that third armchair, or that a painting would be better than a mirror over the mantle.

Buy the best you can afford in the basic purchases—upholstered pieces, the rug, the breakfront. We know, you are planning to do the whole thing over when you move in five years, but, take our word for it, you won't. And you won't need to if you buy durable, well-made basic furnishings today.

If you can't afford a good wall-to-wall carpet now, get a smaller, "area" rug that you could use in a bedroom or family room later on. If you can't get a good sofa now, buy or beg a second-hand one and slipcover it. If you want to upholster furniture or have draperies made, you should buy good durable fabrics. Otherwise, you waste the money you invest in labor if the fabrics are perishable. Get along with slipcovers (ticking or denim for sturdiness) and unlined curtains that, possibly, you can make.

ASK FOR HELP. And we don't mean your friends and family. They will eagerly offer ideas, which may be good, but not necessarily for you. Tell them you will put their suggestions "in a hat" and consider them later. The help we mean is professional help.

We find that when a woman asks us, "Do you think I should use this pattern or that one?" she has already decided which one she wants—she just wants somebody to agree with her. You can find this "somebody" in a department or furnishing store that has a decorating department where you can ask a question or two without charge. They will often sort out your color scheme or floor plan, too, but don't expect them to take more than a few minutes to do this. As with a doctor or a lawyer, time and advice is money to a professional decorator.

If you need more help, consider using a professional decorator on a consultant basis. This service costs about $25 an hour and provides you with advice, floor plans, color schemes and furniture choices. It does not include a visit to your home, and you do all your own shopping. Check local chapters of the American Institute of Designers and the National Society of Interior Designers for names of those who offer this service.

For a complete decorating service, fees are arranged to suit the individual decorator. They can be a percentage of your decorating budget, just as architects charge a percentage of what you spend on building or remodeling. They can be the difference between the wholesale price of furnishings (i.e., what the decorator pays for it) and the retail price (i.e., what you pay for it). Or it can be a planning fee plus a percentage of what you spend on furnishings. You can expect the decorator to stick by you till the job is done and to do all your shopping. However, you still must take the responsibility of deciding what you want and what your family needs.

Finally, don't take your decorating project too seriously. For, in five years' time perhaps, and certainly in ten years', you and your family will have new interests and tastes, the inevitable and happy results of growing.

END

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**New time-saving method!** With C and H Magic Frosting Sugar you make frosting a new *easier* way. Add liquid to the sugar *first*, gently stir to creamy smoothness, *then* blend in the butter or margarine. See wonderful "new method" recipes on package. Get C and H Magic Frosting Sugar today... the new frosting sugar with the "happy blending".

Look for it in the sugar section of your favorite food store.






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E. L. Bruce Co., Memphis, Tenn.

# VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

### HUSBANDS ARE PEOPLE

Husbands are people who have
to be bound and gagged
To get 'em to parties from which
they have to be dragged.
The size of the meat bill inspires
'em to blow a gasket,
From which to recover their
strength, they need steak by
the basket.

Ask 'em when Dempsey beat
Firpo; they know the date;
But they can't remember the
natal day of their mate.
Donning a coat for guests is a
hardship they dodge,
But Solomon might have
designed what they wear to
lodge.

Husbands are people, in short,
who'd certainly take
The laurels, the bays, the palm,
the cup, and the cake
For inconsistency, if you could
elimin-
Ate from the running both
bachelors and women!

### CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK

Though woman still pays,
A large amount
Of her checks are drawn
On a joint account.

### TRIANGLE

A slave to Jennifer was he.
He would have deemed it ecstasy
To kiss the ruffle of her skirt.
And Jenny treated him like dirt.
She let him truckle, fetch and
carry,
And flirted with Tom, Dick and
Harry.
She stood him up and played him
down,
And laughed to see the feckless
clown
Come back for more. And long he
came,
As steel to magnet, moth to
flame! . . .
Until he met a mousy wren
Named Angélique. Ah, fickle
men!

This Angélique became his slave.
She thought him big and strong
and brave,
And hung on every word he said.
And do you know, the
knucklehead
Deserted Jen and married *her?*
So if you meet with Jennifer,
Just do not mention Angélique,
The sneaky, *sneaky* little sneak!

### THE LOCKED DOOR

Man, confronted by a tight-locked
door,
Rattles the knob, pounds an
imperative,
And grabbing up a handy
two-by-four,
Batters until the stubborn timbers
give.

Woman, after a proper warning
knock,
Takes out a hairpin and simply
picks the lock.

### HELP STAMP OUT MENTAL HEALTH

You're set on pink and your lord
wants blue?
Dear lady, argue the matter
through.
Explain to him that the blue will
fade,
And anyway, blue's the coldest
shade.

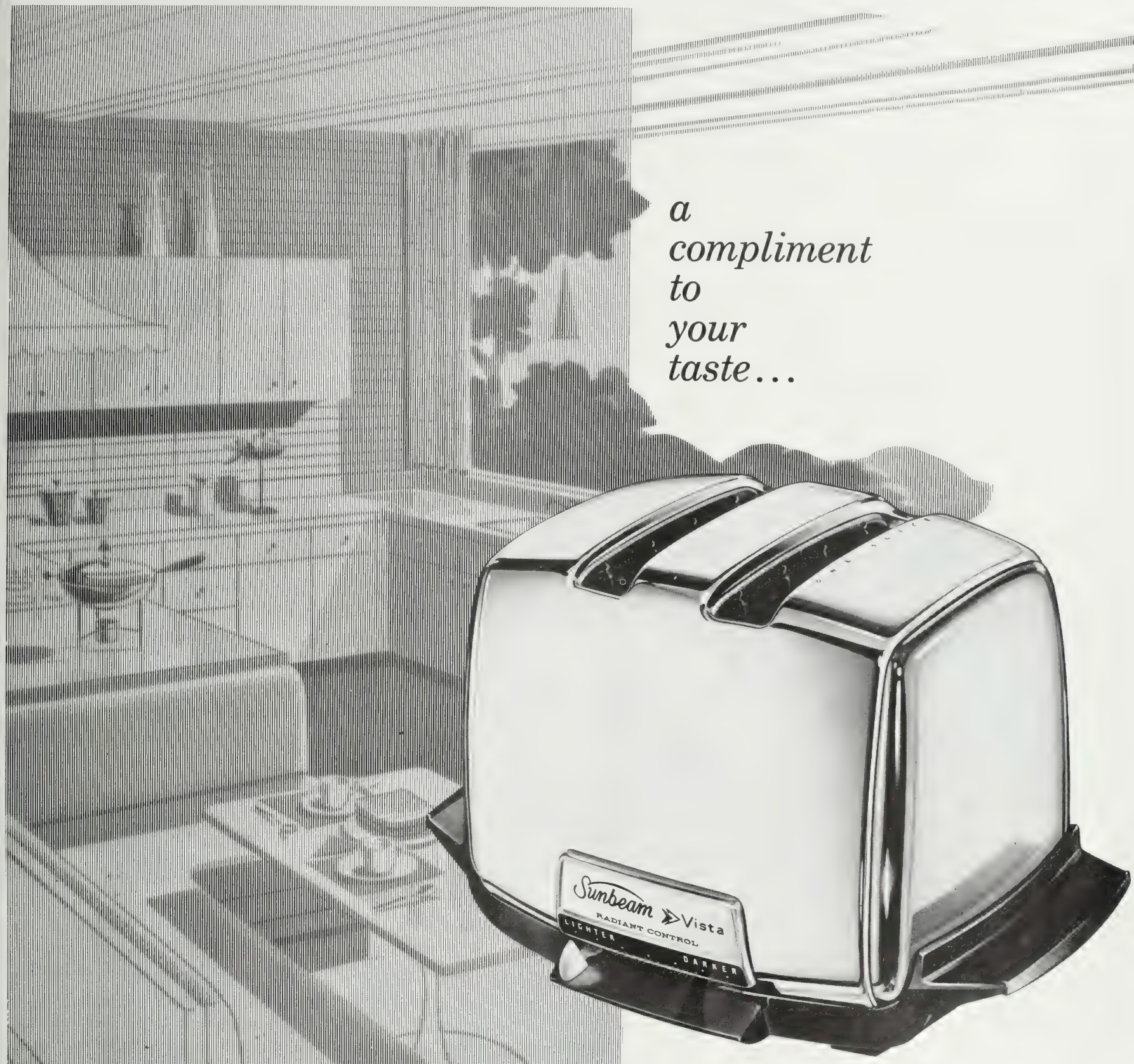
Point out that pink will blend
with the rugs.
Be gentle but firm, till at last he
shrugs,
Agrees to the pink, and says it's
settled,
And picks up his paper, slightly
nettled.

So let him read for a little while.
Then ask the man, with a worried
smile
And a doubtful voice, "Dear, do
you think
We'll really be happy with the
pink?"

### THE PRACTICAL KNACK

The bellow of anguish is always
the man's
At sight of a screw driver opening
cans,
Or nuts being cracked with a good
pair of pliers.
But what about pinking shears
severing wires?
Or monogrammed towels used as
shoeshining rags?
Or saucers of Spode holding
smoldering fags?

The fact that such tricks rate a
feminine wail
Has ever bewildered the practical
male,
Who views them as proof of a
knack that's a dandy
For doing the job with whatever
is handy.




*a compliment to your taste...*

When you insist on the best, this will be your choice. It's completely automatic in performance: the bread lowers itself smoothly, and moments later rises silently, toasted exactly to your taste. Set the dial *just once* to your favorite shade, and Sunbeam's Radiant Control toasts any kind of bread—fresh, frozen, thick, thin, even frozen waffles and English muffins—exactly the way you want it.

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Cloths is the soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, twin-ply tissue.

# FUNERAL FEASTING

**By MARY K. BLACKMAR**

uneral ceremonies are among the old-t and most tenacious of all human istoms, and since the remotest times od, feasting or some form of hospital-y has been a feature of burial observ-nces. To understand the significance of is fact, it is necessary to enter, as far possible, into the ideas and feelings of r primitive ancestors.

To begin with, death was regarded as mysterious calamity, never as a natu-l event or an inevitable end, but as the ork of a hostile spirit or an evil spell. Evil spirits were pictured as swarming ways in the surrounding air, and they counted for every sort of accident or rrow.) The *spirit* of the departed, al-ays thought of as separable from the dy, as in dreams, was not dead, or en unconscious but lingering about, ieving for his banishment, or angry ith his enemy, or watchful of his rela-ves to see that due honor, support and feguards were devoted to his sur-ndered body.

It is natural to think, therefore, that e earliest form of funeral feast may ve been celebrated at the grave, with e deceased acting as host, and the rite together having a religious signifi-nce, as of communion, reparation, onement, and especially of conciliа-on toward the injured and exiled soul. deed, unless survivors faithfully com-ied with all the rules of obituary eti-uette, the offended ghost could be very ngerous, haunting and harassing the ving implacably.

The important religious concept of ncestor worship very possibly arose out these anxieties of the disembodied, nd the cautious desire of the family to acify and propitiate.

The *wake*, or watching, is a very an-ent custom, long antedating Chris-anity: a group of friends, invited to sit ith the departed, to commune with m, to ease his separation from the miliar, and to fortify him for entrance to a new and untried world.

As happens with most human and lemn commemorations, the wake adually changed from a religious vigil a social occasion, where food was rved, and wine was drunk to the honor the old companion, and to his future ernal welfare. Such gatherings some-mes became unduly hilarious, every an there infected by that secret ela-on which cries out inwardly, "The ave has opened again, nearby, but not r me!"

Among our Anglo-Saxon forebears, hen a great nobleman or local digni-ry died, his body lay in state for a nsiderable time, while "open house" as held at his castle, with lavish tables read in courtyard and in hall, where l the neighbors, including laborers and ven beggars, could regale themselves ithout stint. Much liquor would be runk, many eulogies spoken, and the cal harper might sing long cantos in onor of the well-known hero.

The early church made it a duty to comfort, reassure and sustain the departing one, and by prayerful diligence to assist him on his way through purgatory and into the company of the blest. The more secular modern attitude is reflected in a desire to express to the mourning family a full measure of neighborly sympathy and help; the modern version of the funeral feast is usually a luncheon provided for the "near friends" either before or after the burial services.

In village and rural communities today, the spirit of these old customs still survives in the simple but eloquent fashion of sending food into the house of mourning. A steady inflow of home-made delicacies, specialties of the neighborhood kitchen artists, carries with it not only a great sense of human loving-kindness, but also a subtle suggestion of the mystery of life, and the universal dependence on bodily refreshment and restoration. One neighbor always sent to the house of mourning a tall and richly frosted cake. Cakemaking was her one creative art, she was known for it throughout the community, and from her it meant the ultimate word of fellow feeling and compassion. END




# Are you woman enough to answer these questions honestly?

**If so, you may learn some startling facts about your most intimate feminine hygiene problems**

| | Yes | No |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Would you welcome a scientific discovery with the effectiveness of a douche, without the usual equipment? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 2. Do you want the reassurance of germicidal protection that is immediately effective, yet lasts for hours? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 3. Would you use a homemade douche solution, even if you weren't entirely sure of its germicidal action? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 4. Would you prefer a method of protection that is as convenient when you travel as it is at home? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 5. Would you readily change from a liquid douche with which you feel comfortable and secure? | ☐ | ☐ |
| 6. Do you believe a suppository should be safe and non-irritating, as well as a powerful antiseptic? | ☐ | ☐ |

*What your answers mean.*

If you have more "yes" answers, you should be using ZONITORS. If you have more "no" answers, you should be using ZONITE. *Note: If douching is your accepted method for internal personal daintiness, we do NOT suggest that you change to Zonitors. Zonite and Zonitors are equally effective. Our primary concern is your comfort and sense of security. It is even possible you may want to use both, on different occasions.*

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**Zonite Personal Antiseptic**




...the modern liquid douche that is infinitely more effective in germicidal and antiseptic action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. Yet Zonite is far safer for delicate tissues than ordinary liquid douches. So, if you are currently using a liquid douche preparation other than Zonite, we urge that you seriously examine the differences. Zonite is specifically made for the "delicate zone", where tissues are tender and odors persistent. Cleanses, soothes, protects, deodorizes.

*Zonitors and Zonite are products of Dunbar Laboratories, a division of Chemway Corporation*
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# BONDWARE

BONDWARE DIVISION OF CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY ©

## PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE—ARE CHILDREN PEOPLE?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

the solemnity of David Susskind querying a senator, "Why don't you make it a double-decker?"

Not even Echo answered that one, but I kept my sense of proportion and went on with the ceremonies. You need a sense of proportion when dealing with children, as you also need a sense of humor. Yet you must never expect the very young to have a sense of humor of their own. Children are acutely risible, stirred to laughter by dozens of human mishaps, preferably fatal. They can understand the points of jokes, too, so long as the joke is not on them. Their egos are too new, they have not existed long enough in the world to have learned to laugh at themselves. What they love most in the way of humor are riddles, elementary puns, nonsense, and catastrophe. An elderly fat lady slipping on the ice in real life or a man in a movie falling from a 15-foot ladder equally transports them. They laugh at fistfights, clowns, people kissing each other and buildings blowing up. They don't, however, enjoy seeing their parents in difficulties. Parents, they feel, were put on earth solely for their protection, and they cannot bear to have the fortress endangered.

Their peace of mind, their safety, rests on grown-up authority; and it is that childish reliance which invalidates the worth of reasoning too much with them. The longer I lived in a house with children the less importance I put on co-operatively threshing out matters of conduct or explaining to them our theories of discipline. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't reason with them at all until they arrived at an *age* of reason—approximately 21. I would give them rules to follow. I would try to be just, and I would try even harder to be strict. I would do no arguing. Children in their hearts like laws. Authority implies an ordered world which is what they—and in the long run, most of the human race—yearn to inhabit. In law there is freedom. Be too permissive, and they feel lost and alone. Children are forced to live very rapidly in order to live at all. They are given only a few years in which to learn hundreds of thousands of things about life and the planet and themselves. They haven't time to spend analyzing the logic behind every command or taboo, and they resent being pulled away by it from their proper business of discovery.

When our younger and more conversational daughter turned 12, we found she was monopolizing the family telephone. She would reach home after school at 3:14, and at 3:15 the instrument would begin to shrill, its peal endless till bedtime. For once we had the good sense neither to scold nor to expostulate. We merely told her she could make and receive calls only between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. For the rest of the day the telephone was ours. We expected tears. We were braced for hysterics. What we got was a calm acceptance of a Rule. Indeed, we found out later, she boasted about the prohibition—it made her feel both sheltered and popular.

But then children are seldom resentful, which is another difference between them and people. They hold grudges no better than a lap dog. They are too inexperienced to expect favors from the world. What happens to them happens to them, like an illness; and if it is not too extravagantly unfair, they forget about it. Parents learn that a child's angry glare or floods of tears after a punishment or a scolding may send the grown-up away feeling like a despotic brute; but that half an hour later, with adult feelings still in tatters, the child is likely as not to come flying into the room, fling both arms about the grown-up's neck and shout, "I love you" into her ear.

The ability to forget a sorrow is childhood's most enchanting feature. It can also be exasperating to the pitch of frenzy. Little girls return from school with their hearts broken in two by a friend's treachery or a teacher's injustice. They sob through the afternoon, refuse dinner, and go to sleep on tear-soaked pillows. Novice mothers do not sleep at all, only lie awake with the shared burden for a night-long companion. Experienced ones know better. They realize that if you come down in the morning to renew your solacing you will meet—what? Refreshed, wholehearted offspring who can't under*stand* what you're talking about. Beware of making childhood's griefs your own. They are no more lasting than soap bubbles.

I find myself hoaxed to this day by the recuperative powers of the young, even when they top me by an inch and know all about modern art. More than once I have been called long distance from a college in New England to hear news of impending disaster.

"It's exam time and I'm down with this horrible cold," croaks the sufferer, coughing dramatically. "Can you rush me that prescription of Doctor Murphy's? I don't trust our infirmary."

Envisioning flu, pneumonia, wasting fever and a lily maid dead before her time, I harry the doctor into scribbling his famous remedy and send it by wire. Then after worrying myself into dyspepsia, I call two days later to find out the worst.

An unfogged voice answers me blithely. "What cold?" it inquires.

Ephemeral tragedies, crises that evaporate overnight, are almost certain to coincide with adolescence. Gird yourselves for them. Adolescence is a disease more virulent than measles and as difficult to outgrow as an allergy. At its onset parents are bewildered like the victim. They can only stand by with patience, flexibility and plenty of food in the larder. It's amazing how consoling is a batch of cookies in an emergency. If it doesn't comfort the child, at least it helps the baker.

I stopped in at a neighbor's house the other day and found her busily putting the frosting on a cocoanut cake. "It's for Steven," she told me. "His pet skunk just died, and I didn't know what else to do for him."

Food helps more than understanding. Adolescence doesn't really want to be understood. It prefers to live privately in some stone tower of its own building, lonely and unassailable. To understand is to violate. This is the age—at least for girls—of secret diaries, locked drawers, unshared confidences. It's a trying time for all concerned. The only solace is that they do outgrow it. But the flaw there is that eventually they outgrow being children, too, becoming expatriates of their own tribe.

For impossible as it seems when one first contemplates diapers and croup, then tantrums, homework, Scouting, dancing class, and finally the terrible dilemmas of the teens, childhood does come inexorably to an end. Children turn into people. They speak rationally, if aloofly, lecture you on manners, condescend to teach you about Eclectic Criticism, and incline to get married. And there you are, left with all that learning you have so painfully accumulated in 20-odd years, and with no more progeny on whom to lavish it.

Small wonder we love our grandchildren. The old sage recognized the effect, but not the cause. Enemies of our enemies, indeed! They are our immortality. It is they who will inherit our wisdom, our experience, our ingenuity.

Except, of course, that the grandchildren's parents will listen benevolently (are they not courteous adults?) and not profit by a word we tell them. They must learn for themselves how to speak in another language and with an alien race. END

## GREAT-UNCLE GADBY

By MYRON LEVOY

"Where does the sea go when the tide is low?
Where does it go, Great-Uncle Gadby?"
"It fills the lakes in Splasher Land,
Where everyone is made of sand;
That's where it flows, my little cabbage."

"What happens to me when I fall asleep?
Where do I go, Great-Uncle Gadby?"
"Why, under a delicate diddle tree,
Just to the east of Mercury.
That's where you go, my little radish."

"And last century, before I was me,
Where did I live, Great-Uncle Gadby?"
"I recall you were rather a noisy guest.
Up there in that old bluejay's nest;
That's where you lived, my little cracker."

"Why do you call me such silly names?
Why do you do that, Great-Uncle Gadby?"
"Well now, of late, my memory's been bad,
And I must have left the name you had
In my other suit, my little goulash."





I wanted to get Dad a fire truck

...but Mom said let's give him Old Spice instead 'cause it smells so good, and he likes it best of everything. Me too. It's got a ship and it's red.




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Stick Deodorant, 1.00

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It's the sure way to make reservations at your favorite place to stay. And it's the nice way to tell folks when you'll arrive. Makes traveling so much fun. Try it next time you're off on a trip—and have a real good time!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
*Keep in touch by Long Distance*

## BEGINNING SUMMER FICTION FESTIVAL

The Dissenting Opinions of Quentin Whiteside IV, page 102. The Imperfect Listener, page 106.
All the Summer's Promise, page 104. Who's There?, page 108.

# SMALL CAUSE FOR ALARM

### She had wanted a baby, prayed for one. Now she wasn't sure.

The telephone on her desk began to ring as she came back into her office; she slipped into her chair and, cradling the phone against her neck, she opened the folder Fred had given her. "Yes?" she said absently, spreading the pages out in front of her.

"Mrs. Britten? This is Miss Johnson," said the crisp voice that somehow always managed to give her the feeling that she was dropping down too fast in an elevator. The voice lost a little of its crispness, it went on unevenly and breathlessly: "You have a baby, Mrs. Britten. . . . Mrs. Britten?"

She closed the folder carefully. "I'm here," she said. "What was it you said?"

"Today you've become a mother," said Miss Johnson. "Your baby has come. Aren't you going to ask me if it's a boy or a girl?"

*A boy or a girl,* she thought, noticing with surprise that she was shaking, that it seemed to make very little difference to her right now which it was, boy or girl.

"You're all alike," said Miss Johnson, her relapse into weakness over, her crispness restored. "You come to our agency, you go through hell for months leading up to this moment, and when it's here, you act as stunned as if it came as a bolt out of the blue. To coin a phrase, Mrs. Britten: Are you still with me?"

"I'm here," she said. "*Is* it a boy or a girl?"

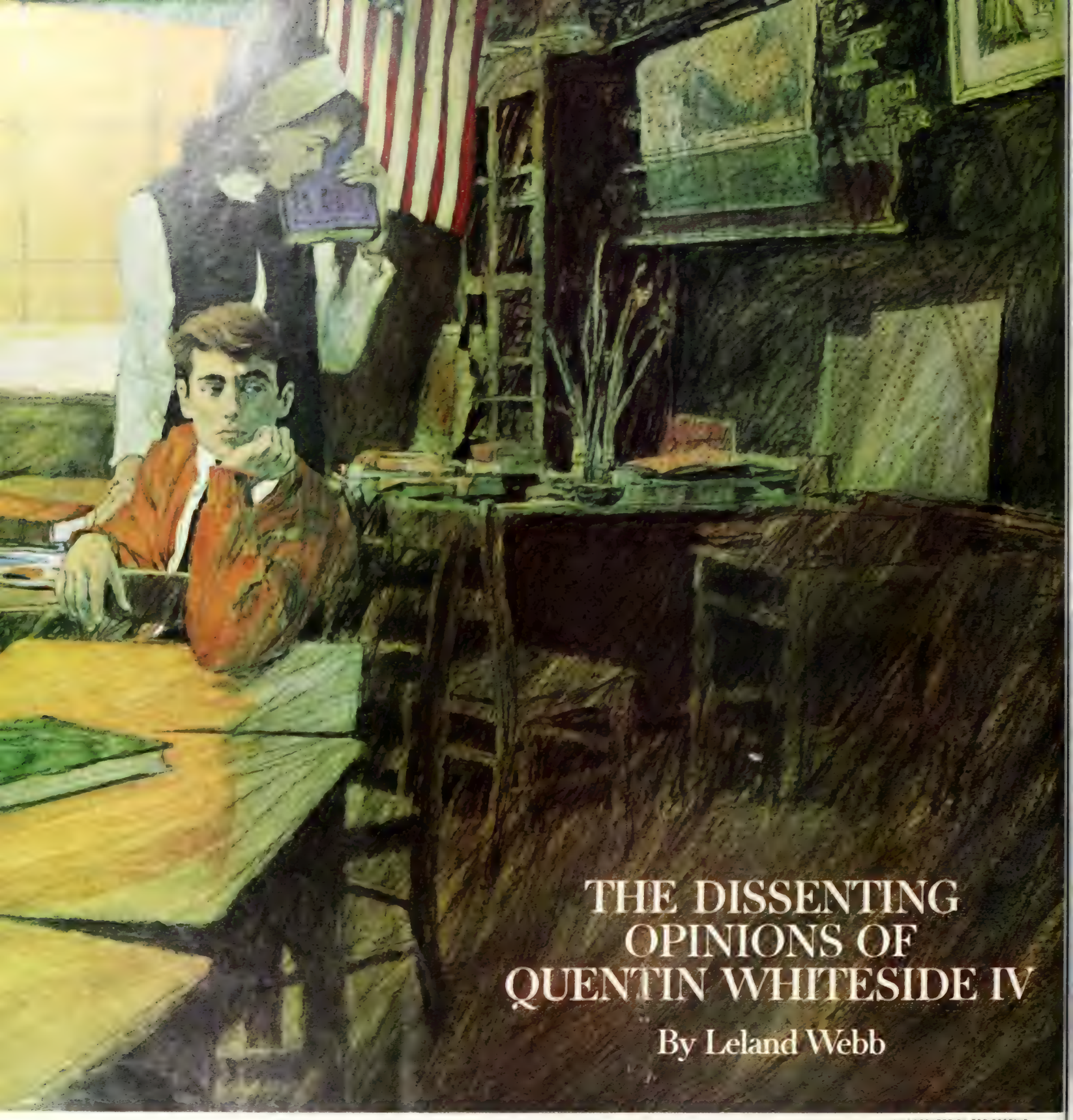
"At last," said Miss Johnson. "It's a boy. He weighed seven pounds when he was born five and a half months ago, he has brown eyes just like that little nephew of yours you used to moon over in my office, and he's —— Heck," she said, "you're not going to remember a thing of what I'm telling you now. Mrs. Britten, listen to me carefully: you're to come to my office at nine tomorrow, with your husband, of course, and meet your baby. And if he takes to you and your husband, and you two to him, there's a chance you can bring him home with you. There's a case of conjunctivitis in the foster home where he's been living, and if we can take him out a day or two sooner, so much the better. So be ready with whatever he'll need. He comes to you just as he was born, not a shirt to his name. . . . What did I say, Mrs. Britten?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

**by Ethel Edison Gordon**

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK SAMARDGE





# THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF QUENTIN WHITESIDE IV

By Leland Webb

ILLUSTRATED BY TED COCONIS

Quentin was gifted, even brilliant. But he needed help. How could his teacher save him without risking her heart, her career, her marriage?

Mr. Medlock wore shabby tweeds and smoked a pale briar pipe; in fantasy, he saw himself as the bluff and hearty headmaster of an exclusive prep school in New England. In fact, he was assistant principal and dean of boys at Anna P. Hobart High School, where it was clearly impossible to be bluff and hearty. Still, Mr. Medlock tried. "Fetch me Whiteside," he said to his secretary, after the first bell rang. "I want him in my office at the end of the sixth period. But I want him told now."

"Now, that would be Quentin Whiteside," Miss Gonzalez said. "Quentin Towney Whiteside the Fourth, no less."

"I know of no other Whiteside at Hobart, Miss Gonzalez," Mr. Medlock said. "Just fetch him at the end of sixth."

"Ten-four," Miss Gonzalez said, deadpan.

Mr. Medlock stared at her with cold dislike. The phrase, he knew, did not refer to the time of day, but was police jargon for "Orders received and understood; will proceed immediately in compliance thereof." It came from an unusually detestable television program, one he often watched on those evenings when he wearied of being Mr. Medlock.

He sat down at his desk and resumed his study of Quentin Whiteside's folder. Soon he was happily making neat penciled notes on three-by-five cards, and when he had finished he numbered each card, arranged them in numerical order, and slipped a rubber band around them.

Quentin's face was thin and delicate, with deep hollows between the CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

# Here's how the best cook in Danbury, Conn. makes fried chicken with no greasy taste



**Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, Jr.**
First Prize Winner, Cooking Contest
Danbury State Fair, 1961-1962
Goshen Fair, 1961
Bridgewater Fair, 1961

To avoid greasy taste in any kind of fried chicken,
I always fry right with Crisco
And for a tangy tropical touch –
- sprinkle raw chicken liberally with lemon juice
- sprinkle lightly with poultry seasonings, salt & pepper
- let stand ½ hr. - flour chicken thoroughly
- fry over medium heat till crisp & tender

Mrs. Smith's
"Tropical Fried Chicken"



## Why Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste!

New Crisco is different from other shortenings. It has an exclusive vegetable formula with added special protection against greasy taste. Crisco works in your frying pan to make foods fried right turn out crisp, digestible, delicious—with no greasy taste. No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

Also, every ounce of Crisco is highly unsaturated vegetable shortening—no animal fat. In fact, new Crisco has doubled the preferred unsaturates many scientists believe are better. So for all your baking and frying use new Crisco . . . Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste.




**CRISCO**

- EXCLUSIVE VEGETABLE FORMULA
- HIGHLY UNSATURATED
- SO DIGESTIBLE


All
the Summer's
Promise

By BARBARA ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY MAISEL

*If it hadn't been summer, with the tide on the Cape so far out that it seemed as if you could walk halfway to England, Anne might never have shared Mario's zest for adventure.*

The summer I met Mario was the last of my summers in Orleans—and the best and the worst, all at once. I've never even been back to the Cape, although I suppose my Great-Aunt Sibyl's house is still there, looming over the bluff as Aunt Sibyl herself loomed over the events of that summer.

It always seemed to me that the house was wasted. It was a mid-Victorian showplace with galleries and piazzas and big high-ceilinged rooms—the kind of house that cries out for parties; and Orleans was thronged with party-minded people: summer visitors, specifically committed to pleasure. But Aunt Sibyl would have nothing to do with summer people (although she was one herself) and she expected her guests to follow this example. As I grew older and gloomed about my loneliness, she said it showed a flaw in my character for me to want the company of transients—people nobody knew or wanted to know.

My mother understood and sympathized with me, but she couldn't do much about it. We were really fish out of water, she and I, thrust for a few weeks each summer into this unfamiliar atmosphere of wealth and then, when it was over, flung back into our customary surroundings: a second-floor apartment on the unfashionable side of Commonwealth Avenue—convenient to mother's work and to my school.

That summer—the last, as it turned out—I begged not to go to the Cape, but mother would have none of it. She argued that Aunt Sibyl was getting old, that she would miss our visit (this I could not believe), that the heat in Boston was unbearable and, finally, that she herself wanted a change.

The habits of a lifetime die hard, and though mother had been forced to cast aside most of the trappings of Beacon Hill gracious living (I would certainly never "come out" in *peau de soie* and long white gloves), there was always a certain tone in her voice when she told the neighbors, "We summer at the Cape."

And so we went again to Orleans, were met at the station by Aunt Sibyl's John, and were whisked through the bright and busy streets of the town to the austere seclusion of the house on the bluff.

Our first evening was spent as always in a recital of our doings, punctuated by Aunt Sibyl's disapproval of everything. She wanted to know what was to be done about me in the fall, and frowned when mother told her I was enrolled in Boston University. Aunt Sibyl didn't approve of higher education for girls: in her view the proper thing would be two years at a finishing school, with suitable instruction in what she still called the womanly arts.

"But Anne wants to teach," mother told her in my defense.

I didn't, really, but it seemed the most practical plan. Anything I really wanted to do—study Russian, dye my hair, go to Europe—was impossible, expensive or, in some cases, not very respectable. Chiefly, of course, I wanted to plunge headlong into life, and the specific path didn't matter.

Later that evening when Aunt Sibyl had gone to bed—assisted for the first time by a cane, for her eyesight had failed greatly in the past year—I sat in the long side gallery with all the windows open to the sea, and indulged myself in hopeful expectations of the future.

*This fall,* I thought, *some magic will take place and everything will be different. I will be beautiful.* I was not bad-looking, but it seemed to me that CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

# The Imperfect Listener

*Before a man sets out to improve his personality, he ought to check with his wife—or at least warn her.*

I was waiting to get a haircut when I came across this article about how to make yourself more popular. Ordinarily I wouldn't have read it, because I don't want to be more popular than I am. The more people like you the more they expect you to do for them. You start getting chummy with everybody in the neighborhood, and the first thing you know you're in charge of the rummage sale to raise money for new band uniforms.

However, one part of the article caught my attention. It was a questionnaire about parties, and wanted to know if I spent more time talking or listening. I said I spent more time talking; after all, I go to a party to enjoy myself. This is natural enough—in fact, the article admitted it. Good listeners, it said, are always in demand. They are well thought of by everybody else, it said. Besides that, they can increase their own knowledge by listening to the experiences of others. I decided to give it a try.

I didn't intend to start making a lot of new friends indiscriminately. However, I thought, it wouldn't hurt to see how it worked on Ethel and the kids and perhaps a few acquaintances.

As I walked up the block toward the house that evening I spotted Jeannie playing jacks in her friend Norma's CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

by Will Stanton



*"Well," I went on, "it's easy to see how you've been spending the afternoon, Mrs. Mizner." Just then a man stepped out on the porch. It was not Mr. Mizner.*

Hate that gray? Wash it away!

# Now! Color only the gray

## without changing your natural hair color!



*Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!*

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. It won't rub off, won't brush off. Loving Care leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

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# WHO'S THERE?

*Suddenly a sunny day became a dark nightmare, her home a prison. Somehow, some way, she must save her son.*

By MONET GREEN Her first appearance in any magazine

Marsha Hunter, prudent, farseeing, would ordinarily have hooked the screen door after her husband went off to help the Millers with their barn. But that day, she had been upset by their argument—too annoyed with Bob even to give him a quick kiss at the door. She had just stood at the sink and said good-bye over her shoulder as he went out.

Her pretty face was still set in lines of exasperation as she dried the last of the dishes and tidied the kitchen. In her mind, she went over the argument again, hearing Bob say that Billy spent too much time indoors scribbling stories about imaginary dangers when he ought to be outdoors getting exercise and learning to cope with the real problems of running a farm. A little ashamed, she recalled her own angry words, throwing up to Bob that he couldn't understand Billy's wanting to be a writer because he couldn't understand anything that didn't have obvious and immediate practical value. *She* knew what it was like to have ambitions like Billy's; *she* could understand.

She flung her apron down and turned her back on the shining kitchen and went into the living room where her sewing machine was set up. She had a part in the community play—the imperiled heroine, kidnapped during an Indian attack and rescued dramatically by the hero, who found her sunbonnet marking the right fork in the trail for him to take to find the Indian's secret camp. Oh, it was raw melodrama, all right, but she enjoyed it and had looked forward to finishing her costume today. Now, the pleasure was a little spoiled for her, but she grimly pushed that thought from her mind.

She stepped over her 10-year-old son, sprawled out on the floor painstakingly copying out another story. She scooped up the sunbonnet and sat down at the machine to work on it. Instead of asking her usual interested questions about Billy's story, she said crossly, "For heaven's sake, why don't you sit at the table to write?"

Billy didn't answer. He was frowning at the pattern of the rug as he tried to work out some detail in his mind. With one worn sneaker, he scratched at the other; he gnawed on the end of his pencil and muttered to himself. After a minute he rolled over on his back, reached out with his foot and snaked out the white ruffled curtain that hung to the floor. He stared at the sunlight coming through it and said, "I guess I'll never be a writer. A real writer wouldn't get stuck like I do."

"Let the curtain alone," she ordered over the hum of her machine. Billy looked at her with surprise and hurt, then began to gather his papers together and put them away. She knew she should stop sewing and help him, as she usually did, but now neither of them was in the mood. Still, she didn't want to dampen his determination, so she stopped the machine.

"I'm sorry, honey. I'm just in a bad mood," she said apologetically. And then more warmly she added, "Of course you'll be a writer. Everybody gets stuck once in a while."

He gave her shoulder the awkward pat that had somehow lately replaced embarrassing hugs and kisses, and said he guessed he'd go down by the creek for a while. As he took his jacket from the doorknob and shrugged into it, he showed that he forgave her by asking, "What would you do if some crooks had a gun in your back and made you call up someone and tell them to pay your ransom?"

"I'd do just that."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110







NO TIPS TO COLOR?

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and stay with Knox!

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Start with...stay with Knox




KNOX GELATINE, INC., JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Yeah, but if you didn't really want the money paid because you thought you could get away, how would you tell them not to believe you?"

"I guess . . . well, I'd say something that the person I was talking to would know wasn't true."

"Like what?" he persisted.

"Oh"—she stopped the machine and frowned in thought—"something like 'Take care of Butch, my dog,' when I didn't have a dog; or 'Tell Carolyn not to worry,' when I didn't know anyone by that name. How's that?"

"Hey, that's keen." He grinned. "Thanks." He started out the front door, then turned back, asking, "How long till supper?"

"Daddy will probably be late. We'll eat without him as soon as I finish this sewing."

"Can I have a sandwich now, then?"

"No," she said. "You wait."

As he closed the door behind him she slipped on a thimble and began the hand stitching on the lining. The winter sun began to slip low and draw itself gently from the living room and the only sound was the methodical prick of her needle through the stiff lining and the ticking of the kitchen clock—she'd always called it the heartbeat of the house.

Wrapped in her own thoughts, she had nearly completed one side of the bonnet when she heard the slight whine of the spring on the kitchen screen. She waited for the usual slam that always announced Billy. But the closing was soundless. She paused and listened and wondered if he was tiptoeing in on a silent raiding trip to the refrigerator or the bread box. Either would give him away with its own sound, and she knew them all by heart. With her needle suspended between stitches, she waited. What had been comfortable stillness began to be weighted with something else—uncertainty, the first little ripple around a pebble of doubt. *This is silly*, she thought. *It's Billy up to a game of scaring me. He does that all the time.* She decided to play along with him this time, but later she'd tell him he was too big for such childish games. She lowered her eyes to her work again and took several stitches, and then suddenly she knew Billy could never be so slow in any game. It wasn't Billy and it wouldn't be Bob; he'd come in noisily. Her nearest neighbor, Muriel, would open the screen and call out first, "Hey, anybody home?" The thought that someone was standing in the kitchen, listening as intently as she was, filled her with an apprehension that made calling out impossible. She put one hand on the machine to steady herself. She started to rise. She sank back as he swung into the doorway.

"Not a sound!" he warned. It wasn't the gun so much as his voice that held the threat—sharp, like a knife, with the tightness of death in it.

She thought, *How long will I sit here frozen?* There were all sorts of things she should say: "Who are you? What do you want? How dare you!" but they all seemed unnecessary and she couldn't say anything. Only her mind could move and it raced like something out of order, taking in disconnected impressions: *A big man, sandy complexion, broad chest and powerful shoulders—a jacket that's not his. Too small.* Past the gun, back to his face. *A thin slash of a mouth, tight at the corners, but the eyes—there's the danger! Light eyes, almost colorless. Eyes that are hard. Eyes that mean business!* Her thoughts took another crazy twist. *This is real! It isn't something that might happen. It's something that is happening.*

That second seemed a lifetime, then he spoke in the taut voice of a desperate man. "Do exactly as I tell you or I'll kill you."

Her body was still paralyzed, but her mind was coming out of its frantic race of fear. It was beginning to accept the situation as reality and to function again, cautioning her, *Easy! He's like something wound too tight. Try to be natural. Go slow. Easy!*

She took her eyes from the gun, allowed herself the breath she had been holding and slowly put her hand to her face as if brushing away a greater threat than he presented. Perhaps it was a ridiculous gesture. Perhaps he would interpret it as defiance or stupidity, but at the same time it placed a subtle burden of trust in him; a sort of, "Thank goodness, it's only you," as if he were a neighbor who had startled her, a neighbor who didn't hold a gun and who would never harm her.

"Give me a minute," she said slowly. "Give me a minute to stop shaking. I've never been so scared."

"You got reason to be scared." His eyes were narrowed and his words were hissed between clenched teeth.

She nodded weakly and said, "If it's money you want, I'll give you all we have. Only please take it and go."

He kept the gun leveled as he moved into the living room and looked around cautiously. "You alone here?" he demanded. She nodded. He advanced, glanced at her sewing, snatched the scissors from the machine and flung them across the room. She started to protest as they landed on the coffee table and gouged a long scratch in the wood, but stifled her cry of indignation. *It's only a table.* He stalked to the window. Cautiously he peered through the curtains, making sure of the yard. Until that moment she hadn't thought of Billy; now she was terrified that he might be in sight, might be wandering toward the house. With his childish bravery and his mind full of the plots and schemes of his stories, he'd try something foolish and this man wouldn't hesitate to kill him. *Please God, please*, she prayed, *keep him outside—away from the house.*

The intruder had turned from the window and she sat staring into space, caught in the nightmare of Billy rushing at the man with the gun.

His voice cut in on her thoughts. "You expecting anybody?"

"No."

"Where's your husband?"

"He's away helping some neighbors."

He was beside her instantly, jerking her to her feet. "You're lying!" he snarled.

*I mustn't fight*, she thought. *Face him quietly. Easy!* His fingers dug into her arm and she winced, but she didn't pull away.

"You're lying," he grated again. "He's around here somewhere."

"He's not, I tell you."

"Then what's that car doing outside?"

"He took the truck."

He searched her face looking for the lie, then slowly his fingers loosened and he released her. She backed away, hunting for the right words to penetrate his armor of suspicion. "Look," she began, "can we have some kind of understanding? I'm trying to cooperate with you because it's the only thing to do. I'm not going to try any heroics, but I want you out of my home. Please take whatever you want and go."

"You're quite a dame, ain't you? Scared stiff and cool as a cucumber. You're just the kind who would try something."

"No. No, I wouldn't. . . . I'm trying to be smart and the only smart thing to do is to help you."

"It ain't as simple as wanting to raid your little teapot of egg money," he said sarcastically. "I'm hungry and I'm tired. I'm on the run and I ain't gettin' caught. There's three stiffs behind me and you could be the fourth. It's up to you."

"I'll fix you some food. Then will you leave?"

"I'll leave when I'm ready," he growled. "But right now I want something to eat. Something quick like bacon and eggs. Move!"

She did as she was told, moving numbly ahead of him. She still had the sunbonnet in her hand and she laid it on the kitchen table as she turned to the refrigerator for the eggs and bacon.

"What's that thing?" he asked, motioning with the gun.

"It's part of a costume for the community play."

"Big deal!" he sneered. "You little mousy people with your little hobbies. Shakes you up to see how the other half lives, doesn't it?"

She put the bacon in the pan, afraid to say anything else. Her mind went to Billy and the hunger that would turn his footsteps back soon. Already the sun was beginning to set. Behind her the door slammed and she jumped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



## Slip into something that can't slip: The Unslippable® by Warner's

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

and turned. The man had kicked it shut with his foot and now he sat down at the table and watched her. The gun lay on the table and his hand hovered beside it. He was looking her over, his free hand rubbing the stubble of his beard.

"You ain't a bad looker," he said, "but there's something with you I don't like. Your mind's spinning like a top, ain't it, looking for a way to turn me in?"

"I'm not interested in turning you in—only in your leaving."

"What's the hurry?" He was silent for a few minutes, polishing the barrel of the gun with his finger. Finally he said, "I know what's wrong with this place. Couldn't put my finger on it. No kids. Ain't you got kids?"

Panic swept her and she said "No" almost too quickly.

"Good thing," he said. "Anything puts me on edge, it's kids."

Like a merry-go-round, Billy's name went through her mind, *Billy, Billy, Billy.* Her hands moved efficiently, but her mind was back on its frantic race. He'd be getting hungry. He'd be coming home any minute. She looked at the clock—four-fifteen; the sun almost gone and darkness hovering like a bird, ready to swoop down. She always told him to be in before dark, unless he was helping his father with the chores. If she could make up an excuse to go to the barn she could circle behind it and find him. They could cut across the fields to Muriel's and get her husband, Earl. He was the sheriff. He was probably looking for the man now. Maybe he'd come by and

**True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.**
**CHESTERFIELD**

ask if she'd seen him—and the man at the table would kill him. She snapped on the light above the stove. If he did come by, if he happened to look in, he could see the big man at the table and the gun beside him. At least he'd have a chance.

"What are you thinking about?" His voice jerked her back.

"I should go feed the stock."

"Fat chance!" he sneered. "Trick number one, huh?"

"No." She put the coffee on and turned her attention back to the bacon. *Oh God, dear God, make him leave!* She tried to hurry the bacon that was sizzling in the pan. It began to smoke and he said, "I want it cooked, not burned." She turned the flame down a little and got out the silverware. As she put it in front of him, she hesitated beside the gun. His fingers closed around it and he smiled wryly and moved it to one side, keeping his hand on it. The bacon was ready at last and she broke the eggs into the pan and put bread in the toaster. The sounds of the eggs frying, the perk of the coffee and the tick of the clock became a weird off-key symphony to her ears. The heartbeat of the house, as she had called it before, became something ominous and mocking now. It turned itself into Billy's footsteps. It reminded her that each tick brought him closer to danger. The house that had been a haven, that had held the world away and filled itself with love and happiness, was now a trap, a place of dread, a friend turned traitor.

The man behind her swore and said, "I'm hungry! Will you hurry up!"

She put the eggs beside the bacon and turned to butter the toast. He swung up from the table to look out the window and she held her breath. She didn't dare look herself; she only watched the expression of the angular face, looking for the squint of the eyes that would follow if he saw Billy. There was no change. He turned away and sat down at the table. He began to wolf the food down and demand coffee. She brought the toast and the steaming coffeepot. For a rash moment she considered throwing the scalding liquid in his face and running for the door, but he seemed to read her mind. He stared at her as she poured. She took another cup and poured one for herself, glancing out the window above the sink as she did it. *No small figure coming from the woods. Thank God. Hurry, mister, hurry. Eat and take your gun and go!* She couldn't stay by the window. It would remind him to look out now and then. She turned away and sat across the table from him and watched him eat. Except for the sound of the clock and the scrape of his fork against his plate, it was as quiet as it had been before he came. She sipped her coffee without tasting it, and then because she was too nervous to just sit still, she picked up the sunbonnet and began to finish the last stitches.

The harsh ring of the phone was so unexpected that it brought the man to his feet in one wild movement. His fork clanked against the plate and his gun was in his hand. She had the idea he was going to start pulling the trigger, and once started, he'd never stop. Her voice was shrill as she almost shrieked, "It's only the phone!"

"Sit still! Don't answer it!"

It rang again, grating against their nerves. She could hardly keep her hand from reaching for it. "It's my ring," she said. "It's probably one of my neighbors."

"No!"

"If I don't answer, someone might come over to find out if I'm all right. They know I'm always home." He looked at her warily and she added lamely, "It's the way people are in the country."

It rang twice more and as if he himself couldn't stand it any longer, he said grimly, "Answer it, but watch what you say! Don't try anything and make it short." He moved to the phone beside her and she felt the gun hard against her back.

She lifted the receiver and, trying to keep her voice normal, said, "Hello?"

Muriel's cheerful voice came through loud and clear. "Marsha, I've been trying to get you, but the line's been all tied up with everyone gabbing about the excitement. Has anybody else called you?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, it's so exciting! There's an escaped convict running around loose. He killed three guards getting away and heaven knows what he was in for in the first place. With Bob gone, I thought you ought to know to keep your doors locked. They think he's hiding out in the woods around here."

She went on to describe him, and her voice, so near, so familiar, made Marsha think insanely of crying out her predicament, but the gun prodded the idea away. All she could say was, "How awful."

"Yes, well of course you can imagine how impossible my husband is to live with. He's full of superiority and commands. Reminds me of a little boy playing cops and robbers."

"Yes, well ——"

"Of course with this fellow, this Eddie Hartland, running around, everyone's keeping their kids in and I thought ——"

*No! Don't mention Billy!* "Everything's fine over here," she interrupted. Her eyes went to the face of the man beside her and he nodded in approval and motioned for her to cut the conversation off. "Thanks for calling," she said. "I've got to hang up. I have a cake due to come out of the oven."

"Well, I just wanted you to know. At least it's something to brighten up our drab little lives, huh? I'll let you go."

"Thanks again. 'Bye." She hung up, sick with frustration, knowing her only chance was gone. She hadn't got one word through because she hadn't dared to let Muriel rattle on and mention Billy's name. She wanted terribly to cry, but she could only look at the man and say stupidly, "So that's your name, Eddie Hartland."

"Yeh, that's it." He sat down at the table again and said, "More coffee."

She poured it with trembling hands. He lighted a cigarette as if he had a whole lifetime to spend at the table and she thought, *I'll scream if he sits here one more minute!*

"You'd better go," she said with as little feeling as possible. "They'll be looking here soon."



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"Shut up. I gotta think. And don't play like you're interested in my welfare."

"I'm not! I'm not!" she said fiercely, feeling her control slip away. "I don't care about you one way or the other. I only want you to go. I can't stand much more of this. Just get out!" She watched his face as she blazed her anger at him and she didn't care whether it angered him or not. "I'll give you money," she went on. "I'll give you the keys to the car. I'll give you anything you want, only get out of here!"

Then she heard it—the faint sound of a whistle. A wave of sickness swept her and she began to talk incoherently, trying to keep the sound from reaching his ears.

"You're a fool to stay here, can't you see that?" she babbled. "With the car you'd have a chance to get away. Why don't you take the car, go out the back road? They'll never catch you." She snatched her cup and went to the counter, pretending to pour more coffee for herself while her voice kept up a steady stream. Still talking, she glanced out the window. She saw Billy happily kicking at the dirt with each step that brought him closer to the house. He looked pathetically small and frail to her and it seemed she had never loved him before as she did at that moment.

"Slow down!" he ordered. He started to say something more and stopped. Even with her back to him, she knew how he stiffened as he heard the whistle. "What's that?" he demanded. She tried to block his view, but he was already behind her. His voice was a snarl. "Who's he?"

In desperation she pushed him aside and said, "Don't let him see you."

"What's he coming here for? Who is he?"

She didn't know where the words came from. "It's just a pesky neighbor kid." She waved him back as he peered through the window, and pleaded, "Let me run him off. If he sees you, he'll be bound to tell it at home and they'll send the police." He frowned, and she pushed on, "I'm always chasing him away. He's used to it. It will be better this way."

He weighed her idea, then growled, "OK, but you better be careful what you say!"

She opened the door, wondering frantically what to say, how to make Billy understand and obey her. "Billy Smith!" she yelled. "Get out of my yard!" He stopped and stared at her. A look of bewilderment crossed his face and she saw his lips start to form the word she most dreaded to hear—"mom." Before he could say it, she screamed angrily, "Not one word of back talk, young man! I'm sick of you cutting across our land. You do as I say. Get out of here!"

He looked at her in a hurt way she had never seen, and for a moment she thought he'd cry. Her mind screamed her thoughts, *Billy, Billy, listen to me. Understand!* Something new replaced his look, but there was still disbelief there. In an unsure voice he said, "Are you kidding ——"

Again she cut off the word mom. "Don't you say another word or I'll tell your mom how sassy you are." She opened the screen and said, "You get!" With a shooing motion, she waved her hand and realized she was holding the sunbonnet. For the life of her she couldn't remember having picked it up, but as she looked at it she thought of the play. It was a chance in a thousand, but she threw it at him and said crossly, "And give this to Pearl. She can finish it herself." She closed the screen and on a last impulse she called, "And tell Carolyn not to worry about hers." She saw Billy's look of confusion as he stooped and picked up the bonnet. He looked at it and then at her. Frantically she yelled, "Go on!" She slammed the door and leaned against it, trembling and praying as she had never prayed.

Eddie's eyes were measuring her and his voice was cold with suspicion. "That was kind of a long speech, wasn't it?"

"He's a stupid kid," she said.

"See if he's gone," he commanded.

She looked out. He still stood there, looking strangely forlorn, staring like someone in a dream at the door that had been slammed. She saw him finger the sunbonnet uncertainly, then turn and slowly walk away. He stopped once and looked back, then started off toward Muriel Smith's farm. In the growing dusk he walked faster and finally he ran.

Marsha leaned against the cabinet and wept. The fear she had held back for so long swept over her full force. Her fight for Billy was over. He was safe and nothing else mattered. She wasn't afraid of Eddie Hartland now. She didn't have to live in terror of each minute. While the tears streamed, bringing relief from the tension, a new thought struggled up. *Bob!* Was there no end! He could come home any minute too. If he came in, she'd fling herself into his arms. The bullet must pass her body first, for she knew with a certainty the man would shoot. Their days, their nights together swept before her mind: the way his arm went around her waist, the way he tipped her head to kiss her, his closeness, his warmth, the way one's heart read the other's. Was he even now sensing her peril, making excuses to get home?

"That's enough. Stop it!"

She opened her eyes and felt an insane laughter bubbling up to mingle with the tears. "I can't stop," she gasped. "I'm going to cry forever, forever and ever."

The blow from his hand jerked her head to one side and she didn't know whether his voice was the sharp little slivers of pain in her mind or the slashes of light before her eyes.

"Stop the hysterics!"

His slap stopped the laughter, but the tears continued while she wished she could faint, wished the nightmare would end.

"What about that road?" he asked. "That one you were talking about?"

Reaching deep for control she thought was gone, she managed to check the tears, but there was nothing she could do about the sobs that continued to shake her. Her mind was giving orders again. *He's going to go. Just a little longer! Do everything you can to help him. Hurry!*

"I'll get the keys." Her voice was too frantic.

"Wait a minute. Where's that road go?"

She explained, but he wanted details. Painfully, she told him each one. "There's a bridge—another road. Hardly ever used—goes west across the state ——"

"How much gas is in the car?"

"Nearly a full tank."

"I'll need some food."

She stared numbly at him.

"Fix something to take, some sandwiches and some of that cake."

Another eternity while her fingers fumbled with waxed paper and the sandwiches fell apart.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded sharply, and she could only mumble, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Finally she had it ready. He wanted a flashlight. She hunted in the drawer for it. *It must be upstairs.* She started up the steps, and he yelled, "That money you were talking about, get it."

She found the flashlight and brought her purse. He watched her while she hunted through her bag for the keys and her wallet. She gave him the keys, and he shoved them into his pocket. The gun was on the table out of his reach, but it was out of her reach too; and, besides, it didn't matter now. He was leaving. She took the money out of her wallet and gave it to him. In a minute it would all be over.

He took the money and started to leave. "One more thing," he said, turning around. "I need some other clothes. Your husband got a jacket?"

Maddened by this new delay, she yanked open the closet door, seized her husband's red-and-black hunting jacket and thrust it at him.

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"Not that—those colors would show up a mile away. Here—lemme look." He shoved her aside and stared into the closet.

Paralyzed, she looked over his shoulder. There, all lined up like an exhibit, were Billy's catcher's mitt and his baseball cap, his small fishing rod, his painter's overalls, like miniatures hanging next to his father's, and, worst of all, the school windbreaker he was so proud of because it had his name on the front. BILLY, it said in large white letters.

"You lied!" Eddie Hartland screamed. "You do have kids." Shrewd understanding mingled with his insane anger. "That kid—he was yours. You sent him after somebody."

His curses filled the kitchen as he grabbed her. His hands were at her throat, and the sound of his fury was in her ears. She fought him with all the strength she had, but she knew it was useless. She thought of Billy's tears when they found her. She thought of Bob, how she loved him, and that she'd never know his kisses again. She threw a last look of hatred at the man whose face was blurring before her eyes. She couldn't understand what she was seeing—an arm above his head, the flash of a gun through the air, the sound of its hitting his head, and he was sprawling at her feet.

Earl's face replaced Eddie Hartland's, his arm steadied her as he guided her to a chair and eased her into it. His voice sounded far away as he said, "Good thing he was yelling so he didn't hear me come in."

She wanted to slide out of the chair, just slip to the floor and let the sickening blackness have her, but there was a rush past Earl, and Billy's arms were flinging themselves around her. He was on his knees hugging her, and her arms automatically cradled him against her, but she could only stare at the unconscious figure on the floor until the weakness passed. Earl was putting handcuffs on the limp wrists when Bob came in.

Bob stared in astonishment at the scene in his kitchen. Too weak to talk, Marsha listened to Earl explain the situation to her husband. When Earl got to Billy's part in the episode, Billy stirred in his mother's arms. He lifted his head and looked up at her, his eyes shining with admiration.

"You were keen, Mom! You did have me mixed up at first, but, gee, that sunbonnet!" He hugged her again with a fierceness that knocked the breath from both of them. "That stumped me until I remembered the play when they find your hat and know you're in trouble. Then when you said to tell Carolyn not to worry, I was sure. I figured that Pearl was code talk for Earl, and I knew just what I had to do."

For a moment she felt almost angry, realizing that to Billy her long, terrible ordeal was little more than a real-life mystery story. Then, while his excitement still allowed him to accept such a caress without embarrassment, she drew him close again. "You did just fine, Billy," she told him. "Just fine." END

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## ALL THE SUMMER'S PROMISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

beauty should come clothed in soft cashmere sweaters and well-cut English tweeds, in the opalescent pallor of real pearls and the understated elegance of a diamond bar pin. For other girls it might be gold lamé and dangling rhinestones, but I had Aunt Sibyl and mother in my background and so my dreams were always in impeccable taste, quite unattainable, and set in some bright future. The present—Aunt Sibyl's echoing house and the lonely stretches of her private beach—was unlikely soil for dreams to bear fruit.

The next evening after dinner we sat in the drawing room while mother knit and I struggled to stay awake over my book. I had spent the whole day on the beach—my face was still warm from the sun—and the ticking of Aunt Sibyl's old applewood clock lulled me to sleep. Finally Aunt Sibyl suggested that I go to bed, unless I could contribute something to the evening.

"I expect company anyway," she said, "and it looks very slack to see people nodding away in their chairs."

"Company?" My mother dropped her knitting in astonishment, and I was jarred awake by so unexpected a development.

Aunt Sibyl seemed pleased with the effect of her announcement. "A young man from the town reads to me three evenings a week," she explained. "Now that my eyes are so bad, I can't see the newspapers and I hate to lose touch."

"Why, Anne can read to you, Aunt Sibyl." Mother turned in her chair. "Get the paper, and ——"

"No." Aunt Sibyl's tone was quite firm. "It is Anne's vacation. This young man does very well. And it is a help to him—I pay him. His father is a fisherman, but the boy is very superior. I believe he goes to college."

The doorbell rang then, and Mario Viella was shown into the drawing room. I had expected, I suppose, a bookish person, quiet and efficient . . . for what other sort of person would Aunt Sibyl employ?

When Mario stood in the door, I realized just how nearly blind Aunt Sibyl must be, for if she could have seen him clearly he would not have been here. He brought too much vitality into the dead air of her house. Like most of the fishermen around Orleans, Mario was Portuguese: tall and muscular, with black hair and dark, dancing eyes and a smile as white against his suntanned face as was the open-throat shirt he wore. He looked like a young pirate or, to me, fresh from the vicarious romance of history books, like a *Conquistador*.

"This is Mario Viella," Aunt Sibyl said. "My niece, Mrs. Hardy, and her daughter Anne."

Mario won my mother with a slight, graceful bow in her direction, and me—he won me when he appeared before my eyes.

"The paper is on the table," Aunt Sibyl said, making it plain at once that this was no occasion for sociability. "Now I don't want to hear anything about the Russians, young man—nation of outlaws. And nothing about those bombs. And no violent crime."

I had never dreamed there was so much to be found in *The New York Times*, especially within the limits of Aunt Sibyl's decent news. Mario read for over an hour: political comment, economic trends, book reviews and nature chats and, when he had exhausted the paper, a chapter of Henry James's *The Ambassadors*. Promptly at 9:30 Aunt Sibyl's housekeeper appeared with a tray—cookies, and lemonade which we sipped while Aunt Sibyl told us what was wrong with the world, as revealed to her in the newspaper.

She talked, my mother knit—a complicated pattern, requiring her full attention—and Mario and I sat across from each other at the round oak table. Our eyes met, and we both looked away, and then back. I filled his glass and he whispered, "How long will you stay?"

"A month," I said, and he smiled.

From that day my summer world changed. I waited impatiently for the evenings Mario would read, aware at last that this was the missing ingredient in my life: something to look forward to, as I had looked forward to Christmas when I was a child.

My mother came to look upon those evenings as an opportunity to excuse herself after dinner and go to her room. She felt obliged to be with Aunt Sibyl during the day while I was on the beach or swimming, and large doses of Aunt Sibyl, day and night, were hard to take.

And so we sat in that vast drawing room: Aunt Sibyl cold and austere in her Boston rocker; me at the round oak table where I could watch Mario's face; and Mario sitting turned on the ladder-back chair, with the paper propped against the top rung, where he could look up from his reading and see me, and smile.

And then we had our lemonade at the table and, later, on the sofa where we sat side by side while Aunt Sibyl droned on about the shocking state of the world—a direct result, in her view, of too many Democrats and people like that.

We could say nothing privately, for her hearing was as acute as her sight was not. Every sound echoed against the high beamed ceiling; she heard the whisper of my skirt if I crossed my knees, the soft slip of Mario's arm across the back of the sofa—and asked if we were comfortable, if we wanted more lemonade, if we didn't think something radical ought to be done about the trashy lot who were running the Government. She didn't really want an answer, and she never got one. We hardly heard her.

They were agonizing evenings. If Mario took my hand—when we came to that—she heard the clink of ice in our glasses and invited us to have more lemonade. If he leaned toward me, his dark eyes coming closer and closer, she heard . . . I don't know what—the creak of the sofa, perhaps—and asked if we were in a draft. And always, at 10:15, the housekeeper showed Mario to the door, and Aunt Sibyl rose from her chair and held out her arm to me for support, so I was bound there while he said good night, politely, and left.

It would have seemed the most natural thing in the world for me to say, "I'll walk you down the road. It's a lovely evening and I'd like some air" . . . for Mario to say, "Would you like to go into Orleans to a movie?" but I had been Aunt Sibyl's fettered guest for too many years and Mario, too, had come to know her very well, and understood precisely his position.

If I had any lingering doubts, Aunt Sibyl dispelled them for me one day when I asked why we didn't have Mario to dinner.

"Have Mario to dinner?" she asked. "Why would we do that?"

Why, indeed? Mario was to her a voice—a service, paid for by the hour.

I lay awake nights planning elaborate rendezvous and private communications—plans which always came to nothing because I was not the kind of girl who could carry them out.

And then one day Aunt Sibyl treated us to a ride around the countryside, with John at the wheel of the car and my mother and me dulled to torpor by Aunt Sibyl's travelogue—until, in the late afternoon, we drove out on the pier.

The fishing boats were just coming in: the *Bess*, I picked out, and the *Little Fish* and, far down at the end of the dock, the *Graciela*, with Mario, hawser in hand, on the deck. He jumped easily onto the boardwalk, tied off the line and then stripped off his heavy sweater and work pants and, in swimming trunks, dived off the end of the pier. I could hear him laughing with someone still on board, calling back and forth in Portuguese.

"The boats are coming in," I said. "I want to see them tie up."

Aunt Sibyl frowned. "Well, hurry." Her nose wrinkled. "Awful smell of fish."

I ran to the end of the pier and got there just as Mario started up the ladder.

"Hello," I said. "We were out for a drive and saw you come in."

He stayed on the bottom rung, shaking the water from his hair.

"I'll have to hurry," I went on. "Aunt Sibyl doesn't like the smell of fish."

"No." He grinned. "I know. Anne"—we heard the impatient bleat of Aunt Sibyl's horn—"I'll meet you on the beach. Your aunt's beach; can you get out?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Tonight?" he asked.

"All right."

We met that night, and other nights—with me creeping down the back stairs and out the back door and then running, running down the path into Mario's arms, where he waited beside Aunt Sibyl's expensive breakwater. Sometimes we swam, in paths of moonlight across the water; more often we only sat on shore, talked in whispers, touched each other.

Mario said that I was beautiful, and so I felt beautiful, but denied it.

"I'm very plain," I said—and he kissed me.

"A dull, plain girl"—and he kissed me again.

Now when Mario read to Aunt Sibyl in the evenings, I could no longer stay in the drawing room. I could not bear to sit at the round table, to have him look up from the paper, mouth wordlessly "I love you," and smile. I wanted to go straight into his arms.

Nor could we sit on the sofa, two glasses of lemonade between us. Mario would get up and pace restlessly across the room to the windows and then, of course, be obliged to assure Aunt Sibyl that he was comfortable and not too hot, not too cold. So I sat outside the door on the stairs and listened to his voice, which I loved as I loved everything about him.

There was a brief spell of quite cold weather toward the end of August, as if to remind me that the summer was ending, but Mario and I still met on the beach and shivered in each other's arms, pretending that the sand was warm and September years away.

"Would you dare leave the beach?" he asked one night.

I would dare anything to be with him.

"Low tide at three tomorrow morning," he said. "We'll go over to Jessup's Landing—it goes out there for miles. You can walk"—he brushed my hair from my cheek and kissed me—"halfway to England." We had talked about England and how close it was, really—just beyond that wave. "We could dig clams." We had talked about clams too—we had talked about everything.

He was right about the tide. We walked, it seemed, out into the middle of the ocean, the bottom squishy beneath our toes, and Mario showed me how to find the clams, but I was never fast enough. He could have filled the bucket in the time I spent looking for the bubbles. "How can you see?" I asked. It was a black, moonless night.

"I feel them." He had me put my feet by his, and then laughed when I jumped at the tickle of a clam under my toes. We grew silly, running back and forth on the ocean bottom.

I said I felt sorry for the clams, and ashamed of him for his predatory instincts, and that I could never love someone with so little feeling. I said I was glad I had found him out in time, and then he threw away his whole bucketful, and we clung together—out there, in the middle of nowhere.

We had played—like children—for hours, it seemed, when I suddenly realized that I was ankle deep in water. "We'd better go back," I said. "I'm not really in shape to swim the rest of the way—just for the sake of warm beer and Yorkshire pudding."

We started back, guessing how far we had come, pretending we could go all the way. "I'll fish for kippers," he said, "be the Kipper King of England."

"Kippers come in cans," I told him.

Silly—young and silly.

We started back, kicking water at each other, laughing—until Mario quit laughing, caught my hand and stopped, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"What is it, Mario?" The water now seemed to be rising more rapidly.

He looked up into the sky—the black sky, with only pinpricks of light from dim stars—and he looked all around.

I pulled at his arm. "Come on, let's go."

"Go where?" His voice shook a little. "We don't know where the shore lies."

"Why—this way." I started straight ahead, and then I too stopped. There were no lights anywhere, and no moon; nothing but black water, creeping steadily up my legs.

"There should be lights on the shore," he said, "cottages, or car lights."

There were none. We had wandered in every direction as we came out, and now all directions were as one. There was nothing to guide us—no lights, no sounds, no swell of waves. We could be going in toward shore, or we could be going straight into the depth of ocean, or we could be ranging out on a line with the shore in the path of the rising tide, getting no place.

Panic does not, as they say, "set in." It comes in a rush and it came now, washing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

over me—as real as the water rising inexorably to my knees. I grabbed at Mario's arm, slipped and fell, and clambered back up drenched and sick with fear. I began to splash frantically off to the right, and then back, until Mario took my arms and held me.

"Listen." He held my shoulders still. "We're going this way." He pointed behind us.

"But that's straight into the ocean!"

"I don't think so. I think the shore is that way."

"Are you sure? How can you be sure?"

"I'm not." He kissed me, the taste of salt strong on his lips. "But we have to go somewhere. Stay close beside me and if we have to swim, hang on." He pulled me—had to pull me: I was frozen to the spot—and we floundered through the rising sea, stumbling and falling and dragging back up again.

"It's getting deeper!" I screamed. "We should go the other way!"

"It's only the tide." He didn't know, of course. It could be tide, or it could be the body of the ocean.

Finally we had to swim—or, rather, Mario swam. I half swam, half hung to him, begging sometimes to go the other way, sometimes to stop and rest, refusing his explanations that we didn't dare, that we had come too far to waste a minute.

It seemed to me that he was doggedly, determinedly stubborn, and that he would kill us both with his stubbornness, for the water now was over my head and surely, surely we were going the wrong way.

"Just leave me!" I yelled. "Let me go and leave me, and drown yourself if you must. We're going the wrong way!"

He only tightened his grip and pulled me along and I thought how crazy this would look to anyone: this desperate, clawing struggle in the wrong direction.

Even when we saw the light flick on ahead of us—a sick child? an early fishing trip? a light sleeper?—I couldn't believe it. We were ripe, I thought, for mirages—and that light, the sand, firm now beneath my feet, the line of tide-borne debris at the shore were only hopeful images.

Mario had to drag me, physically, and when we stumbled up onto the beach he fell exhausted on the sand, choking and sputtering.

I could not move. I had dragged over rocks close to the shore and my legs were cut and scratched. Razor clamshells had sliced my feet in twenty places. I felt drained of everything but a kind of numb thankfulness that I was alive.

We were like a pair of drowned rats: hair dripping, clothes plastered to us, sand grating every inch of flesh.

Mario sat up then and touched my leg. "You're cut," he said, "and bruised all over. Ah . . . Anne ——" He pulled me to him—oh, very differently than ever before.

And with some last burst of strength I slapped his face hard, leaving marks.

I didn't want to slap him. But in the past hour I had been frightened out of all reason, and I was like a wounded animal that snaps at any hand, no matter how familiar.

I saw him—not as the Mario I loved, but as a dark and callous stranger who had brought me face to face with terror and with death. I wanted, I suppose, to be pitied and comforted and assured that the bad dream was over—and Mario offered me instead all the pent-up passion of that secret summer affair.

Before the sound of the slap died in the air I was sick with remorse at what I had done. Mario's face was frozen in lines of astonishment and hurt pride, but I had not known him long enough—nor any boy well enough—to have any instincts in such matters, and so I sat, helplessly balling wet sand between my fingers, until he said we should go.

The walk back to Aunt Sibyl's house was as agonizing for me as were those evenings in the drawing room, but now it was not Aunt Sibyl's presence which stood between us, but my own dumb inability to make amends: to say . . . *I slapped you out of relief that we were safe; out of fear at what might have happened; out of love, even;* and, perhaps most of all, out of the sudden sad knowledge that September chased us like the tide, and could not be held back.

I don't know what Mario was thinking. He asked once if the gravel hurt my feet (I had carried my shoes and lost them in the sea), and then, incredibly, we talked for a few minutes about my canvas sandals, as if they represented the most important loss of the night.

As we came around the corner of the house I saw two gulls down on Aunt Sibyl's beach, hen-scratching their way across the sand, and then screeching as they wheeled out over the breakwater. Probably the gulls woke Aunt Sibyl, for she was not a heavy sleeper, and then she must have heard Mario ask if I could get back up the stairs in secret.

She heard, and woke my mother, and they came down.

My mother cried, whether from shame or outrage or distress at my wretched condition, I didn't know. They didn't seem to understand, or didn't want to understand, about the tide and that we had almost drowned.

Aunt Sibyl ordered Mario away.

"You don't understand!" he shouted at her, as if she were deaf as well as blind.

"I understand," she said, and added something about undesirable people.

Mario's face grew black with anger, and he turned and walked back out the path. At the gate he turned and called, "Anne?"

Why didn't I answer, walk out to the gate and say that I was sorry, that I had not been myself, and that nothing had changed between us? But I was cold and wet, tired to the point of hysteria, and miserable, and I let the moment slip away without a word or a sign of how I really felt.

I did not see him again.

We went home two days later. The summer was almost over, anyway, my mother said, and I would have to get ready for college, and Aunt Sibyl would be able to close the house early. She said that kind of thing.

Aunt Sibyl called me to her before we left and, in a rambling, roundabout way, forgave me my disgrace. I had not had the advantages I should have had, she said, and therein lay the trouble. She gave me, too, her pearls—real pearls, rosy and warm—and said, cryptically, that they would make all the difference.

Perhaps they have. Perhaps the knowledge that I wore real pearls around my throat sent me off to college that fall with a kind of assurance I had never had before—but I prefer to think that it was Mario who did that for me.

I don't know, of course, what might have happened . . . if we hadn't gone to Jessup's Landing that night; if I hadn't slapped his face; if I had walked that short distance to the gate. Today I might be salting cod in a sunny Cape kitchen, or I might be halfway round the world, for Mario had his dreams too. Or maybe nothing at all would have happened, and it was better ended when and as it did.

But I loved Mario, and I'm sure he loved me, with all the particular longing of that time of life—and love, however young and fleeting, holds out promise. It puts a bloom on life, and people are never quite the same again. END

## SMALL CAUSE FOR ALARM

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"You said to be there tomorrow at nine," she repeated. "Oh"—she collected herself—"and thanks." But Miss Johnson had already rung off. *And just as well!* she thought, suddenly appalled at what she had said. Just suppose she had heard! *Thanks. Thanks for the lovely time. Thanks for the flowers. Thanks for the lift. Thanks for giving us the child we might never have had except for you, Miss Johnson. Thanks for the world, for the future.* Thanks, indeed.

Brad.

She dialed her husband's number; it was busy. She dropped her head into her hands and tried to think. *She's right, it is a little ridiculous at this date to act as if it's a surprise; we've known now more than two months that the agency was going to let us have a baby, that it was just a question of waiting for the right one for us. True, there might never have been a right one within our time limit; that's happened before, and it could happen to us. They warned us, they told us not to buy anything ahead of time, that it would be too cruel to us if it all fell through. But there was no rule against thinking about it, about making unimportant plans, like a cottage at the shore this summer, and maybe a place of our own in the country. All we have to do is move the desk and the table out of the study-cum-dining room-cum-guest room, and how lucky we are to have that extra room, a nice sunny room with a view of the Hudson. We're mature, we know our way about; one little baby isn't going to throw us. Only why am I so darned cold?* she thought, and found a sweater in her desk drawer to throw over her shoulders while she dialed Brad's number again. This time the call went through to him.

She began, "Miss Johnson ——"

"I know," he said. "I was just talking to her. She said she wanted to be sure one of us knew what it was all about and she wasn't too sure of you. Well, how do you feel?"

"I guess I'm feeling fine," she said. Actually she did not seem to be feeling any way at all. "How about you?"

"I'm feeling wonderful," he said, and something rang out and swelled in his voice in a way that was altogether unfamiliar to her. "If I didn't have to come back to this office again I'd sail this blotter and everything on it right out the window because all of a sudden nothing on it seems important to me. I'd grab a taxi and have him honk under your office until you came down and we'd both go to Mercutio's for champagne."

"Well?" she said shakily. "Well?"

"I'll be over in five minutes," he said. "Better tell Fred you're taking off the rest of the afternoon."

"Rest of the afternoon!" she said. "Rest of the next couple of years. Remember?"

He was laughing. "I guess I'll have to learn to think of you at home instead of downtown a few blocks away from me. O.K., then, break it to him; tell him that you'll be putting your genius to work in another capacity."

"I'll put it just that way," she said. "See you in ten minutes."

But she sat a while longer, looking about her tiny office with its walls tinted pink to make it look brighter; at the souvenirs they had brought back from holidays: the paper knife from the shop down the hill from El Greco's house; the clay king on horseback from the souvenir place near where the bus stopped in Vence; the two Mexican paintings of black-eyed little girls wearing bows and laces and surrounded by doves and roses, paintings that a psychologist might study meaningfully with side glances at her. But he'd be wrong: they'd bought them only because they were charming, and cost only twenty-five American dollars apiece.

*I can come back for all my stuff later.* She put on her hat and coat and went out quickly.

She wasn't going to say anything to any of the girls: saying good-bye would take a long time, and she'd be back later to do it properly. She went directly to Fred's office.

He looked up in surprise when he saw her, and then something in her expression made him guess. "Don't tell me it's *now*," he said. "Janet. Just when we're in such a mess here."

"We're always in the same mess here, Fred," she said. "I did tell you it was going to be at a moment's notice, and you said it was all right. You know you have someone lined up for my job and you won't miss me at all." This last was pure vanity; she wanted him to deny it.

"Sure, I have someone for your job," he said. "I've just been hoping I wouldn't need her." He lifted his shoulders when she looked at him reproachfully. "I thought you might

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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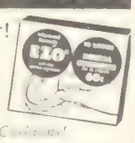


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

get cold feet and back out at the last minute," he said. "I had a funny feeling you wouldn't go through with it. . . . All right. All right. When are you leaving?"

"This minute."

He came around the desk and kissed her. "Let me send you the tuition for the kid's first year in college. As a going-away present."

"Thanks, Fred. I'm going to miss you too."

He held her off and looked at her. "You just don't strike me as the mamma type," he said. "I can't picture you up to your ears in fish-liver oil and mashed egg yolk."

"The Arundel Adoption Agency thinks I'm the mamma type," she said, stung.

"I know you better than any agency," he said. "I've worked with you for ten years. I know the kind of mind you have, I know what interests you."

"At the moment nothing interests me more than a baby," she said. "And I don't intend to be up to my ears in anything. I expect to be just as efficient at home as I was here in the office."

"I can see it," he said. "Diapers filed away under *D*. With subheadings *W* and *U*. Washed and Unwashed."

"Good-by, Fred," she said. "I'll be back for my things."

"Don't be mad," he said. "Honestly, I wish you all the luck in the world, you and Brad and the baby."

But as she stood waiting in the empty hall for the elevator, she felt less elated, even a little let down. *It could be because of leaving*, she thought: *I wasn't prepared for it to be a wrench, but it is in a way, wrapping up ten years of my life and walking away from it. Fred isn't exactly the sensitive sort, or the essence of tact, and I suppose he did come to believe that I'd be around with Fred Zinn Associates as long as he wanted me. As I very well might have been, if not for Miss Johnson of the Arundel Agency. God bless Miss Johnson, the inhumanly perspicacious, cruelly competent, wonderful Miss Johnson. If Miss Johnson believes in me, who is Fred Zinn to make me doubt myself?*

Someone stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

"You were going to walk right past me," Brad said. He took her in his arms right then and there, with a dozen of her fellow passengers from the elevator still trying to squeeze past them in the narrow lobby. "You won't be seeing any of them again, so what do you care?" he said happily. "Let's walk to Mercutio's. I've let the cab go."

"Brad!" she said in dismay, freeing her arm. "The crib! The clothes! We haven't a thing for it!"

"For *him*," he corrected automatically. His mouth dropped. "Say, that's right! How much time do we have?"

It was after four; they could still make Spence's.

Spence's fourth floor, its Miniken Bazaar, was an unfamiliar country of pastel corduroy and baby carriages, of women carrying mittens and sweaters and quilted jackets and woolen caps followed by minute shoppers trailing snow-suit straps. But it was a country she had secretly been scouting these last few months, and she had the crib all picked out. What she hadn't counted on was having to wait three weeks for delivery. She met Brad's eyes in consternation. It would have to be Edith's old crib then, after all, the crib that had accommodated four of Edith's children; Edith's crib or the bureau drawer, Brad blithely pointed out.

In the rest of the time before Spence's closed they managed to amass an appalling pile of shirts and bibs and diapers and washcloths and pajamas and sweaters; they had them packed in four lumpy parcels and, each of them carrying two, they made for the street and a taxi. ("Should we have bought him a bathrobe?" "Must he have one for tomorrow night?" "And socks, slippers, shoes?" "Does he walk?") They stopped at Edith's for the crib; Brad and the cab driver carried it down in parts and wedged it in against the seat. They made two more stops, one at the drugstore for sterilizer and bottles, one at the market for milk and frozen orange juice and jars of strained fruit, which they remembered hearing that babies ate. It took several trips to bring everything up to their apartment. As the driver left, pocketing his tip, he glanced at her appraisingly from the doorway. "Congratulations," he said a little uncertainly.

"I didn't have to explain to *him*, did I?" she said shortly.

"Forget about him. What do I do with all these rods and screws?"

The bachelor's chest in what was to be the nursery had to be emptied of linen—she piled it on the sofa, she'd find a place for it later—and the baby's things put away in it. The kitchen problem was even worse, her beautifully efficient small kitchen; she piled pots one into another, the baby's hot plate took up the space of a dozen dinner plates ——

Brad called, "Come here and look at the crib. It works."

She turned her back resolutely on the kitchen. In the study with its books and its smart Danish sofa stood the crib, its white paint battered and teethed on, its little mattress curling and faded.

It looked like an intruder in that dark, handsome room. She bit her lip.

"What's the matter?" he asked, surprised.

"This crib ——"

"It looks like a baby to me."

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See your doctor, says your Christmas Seal organization.

"Brad," she whispered, "suppose we don't like it?"

"It?" he asked. "You mean him? We'll like him. Don't worry."

"Suppose he's . . . ugly, or something?"

"He won't be ugly to us."

"You sound very remote and godlike!" she cried. "You can't tell me you're not worrying even a little!"

"Haven't you noticed how all children are beautiful to their parents?"

"But we're not his parents. Not yet."

"Janet. If Johnson ever heard you."

"You know what I mean. Will you take him, no matter what he's like?"

"I have a feeling that tomorrow we're both going to want that baby, so let's not talk about it any more," he said. "You know something?" he said. "That crib is the most beautiful thing in this whole apartment."

She looked at it again, and suddenly she couldn't speak. She put her head into his shoulder, and he ruffled her hair.

"Say, how about that champagne?"

It was late, and Mercutio's tables were all filled, and so they had their champagne at the bar, with a sandwich. "That Fred," she said, "I should have told him a thing or two."

"You're finished with Fred. Forget about him."

She stared into the mirror over the bar; she saw a tallish, slender young woman with dark, straight hair, with decided wings of eyebrows over dark, troubled eyes, with a firm, well-shaped mouth; she saw a chic, assured young woman who looked as if she'd spent a good deal of her time with women's fashions. She whispered, "I don't look like a mother, do I?" He was disconcerted, and then he began to laugh; he clapped his hand on her knee and laughed some more. Indignantly she turned her head away.

They walked home slowly through the midtown streets, past still-lighted store windows and darkened office buildings, up a wide and quiet and beautiful Fifth Avenue with its festively blinking traffic lights. The champagne had done nothing to restore her excitement; if anything, it had left her inexplicably a little sad. She was leaving behind an old way of life, irrevocably; it could never be the same again. *She* could never be the same again. A better, less selfish person, she told herself: it had been a shallow, superficial life, a life at which she had fretted, grown weary of. But it had been an exciting, challenging life, a life that had given her some luxuries, and much freedom, and it had been an unbounded world—Paris, San Francisco, Rio, anywhere—and they had moved in it unhampered. She was forsaking it now for a baby, a stranger's baby. . . .

There was a message for them at the switchboard when they returned: "Call Miss Johnson at Leland 4 ——" They stared at each other; wordlessly they hurried up to the apartment, and without even taking off her hat she dialed the Leland number.

"Miss Johnson?" she said faintly. "It's Janet Britten."

"Oh my," said Miss Johnson. "I didn't scare you, did I? I suppose I should have realized. But it isn't anything important ——"

Brad heard her; he moved away, and sat down heavily.

"—— I forgot to tell you when I spoke to you before to be sure and make up a formula for the baby, and take along a bottle with you to the office," said Miss Johnson. "Do you have a pencil? Here's the formula."

"It's a formula for the bottles," Janet whispered to Brad, writing it down on the telephone pad.

"Got it?" said Miss Johnson. "Sorry I upset you. See you in the morning."

Janet replaced the receiver and stared baffledly at what she had written. Brad took the paper from her. "Come on," he said. "If my sister Edith could make up a formula, so can you. We'll figure this out."

It was after midnight before six bottles were filled and cooled and stored in the refrigerator, and they could get to bed. While Brad showered she got together the things she would pack and take to the agency tomorrow: the yellow knitted suit, undershirt, pins, rubber pants—she ticked them off, mentally dressing a baby—a sweater, a blanket, a bag for the bottle. Everything managed to fit in the embroidered straw basket they had once bought in Assisi; as she was fastening the loops Brad came out in his pajamas, saw what she was doing, and went to the closet for his coat. He pulled a little yellow rubber duck out of his pocket. "Might as well put this in, too," he said. It quacked when he squeezed it. "Picked it up while I was waiting for you," he said.

*Why didn't I think of that?* she thought; *why didn't I buy something intimate, and personal, for this baby? What's the matter with me? Did I really fool Miss Johnson, and myself, about wanting a baby? Maybe it is Fred that knows me best, after all.* Back of her mind, resolutely suppressed, was her recollection of Miss Johnson's message tonight, and how, mixed in with her fright, was the faint feeling of . . . reprieve.

They arrived early at the agency, but Miss Johnson was there early, too, and they were sent right up. When she saw them she smiled, a smile that included them, a triumphant smile as if this were something that the three of them had pulled off together. "The baby isn't here yet," said Miss Johnson. "How are you this morning?"

"Wonderful," said Brad. "How did you expect we'd feel?"

"And you?" said Miss Johnson to Janet.

"I—well, wonderful too."

"H'm-m," said Miss Johnson. "That isn't an unusual reaction. This is a very frightening moment." She raised her eyebrows. "What? No questions? Isn't there anything about the baby you want to know?"

"Maybe we'd rather see him than talk about him," said Brad.

"Let me tell you this much at least," she said. "He's a fine baby, and you're very lucky. His parents were too young; they were divorced before he was born. Does that hurt?" she said, glancing at them quickly. "Not too much. Good," she said. "There's nothing unusual in his history, no diseases physical or mental in his antecedents that could possibly affect him. He's an outward-going child, unusually active for his age, and full of zip and bounce, and I'm crazy about him."

There was a tap on the door, and a tired, middle-aged woman in a well-worn coat and hat looked in. "We're here," she said to Miss Johnson. "We'll be in the nursery."

"All right, thanks, Mrs. Kiley," said Miss Johnson. She waited until the door had shut

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120





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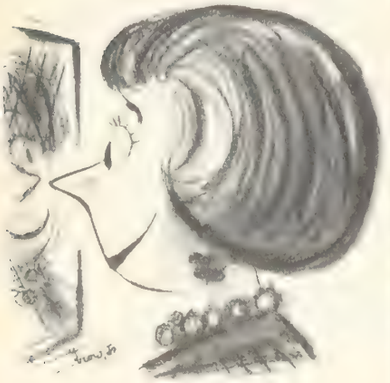
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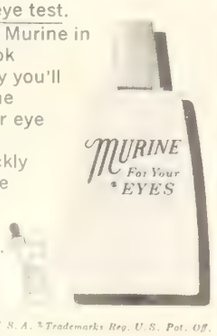


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

again. "That was his foster mother," she said. "Your baby's been with her from the beginning, and he's very fond of her. And she of him. She says she can't bear to part with him. I wouldn't be surprised if he misses her for a while. OK?" she said. "Want to see him?"

Janet was shaking when she stood up to follow Miss Johnson. Was Brad frightened? His smile seemed to her a little set, but he pressed her arm when he saw her looking at him. They went down the hall to the blue door they passed on their way to her office, the blue door that was occasionally open so that the playpen and crib and toys could be seen, and sometimes couples like themselves, sometimes with a baby. This was what everything led to, the years of deciding, the year of probing, the uncertainties and doubts and fears and waiting, this ultimate moment. Miss Johnson held the door open for them.

In the playpen on his back lay a baby, a small baby, and not fat as babies sometimes are, a little pale perhaps, and with very dark eyes. He was kicking furiously, his bare legs running an incessant race.

Miss Johnson bent down and scooped him up; he squirmed agitatedly and made sounds that obviously expressed pleasure, his brown eyes widening in excitement as she tossed him up in the air. "Oh, you dreamboat!" cried the curt, businesslike Miss Johnson. "Oh, you little honey bun!" She waggled him from side to side, she swooped him down low and up again while he shrieked, and then she twirled him in a few waltz steps while she held him close. "Who wants him first? You, of course," she said, and she put him in Janet's arms.

It looked so easy when Miss Johnson held him, but somehow she could not manage to get him into a comfortable position. He squirmed, and kicked, and his head kept flopping backward while she remembered frantically that she should support it. He smelled of milk and soap and rubber pants; his dark eyes surveying her were opaque and wary. He began to twist his head agitatedly; he was looking for Mrs. Kiley, and when he saw her on the rocker in the corner he began to smile. "You want to take him, Brad?" she said.

He took him. "You're heavier than you look, feller," he said. "But I can give you a workout just as well as she can." He smiled at Miss Johnson. "Dreamboat. Honeybun. That's what she thinks of you." He held the baby against his shoulder and put his cheek to his. "Shaved this morning just for you."

Miss Johnson was watching her, as she had watched her so often during their interviews. She felt defensive again, as she had then.

"Have you ever seen such brown eyes?" said Miss Johnson. "I think they're purplish."

"They are very dark," she said.

"Remember how you used to talk about that little nephew of yours?"

"Oh, his eyes were different."

"And this baby isn't at all like that nephew."

"I didn't imagine he would be," she said quickly.

"Oh, didn't you?" said Miss Johnson. "You may not know it, but that's what you were imagining. There was a baby in your mind, you had to have some picture when you were thinking about one, and this baby is quite different, isn't he?"

Janet walked over to Brad; the baby's head was resting on Brad's arm. She bent and put her lips lightly, experimentally to the baby's head; his skin felt moist, and there was a soft, fragile hollow on top. *What is the matter with me? Why don't I want to hold him?*

"I think he'll want a bottle and his nap now," said Miss Johnson. She deftly took him from Brad and handed him to Mrs. Kiley. "You two come into the office with me."

They followed her back to her office, and they took their chairs again. "Well," she said, and she was unsmiling, "want him?"

Brad said roughly, "Are you kidding?"

"I'm thinking of your wife," said Miss Johnson evenly.

"Of course we want him!" she cried. Her eyes were stinging, and she had to turn her head away. She did not know why she wanted to cry—because she was disappointed, because she felt inadequate, because the reality of this baby was something too enormous to anticipate—but her agitation seemed to soften Miss Johnson.

"Different eyes and all?" said Miss Johnson gently.

She nodded.

"Take her out and have a good lunch, Mr. Britten," said Miss Johnson. "And maybe a walk in the park. And come back at three. What's his name, by the way?" she asked Janet.

"Brad," she whispered. "Bradley Henry Britten."

"*Very* elegant," said Miss Johnson.

They ate their lunch in silence, mostly; when they did talk about the baby it was to say careful things, how vigorous and happy the baby seemed, how lucky to be free of defects.

"We're pretty lucky, too," said Brad quietly. "We might never have had this chance. We came pretty close never to having a child at all."

*Maybe we waited too long; maybe in eight years feelings about babies dry up, wither away. I feel closed up, sealed, inside me.* She looked at Brad desperately.

"We'll talk outside," he said, and put some bills down on the tray. Obediently they headed for the agency through the park. "What's bothering you, Jan?" he said. "Are you still thinking about what Fred said? Give yourself a chance. You don't know what you're capable of until you do. You just saw this baby for a half hour."

"He just doesn't seem to *belong* to me," she said in a very low voice. "I don't feel he's a part of me. Of us. He's just a tiny little handful of flesh and bone and I can't seem to *feel* anything for him."

"You're not expected to love him right away."

"Didn't you?"

"I don't know what I feel," he said. "I'm just so glad he's ours, that we can take him home with us, that I haven't stopped to figure out what I feel."

They went up the stairs to Miss Johnson's office. She looked up at them sharply for a moment, and then looked away again, busying herself with a sheaf of papers. They sat down before her desk, waiting.

"He's ready to go with you, if you want him," said Miss Johnson at last.

Janet said, "We told you before we wanted him. Why do you keep asking us?"

"You have a year before formal adoption takes place, and you can see how it works out. Here's where you sign; you, Mr. Britten, your wife below."

They signed.

"You can use your own lawyer for the adoption, or ours. You have time to think about it." She smiled. "The agency has never had a baby returned yet, so I guess things work themselves out." She handed Brad an envelope with papers in it, put the rest away in her folder. "You're through with us for a while. Mrs. Kiley tells me that the baby just woke up from his nap. I told her that you'd go in, Mrs. Britten, and give him a bottle and dress him."

"Yes, of course," she said, finding the basket inside the desk.

"I had your bottle warmed for you, to save time," said Miss Johnson, handing it to her. "Now listen, he's going to be a bit surprised to see you, and not Mrs. Kiley, but don't worry about it. You'll manage fine. Go on in."

Brad stood up to go with her, but Miss Johnson put up her hand quickly and stopped him. "You stay here. There are a few technicalities I'll go over with you."

Janet went down the hallway carrying the bottle and the basket, her heart beating heavily. After all the people she had met and worked with, after all the places she had been, what a ridiculous thing that a small baby should make her heart pump this way, should make her feel stiff and tense. She opened the door determinedly and went in.

The baby was on his back, studying his fingers. The fingers fluttered, the baby cocked his head, his eyes wide and unblinking. He heard the door close, and he turned his head quickly, smiling expectantly. His smile faded when he saw her; he looked past her, and then he even lifted his head, searching, he turned over to peer behind him at the rocker in the corner where Mrs. Kiley had been. Was it her imagination, or did he look frantic, throwing himself on his back again, fear in his eyes? She bent over him. "Look, I have a nice bottle of milk for you," she said, and her voice sounded strained and thin in her own ears; she reached down for him.

He gave a shriek of pure fright. He pushed his head into the corner of the crib and cried piercingly. She felt the blood rush into her face, and she backed away from the crib, looking down at him, shocked and stunned. *You're afraid of me*, she thought, aghast, stricken with dismay. *You don't want me at all, do you? You want Mrs. Kiley, who's old and familiar, who knows how to touch you and pick you up and feed you and talk to you. You know her walk and the sound of her voice and the smell of her clothes. I'm a stranger. Who am I to you, that you should want me around?*

The baby's cries continued; she bent over the crib helplessly. He was lying so rigidly even his toes curled in tightly, his head fixed unwaveringly. *You're terrified*, she thought in anguish. *You mustn't be. What can I do? Oh, you mustn't be. We don't want to hurt you. We want to give you everything in the world that's good.* Her own tears were dropping onto the sheet. She was not aware when it was that she began to say out loud the thoughts she was thinking, saying them softly, just for him to hear. She picked him up and rocked him, cradling him against her.

"You're just as afraid as I am, only it's much worse for you, because you can't understand what's happening, and you're helpless. We both have to find out a lot about each other, but we have lots of time, and it's not going to be half as unpleasant as you think," she whispered against his cheek, "maybe not unpleasant at all, maybe wonderful. Look what we brought for you." She supported him against one arm and fumbled in the straw basket with her free hand. She found the yellow duck; she squeezed it. He had stopped crying; he was watching, as she brought it closer and closer, until the rubber beak touched the tip of his nose. He turned his head swiftly, but then back again; he began to smile.

She picked up the bottle and gently brushed his lips with it; he opened his mouth. *Well!* she thought, flushing with pleasure. *And how does it taste? It's the first bottle we ever made, but if it isn't too good you can be pretty sure the next one will be better.* He pulled at the nipple; his hand curled over the bottle. "I'm not going to take it away," she whispered to his brown eyes fixed on her face. "It's all yours, my dear, it's all yours."

She was dressing him when they came in. She had on his undershirt, and she was maneuvering a fold of the diaper so as to pin it on the shirt tab. Brad leaned over the crib, watching the baby reach out for the duck, trying to pick it up.

He put it in his hand. "Does he really like it?" he said.

She nodded. "He picked it up by himself. That's unusual, isn't it?" she asked Miss Johnson. "For a baby not six months old?"

"A little," said Miss Johnson dryly. "And don't put safety pins in your mouth unless you won't mind when he picks up the habit from you. You smart career women!" END

## ITE, MISSA EST

By DILYS LAING

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The opening landscape
has receding walls.

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exposes its degrees.
The great sky sings
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# THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF QUENTIN WHITESIDE IV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

cheekbones and temples, but the skull showing through the skin gave the impression of strength. His mouth was held in a straight-lipped line, its primness contrasting sharply with his strong jaw, his stubborn, deeply cleft chin. His nose was long and narrow, with the barest suggestion of a hook. The eyebrows were thick and black, forecasting the eventual color of his now dark-blond hair; underneath, the pale-blue eyes were constantly watchful.

Because it refused expression, his face made him appear both older and younger than he was. It was the face, Helen Sansom thought, of a saint or a murderer, and she persuaded herself daily that he was fifteen and she was thirty-three, and happily married.

"Quentin, Mr. Medlock wishes to see you in his office at the end of sixth period," she said. "I hope you are not in trouble."

"I guess it's my turn in the barrel about his old cow," Quentin said. The rest of the first-period Spanish class laughed.

"Oh, Quentin, it wasn't you?" Mrs. Sansom said. "Why do you boys do things like that to annoy Mr. Medlock?"

Three weeks before a cow had come, lowing gently, down the corridors of the third floor. Apparently someone had brought the animal up on the freight elevator and turned it loose. A startled teacher had summoned Mr. Medlock, and after two hours of effort he and some of the older boys had got the now-terrified beast back into the freight elevator.

Whoever had brought the cow up had apparently also called the office of the afternoon newspaper which liked to play up the humorous and sensational, as a reporter and a photographer arrived on the third floor almost at the same time as Mr. Medlock. The late-evening edition had carried a very merry, mock-heroic article on the front page, illustrated with a picture of Mr. Medlock struggling with one of the cow's horns.

"Wait him out, Q," one of the boys called across the room. "Lean on him, kid. Make him sweat."

Mrs. Sansom rapped her desk with her glass paperweight. "Now, we'll have no more of *that*," she said.

At the end of the period she crooked her finger at Quentin. He stopped by her desk and waited until the others had filed out of the room.

"What a Yo-yo that Medlock is," he said. "Do you know why he sends the word at first period that he wants to see me at the end of sixth? Just so I'll have the whole day to sweat it out, and be all scared and shaky when I finally go in his office."

"Quentin, don't you do or say anything to antagonize Mr. Medlock," she said. "No matter what he may say or do."

"*¿Por que no, señora?*" he said. "*No tengo miedo del gran cabrón*, Medlock."

"Mr. Medlock has been around asking all your teachers about you," she said. She leaned forward and put out her hand, lightly, on his. "For my sake, Quentin, please watch that ungodly temper of yours."

Slowly he turned his hand underneath hers, and withdrew it, but when it was free he took her hand and turned it palm upward. "You'll stay late this afternoon?" he asked. He continued to hold her hand, but gently, so that she might withdraw it at will.

Tonight was her tenth wedding anniversary. And for some time she had been disturbed by serious misgivings about her after-school special classes with this boy, begun because he had displayed such an extraordinary gift and appetite for the Spanish language.

Without hesitation she said, "If you wish to see me, Quentin, I'll be here."

"I wish," he said. He released her hand and was gone from the room with his usual suddenness.

The classes had begun on the last day of the first week of school. On that day he had stood up and recited in Spanish the pledge of allegiance to the flag which she taught all her pupils on the first day, but this class was a slow class and many had not learned it. Quentin recited it perfectly, as he had on the first day, and when he finished he picked up his textbook and threw it out the window and walked out of her class.

School procedure demanded that he be reported to Mr. Medlock for discipline; instead, she dismissed her last class early, and was standing outside his last-period class when the bell rang.

She handed him his textbook. "I sent down for it," she said. "I think you and I have much to talk about, so come along, please." She turned and walked away and did not look back to see if he followed.

Back in her classroom, she explained the teaching methods prescribed by the head of her department, which were designed to give five classes a day of thirty to forty pupils each an elementary reading and speaking knowledge of Spanish, in two years. She explained that the methods gave no more than that, but if one considered the time available and the number of students involved, then these methods were not to be despised. She talked a great deal.

Quentin had listened without expression, but attentively. When she had finished he stood up. He began walking about the room, picking up objects and giving her the name, in Spanish, for each. He then sat back down and looked at her, still without expression. Then they had both laughed, and she began his first private lesson. Quentin had moved inside the language as if it had been waiting for him to come claim it, as though it belonged to him. With only four six-week periods behind him he had gone far beyond even her second-year pupils; by the beginning of next year he would be ready for Calderón, for Quevedo, perhaps even García Lorca. . . . *If only*, she thought now, *if only he gets through this interview with that stupid man!*

Quentin reported to the office promptly after the sixth-period bell. "I'm Whiteside, Quentin Four," he said to Miss Gonzalez. "I was instructed by Mrs. Sansom to report to Mr. Medlock at this time." He hesitated.

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"Mr. Medlock had to go up to sixth-period study hall to quell an insurrection. Go into his office and wait." As the boy moved to the door, she said, "And look, kiddo: don't call him Mr. Medlock. Address him as Dean, or Professor, Medlock."

"You call him Mr. Medlock," Quentin said.

"Yes, indeed I do, bright eyes," Miss Gonzalez said. "But I'm on Civil Service and you're not."

Inside the inner office, the boy sat down with his back braced against the chair back. He planted his feet firmly on the floor and folded his hands in his lap. Somehow he managed to look neither docile nor respectful; there was something restless, alarming and insolent in his too elaborate repose.

Mr. Medlock came in and stopped directly in front of Quentin. The boy came to his feet immediately.

"You are Whiteside?" Mr. Medlock asked.

"Yes, professor, I'm Quentin Whiteside," the boy said. He was taller by two inches than Mr. Medlock, who immediately waved the boy into his seat and perched on the desk.

"Quentin Whiteside," he said slowly. "Quentin Towney Whiteside the Fourth, I believe we show it on the school records. A most impressive-sounding name, Whiteside, like royalty." He snapped his fingers. "You've been up before me once before, Whiteside. Refresh my memory if you will." Before Quentin could speak, he left his perch on the desk and walked to the window looking out on the courtyard.

"Yes, professor, at the beginning of the year," Quentin said to his back. "I flunked my second year of Latin last year, and I was told I would have to repeat the first year all over again. So I decided to take French or Spanish instead. Then I was told that as I'd flunked Latin, I wasn't eligible to take another language. But the way my schedule was set up, the only subjects open were auto mech and metalwork, which I couldn't see any sense in *me* taking, so I came to see you about it."

"And what did I say?" Mr. Medlock asked.

"You said, professor, the school knew better than I did what made sense and what didn't, and that I could take a shop subject or repeat Latin, one or the other, and stop arguing about it." He hesitated. "I probably haven't said it exactly like you said it, but that was the gist of it."

Mr. Medlock turned. "But apparently I was in error, Whiteside," he said. "For I believe you are taking Spanish, are you not?"

Quentin nodded. "Yes, sir," he said. "I asked for permission to see the principal about it, but you refused. But, you see, professor, the reason it made no sense for me to take shop was that I just don't have any aptitude for stuff like that. I'm a dope, really I am, about anything that takes manual skill or mechanical aptitude. So I went to see Professor Blakely anyway, and he said it would be OK for me to take Spanish."

"Yes, Professor Blakely overruled me," Mr. Medlock said, and smiled. "I suppose you were very proud of that, Whiteside?"

"I've made straight A's in Spanish," Quentin said. "I'm proud of that."

Mr. Medlock returned to his desk and sat down. "Yes, from a short-range view, everything worked out fine," he said. "Of course we have only your opinion that you lack the aptitude for shop." He looked up and smiled. "And it might be—and keep in mind, Whiteside, I only said it *might* be—more instructive if we examine Quentin Towney Whiteside the Fourth a little more closely than his grades in Spanish this year."

The boy lifted his chin and closed his eyes. "We can start with my name, professor," he said. "It just so happens that it is my family's custom to name the oldest male child Quentin. It just so happens that my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather and myself are all alive at the same time. We use the Roman numerals to keep the Quentins from getting mixed up."

Mr. Medlock's smile remained. "Interesting. But we must press on to other matters, Whiteside. Shall we begin with algebra?"

Quentin grinned. "Well, sir, you probably know I'm not making A's in that," he said. "It takes all Mr. Katzman can do to scrape me by with D's. I don't know why he bothers with me, to tell you the truth."

"Mr. Katzman has sometimes been criticized for being *too* patient," Mr. Medlock said. "But, here now, we seem to have progressed already. At least we have established that you don't know everything about everything, have we not, Whiteside?"

"If that's what we were trying to establish," Quentin said slowly, "then I guess that's what we have established."

Mr. Medlock leaned back and looked at the ceiling. "Now, shall we move on to English? Am I correct in saying that you and Miss Brownlow do not see eye to eye?"

"I've made a B, a C and a D in English, so far," Quentin said. "I would have made A's but she wouldn't accept my book reports."

"I know about that," Mr. Medlock said. "But only Miss Brownlow's side, of course. It would be unfair not to hear your side—shall we say, the white side, Whiteside?"

The boy looked away from him. "Well, for the first six weeks we had to make a report on a work of fiction," he said. "I made one on *Moby Dick*. She wouldn't accept it. Then the second six weeks we had to make one on a biography. I made one on the *Life of Lord Byron*. She wouldn't accept it. And the third six weeks it was poetry, and I made one on the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. And she wouldn't take that either. That's all."

"Ah, Whiteside, you say *what* but you don't say *why*, boy," Mr. Medlock said. "Did you express yourself poorly? Display misunderstanding of these books. Fail to meet the deadline for turning in your reports?"

Quentin took a deep breath. "Miss Brownlow said that *Moby Dick* was a horrible, morbid book which would *warp* my mind. She said that Lord Byron was not a decent person and to read about his life would *warp* my mind. And she said that Omar Khayyám was an atheist and would *warp* my mind. She said I would have to choose some other books, some nice books, that would not *warp* my mind."

"And what did you say to all that?"

Quentin licked his lips and sat even straighter in his chair. "I said I wouldn't do it. I said that if my books were on the accredited list I had the right to report on them."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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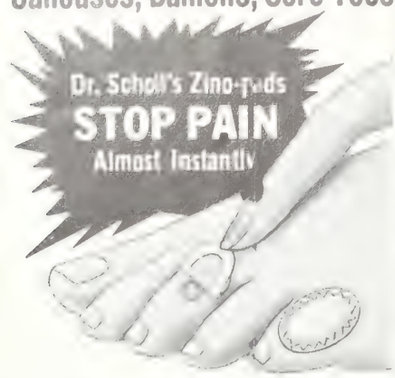
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

I said that *Moby Dick* was ten times better than *Silas Marner*. I said that Lord Byron might not be such a nice guy, but he was ten times a better poet than Lord Tennyson. And I said that *Omar Khayyám* was the very best poem I had ever read in my whole life."

The words were coming in a tumbling fury. "And I said what if she was right and I was wrong? I said what difference did it make, now? I said the fact was I had already read these books, and my mind was already warped, and nothing could be done to unwarp it. So, why not let me make my reports, to see just how bad it was warped?"

He took a sudden, violent breath, but when he resumed, his fury was spent. "And so forth and so on, three times we went round and round, and Miss Brownlow dropped me to a B, then to a C, and then to a D. And this six weeks I am going to get a big flat E."

He smiled briefly. "I turned in another book report today," he said. "The name of the book is *The Churkendoose*. It's all about this egg, professor, that hatched out a bird who was part chicken, turkey, duck and goose, and about how all the other birds in the barnyard hated and despised him. Just because he was so peculiar-looking, you know? Well, professor, they were ganging up on him to run him off. And then this old mean fox came sneaking in the barn and all the birds were scared to death. But this churkendoose was an awfully good tap dancer, no kidding, and he went into his tap-dancing routine and scared the mean old fox away and saved all the other birds. Then they were crazy about that churkendoose, you can bet, and they never hated or made fun of other birds just because they looked peculiar." He shook his head admiringly. "Now that book isn't on the accredited list, professor, because it's really a book for parents to read to little kids. But it's got one big point in its favor, professor: it is guaranteed not to *warp* your mind."

The man and the boy gazed quietly at each other. Mr. Medlock continued to smile, but Quentin's face had returned to its customary neutrality. On the wall the minute hand of the electric clock leaped and struck, making an audible *thuck!* in the room.

Mr. Medlock came to his feet with appalling suddenness. He pounded his fist on the desk, and shouted. "Now, let me tell you just whom you're talking to, sonny boy! You are talking to Robert A. Medlock, who rules this school without fear or favor! Do you understand me? Without fear and without favor!" Abruptly he sat down, his hand knocking a pencil to the floor beside his desk. The boy had flinched back at his sudden movement, but he remained in his chair. He looked down at the floor as if he were embarrassed.

Mr. Medlock now spoke almost in a whisper. "My boy, you fascinate me, oh, no end," he said. "As it is apparent you fascinate Mrs. Helen Sansom. Do you call her Helen? Not in your regular classes, of course, but in your extra sessions after school?"

Quentin looked past him. "I call her Mrs. Sansom," he said.

"You are aware that she has a crush on you?" Mr. Medlock spoke bluffly and heartily man to man.

"Mrs. Sansom says that I have a natural affinity for the Spanish language," Quentin said. "I think she is the best teacher I've ever had. And that's all I intend to say about Mrs. Sansom, professor."

Mr. Medlock swung his chair sideways. "Well, time presses. Do you know where I came from when I entered this office to find you here?"

"Miss Gonzalez said you were up to sixth-period study hall," Quentin said. "So I guess they were humming again, professor."

Mr. Medlock nodded. "Yes, today, the sixth period hummed," he said. "Yesterday, the third period hummed. And the day before, the first period. Every day one of the study halls hums. Why, Whiteside, why?"

"I have no idea, professor," Quentin said.

Mr. Medlock clasped his hands behind his head. "One hundred and eighty boys in the hall," he said. "Three teachers to keep order and discipline. At three o'clock, a note is passed from hand to hand. 'At three-ten, everybody hum,' the note says. And promptly at three-ten the humming begins. One hundred and eighty boys bending diligently over their books, all of them humming louder and louder and louder. The teachers rap for silence, they dash frantically to and fro to apprehend the culprits, they cajole, they threaten, but to no avail, Whiteside, to no avail."

"My study hall *is* sixth period," Quentin said hastily, "but I never go there. Mr. Katzman has his vacant period then, and he gives me extra help with my algebra then."

Mr. Medlock gave no sign that he heard. "Humming has always been a minor problem," he said. "Now it is a daily occurrence. Do you know why this should be, Whiteside?"

"I guess you are going to tell me why," Quentin said.

"Do I live and breathe to hear that, for once, Quentin the Fourth has no opinion?" Mr. Medlock asked. "Very well. If you will not co-operate, then Robert the one and only will elucidate for Quentin the four in one."

He ignored the tensing of the boy in his chair, and looked up at the ceiling. "For Quentin the four in one," he said, and laughed softly. After a pause he said, "There is a cow in the vacant lot next to Hobart. The animal is a Hereford, I believe. Reputed to be gentle, Whiteside. Not prone to climbing stairs, or riding elevators in search of provender. Yet this phlegmatic beast was found on the third floor of Anna P. Hobart. How could it have got there, Whiteside, unless you brought it there?"

"The cow was brought up during the sixth period," Quentin said. His voice trembled. "Like I said, I go to Mr. Katzman at sixth period."

"Don't Katzman me, boy," Mr. Medlock said. "This is no deed to be ashamed of. At one fell swoop, sir, I am stripped of every shred of dignity. In the eyes of every literate citizen in the community I am an incompetent buffoon who wrestled a cow. And the student body has lost all fear and respect for me and we have our daily humming sessions to remind me. Why, little man, unless I act now and expose the culprit, Professor Garvey is going to wonder if my value to the school has not ended."

"Professor," Quentin said, "are you saying that I brought that old cow up on the third floor?" The boy was visibly trembling, but he kept his eyes on the man as though he feared a sudden movement.

"I've been three weeks looking for you," Mr. Medlock said. "As I went back and forth over the records of each and every boy at Hobart who might have done this thing to me, I kept returning to your folder. Slowly I began to remember a little brat with a Roman numeral after his name, pretending to be some kind of king, who had dared to go over my head. A boy who does not think he knows, but *knows* that he knows more about literature than his distinguished teacher despite her thirty years of experience. A boy who openly reveals his contempt for his political-science teacher. And in a Spanish class in this school I found a cesspool of carnality. And I wondered and I pondered about the fourth Quentin so much that I felt that I had better go see the third Quentin, and possibly the second Quentin, and perhaps the first Quentin, and I ——" He paused. "But need I continue?"

"Leave me alone!" The boy's voice was shrill. "I'll do whatever it is you want me to, but leave me alone!"

"I know you will, sonny," Mr. Medlock said, his voice gentle. "I've already written it down for you to take home with you this weekend, and study, so that when Monday morning comes you will be letter-perfect."

The boy returned to some measure of calm. "All right," he said. "What have I got to do?"

Mr. Medlock rose and leaned forward on the palms of his hands. When he spoke his voice was light, but he pronounced each word clearly and distinctly.

"Item one," he said. "Mr. Katzman has chosen to ignore my advice that devotion of so much attention to one pupil is unwarranted. So you will discontinue reporting to him for extra tutoring, and if you pass algebra it will be, as it should be, solely on your merit. You understand? You agree?"

The boy nodded and made a gesture of assent with his right hand. "All right," he said, "all right."

"Item two," Mr. Medlock said. "You will report on five books of Miss Brownlow's choosing. This will not affect past grades, but will determine whether you pass English for the year. You understand? You agree?"

"I understand," Quentin said. "I agree."

"Item three," Mr. Medlock said. "Clandestine meetings after school with Mrs. Helen Sansom cease immediately. Effective Monday, you will take Spanish from Miss Noble."

Quentin opened his eyes. He made no answer.

"And item four," Mr. Medlock said. "In assembly Monday morning you will rise of your volition and confess to the entire student body that you are the little bastard who brought the cow up on the third floor. I promise that you will find me magnanimous." He sat back down. "And that will satisfy me, Quentin four in one."

Quentin looked up at him. He searched his face for a long time. When he finally spoke his voice was drowned, muffled, remote.

"I *am* Quentin Whiteside the Fourth," he said.

"Your name is mud," Mr. Medlock said. "There is no Quentin the Third, or Second, or First. The other three Quentins are figments of your sick, neurotic imagination."

"I *am* Quentin Whiteside the Fourth," Quentin said again. "Let me explain again about the Roman numerals."

"Your mother waits on tables at a restaurant called The Blue Lantern. Her name is Laura Whiteside It is her maiden name."

"You're very wrong, professor," Quentin said. "I *am* Quentin Towney Whiteside the Fourth. Will you listen? Please?"

Mr. Medlock raised his voice. "No, *you* listen to me," he said. "I have been to the board of health. I have seen your birth certificate. It clearly states that your father is unknown. The game is over." Mr. Medlock was breathing through his mouth "You have no father, Whiteside. You have never had one. Do you want me to spell it out for you? Very well, if you insist. B-a-s-t-a-r-d. You are Laura Whiteside's bastard. I give you your choice, Whiteside; which shall it be? Monday morning you can be a bastard or you can be mud."

The boy's head began to shake gently but uncertainly at the man. His mouth worked and then he said, "My name will never be mud. I will always be Quentin Towney Whiteside the Fourth."

## WHO ASKS PALE FLOWERS?

By F. V. CLARK

Let sunlight glint upon the chinaberry
And moving shadows lie beneath the leaves,
Let sparrows chirrup lightly in the hedge.

Let wind beat down the silver-maple bough
And young trees quiver, feeling sudden rain,
Let thunder crash far down the darkened sky . . .

The long-remembering heart requires no token
Other than these to waken some sweet pain.
Who asks pale flowers pressed within a book?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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[illegible] hesitated like a man counting. [illegible] his chair with frightening [illegible]. As he started around his desk, the boy [illegible] out and came to his feet.

Mr. Medlock turned the corner of the desk at great speed. Making the turn, he lurched off balance and righted himself with a violent step forward. His foot fell on the pencil, heel first. The pencil began to roll, but he could not get his other foot down; his step forward had been too quick. For a moment he seemed to hang suspended by his flailing arms; then, with a shrill, hopeless sound, he fell.

Quentin stood, half crouching, his arms hanging useless at his sides. He was there when Miss Gonzalez came in, came to the corner of the desk and looked down.

"Oh, kiddo," she said, "what did you hit him with?"

"Is he dead?" Quentin asked. His voice was sluggish.

"No, he's breathing," Miss Gonzalez said. "Look, you get out of here and go on home. He's going to be enough trouble." When the boy didn't reply, she turned and looked at him. "Well, now," she said. She came over and pushed him toward the door.

After the boy had gone, she came back and knelt down on one knee. She felt the back of Mr. Medlock's head briefly. She grasped him firmly by one ear with her left hand, and gently, but not too gently, she began to slap his cheek with her free hand.

Mrs. Helen Sansom stood at the windows of her classroom on the third floor, wishing to go, waiting for Quentin. On the playing field below, a solitary athlete was throwing the discus; in the bleacher stands behind him, a girl sat alone, her wide skirts spread around her, her head bent over a book in her lap. Despite the distance and their separate seeming absorption, Mrs. Sansom knew that boy and girl were enclosed in the selfsame world and would leave the field hand in hand.

The scene presented to her mind and senses her own life reduced to dramatic simplicity. Instead of the discus, her husband had spent his day at his medical practice; instead of studying, she had taught. What thoughts each had of the other, they had not interfered with their separate devotion to their daily tasks. But this separateness was only seeming; at the end of the day they came home to their own house, their two daughters and their own life.

Their marriage was a good one. Yet each time she opened her mouth to tell her husband about Quentin she quietly closed it again.

She could say, "I have a very brilliant student this year. An odd, sad, strange boy, but truly brilliant." And she could also say, "He burns inside so brightly, so constantly, I am afraid for him." But she could not say, "I am afraid for myself because I don't know what I have become to him, or he to me."

So now, when the door opened, she looked down at the timeless scene below of boy and girl and the discus sailing bright silver against the sun, and prepared for the moment when Quentin would speak and she must turn around. Then she heard his footfall close behind her, and then he leaned out the window alongside her. As their shoulders touched she heard his quick, violent breathing, and the sound of it hurt her out of dread into dull, sick rage.

He began to speak, and at the sound of the English she wanted to cry out sharply, "*Hablame en español, por el favor*," and then all was gone from her mind save two quick thoughts: *I am a teacher and I do what I can. I am a woman and I do what I must.*

"He was crafty," Quentin said. He spoke with a dull, dead wonder in his voice. "He was evermore the crafty one, Mr. Medlock."

"Oh, what did he do to you?" she said angrily. "What could he do to you? He did nothing to you that mattered."

He looked away from her. "He touched each little piece of me. He told me what each little piece was, what it really was. Then he put me back together. The right way, the way I was really supposed to be, not like I made out [illegible]." He hunched his shoulders as if he were cold. "A few pieces he left out. The ones that didn't really belong to me. My great grandfather, the retired brigadier general, he left him out. And he left out my grandfather, the consul at Beirut. And he left out my father, the painter who lives in Paris."

Before she could speak, he turned to her again. "I made them up, don't you see? I don't have a great-grandfather, or a grandfather, not even a father—or if I do, I don't know who he is. I never did. He could be anybody." He laughed wildly. "Why, he might even be Mr. Medlock, and wouldn't that be some joke on him and on me?"

She held his gaze in hers. "I am sorry," she said. "And not sorry either. I never knew the others. You never talked of them to me. I only know you, and you are very real. You're Quentin enough for me."

He looked at her as though he felt sorry for her. "I have a mother," he said. "I guess everybody has a mother, don't they? They always know who she is, their mother. Would you like to hear about my mother?"

She did not drop her gaze. "I wish to hear what you wish to tell me," she said.

"My mother's name is Lora Whiteside," he said. "She's a waitress at The Blue Lantern. That's sort of a combination dive and hash house. She works until eleven o'clock every night. That's pretty hard work and she's awfully tired every night, and some nights she's blue. So she doesn't come home right away."

*I don't want to hear this*, Mrs. Sansom thought. She said, "Don't hurt yourself so much, Quentin."

He had his eyes on her, but he didn't seem to hear. "Sometimes I have to wait a long time before I hear a car drive up in the street out front. When I hear the car door slam, I jump up and go to the door."

"Please," she said. "There is no need to hurt yourself like this."

He shook his head impatiently. "I always go down to the door," he said. "Sometimes she needs help. I don't mean help to get to her room, although sometimes she needs that too; but sometimes she needs help to go to sleep. Sometimes she has bad dreams, usually that I have gone away and am not coming back, or that I'm lost and she can't find me, and I have to wake her up so she'll know I'm still there."

He began to cry. He stood away from the window, stiffly erect, not covering his face, and making no sound whatever. Instinctively, she made no move toward him. She looked out the window and saw the boy and girl now coming across the field. She wanted to call out to them, to join them, but she knew she must stand in this place and time and listen to a boy weep.

He stopped as suddenly as he had begun. He fished a wadded handkerchief out of his pocket and dried his face. When he spoke, she tensed as she heard the unconcern in his voice.

"Well, he won, old Medlock, and he's welcome to it," he said. "Because that's all he's going to get from me. He's got this big deal set up for Monday in the auditorium, or maybe he'll have it on the football field. I'm to get up before everybody and confess I brought that old cow up on the third floor, and maybe I organized all the humming in the study halls, and anything else that may be bothering him. And in return for all that, bighearted Medlock is going to let me go on being Quentin Whiteside the Fourth. Well"—he turned away from the window—"I'm not coming to school any more," he said. "You can't quit legally until you're sixteen, but I don't think old Medlock will have me up for truancy, and by next December I'll be sixteen."

She caught his arm. "Wait," she said. "You must come to school. We have a class."

He shook free. "Leave me alone," he cried out fiercely. "I can't come to school. I can't come to class."

"Oh, whyever not?" she burst out, her rage suddenly mounting. "Because a sick, weak man threatens you with empty threats? Oh, do have some sense, Quentin! What has he really done to you but take away a dream world you don't need any more, never needed?"

She drew in a long shaking breath and then she said, all unknowing, almost crying the words, "Oh, *querido*, if you love me—and I believe I love you—come to school Monday and all the days to come."

He stepped back from her, his mouth open in surprise and disbelief, and held out a hand as if in supplication.

"Well, he was right about everything else, so I guess he's right about that, too," he said. "Helen. He asked me if I called you Helen. Helen! I guess I knew that was your name, but I never thought about it. He said we were infatuated." He made an angry gesture with his whole body, and then went slack. "You were the only good thing that's ever happened to me so far. I meant to keep that, you and the Spanish and the way it was in the afternoons when nothing was ever dirty or ugly ——" He broke off and said, "I won't lie. I've wanted to kiss you, plenty of times. But I never would have. I didn't want us to ever have anything to do with love."

She was now aware of what she had said, and was aware of his closeness to her. *If I had good sense*, she thought, *I would send him from the room, this boy to whom love is an expletive. But I have no schooling in these matters*, she thought, *I only know that I am not afraid.* She met his look gravely, unflinchingly.

As he moved to her, he took a long shuddering breath. Then his one hand seized the back of her head, his fingers digging into her hair, and his left hand seized her chin in a hurting grip and he tilted her face upward—and he said, "Oh," and let her go, and fell back against the window ledge.

"You see?" she said. "You do see. I love you, Quentin. You love me. And love is a larger word than you thought." *And a larger word than you had thought, yourself*, she said to herself.

She knew it was best to say no more; besides, she had no words now: she had learned as much of herself as he had of himself. She went to the blackboard and began to erase it industriously. He watched her from the window for a while before he came and took the eraser from her hand. Awkwardly he touched her cheek; she thought, *He has never touched anyone gently or kindly before.* Then, so quickly it was over in an instant, he bent and kissed her with great seriousness on both eyes, and then on the lips. He smiled; it was the first time she had ever seen him smile, truly smile.

"I won't do that again," he said. "I won't have to. But I had to, this time. You understand?"

They went down the hall and down the stairs together. They began speaking in Spanish, their voices echoing in the empty halls. She thought, almost gaily, how simply and easily she would say to her husband, "I have a very brilliant student, this year. An odd, sad, strange boy, but truly brilliant." And say, "He burns inside so brightly, so constantly, I am afraid for him." And then say, "I love him so very much. We must see what we can do for him."

As they came into the hall leading down toward the main office of the school, they saw Mr. Medlock going toward the other exit. Quentin became silent, and began to slacken his stride. Mrs. Sansom did not slow down and continued talking, and soon Quentin resumed his stride to match hers, and as they passed Mr. Medlock he was looking straight ahead, intent on what he was saying. Mr. Medlock waited until they were well out of the school before he followed.

Sometime later, Miss Gonzales came out of her office. She looked up and down the halls, quickly, and the most extraordinary expression came over her face. The school was empty now, except for the janitors on the third floor. Miss Gonzalez cupped her hands to her mouth.

"Moo-oo-oo," she bellowed down the hall, and turned and fled from the building. · END


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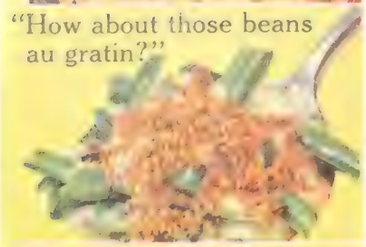
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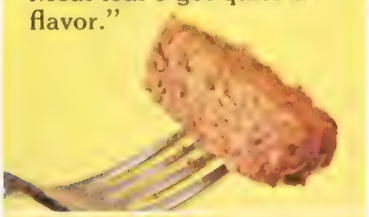
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# THE IMPERFECT LISTENER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

front yard. "Well," I said, "what have you two been up to all day?"

Jeannie shrugged. "Nothing special."

"Playing hopscotch I'll bet," I went on. There were chalked squares all over the sidewalk. The girls didn't answer.

Norma's mother, Mrs. Mizner, came out on the porch. "Was there something you wanted?" she asked me. She is a large, belligerent woman.

"No," I said, "I was just passing the time with the girls." Mrs. Mizner and I had never exactly seen eye to eye.

"Well," I went on, "it's easy to see how you've been spending the afternoon." I was referring to the lines of washing I could see strung out in the back yard. Unfortunately, before I had finished the remark a man stepped out on the porch with a can of beer in his hand. It was not Mr. Mizner.

She looked at him and then at me. Her face got red. "For your information this gentleman happens to be my cousin from Duluth."

"Well," I said, "a lot of nice country around there."

The man turned and went back into the house. Mrs. Mizner gave me a final glare and went inside and slammed the door.

When I arrived home I found Ethel in the kitchen. "Hello," I said, "what kind of a day did you have?"

"Ecstatic," she said. She had her sewing table upside down on the kitchen floor and was drilling holes in the legs to put casters in.

"Here," I said, "I told you I'd do that."

"Yes, I know. Did you remember to call the man about the insurance?"

"I'll do it tomorrow first thing." I took the drill from her hand and put it on the shelf. "Now, come on, I'll fix a drink and you can tell me all about it."

"What is all this?" she asked, when we were settled in the living room. "What are you trying to find out?"

"Everything," I told her, "what you did, what you thought about."

Ethel said, "The garbage man."

I waited for her to go on. "Yes, the garbage man came, I see. What else happened?"

"He didn't come. There's a loose button on your jacket—leave it on your chair."

"Ethel, you don't seem to understand." I got up and took off the coat. "I'm making every effort to establish some line of communication between us."

She set her glass on the coffee table. "Did you put any vermouth at all in these?"

I picked up the pitcher and refilled my glass. "What's happened to us?" I asked. "It seems day by day we're drifting farther apart."

"Well," she said, "it's been windy lately."

"I ask you a simple question about how you spend your time, and you change the subject."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I had lunch with Rex Harrison. Afterward we stopped to see Caroline and rode her pony."

"I'm trying to be serious."

"I don't believe it. A big house and yard for me to look after, not to mention three children, and you sit in your air-conditioned office and wonder how I manage to pass the time."

"I was only trying to have a little friendly conversation."

"Well, stop trying," she said. "You're not cut out for it." She got to her feet. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll see about dinner."

"Say," I said heartily, "something sure smells good. What are we having tonight?"

"Elk," Ethel said. She went out and closed the door. In a few minutes the phone in the hall rang. It was Ethel's mother. Here was a fresh opportunity. She could make a good listener out of Leo Durocher.

"How are you?" I asked her. "What have you been up to lately?"

She said, "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm talking about your sewing circle and the women's auxiliary. What do you hear from the Gray Ladies?"

"You sound funny, dear," she said. "Have you been to an office party?"

"I don't seem to be getting through to you," I said. "When we don't hear anything from you for a while, we wonder. Are you taking proper care of yourself? How are your roses this year?"

"Dear, this is long distance," she said. "Could I speak to my daughter Ethel? Your wife," she added, so there could be no chance of a mistake.

I called Ethel and went back to the living room. Through the door I could hear part of the conversation.

"Why, no," Ethel said, "everything's fine. Why should he be trying to cover up something?" There was a considerable pause.

"No," Ethel said, "just a couple of martinis. Maybe you had a bad connection." Another pause. "Well, how would I know what he had on the way home?" I went over and closed the door. Any conversation between a mother and daughter should be considered sacred.

After a little while Sammy came in. He was wearing a sombrero with tassels hanging all around. I hadn't seen it before. "Well," I said, "I see you've got yourself a new hat."

He looked at me through the fringe. "It's not new," he said.

"It's new to me," I said, "and, after all, that's what counts." He continued to look at me. "Isn't it?" I said.

Sammy said he didn't know.

"Come on over and talk to me," I said. Then I added, "Son." He approached my chair by walking around three sides of the room. "It's been a long time since we've had a man-to-man talk," I remarked. "What did you do today?"

"Nothing," he said.

"You certainly must have done something."

I am always ready to learn, although I do not always like being taught.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

"I didn't tip over the table in the kitchen," he said. "Jeannie did it."

"Jeannie did nothing of the kind," I told him. "Your mother did it."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did, so don't go giving me any stories."

"Boy, she sure must be mad."

"That has nothing to do with it," I said. "She wasn't angry when she turned over the table."

"Gee," Sammy said. "Wait till I tell the other kids."

"Forget it," I told him. "You're not going around the neighborhood telling wild tales about your mother. You're going to stand right there and tell me what you've been doing all day—every single thing."

He spread his hands helplessly. "But I didn't do anything." His lip trembled.

Ethel came in from the kitchen. "Haven't you anything better to do than bully your child?" She put her arm around him.

"Dammit all," I said. "What is this—some conspiracy of silence? I can't even talk to my own family."

"It sounds as though you were trying to talk to the whole block," Ethel said in a voice unnecessarily modulated.

I gave up. Being a good listener just wasn't in the cards. Not with my family. And the fellow who wrote the article could go soak his head. Dinner, which usually sounds like the Army-Navy game, was deathly silent. Afterward I went out for a walk.

I got back around 9:30. Ethel glanced up from her chair as I came in. Then she took another look and jumped up. "What happened?" she asked. "There's a big scratch on your cheek and your lip's all puffed up."

The kids came in. Jeannie grabbed my hand. "Daddy, will you have to go to the hospital?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake," I said, "you'd think nobody around here had ever seen a fat lip before."

Sammy said, "I bet daddy knocked out everybody in the whole saloon."

I patted him on the head. "You're a nice boy," I said. "Now get lost."

I lay down on the couch, and Ethel got a cloth and started dabbing at my face. "You want to tell me about it?"

"Not especially."

"Aw, come on." She put the cloth on my eye.

"Well," I said, "ever since I came home from the office I have been trying to be a good listener."

"A good listener?" she said.

"Yes—to microscopic avail. There was this article I read. It said everybody likes to talk, but good listeners are greatly in demand."

"And you were practicing ——"

"Trying to," I said. "But I decided to give it up. Then after I'd left the house I thought about it a little more. Somehow I hated to give up so easily—to admit defeat."

"Naturally."

"I happened to be passing the Tavern, so I thought I'd go in and try it on Otto."

She nodded. "Sammy was on the right track."

"You know how it is with bartenders—always listening to other people's troubles. It seemed to me maybe Otto would welcome the chance to confide in a sympathetic listener."

She lighted a cigarette and handed it to me. "And then?"

"Thanks. Well, then I remarked that he seemed to be doing a pretty good business, and he said not bad. I said I bet he must be making $400 a week. He wanted to know whose business that was. Well, the way I had it figured, if somebody has a good thing going, he likes to talk about it."

"But not Otto?"

"Not at the moment. It seems the Internal Revenue people are going over his returns. Somebody gave them a tip that Otto had been holding out on them."

"Surely he doesn't suspect you?"

"He suspects everybody, but right now I'm at the top of the list. Anyhow, I decided to change the subject. I mentioned that I hadn't seen Cora around lately."

Ethel said, "Oh, dear."

"Oh, dear what?" I said. "Apparently there's something I ought to know."

"Cora went back to her mother's a week ago. It's all over town. I'm sure I told you."

"I see. That must have been before I decided to be a good listener. Well, you never saw anybody carry on the way he did. Said if there was one thing he couldn't stand it was a wiseacre. I'm afraid Otto is not a well-adjusted person. The more he talked the more excited he got. I think it's a mistake for a person with psychological problems to tend bar."

"No question about it," Ethel said.

"Finally he pointed his finger at me and told me to get out and stay out. I told him I'd never been thrown out of a bar before and I didn't intend to start with a crummy joint like his."

"I guess you were mistaken."

"Yes. Otto really moves fast for a big man."

"The—ah—police weren't involved?"

"No, nothing like that. It was all handled in a civilized manner."

"Then I wouldn't worry," Ethel said. "Otto will cool down before long."

"Otto can freeze solid for all I care."

Ethel put down the cloth and started to chuckle. "I'm sorry, but it is funny."

"It's always nice to be able to see the bright side."

"It's the way you tell it. You know, you have a wonderful knack for stories."

"You really think so?"

"Certainly. It wouldn't surprise me if this turned out to be one of your favorites."

I sat up, touching my lip gingerly. "I suppose it does have some humorous aspects."

"Why don't you go to bed," she suggested, "and I'll fix you a hot toddy." It sounded like a good idea.

It must have been two or three in the morning when I woke up. I tapped Ethel's shoulder to see if she was awake. "Huh?" she said. "What is it?"

"It's you," I told her. "It's been you all along."

"Oh?" she said. "What has?"

"You have," I said. "You're the perfect listener. I just realized it."

Ethel raised herself on one elbow and stared down at me in the darkness. After a minute she lay back down with a sigh. "Tell me more," she said.

END



Coffee time



is any time:



at work,



at play...



at home,



away.



Day in,



day out,



coffee rewards you,



sustains you,



relaxes you.



Nothing takes the place of coffee.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU 120 Wall St.. N.Y. 5, N.Y.

[illegible]

[illegible] (4-oz.) corn-muffin mix
⅓ cup dairy fresh sour cream
1 teaspoon dried parsley flakes
½ teaspoon savory
½ cup melted butter or margarine

(1) Prepare corn-muffin mix according to package directions, substituting the sour cream for ⅓ cup of the liquid called for on the package. Stir in the parsley flakes and the savory. (2) Pour into a well-greased 10-inch skillet with an oven-proof handle and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for about 25 minutes or until golden. (3) Cut into wedges, in the pan, and pour the melted butter or margarine over the top. Let it stand for just a minute or two, then serve immediately. Makes 8 servings.

### CORN O'BRIEN

2 (1-lb.-1-oz.) cans whole-kernel corn
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 green peppers seeded and diced
1 onion, peeled and sliced very thinly
1 can (3 ½-oz.) pimiento, drained and diced

(1) Heat the butter or margarine in a skillet. (2) Add the peppers, onion and pimiento and cook over low heat until the onions are wilted and peppers are crisp-tender. (3) Add drained corn, cover and heat. Taste for salt and pepper. Makes 8–10 servings.

### TRAIL-STYLE LAMB SHANKS

4 lamb shanks weighing about 1 lb. each
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
¼ teaspoon crumbled dried mint or ½ teaspoon chopped fresh mint
1 teaspoon powdered rosemary
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon pepper
Cooking oil
4 carrots scraped and diced
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 bunch radishes chopped (about 1 cup)

(1) Wash the shanks and pat dry with paper towels. (2) Mix the flour, salt, mint, rosemary, garlic powder and pepper. (3) Brush the shanks lightly with oil all over, then roll them in the flour mixture to coat evenly. (4) Tear off a double thickness of aluminum foil large enough to package all four shanks together. Brush one side of the foil lightly with oil. (5) Arrange the shanks on the oiled foil and sprinkle the carrots, onion and radishes around the meat. Close the foil tightly. (6) Broil *outdoors* over a medium fire for 1½–2 hours or until the meat is very tender. Turn the package every half hour. (7) Unwrap, and if you wish to brown the shanks more, transfer them directly onto the broiler-grill and brown as desired. To cook *indoors*, place the package on a baking tray and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½–2 hours or until meat is fork-tender. Unwrap and brown the shanks under the broiler for a few minutes. Makes 4 servings.

### CHUCK WAGON POT ROAST

4 lbs. pot roast of beef
About 4 tablespoons cooking oil
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons crumbled tarragon
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 cup finely chopped onion
½ lb. mushrooms chopped
1 lb. ground beef
3 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon finely grated orange rind

(1) Brush the pot roast all over with oil. (2) Mix the flour, seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, the tarragon and garlic powder. (3) Roll the pot roast in the flour mixture to coat evenly. (4) Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a large heavy kettle or dutch oven. Brown the pot roast all over. (5) Lift it out onto a tray while you prepare the sauce. (6) Drain excess drippings from the kettle; you need about 2–3 tablespoons left in the kettle. (7) Sauté the onions and mushrooms until golden, add the ground beef and brown well. (8) Add all remaining ingredients, mix well, cover and bring to simmering point. (9) Now add the pot roast. Cover again and simmer slowly for about 3 hours or until fork-tender. Stir the sauce around the pot roast occasionally. (10) Remove the pot roast to a platter and keep the sauce warm while you carve the roast. Pass the sauce and serve with cooked noodles, macaroni or spaghetti. Makes 8 servings.

### FRUIT-AND-VEGETABLE KEBABS

Yellow squash
Zucchini
Cucumber, peeled
Green peppers, seeded
Red peppers, seeded
Fresh or canned pineapple
Pitted ripe olives
Pitted prunes
*Marinade-Baste:*
1 cup bottled Italian-style salad dressing
½ cup orange juice
Salt
Pepper

(1) Choose from the above list of vegetables and fruits; use any or all in combination. (2) Seed the squash, zucchini and cucumber if necessary and cut into 1" cubes. Cut the peppers into 1" squares. (3) Parboil vegetables in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. (4) Alternate the vegetables and fruit on skewers and lay them in a baking pan. (5) Mix the salad dressing and the orange juice together thoroughly and pour over the skewered vegetables and fruit. (6) Cover and refrigerate for 2–3 hours. Turn the skewers in the marinade occasionally. (7) Lift the skewers from the marinade and sprinkle the vegetables and fruit very lightly with a little salt and pepper. (8) Arrange them on broiling rack and broil outdoors or indoors for about 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Place the rack as far from the heat or fire as possible and baste very often with the marinade sauce. Turn the skewers often so that the vegetables and fruit brown evenly.

### TEXAS CHILI-FRANKFURTERS

12 frankfurters
12 frankfurter rolls
About 1 cup finely chopped onion
*Sauce:*
2 tablespoons cooking oil
1 lb. ground beef
1 onion peeled and chopped
1 can (1-lb.) tomato puree
1 cup water
1 can (3½-oz.) pimiento, drained and chopped
5 teaspoons chili powder
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon garlic powder

(1) Prepare the sauce first. Heat the oil in a large skillet and sauté the beef and onion until golden. (2) Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. (3) Cover and simmer for 30–40 minutes, stirring occasionally. (4) Uncover the skillet and cook for 10 minutes more to reduce the liquid a little; the mixture should be fairly thick. (5) Broil the frankfurters until browned, turn them often. Toast the rolls. (6) Split each frankfurter lengthwise, almost but not quite through to the bottom. Place each in a roll, spoon sauce into the split part of the frankfurter and top with a spoonful of chopped onion. Makes 12 servings.

### WESTERN BARBECUED BEEF RING

*Barbecue Sauce:*
⅔ cup chili sauce
¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup pineapple juice
3 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ cup salad oil
½ clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
*Beef Ring:*
2 pounds ground beef
⅔ cup packaged bread crumbs
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon instant minced onion

(1) Combine all sauce ingredients and beat with a rotary or electric beater. (2) Mix meat and bread crumbs with a fork. Lightly stir in remaining ingredients along with ½ cup of the prepared barbecue sauce. (3) Using a 6-cup ring mold, form meat into a large ring. Turn out on broiler grid. (4) Broil 4 inches from the heat for 10–15 minutes or until well browned, brushing several times with barbecue sauce. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–15 minutes to finish cooking meat, as done as you like it. Continue brushing with the sauce. Makes 6–8 servings. Fill center of ring with your favorite green vegetable.

### PRAIRIE BAKERS

6 baking potatoes
*Cheese Sauce:*
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
2 teaspoons bottled steak sauce
½ cup light cream
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 scallions chopped, include some green tops

(1) Bake the potatoes, using your favorite method. (2) Ten minutes before the potatoes are done, prepare the sauce. (3) Put all the ingredients except the scallions in a saucepan and heat slowly, stirring. Add the scallions and simmer for 2–3 minutes. Taste for salt. Make two crosscuts in the tops of the potatoes and spread them open. Serve the sauce with the potatoes, spooning it in and blending it with the potato. Makes 6 servings: about 1½ cups sauce.

### SALSA ALISAL

1 onion, peeled
1 large green pepper, seeded
3 medium-size tomatoes, peeled
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup chili sauce

(1) Dice the onion, green pepper and tomatoes into ¼" cubes. (2) Combine all the ingredients together in a bowl. (3) Cover and refrigerate for 2–4 hours to blend flavors. Serve as a cold relish with barbecued beef or broiled steaks. Makes about 3 cups.

### SHRIMP IN THE SHELL

3 lbs. raw shrimp in the shell
3 tablespoons soy sauce
1½ cups dry sherry
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
1½ tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger
1 cup canned peach nectar
1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate

(1) Split the shrimp through the shell, from the back, down to, but not through the underside. (2) Remove the veins and wash well. Pat dry with paper towels and arrange in a shallow baking pan in a single layer. (3) Combine the remaining ingredients and pour the mixture over the shrimp. (4) Cover and refrigerate for 3–4 hours, turning the shrimp in the sauce occasionally. (5) Drain the shrimp from the sauce and arrange on broiling rack indoors or on skewers for broiling outdoors over the barbecue. (6) Broil for 3–5 minutes on each side or until the shrimp turn pink; baste constantly with the sauce. Makes 6-8 servings.

### CURRY BROILED SWORDFISH

4 lbs. swordfish steaks
*Sauce:*
½ cup butter or margarine
2 teaspoons curry powder
4 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon powdered ginger

(1) Prepare the sauce first: heat all the ingredients in a saucepan and simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. (2) To cook *outdoors*, arrange the steaks on broiling rack or between a long-handled hinged wire broiler and brush with the sauce. Broil 6–7 inches from the heat for about 5–7 minutes on each side, basting or brushing frequently with the sauce. (3) To broil *indoors*, arrange the swordfish steaks on broiling rack or on shallow baking tray. Brush each steak with sauce. Broil 5–6 inches from the heat for 5–7 minutes on each side or until the fish flakes when touched with a fork. Baste or brush frequently with the sauce. Makes 8 servings.

### BARBECUED PINK BEANS

(from the Alisal Ranch)

1 lb. pink or pinto beans
1 quart water
2 tablespoons cooking oil
4 onions, peeled and chopped fine
3 green peppers, seeded and chopped fine
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
1 lb. ground beef
½ teaspoon rosemary
¼ teaspoon oregano
2 teaspoons chili powder
4½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 can (1-lb.-12-oz.) tomatoes

(1) Wash and pick over the beans. (2) Place in a 4-quart kettle with the water, cover and bring to a boil. Boil gently for 10 minutes. (3) Remove from heat and let stand for 1 hour. (4) Heat the oil in a skillet and sauté the onions, green peppers, garlic and beef until golden. (5) Add to the beans with all remaining ingredients. Mix well. (6) Cover and simmer for 3 hours or until beans are tender. Makes 6 servings. This dish will taste even better if allowed to stand overnight, then reheat before serving. If you wish to serve it as a side dish, reduce the ground beef to ¼ or ½ lb.




**By MARCELENE COX**

Anyone all tied up in knots on the inside may be at loose ends on the outside.

Women who are born cooks
Usually are because of books.

Three fallacies generally accepted: that woman's work is never done; that an old dog cannot be taught new tricks; and that men are smarter than women.

A woman may be cherished on her wedding day because she seems fragile as chiffon. Later she will be best loved if she's durable as Civil War cotton.

What a wonderful thing is a broom! Since its invention, it has never been wholly supplanted by anything comparable, and variations and improvements on it have only enhanced its value. A broom can accomplish a miracle in a desolate, littered room, allowing the sun to shine unashamedly again into corners. In the hands of a woman who has been taught to sweep gently and to turn the edges adroitly, the wielding of a broom is an art to watch. Many a woman, taking up her broom, when sorrow was in the home, has swept some of it away, for herself and those around her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



## The one gift that wouldn't wait!

# Exciting new shapes in PYREX ware for today's bride!

Of course she couldn't wait another day to put these gifts to use—and show them off! These are dutiful, gloriously beautiful new casserole shapes in lovely Golden Honeysuckle pattern from PYREX ware—everything the bride needs for an intimate dinner for two, ranging up to the new 4-qt. casserole for a feast for 12!

Four of these wonderful new shapes are available—1½ qt. at $3.50; two 2½ qt. casseroles (deep, and shallow for more browning area) at $4.50; and the 4 qt. at $5.50. All offer practical easy-grip handles and ideal high-dome "see through" covers.

Like all PYREX ware, they're as handy in any kitchen as they are handsome on any table. They're quick-heating, even-heating. They go straight from freezer to oven. And stale odors can't cling to nonporous PYREX ware.

See these perfect new-shape casseroles and all the best looking, best cooking PYREX ware now at your store! PYREX ware available in Canada at higher cost.

**Guarantee:** Any PYREX ware which breaks from heat within two years of date of purchase, when used according to instructions, may be replaced by any dealer in PYREX brand ware in exchange for the broken pieces.

For recipes above, write Director of Home Economics, Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

BEST LOOKING
BEST COOKING

**PYREX® WARE**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

### SHORT RIBS

ribs or cross ribs
About 2½ tablespoons seasoned instant meat tenderizer
*Sauce:*
2 cups canned pineapple juice
¼ cup honey
¼ cup soy sauce
⅔ cup water
1½ tablespoons brown sugar
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1¼ teaspoons powdered ginger
1 can (1-lb.-4½-oz.) pineapple slices

(1) Prepare all surfaces of the meat, one side at a time, as follows: Thoroughly moisten the meat with water. Sprinkle the seasoned instant meat tenderizer evenly, like salt, over the entire surface of the meat, using all of the amount given above. Use no salt. (2) Pierce the meat deeply with a fork at ½" intervals. (3) Arrange in a baking pan. (4) Combine all the remaining ingredients except the pineapple slices and pour the mixture over the ribs. Cover pan and refrigerate for at least 8 hours or overnight. Turn the ribs in the sauce occasionally. (5) Drain the ribs from the sauce and place them on broiling rack. Broil on outdoor barbecue or indoor range, about 4–5 inches from the heat for 20–25 minutes, turning and basting frequently with the sauce. (6) About 10 minutes before the ribs are done, drain the canned pineapple slices and brush them with the sauce. Arrange on broiler with the ribs and brown on both sides. Makes 6–7 servings.

### MONTEREY ZUCCHINI

4 medium-large zucchini
2 cups soft white bread crumbs
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
½ cup melted butter or margarine

A delicious vegetable to serve with barbecued meats. (1) Trim off both ends of each zucchini. (2) Parboil for 5–7 minutes in boiling salted water. (3) Drain and cool a little. (4) Cut each zucchini in half lengthwise and scoop out the seeds. (5) Mix all the remaining ingredients together in a bowl. (6) Stuff the zucchini with the mixture dividing it evenly among them. (7) Place on broiling rack and broil in your range 5–6 inches from the heat until golden. Makes 8 servings.

### PEPPER STEAK WITH SOUR CREAM

4½–5 lbs. porterhouse or sirloin steak, about 1½ inches thick
2–2½ tablespoons cracked pepper
1–2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup dry red wine
Salt
1 cup dairy fresh sour cream

(1) Slash the fat around the edge of the steak. (2) Pat the pepper onto each side of the steak, using about 1 tablespoon or a little more for each side. (3) Place the steak on broiler rack. (4) Broil *outdoors* about 15 minutes on each side if you like it rare, 20–25 minutes for more well done. Broil *indoors* for the same length of time according to desired degree of doneness. (5) Heat the butter or margarine until sizzling in a large heavy skillet, then transfer the steak to the skillet. (6) Pour in the wine and cook until the wine has reduced by half. (7) Transfer the steak to a platter and salt it lightly on both sides. (8) Stir the sour cream into the wine and heat for just a minute or two, do not allow to boil. (9) Pour the mixture over the steak. Makes 6 servings.

### HICKORY-BROILED LAMB CHOPS

6 1–1½-inch thick lamb chops
¼ cup bottled garlic juice
¼ cup cooking oil
2 teaspoons dill seed
½ teaspoon seasoned pepper
2 tablespoons hickory smoke salt

(1) Trim excess fat from the lamb chops. (2) Mix the garlic juice, oil, dill seed and pepper in a bowl. (3) Brush the chops on both sides with the garlic-oil mixture. (4) Sprinkle each chop on both sides with the hickory smoke salt, use about ½ teaspoon on each side. (5) Broil *outdoors* over medium heat on broiling rack about 5–6 inches from the heat, for about 7–10 minutes on each side or until cooked to desired degree of doneness. Or broil *indoors* 5–6 inches from the heat for about the same length of time on each side as given above. Makes 6 servings.

### ARTICHOKE-ALMOND SALAD

4 cups salad greens washed and torn bite-size
1 can (1-lb.) artichoke hearts, chilled and drained
½ cup chopped salted almonds
3 scallions chopped, include some green tops
*Dressing:*
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup red wine vinegar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Pinch sugar

(1) Chill the greens. (2) Place them in a salad bowl with the artichoke hearts, almonds and scallions. (3) Shake all the dressing ingredients together in a jar until well blended. (4) Pour enough dressing over the salad mixture to coat the leaves. (5) Toss well. Taste for salt and pepper. Makes 6 servings.

### CALIFORNIA BUTTER-BOWL SALAD

3 cups salad greens, torn bite-size
2 large tomatoes, cut in eighths
1 avocado, peeled, pitted and sliced
1 grapefruit, peeled and sectioned
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
3–4 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup butter or margarine

(1) Combine first eight ingredients in a large salad bowl. (2) Heat butter or margarine until foamy; pour over salad, toss lightly and serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

### SALAD ELDORADO

2 (14-oz.) cans hearts of palm
Watercress
*Dressing:*
1 avocado, peeled, pitted and chopped
4 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon bottled dill juice
4 drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
1 cup dairy fresh sour cream
1 teaspoon instant minced onion
¼ cup milk
1 tablespoon minced parsley

(1) Buzz all dressing ingredients except parsley in a blender until smooth, or puree avocado through a fine sieve and blend in remaining ingredients. (2) Stir in parsley and chill to blend flavors. (3) Slice hearts of palm and arrange on watercress. Pass the dressing. Makes 4 servings.

### CLASSIC CAESAR SALAD

1 clove garlic, peeled and quartered
½ cup olive oil
2 cups bread cubes
2 large heads romaine, washed and chilled
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 egg
¼ cup lemon juice

(1) Soak the garlic in the olive oil for several hours. Discard garlic. (2) Sauté the bread cubes in ¼ cup of the oil until golden. (3) Tear the romaine into bite-size pieces in a large salad bowl. Toss with remaining ¼ cup oil, salt, pepper and Parmesan cheese. (4) Break the raw egg over salad; add lemon juice and toss. Add croutons, toss again. Makes 6 servings.

### ONION-CHEESE BREAD

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 tablespoon prepared mustard with horseradish
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
1 large loaf French or Italian bread
1 package (8-oz.) sliced processed cheese with bacon
2 red onions, thinly sliced

(1) Combine butter or margarine, mustard and caraway seeds. (2) Slice bread at regular intervals to, but not through, the bottom crust. You should make about 16 cuts. (3) Spread slices with butter or margarine mixture. (4) Slice the cheese in half diagonally, so you have 16 triangular pieces. (5) Insert a slice of cheese and an onion slice between the pieces of bread. (6) Wrap in aluminum foil and heat on the grill or in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 20 minutes or until cheese melts. Makes 16 servings.

### CHILI BISCUITS

2 cups biscuit mix
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese
½ teaspoon chili powder
⅔ cup tomato juice

(1) Combine biscuit mix, instant onion, Cheddar cheese and chili powder. (2) Stir in the tomato juice. (3) Knead 8–10 times on a lightly floured board. Roll out ½ inch thick. (4) Cut into circles with a 2-inch cookie cutter. Bake on an ungreased baking sheet in a hot oven, 425° F., 10–15 minutes or until golden. Makes 12 biscuits.

### FROSTY CHEESE FRUIT SALAD

1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) apricot halves
1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) cling peach slices
2½ cups creamed cottage cheese
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 package (10-oz.) frozen strawberries, slightly thawed
½ cup chopped walnuts

(1) Drain the apricots and peaches; save the two cans. Cut the fruit into bite-size pieces. (2) Whip the cottage cheese, mayonnaise and lemon juice with an electric mixer or in a blender. (3) Stir in the fruit and walnuts. (4) Pour into the cans. Cover with aluminum foil and freeze for several hours, or until firm. (5) Remove from freezer 20 minutes before serving. Open the other end of the can and push the salad out. Slice and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise as a salad or serve plain as a dessert. Makes 10–12 servings. You may keep this salad in the freezer for several weeks.

### FRESH FRUIT SALAD WITH HONEY-LIME DRESSING

*Honey-Lime Dressing:*
¾ cup salad oil
⅓ cup honey
¼ cup lime juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lime rind
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds
*Fruit Salad:*
½ pineapple, peeled and cut in wedges
1 pint strawberries, sliced
1 cup seedless green grapes
1 orange peeled and sectioned or 1 papaya, peeled and sliced
1 banana, peeled and sliced
2 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced or 1 package (10-oz.) frozen peaches, thawed and drained or 1 mango, peeled and sliced
Lettuce

Traditionally, this is served as a dessert-salad. (1) Combine all dressing ingredients and beat with a rotary beater. (2) Toss fruit with as much dressing as desired. Serve on lettuce leaves. Makes 6 servings.

### HONEY-DIPPED WALNUT CAKES

1 cup butter or margarine
½ cup cooking oil
2 eggs
4 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup orange juice
1¾ cups chopped walnuts
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup water
1 cup honey

(1) Cream butter or margarine and oil until light. (2) Add eggs, one at a time and beat until smooth. (3) Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add to butter mixture alternately with orange juice, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. (4) Mix in ¾ cup chopped walnuts. (5) Pinch off pieces of dough the size of a small walnut and roll into a ball. Place on greased baking sheet and, with the end of your finger, make a slight depression in the center of each one. (6) Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 45 minutes, until lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. (7) In a small saucepan simmer the sugar and water for 10 minutes. Add the honey and heat until just boiling. (8) Using a spoon, dip cookies into hot sauce, place on platter or waxed paper and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Makes about 6 dozen cookies. Serve for dessert with fruit and coffee.

### SUGAR-COATED WALNUT CRESCENTS

1½ cups butter or margarine
About 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
1 egg yolk
1 cup finely chopped walnuts
3¼ cups sifted flour

(1) Cream butter or margarine until light and fluffy. (2) Mix in 2 tablespoons sugar and egg yolk and beat until smooth. Stir in walnuts. (3) Gradually mix in flour. (4) Pinch off small pieces of dough and form into crescent shapes or finger shapes. (5) Place on ungreased baking sheets and bake in a slow oven, 275 ° F., 40–45 minutes until delicately browned. Let cool slightly on trays. (6) In a shallow pan, spread a layer of sifted confectioners' sugar, arrange cookies carefully on sugar. Sift additional sugar generously over cookies. Let stand until cool. (7) Store in tightly covered containers. Handle cookies gently as they are so rich they crumble easily. Makes about 3 dozen. Serve for dessert with fruit and coffee.

### DEEP DISH PEACH-ALMOND PIE

2 (1-lb.-14-oz.) cans cling peach slices, drained
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup chopped toasted almonds
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
¾ teaspoon almond extract
2 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca
Pastry for one crust pie

(1) Combine all ingredients except crust in an 8x8x2-inch pan. (2) Top with pastry, sealing edges to sides of pan. Cut slits in top of pastry. (3) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 30 minutes or until golden. Serve slightly warm. Makes 6–8 servings.

### RAISIN-APPLE PIE

1 (9-inch) unbaked pie shell
*Filling:*
6–7 apples
1 cup cider
¾-1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¾ cup dark or golden raisins
*Topping:*
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup brown sugar
½ cup sifted flour

(1) Core, peel and cut apples into eighths. There should be about 6 cups. (2) Heat apples, cider, sugar and salt to boiling. Cover and simmer until apples are barely tender. (3) Drain and measure liquid. If less than 1½ cups add more cider to make required measure. (4) Blend liquid with cornstarch, lemon juice, spices and butter or margarine. Simmer until thickened. (5) Add apples and raisins and turn into unbaked pie shell. (6) Sprinkle with topping made by lightly mixing together the butter or margarine, brown sugar and flour to coarse crumb consistency. (7) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., 20–25 minutes. Serve warm or cold topped with whipped cream, ice cream, Monterey Jack or Cheddar cheese. Makes 8 servings.

### FROZEN COCONUT CREAM

1 can (15-oz.) sweetened condensed milk
⅔ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup heavy cream
1 can (3½-oz.) flaked coconut
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

(1) Combine milk, water and vanilla. Chill in refrigerator tray or shallow pan. (2) Whip cream until stiff; fold in chilled milk mixture. (3) Freeze until mushy. (4) Beat until smooth. Fold in coconut and orange rind. Freeze until firm. Makes about 1 quart, 6 servings. END

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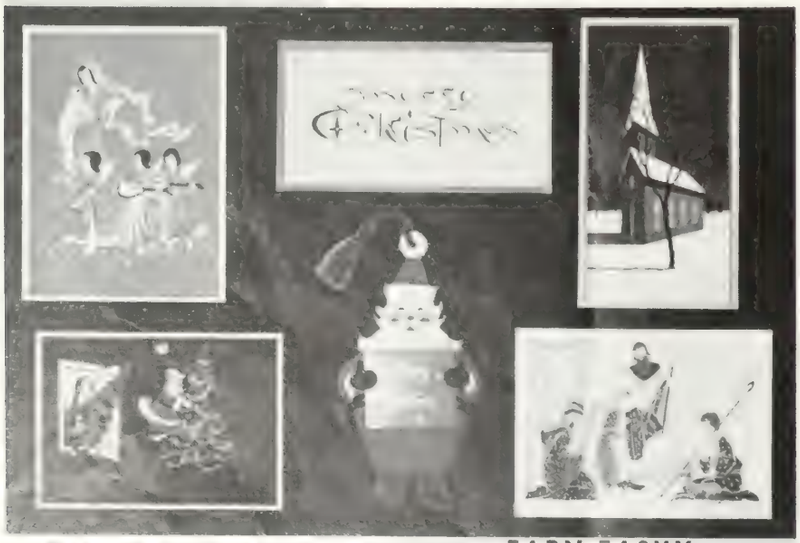



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## TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

induce ovulation—and here some sort of a breakthrough to a usable vaccination regime may be worked out.

It is not only immune serum which can destroy ovulating hormones. Other chemicals will do this, but they cannot be taken by mouth. Being proteins, they are destroyed by digestive juices in the stomach and in the intestine. Some plant extractives have been found which appear hopeful in the test tube, but seem ineffective in experimental use, again because the body destroys them rapidly.

The ovulation inhibitors now in use as oral contraceptives exert their effects by preventing the pituitary from secreting enough gonadotrophins (natural ovulation inducers) to stimulate ovulation. They can be taken by mouth because the digestive juices do not destroy them. They are steroids, not proteins. Since the original discovery, many steroids have been found to be ovulation inhibitors, and the most useful of them are now being tested. Recently, a few new substances (nonsteroidal and nonprotein) have been found. One group has already been rejected. Another group is still under investigation. Their eventual development cannot be foretold.

Attempts to prevent fertilization or development of the fertilized egg are very much in early experimental stages. Since the sperm must be transported through the uterus and into the Fallopian tubes, where they meet the egg, studies are in progress concerned with methods of blocking sperm transport.

Shortly after fertilization, the egg divides into two cells and continues to subdivide. This process of cell division (called mitosis) may be arrested by the action of a number of antimitotic compounds. (Such compounds have been studied as possible preventives of the growth of rapidly dividing cancers.) They may indeed prevent egg-cell division, but unfortunately in doses that are damaging to other cells in the body. Now being sought is a substance which may attack the dividing egg, but not other body cells. The search is likely to be a long one.

Finally, we come to studies designed to prevent the developing egg from implanting in the uterus. Here the known facts about how eggs come to implant give us a basis for experimental variations. The uterus is receptive to implantation only when it is stimulated by progestin secreted from the ovaries. Thus any procedure which will (1) prevent the ovaries from secreting progestin, (2) destroy progestin once it is secreted, or (3) prevent it from stimulating the uterus, will prevent implantation.

Progestin secretion is possible as long as one of the pituitary gonadotrophins (LTH) is produced, secreted into the blood and transported into the ovaries. The nature and conditions of activity of this LTH are under experimental study. Means for its innocuous destruction are being sought.

Although circulating progestin is normally destroyed in the liver, no means have been found for speeding up this process so as to prevent implantation. However, in animals we have seen demonstrated a number of effective methods for preventing progesterone action on the uterine tissue. Most effective as progesterone antagonists are steroids of a chemical constitution somewhat different from progesterone itself They have been shown to be effective preventers of egg implantation in rabbits, rats and mice. Adequate trial in humans remains to be done, but the development of an effective agent of this sort seems quite likely.

Other experimental antifertility studies are in progress, but most of them are in the very early stages. From them, new leads and new concepts will undoubtedly arise. The prospect is clearly that a variety of agents will eventually be available for the control of fertility. Use of any particular method will depend upon many factors, including cost, religious and cultural beliefs, the number of children wanted by the parents themselves, effectiveness, and safety in both short-term and long-term use.

With the application of the method of science to the problem of human fertility, the development of adequate methods is inevitable.

I have pointed out elsewhere that fertility and sterility are as opposite sides of a medal. Whatever we learn about one side informs us about the other. So that the scientific searcher for antifertility agents automatically sheds light on the problems of sterile men and women. Already it has been shown that the ovulation inhibitors may be used under special conditions to promote fertility in women. Further instances will undoubtedly be forthcoming. Our so-called "population explosion" has stimulated scientific inquiry, and such inquiry automatically leads to understanding.

## THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

muscular aches and pains, fatigue, unexplained loss of appetite and weight, fever and weakness.

*Osteo-arthritis* usually strikes later in life, afflicting an estimated 80 percent of women past 60. Its warning signs are pain and stiffness in the lower back, knees, and other joints, and tingling of the hands. (An added warning—the majority of such women victims are overweight.) Correct treatment of osteo-arthritis can ease pain, slow the process of crippling and deformity.

Two important don'ts—don't try to diagnose and treat arthritis yourself; don't fall victim to "arthritis cure" quacks who yearly bilk suffering Americans of $250,000,000.

Medical research is making genuine progress in the fight against arthritis. Here are two of the several "positive new approaches" that researchers are currently excited about. One research group has succeeded in producing a disease "very similar to rheumatoid arthritis" in test animals. (Knowing what creates arthritis can be the first, longest step toward curing it.) Other research groups have discovered "mysterious new substances in the blood of rheumatoid arthritis victims"—substances *not* found in the blood of people who do not have the disease.

### NEWS FROM THE FIELD OF CANCER RESEARCH

Here there is a great groundswell of hope that chemotherapy may soon find a cure for leukemia. *Neuroblastoma*, second only to leukemia as the most common form of childhood cancer, may now be treated with greater hope of success because of a new, early diagnostic technique. The drive to wipe out *cervical cancer* may be speeded by a new examination-by-mail program. Begun by the Johns Hopkins Medical Institute and supported by the American Cancer Society, the examination-by-mail is simple, inexpensive, designed to reach many thousands of women who might not be reached through conventional means.

### NEW DRUGS, TECHNIQUES AND TREATMENTS

*Mononucleosis*, epidemic bane of many a college campus, used to mean many weeks of fever, general discomfort, bed rest, time lost from classes. But now prompt diagnosis and treatment with steroids can cut discomfort and disability to a mere few days, reports the University of Arizona's Dr. M. R. Chappel. . . *Psoriasis*, one of man's oldest recognized ills, afflicts 3,000,000 or more Americans. While there is still no known cause or cure, many experts now regard this ancient disease as "controllable, if not curable." Hopeful treatments reported include hormones, corticosteroids, "soft" (low voltage) X rays. Continuing studies also seem to bear out the usefulness of a lotion, Alphosyl. . . . Tests of a drug called Madribon report it "highly effective" against *Acne*.

The highly concentrated new bath oils are more than just a pleasant luxury. They can greatly ease one common complaint of the elderly—dry, itching skin. . . . Men and boys *do* need hand creams or lotions sometimes, *don't* like using the delicately perfumed "girl type!" ones. A tube of mildly medicated *Miricil* may solve that problem. It is nonsticky, its light, pleasant odor vanishes immediately.

END



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## RETURN OF THE FLAME FATALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

it serves as a key to her conduct, explaining it perhaps better than most of the other keys so readily offered in the news stories.

To see her thus may shorten the immediate shadow she casts over our time, and abbreviate many of the discussions about her morality, but it also links her with others, and gives her a more clearly defined place in our romantic history. Stretching back beyond Tristan's Iseult, reappearing in multiple forms from period to period, is the tradition of great, tortured passion, of lovely fatal women who, knowingly or unknowingly, ensnared men and were by men ensnared.



So soft you forget them, so safe that you can...
Fems
feminine napkins

Over the centuries there have been these beautiful women—looking for love; for adventure; for personal freedom; for power or the fame that would rub off on them from a male companion of note; for passion; for poetry; for a chance to wreak themselves on life; for a way of losing themselves and thus perhaps of finding themselves.

The Western strain of romantic love was born in revolt against the long, bleak winter of the Middle Ages, when women felt fettered and unvalued. It took form in the medieval "courts of love," presided over by Eleanor of Aquitaine, and in the knightly ideal of "service of women." It was expressed in the love lyrics of the troubadours and the minnesingers. And its great legend was the story of Tristan and Iseult, of the chalice which held the fateful love potion, of passion paid for by death.

From Iseult to Elizabeth Taylor may seem a far historical leap, and to many it will seem an absurdly demeaning one. But each era and civilization has contributed its version of the legend, and why should not the American? Never before has the idea of romantic love held as much sway over the mind—especially the minds of women—as in contemporary America. It was almost inevitable that the two most bruited romantic episodes of our time should be connected with American movie stars: Ingrid Bergman in the 1950's, and Elizabeth Taylor in the 1960's. It is worth noting that in both cases the dramatic enactment took place against the backdrop of Italy, with all its romantic associations. Miss Taylor's took place in the queen of cities, Rome; Miss Bergman's on volcanic Stromboli.

Eruptive turbulence is inseparable from our notion of romantic love. What are the other crucial elements of the *femme fatale* and her grand passion?

The first is, of course, the *transcendent beauty* of the lady. On that, every history of the great love episodes is agreed. This beauty is the stuff of poetry and legend, but the substance must be there. A woman might manage to make up for her lack of it by wit, as with the bluestockings of Voltaire's France, or by sheer magnetism, as with George Sand. But then the *femme fatale* shades off into the purposive, man-eating shark-woman.

Linked with beauty is *uniqueness*. Each occasion is unique because of the incomparable she ("There is none like her, none"); because the two persons were meant for each other, and no one else could be so exactly right for either; and because no such perfect and consuming love has ever existed since the beginning of time. The fact that either or both have felt equally strongly about other loves does little to mar the conviction of uniqueness. A great love blots out other memories.

If the love is unique, it follows that there must be complete *abandon* in it, total commitment to its demands, without reservation or afterthought. This means that the grand passion is in essence a helpless passion. ("It was not my intention," wrote Ingrid Bergman in a now classic letter to her husband, "to fall in love and go to Italy forever. . . . But how can I help it or change it?") The element of *can't-help* expresses and celebrates the irrationality of the grand passion.

With the abandon goes the *turbulence* I have mentioned. If you have given up everything and everyone else, shut out the rest of the world for the sake of one encompassing relationship, you come to demand from it what no human connection can deliver. Along with the vows and ecstasy, there are storms and furies, letters returned, tears, charges of cruelty, volcanic outbursts of temper, reassurances, guilt, contrition, and the ecstasies of passion to start the cycle all over again.

What serves to hold the lovers together is their defiant, exhilarating sense of being *alone against the world. All for Love; or The World Well Lost* was the title John Dryden gave his play about Antony and Cleopatra. The two make a tight little world of their own, in self-protection against the world's criticism. "Let them rage against us," the lovers say. "It will only test and purify our love."

This brings us to the final element—*fatality*. The *femme fatale* is so called because it is her lover's fate to be caught up in the web of her enchantment. He surrenders himself to a destiny over which he has no control.

> "*La belle Dame sans Merci*
> *Hath thee in thrall!*"

But she herself is also in thrall, to the forces of such turbulence, as we have seen, that they can only lead to hurt and disaster. Romeo and Juliet were "star-crossed" precisely because of their grand passion. The cup that Tristan and Iseult drank was inevitably not only a cup of love but also a cup of death.

I should add as a final element of the *femme fatale* that she can weave her web of enchantment around a sequence of lovers. This makes no sense with other characteristics of the grand passion—its conviction of uniqueness, of total commitment, of helplessness, of fatality. But why should one expect to apply logic to so irrational an emotion as love?

These components of the grand passion may shed some light on the recent actions of Elizabeth Taylor. She was playing the Cleopatra role in a long-drawn-out production. She was bound to be under the influence of its majestic traditions. She would not be the first to be so. We are all heirs of the romantic passions of the past. The stories of the beautiful ladies who held sway over the imaginations of their time still hold sway over ours as well. Perhaps the portrait of Elizabeth Taylor will be added to the gallery of Cleopatra's successors—our historic *femmes fatales*.

## AS CHEAPLY AS ONE

BY JAMES ANSTRUTHER

You ask me, darling, how we'll eat—
On air we'll get for free?
I'll tell you: you are one man's meat,
And I'm your cup of tea.

Together we'll have food for thought,
And taste forbidden fruits;
That pretty kettle of fish you caught
Was one of love's pursuits.

Relish, and the spice of life
Season our days; I'll take
Bread on the waters for my knife—
And you, my sweet, the cake.

And if we should get in a stew,
Or if we should find that
We've bitten more than we can
chew—
Oh, well, I'll eat my hat.

The Greek hetaerae were the earliest group of bewitching ladies of the Western world. A strange blend of courtesan and bluestocking, they fascinated the men of power in Greece. The most striking of these women was Aspasia. She was blond, delicately chiseled, and feminine—despite the later superstition that intelligent women are not feminine. She had read much, spoke well, and curiously seems to have trained a whole generation of Athenian orators. Pericles divorced his wife in order to live with her and keep her from entertaining other men; she became the unacknowledged queen of Athens.

There were others like her, including Lais, who was stoned to death by jealous women, and Phryne, who had the artists Apelles and Praxiteles as her lovers. She escaped a death sentence when her court defender tore off her robe to show her beauty to the judges. In the tight Greek society of the day, there were few chances to break away for a girl with energies and abilities and a hunger for life. To join the hetaerae was a gesture of making the break for intellectual and personal freedom, which was denied to wives. Girls with beauty and spirit dared make the break.

The classical world around Rome and Alexandria brought forth the great love episode of Cleopatra and her two Roman lovers (and the greater love story, embellished by Shakespeare, Dryden and Bernard Shaw). It is hard to escape the spell of the Egyptian girl-queen. We actually know very little of the historical Cleopatra—not even her color. A few scholars today assert that she was a Negro. There are more than hints in history books that the authentic Cleopatra cared for love, yes, but cared even more for the security and power of her kingdom. Her game was a power game rather than a love quest.

In the Europe of the early Middle Ages there was no scope for the *femme fatale* because openly expressed passion was not condoned in that society. The change came with Eleanor of Aquitaine and her "courts of love," and with the love experiences of Abélard and Héloïse, and Tristan and Iseult. The Iseult story is, perhaps, the basic love myth of all time, for it strips everything else away and leaves only the essentials—the encounter, the voyage, the enchantment, the potion spelling both fulfillment and doom.

The grand passions of the modern age that followed in France and Britain and Russia, in Italy and Central Europe and America, are too numerous to recount. The classic place was French society of the 18th and 19th centuries, where the typical grand passion was that of a beautiful, cultivated, love-obsessed lady, like Countess d'Agoult or Mlle. de Lespinasse, for a writer, composer, or army officer. Rousseau idealized this free relationship in *The New Héloïse*.

When Napoleon III shocked Europe by marrying a French girl from Grenada, making her the Empress Eugenie, he was only asserting in romantic terms the right of the bourgeois king to pick a bourgeois queen. But it left little impress until Mrs. Wallis Simpson chose Great Britain's king. Far more shattering to the nerve ends of the romantics was the suicide pact of Mayerling with the Baroness Vetsera; it was the last word in the grand passion as fatality. And almost the purest form of the grand passion, conceived and carried on in the grand manner, was the highly publicized love of Eleonora Duse and the poet, D'Annunzio. It had everything—beauty, style, passion, uniqueness, abandon, scorn of the world, turbulence, fatality—everything except the simplicity of love.

I fear that this is what the contemporary *femme fatale* also misses, however grand her passion. In terms of beauty, Elizabeth Taylor will stand comparison with any of her contemporaries and with most of the fatal ladies of history. Of her femininity, too, there can be no doubt. But she is not a fragile flower languishing for a masculine hand to pick it. She is a woman with much of the imperiousness of Catherine of Russia as she inspected her guardsmen, reserving the right not only to pick but to squeeze dry and throw away. She is also, let us add, a woman hungering to be possessed as well as to possess.

In her efforts to achieve abandon, she has set out several times to take what other women have their hearts on. Since the key phrase of the grand passion is *can't help*, the predatory is as much part of it as the turbulent, self-lacerating, self-destructive. As for the openness with which the whole affair with Richard Burton was carried on—the night-clubbing, the weekends—the point of it all should be clear enough: If the world is well lost for love, and if part of the pleasure lies in facing a hostile world together, you disdain to hide your passion from the world. To hide it would be to compromise and betray it.

Such, at any rate, is what I make of the story in the perspective of the long romantic tradition. The tradition has never been an idyll. The lovers are self-centered and do not reckon the consequences for others. While the love endures, they are strained and frenetic. When it is gone, they are left lonely and empty.

But perhaps it is an indication of the range of human passions, and the degree of our commitment to love, that we have not yet created any other romantic tradition that rivals this one for enchantment. END

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